

Queen in England—Empress in Canada.

(See PROCLAMATION OF ROYAL LETTER.)

What rumours are these coming over the wave,
Of glittering titles, with tinsel sheen,
For Her, whom we always ask God to save
As Canada's Sovereign—Our Lady The Queen!

Does England accept what France has spurned
By her people's voice, as a badge of shame?
Are not all the teachings of years unlearned
When you christen the Queen with a despot's name?

The simple folk of this western land
Are too busy to study heraldic lore;
But they always could honour and understand
The "Queenly" name that Elizabeth bore.

The Edwards and Henrys were proud of it too,
When they led their legions o'er conquered Gaul;
No mystic Asian—no Premier Jew—
Dare alter it then to "Imperial"—

And he dare not now—for the British Isles;
But only in Colonies, such as these,
Are we bound to accept, with pleasant smiles,
A Title for us—and Hindostanese!

E.

The International Conference.

GRIP, who has means of information unpossessed by other newspaper proprietors, has been informed by his special advance correspondent of what will take place at the International Conference on the Turkish Question, should it be held. The Ambassadors will talk as follows:—

RUSSIA.—Without further circumlocution, the possession of Constantinople is a Russian necessity. While Turkey, backed by England, holds it, Britain virtually at her pleasure, locks Russia out of the Mediterranean; as she does also, at Gibraltar, lock the Mediterranean Powers out of the Atlantic.

AUSTRIA.—I cannot refuse concurrence in the latter statement.

ITALY.—Nor can I.

TURKEY.—If the Prophet has willed that I should have any voice in my own affairs, neither can I. But I cannot concur in the former. Yet I fear you intend me to concur in both.

PRUSSIA.—My brother of Turkey is in weak health, and talks wildly. (*Aside—But very accurately.*) It would perhaps be better that he allow us to manage his affairs.

TURKEY.—Perhaps I may ask how it is proposed to manage them.

RUSSIA.—Thus: The time for dissimulation is past; that for action has arrived. France cannot now resist. England cannot resist alone. The longer we delay, the less propitious will be the moment. Russia demands Turkey-in-Asia, and one third of Turkey-in-Europe, the line to run from Gallipoli to Bucharest.

AUSTRIA.—I require the rest of Turkey.

ITALY.—I require Greece, the former province of Rome.

PRUSSIA.—I will take Mecklenburg, Holland, Belgium, Hanover, and Denmark.

FRANCE.—And what shall I get?

RUSSIA.—If you give signs of needing it, some more of what I lately gave you.

ENGLAND.—Is my opinion of no consequence?

RUSSIA.—My brother of England will remark that he has studiously kept apart from our councils, and cannot therefore expect to sway them. If he had agreed with our late Emperor NICHOLAS, there would have been no Crimean campaign. If he had agreed with the late Emperor NAPOLEON, the Southern States of America would have been independent, Britain might have been an American power instead of an American weakness; France would have conquered Prussia, and France and England combined would have ruled Europe as they could in 1854. But my brother of England has held aloof, and wished rather to make money than to incur danger. He has made money. Allow me to remark that after we have made money, it is sometimes necessary to show that we can keep it.

ENGLAND.—It has ever been my custom both to keep my own, to take more, and to make more.

RUSSIA.—In case you should be so ill-advised as to interfere with us, we intend to give you the opportunity to maintain your old customs, should your power be equal to the task. May I ask my distinguished auditors if they accord with my views?

AUSTRIA.—I agree most fully.

PRUSSIA.—And I.

ITALY.—I have compunctions. But I also agree.

SPAIN.—Gibraltar is my reason for agreeing.

FRANCE.—I am powerless to disagree.

TURKEY.—And I.

[Scene closes.]

The Depression in Journalism.

THE great dullness in business, GRIP informs his colleagues of the city press, does not excuse the greater dullness in editorial. The *Mail* in six months has achieved but one libel suit, and even that must be credited to a correspondent. It has not properly abused MACKENZIE for weeks. It has almost forgotten BROWN. Even the terrible BLAKE undergoes no longer his daily demolition. The *Globe* seems unaware of the awful being who dwells on Sherbourne street, and is called Sir JOHN. Sleepily sometimes, it throws a column of statistics in that direction. But the monsters of iniquity, the fiends of corruption, the demons of disunion, the breakers of compact, the perjured legislators, the relentless rulers, the oppressed populaces, appear all dead on each side. The *Leader* has long been in *coma*. As for the *Nation*, he who ventures into its sleepy recesses leaves hope behind. It had once a writer, the great Impersonal—the master of implication and allusion—who, never saying anything of the sort, could calmly explain to his adversaries that they were no better than vituperators, maligners and abortionists. But it has him no more. There is a little and late-come daily. But GRIP wishes it to bind this couplet he has made for it as a frontlet between its eyes:—

Though great the truth, if tediously expressed
It only greatly bores us at the best.

Altogether, outside of the columns of GRIP, Toronto journalism is of late a mere stagnant pool, only transiently stirred by an occasional stone thrown by some epigrammatic and unpaid contributor. Gentlemen, this will not do. Wake up. Peace is a good thing—but not too much of it. For goodness sake, tell us how wicked somebody is.

The Bonus.

The wise men of Scripture all came from the east,
And went to the west, there's no doubt in the least.
Thus we saw in St. Lawrence, the bonus was run,
But we found in St. Andrew's it could'nt be done.

CANADIAN LADIES' FEET.**GLORIOUS OVATION TO "N. F. D."****Dashed Down by the Smashing Reporters of "Grip," in Advance of Everybody and Even of the Event Itself.**

(Form of heading copied from the "Telegram," who copies his from the "N. Y. Sun.")

THE gifted correspondent of the *Mail* was last night welcomed home with the ovation he anticipated at the hands of the ladies for his unprecedented gallantry in "breaking a lance" with the Centennial writer of the *New York Sun* who asserted that Canadian women have enormously large feet. On the platform of the Depot was congregated a representative gathering of the female beauty of Toronto, and as the gentlemanly journalist,—clutching the fragment of his lance in one hand and a portmanteau containing a few changes of linen, a paper collar, a few Hebrew newspapers and a dress coat, in the other—alighted from the train, he was at once overwhelmed with bouquets, and before he could extricate himself he was fast locked in the enthusiastic embraces of fifty or sixty pairs of arms, while anon the great vault of the Depot reverberated with the kisses that were showered upon his face and cranium. Subsequently he was carried into the large waiting room where a sumptuous banquet had been provided. The room was elaborately decorated, the grand central ornament being the letter he wrote to the *Sun*, printed in shoemaker's wax and framed in leather.

Neat-foot jelly and pigs feet formed the chief dishes on the table. The toast of "Our Guest" was given by Mrs O'SLAHERTY, who wears NO. 13 kip. In response the gifted and gallant correspondent rose and said:

"*Ladies of Canada:*—'Tis a joyful occasion. I feel the pride of HYPERION rushing through my veins in all the tremulous sunset grandeur of the yellow Tiber, or as SHAKESPEARE more tersely expresses it:

"——— The native hue of
Resolution is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Ladies, you do me honour. You are kind enough to say I did you service in signally defeating the fectid wretch who maligned your feet. I did that service willingly. Feet is a tender subject to me. I have corns. I abhor large feet, and think it a national affront to say Canadian Ladies have them. I used to belong to the *Globe* staff. Perhaps that's why I'm so sensitive on the subject of feet. For the feat I accomplished at Philadelphia you have abundantly rewarded me. I say no more. Pass the pigs' feet, please."

The gentleman was then presented with a pair of little glass slippers and a new lance, which he was advised to break in some more sensible cause.

The meeting then broke up.

EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT—Reading the succession of letters on it in the papers.