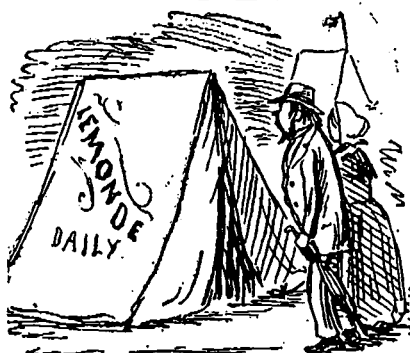




A PICTURE OF CONTENTMENT.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's (alleged) personal organ announces that there is no truth in the report that the learned professor is likely to remain in England. On the contrary, nothing could tempt him to quit Canada, where he has quite made up his mind to spend the rest of his days. The organ further adds that Mr. Smith has all he wants of this world's goods and is content to pass his remaining years in "watching with interest the fortunes of his friends." It was hardly necessary for the editor to add—"a very pleasant position for anyone to be in." It is indeed; but what will the Phrenologist and the Physiognomist say when the gifted *Bystander* is held up to them as a picture of human contentment? They will have to admit that for once their theories are out of joint, for if Mr. Smith is a really contented man, it is one more warning against the danger of judging by appearances. We have always imagined that there was a peculiar expression of discontent about his face—a look such as a man might have if he hankered chronically after something he could never get—such as annexation, the abolition of party, impersonality of the press, etc. However, we are sincerely gratified to find that we have been mistaken in this matter, and are doubly pleased to know that Canada is to have the benefit for (we trust) many years not only of Mr. Smith's fine literary style, but of his still more valuable example as the contented man.



ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

SCENE.—The Grounds of the Dominion Exhibition. Rural couple stumble upon the tent of a certain French Newspaper.
He. Ah! here we are, Marthy Ann! I've been lookin' all over for a drink. Hello, there! (to gentlemen in tent) give us two glasses of Lemonade; not too sweet!

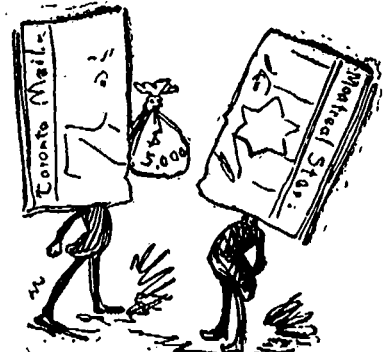


A CHARGE IN THE COUNTY COURT.

CHENTLEMEN OF TA CHURY:

This is an action you see, brought by ta plaintiff against ta County Council of York, to recofer damages for inelury dono to him by reason of ta bad smell in ta Court House. Ta facts have, you see, chentlemen, been laid before you, and it is now for you to say whether or no a case has been made out. It is not my chuty to decide the matter for you, but simply to point out the law of ta case, and leave ta decision in your hands. Evidence has been brought to show that ta defendants own a certain court house, and it has been further proved that this court house is identical with the place in which we now find ourselves. The defendants' counsel, you see, has made no attempt to deny ownership, though, chentlemen, if he had not such a bad cold in the head—if his nose was of any use whatever, you see, he would have endeafoured to bring evidence to deny the ownership, for it is no credit to anybody to own such a court house as this. However, chentlemen, of course you must be guided only by the evidence actually given, you see. Then, again, another witness swore that the plaintiff entered the court house in question in good health, and having the full use of his senses. You may have your doubts on this point as to whether the plaintiff *did* have his full senses, or, if so, you may reasonably doubt, you see, whether his senses were worth anything. The law on this point is, chentlemen, that the fact of a man deliberately entering the court house in question of his own free will—that is, not being obliged by his duty to enter it—is *prima facie* evidence, you see, of a want of sense. Of course, chentlemen, you will give the defendants the benefit of any such doubt if you have it. Then we have it in evidence that the plaintiff remained in ta court house for half-an-hour, and it is proven that during all that time he sat with his mouth open and his nose uncovered. This is not denied, though, you see, the defendants have brought medical men to swear that the plaintiff *might* have kept his mouth shut, and was not forcibly restrained from keeping his hand over his nose. Against this we haf, you see, chentlemen, the evidence of an officer of ta court house, who swears that during this half-hour Mr. Macgregor was addressing the chury. Ta law holds that it is not possible for a man to keep his mouth shut under such circumstances. Ta remainder of ta witnesses were brought up on ta question whether ta atmosphere of ta court house actually had anything to do with ta subsequent sickness of ta plaintiff. I must leaf you to draw your own conclusions, you see, but if you think from ta evidence produced that a combined smell of boiled cabbage, filthy rags, bad whiskey, unwashed human beings, vile tobacco smoke, and seventeen different kinds of dirt, would be likely to make a bad atmosphere in ta court house, you will bring a verdict for ta plaintiff; but if, on ta contrary, chentlemen, if you think, as ta County Council of York thinks, that these combined abominations are a credit to ta court house, and have ta effect of im-

proving the people's health, you will find for ta defendants. (If I was on ta chury I know what I would do.)



THE LARGEST CIRCULATION.

Of all the funny things in life,
The funniest is the din and strife
That sometimes shakes the nation
(With laughter) when two editors
Begin their furious windy wars
About "big circulation."

It must the reader much amuse
When 'stead of articles and news,
He gets a dissertation
Which goes to show—or, vainly tries—
That this particular paper has
The "largest circulation."

The twinkling *Star* and tall-tower *Mail*
Just now our senses do assail
With angry exclamation,
"Five thousand dollars," bunting cries
"If you can prove my claims are lies
'Bout largest circulation!"

Now, *Grip*'s no fly "I'll bet you-Cook,"
But if the judge will take a look,
Throughout this entire nation,
He'll find *Grip* bound and kept intact,
And so it has in point of fact
The largest circulation!

Facile Princeps.

Lord Clandeboye, eldest son of the Earl of Dufferin, has beaten Leander's and Hyron's historic swims across the Hellispoint. He did it easily, too, and only wished that the distance had been greater.—*Daily Paper*.

Well done, Lord Clandy, you're a clever boy!
And well sustain your family tradition,
The name of Temple ever great and high,
Facile princeps in whatever position!

Your noble father beats all other lords
At swimming diplomatic Hellespoints,
And with eternal fitness it accords
That you should beat the record thus at once.



YES! THAT'S THE QUESTION!

Mr. Phipps.—John A. says that he originated the Protection movement in England, but what I want to know is, who was it originated the Protection movement in John A?