

**A Lay of Protection.**

I sing of a sophist bold  
Who acquired a great renown,  
The public he always sold,  
And did them uncommonly brown.

He was a statesman sly,  
And a man of uncommon ways.  
He said "It is all my eye  
In the cold to finish my days.

I will will make a great surprise  
And captivate the masses.  
They will think me very wise;  
But I shall think them asses.

Protection shall be the play,  
Voters will swallow the joke;  
It will surely win the day,  
Tho' it proves a heavy yoke.

PHIPPS has a great deal of chaff  
And a taking graceful way;  
He will make the people laugh,  
And that will carry the day."

For many a month and week  
Protection was all the hum;  
The voters laughed at the freak  
And the sophist's work was done.

But now we've tried the plan,  
And heard nothing of the "hum."  
Each voter's a sorry man,  
And waits for revenge to come.

**Just the Person for Ireland.**

We are informed that:

Lady COWPER, the handsome wife of the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is described as an accomplished sportswoman, few men being able to throw a trout or salmon fly with more dexterity. And Henry rifle in hand she has proved herself an excellent hunter.

Lady COWPER ought to be a most useful as well as ornamental personage in her new station, then. She can catch lots of fish for the starving peasants, as well as teach the young Hibernian idea how to shoot—landlords.

**A SONG IN SEASON.**

In the Autumn time I wandered  
Down among the golden corn,  
To myself I sadly pondered  
Why on earth I had been born.

Then I met a maiden straying,  
Down among the golden corn,  
All at once I ceased to wonder  
Why on earth I had been born.

**Quam se ipse amans sine rivali.**

—Cicero.

Until informed of the fact in the columns of the *Globe* we had no idea that the new Managing Director of that paper was such a "winner." It appears—*vide the Globe*—that he is an Admirable Crichton; a prodigy of vast intellectual vivacity; a perfect encyclopædia of information; a gentleman of great literary ability and of the shrewdest and most enterprising business aptitude. GRIP is delighted to extend the hand of fellowship to such a perfect gem. From this time hence, Canadian journalism is to be purged of its ascerbity. Its motto is to be "Resurgam," for the new manager has no intention of putting his talents in a napkin. He is going to be to literature all that AUGUSTUS CÆSAR was to the Roman State. The Senate, the Commons, the Provincial Governors, free discussion and popular rights, are all to find their saviour in this rival of PHIPPS, for has not the *Globe* said so, and surely it knows? The wonderful humiliation which once characterized the great daily has been succeeded by an egotistical bumptiousness which possesses little self-denial. In the words of the great writer of the words which head this paragraph "How much in love with himself, and that without a rival" is the new Managing Director.

**The Church Courts.**

The Church Courts are all in session this week. Here in Toronto we have the Synod of the Anglican Church, and in Montreal they have the General Assembly of the Presbyterian body, and the annual meeting of the Congregational Union. The Synod is ably presided over by the Rev. Mr. SWEATMAN, who is aided in his duties by all the devoted ministers of the Ontario circuit; His Lordship Rev. D. McRAE has been elected Moderator of the General Assembly by the unanimous votes of the representatives of the various Dioceses of the Kirk in the Dominion. The opening sermon of the Congregational Conference was preached by Very Rev. Archdeacon POWIS, of this city. A great deal of work lies before these reverend courts, and GRIP trusts a great blessing may attend them all. If it would not be considered *ultra vires* for him, as an outside layman, to offer a few suggestions, might he recommend the following as fit and proper questions for the attention of the delegates:

*Anglican Synod.*—Is it in accordance with the fitness of things that instrumental music should be used in worship?

Are Psalms preferable to Hymns, or should not the latter be excluded altogether?

Is a choir admissible, or is congregational singing better promoted by the employment of a prescensor?

Can a clergyman preach as well without a gown and bands as with them?

Are the interests of true religion promoted by strawberry festivals? And if so, what is a fair price for a plate of strawberries with skim milk and white sugar?

What is the teaching of the Thirty-nine Articles on the subject of Camp Meetings?

*Presbyterian Assembly.*—Is the eastward position insisted upon by the Shorter Catechism?

Should leggings be worn *ex cathedra*, and does it improve the appearance of a stove-pipe hat to have the rims fastened to the sides with bands?

Would a sermon, under any circumstances, have any spiritual or moral force, if delivered from a reading-desk?

Should a church edifice be built *broad* or *high* or *low*, and is it possible to combine these qualities so as to make it comfortable for the congregation?

Is it advisable to read sermons, and should they be more or less in accordance with the written creed of the Church?

*Congregational Union.*—Is the idea of Independence consistent with the system of Tax Exemption?

Does it improve a church service to have it intoned instead of delivered in a natural voice?

Is "taking up the collection" the whole duty of an elder; and how old should a man be before he can be considered an elder?

"Turning points in life"—Street corners.

FIRE-CRACKERS.—Biscuits with red pepper in them.

A Post office order.—"Give me a quarters' worth of stamps."

When one loafer is added to another, what is the product? A drink, generally.

There is a shop in Port Hope called "Parsons' bookstore." It should be patronized by the clergy.

It would have been in accordance with the "eternal fitness of things" if one of the *coloured* Southern Delegates had proved the *dark horse* in the late Chicago Convention.

FISBY:—If a *chubby* boy steps into a mud puddle, and protruding his lips begins to *blubber* for fear of a *walking*, it's a kind of *mud-pout*. If you feel disposed to *cary* at this, remember that some of the most *brilliant* puns have a *bass* origin, and are sometimes out of *plaise*.

**Bangs.**

The Bang is an animal of the species 'hare' Unlike the ordinary hare, it does not exist in burrows, but in *straight* burrows, nor does it go by bounds; in fact it is not bound at all, it is waxed instead. In its wild state the Bang is of no particular color; there are red Bangs, and black Bangs, and grey Bangs, and gold Bangs.

Tamed Bangs are becoming more and more numerous. When first caught they are very troublesome. They are usually captured by becoming entangled in "brush," or are taken in a net called "bon-net," and need to be "combed down," and undergo a severe application of "wax-end" before they are tractable enough to be "let loose." They are amphibious, but under different forms. A good young Bang without any blemishes and beautifully symmetrical in its curvature, will, on encountering moisture, become, as Lord DUNDREVEN says, hopelessly "spwend out in a wov."

Bangs have played a great part in philosophy; Caliban(g) was the name of "the missing link," and they are the only animals really human that are fitted out with a tail. Their features are more carefully "pencilled" than those of any other living creature. The poodle-dog was once a kind of Bang, and so was the "bang-kaw," but both have had to give way as ladies' pets. Some Bangs live to a good old age, but there are no adult male Bangs. Most Bangs are good barometers, but the red Bang is not, because it never "makes the spirits rise." They are classified as vertebrate, *i. e.* "Such as have a cavity above and a cavity below a solid axis." They have no one of the five senses; there is no sense in them.

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F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, }  
Ottawa, 13th May, 1880. }

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