

blood can feel at its tip with the end of the finger. We do not give this as a physiological fact, though it is one, but merely to see how many of our readers can peruse the paragraph without feeling the end of their noses. All who do so please communicate with this office.

Wendell Phillips says: "The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living." This is true, and the longer we engage in this journalistic wear and tear the better educated we find we are. We are very well educated now, but if this struggle goes on much longer there won't be any holding us. One square meal a week has educated us pretty thoroughly, and when it comes down to one a month we are going to apply for the editorship of the *Mail*.

"M. T. Wells, the celebrated English surgeon, has been made a baronet."—*Ex.* If the coming summer, or as some of our cotems, would say, the 'alleged' coming summer, turns out as dry as the spring has been so far, it is altogether probable that M. T. Wells will be pretty common; but that's no reason why they should be 'baroneted'; an empty well is baron enough without any additional honors.

Salni Morse's play 'A Bustle among Petticoats,' is causing quite a stir, though it would seem that the bustle is quite in its normal position.

The sister of Lady Florence Dixie—Lady Gertrude Douglas—who married a baker and set him up in business, has closed her bakery, as she found her customers, of whom she had a very large number, imagined that a Marquis' sister could not require payment for her bread. This is one of the drawbacks to going into business by us aristocrats. A great many of our subscribers seem to labor under a similar illusion to that which took hold of the minds of Lady Gertrude's customers, and seem to think that, because our blood is of a hue beside which that of indigo looks pale, we let them have GRIP for nothing. This is not the case, and subscribers in arrears will do well to note the fact.

It may well be asked, "whither are we drifting?" when a young woman is knocked down in the public street, as happened here in front of Osgoode Hall a few days ago in broad daylight, by a cowardly ruffian, who was permitted so take his departure from the scene of his brutality unquestioned, and with no attempt on the part of those citizens who witnessed the assault, or of the policeman who was standing a few rods away, to detain him. Our police are a fine stalwart body of men, and give a good account of themselves in a tug of war with the members of the police forces of other cities, but what is the good of them, even though they were as big as Jumbo, if they allow such disgraceful affairs to take place under their very noses as the villainous assault referred to? Possibly the gentleman in blue thought that the blackguard who perpetrated the outrage could run faster than he could himself, and he was probably right, for it is very certain that some of our two hundred and forty pounders would not be able to keep up a decent jog trot for more than a hundred yards or so without blowing like porpoises; but it would have looked very much better if he had, at least, made some attempt to do something towards arresting the brutal assailant of a defenceless, and, as far as we have been able to learn, inoffensive female, instead of looking calmly on, as it is said, he did. It would have been altogether in keeping with some of the doings of our preservers of law and order if the constable to whom we allude, had arrested the poor girl for committing the heinous offence of allowing herself to be knocked down in the street by a blow in the face, and it is a great wonder that he did not take her into custody.

The *Evening News*, instead of being annoyed at us, ought to sympathize with us respecting the poem of "Isabella Gordon," which appeared in our columns two weeks ago; for when we published it we did so without the least idea that it had ever appeared in the *News*. It was handed to us as a *bona fide* original contribution written for GRIP; one of our reasons for recently "shutting down" on contributors, paid or unpaid, was that so many attempts were made to palm off on us articles that were not original, or for which the writers of them had been paid by some other paper before sending them to us. We found it impossible always to guard successfully against this mode of imposition, and made it a rule to accept nothing but what we felt pretty confident was original. Two weeks ago we broke through this rule, and the result has been that a poem which rightfully belonged to the *News* was given by us as having been written for GRIP. This makes us more determined than ever to have nothing to do with would-be contributors unless we feel assured of their honesty, and to publish little else than our own articles, even if we are compelled to start a society column to fill up with.

"The Pittsburg, Pa., Welsh paper, the *Y Wasg*, has expired. Ywch ffrd mawrwyth estedd y fewfchddfryn caused its failure."—*Ex.* It was with the best intentions that we warned the *Y Wasg*, some time ago, against indulging too freely in mawrwythches, but, apparently, our well-meant advice was unheeded: no newspaper can be expected to thrive that keeps fewfchddfryns about the premises.

Still, though we have long foreseen what was going to happen, we cannot but feel sorry for the *Y Wasg*, at the same time we congratulate the people of Pittsburg that they have escaped further maxillary fractures.



POLICE COURT OPERATTA

WITH STRONG LEGAL CHORUS.

(See Hamilton papers, June 1.)

CARSC.—Your Worship, now I rise to speak, Though my case, I know, is somewhat weak, But that is nothing; I've lots of cheek,

And I'm here on the part of the plaintiff.

C.C.A.—You shall not speak.

ALL.—He shall not speak.

C.C.A.—Though you've lots of cheek.

ALL.—Though he's lots of cheek.

C.C.A.—And going to speak you ain't if

I in the matter have ought to say.

MAGISTRATE.—Which you haven't, sir; sit down, I pray.

CARSC. } He has no right,

MAG. } He ha-a-as no ri-hi-hi-hight,

ROBERTSON. } To speak, to speak,

Though he's lots of cheek,

To speak until he's spoken to.

C.C.A.—I'd let you know

That I have so.

I'm County Crown Attorney, you know,

To Halifax now you all may go.

To Halifax or Hoboken to.

MAGIS.—Sit down, sit down.

C.C.A. } We won't sit down,
CARSC. } Though you, sir, angrily may frown,
We'll stand to all attorney-ty,
And argue this question out,
We've a right to speak, there is no doubt,
We belong to the legal fraternity.

MAGIS.—Sit down, sit down.

P. SERGEANT.—Shut up, shut up.

CHORUS.—Sit down, shut up, we won't, we'll speak,

MAGIS.—You'll find yourselves up the saline creek.

ROB.—They bee-hee-long to the 'e-l-legal fraternity.

In me

You see

M. P.

Q. C.

ALL.—In him we see

M. P.

Q. C.

But we won't sit down,

Though the beak may frown.

ROB.—A member of Parliament I be,

ALL.—A member of Parliament is he,

Shut up, sit down, we won't, you must,

I'll see you very much further fust.

M. P.

Q. C.

Da Capo.

(Curtain falls amidst immense uproar, and general melee.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS, WOULD-BE-CONTRIBUTORS, &c.

C. P. M.—Very sorry to hear you don't approve of GRIP now since your contributions have been rejected. The paper is published solely for you, and if you don't like it we can see nothing but a speedy "bust up" for it. Do, please, try and like it, if only just a little. Your contribution to GRIP-SACK is slumbering in the waste basket.



WHY SHE WOULDN'T

FRED and FANNY (soon to be spliced) on King-street. They stop in front of window of boot and shoe store.

FRED.—Look, Fanny dear, here are those beautiful satin boots I to'd you about, and if they fit you I'll buy them now; so come in, love, and try them on.

FANNY (very stylishly attired)—Oh! Fred, really I can't to-night. Please don't press me, —at least not that way.

FRED.—Oh! Fanny, there is surely no harm in my making you a little present like that when we are so soon to be one.

FANNY.—It is not that, Fred, but—

FRED.—But what, love? Come, come, don't be foolish: come and try them on.

FANNY.—Frederick, my darling, please pardon me for refusing, but I cannot,—I have really—very—very—

(over.)