



The New A. D. C.

Col. Gzowski has been honored with an appointment as A.D.C. to Her Majesty the Queen. GRIP extends his congratulations, and signalizes the happy event by making a portrait of the gallant Colonel. The distinction has been well earned, for "a better officer don't walk the deck, your honor," if we may be permitted to use a Pinaphorism Under his command the Canadian Team at Wimbledon have covered themselves with glory, and received complimentary notice from Royal Dukes and Cabinet Ministers, on account of their neat, soldierly and highly civilized appearance. They have also done better shooting than any other commanding officer could get out of them. Her Majesty is to be felicitated on having secured so competent an A. D. C., for GRIP has no doubt Col. Gzowski will be able to perform the arduous and important duties of the position with credit to himself and all concerned.

**Mrs. Lapseesling Attends "Penny Readings."**

Last week I attended "Penny Readings" in a rural parish. A penny is merely an anonymous omission fee, as tickets were fifteen cents, or more, at the auction of the purchaser. The problem was not curtailed to readings, but consisted of oral and instrumental solars, dialogues, and original enunciations from SHAKESPEARE and other extinct poets. The first piece was TENNYSON's "Battle of Waterloo." Words would be inaccurate to describe the reader's somniferous tones, he roared rapidly, till I would in vain have closed my ears to the voice of the stormer. As this youth is studying for the church my serious infection is that he will be inextinguishable as a *similar syllabub pew ranter*.

Though I am not myself a musician, I can depreciate the art, and well I know, as Mrs. HEMAN's portrays, that "music hath charms to soothe the savage beast." But on this occasion I was evolved in inexplicable confusion of mind. The second performance was to have been *Pantasm*, by A Flat Major, but the Major was evidently a falsetto, as a young girl, (perhaps his daughter) appeared. Though she patiently thought herself the Supreme Madonna of the entertainment, I would not attempt to extricate her style,

and though I am not an amateur in architectural musical terms, I feel convinced that any implicit cricket would agree with me in saying that the thrills and octagons were fingered in a subdwanant manner.

A soprano sympathy followed, and then elections from "The Idols of a King" were read by another executionist, in such a lack the most voice that it nearly caused my risible tears to flow, though his enumeration was so ineligible that his meaning was a mitigation to my understanding. I could not even declare with any degree of opacity, to which king he had deference; but I think it was SOLOMON. Ere my emotion was alienated, a young man, whose voice was a terror, sang, "Oh, Share my Cottage, Gentle Maid." He gazed at me as he warbled, but I thought of the late lamentable TOBIAS SAPHSEESLING, and enclosed my heart to his syrian walls.

The performance was closed, or in professional terms the maledictory was pronounced by a sextant from Know-me-Oh and Tullia; it is very old, and very pretty; but I wish that HOMER and other dogmatists would not use absolute terms which procure their meaning. What sense is there in the remark "Entreat, arise, to wink at spears till they return"?

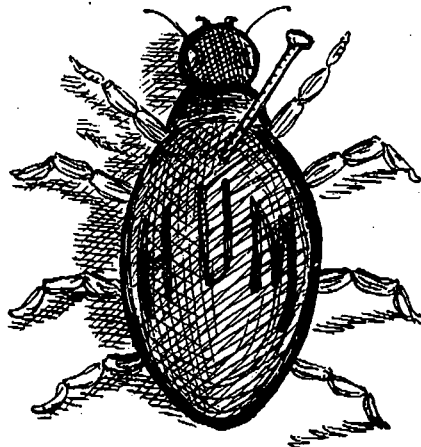
**Belleville.**

HON. BILLA FLINT, of Belleville, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in that place by writing to last Saturday's *Intelligencer* some of his reminiscences. He tells of a great many things which were not to be found in Belleville fifty years ago, but the list might have been made a good deal longer. For instance, fifty years ago Belleville had no newspaper with such an outlandish name as *Daily Ontario*.

Fifty years ago there was no railway connecting Belleville with Picton, and travellers were obliged to stage it across Prince Edward County.

Fifty years ago there was no handsome and commodious station at the Grand Trunk railway.

Fifty years ago the *Intelligencer* didn't rejoice in Government "ads." etc., etc.



The Hum of Prosperity.

There has been a great deal of talk of late about the Hum of Prosperity, which is said to be travelling through this happy land, and Mr. GRIP, believing that his readers would like to see a correct portrait of the aforesaid Hum, has secured a specimen and pinned it up here before them. It will be observed that this Hum is a species of bug.



Our Mayor.

His Worship the Mayor is said to be agitating for an official chain and gown, to wear on the occasion of the forth-coming Vice-Regal visit, but some of the Aldermen do not approve of his suggestion. Moreover, the *Telegram* sneers at the proposition. GRIP comes to his Worship's defence, and says he shall have a chain and gown, and also a Scotch bonnet and kilt, and a boy to hold up his train, too, so he shall. One glance at the little sketch above is sufficient to convince the most stubborn Alderman that the dignity of the city will be greatly enhanced if our Chief Magistrate is fitted out in an imposing and at the same time typical style. The gown and chain as above will fully gratify our civic pride, while the headgear cannot fail to charm the heart of the Governor and his royal spouse.

**The Golden Wreath.**

POOR TRACY TURNURELLI  
Who lived upon his wit,  
Was anxious—very anxious,  
For a Governmental "sit;"

So with prodigious labour  
He raised a golden wreath,  
And offered it to BEACONSFIELD,  
Who threw it in his teeth.

This unexpected conduct  
Upon old DIZZY's part,  
Has very nearly broken  
Poor TURNURELLI's heart;

But still he needn't languish  
Nor throw that wreath away,  
He perhaps might get an office  
If he gave it to—some other Premier.

**Naval.**

We perceive that a retired naval officer has opened a boarding house in Muskoka for the accommodation of tourists and invalids. Here is the right man in the right place. A man who can hand reef and steer and "ship a salvagee," is just the one to see that the gear of the pleasure boats is safely and securely fitted, and coming from the Royal Navy he would very naturally know the proper way to "receive boarders."