

## TO OUR READERS.

THE "Critic" having become a soldier in the ranks of Journalism it is fitting his comrades should be informed of his principles. They are first principles all of them. The "Critic" believes the enemy of mankind may be trusted to attend to his particular business of creating trouble. It shall be its duty to promote harmony and good will among all. As there are always two sides to every question the "Critic" will always look upon every one as being right until found out to be wrong. As a matter of business, therefore the "Critic" will endeavour to be fair and impartial on all questions pertaining to the well-fare of the community and will see that the digestive qualities of its readers are properly looked after. More we shall not promise. Now to begin our first day's duty.

## THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.

THE 14th day of September, 1880, will long be noted by the next generation of sisters, cousins and aunts as a red-letter one in the annals of the country and this city.

Youngsters a hundred years hence will cry out "my great great grand papa was at the Dominion Exhibition of 1880. There will be a certain amount of pride in every family treasuring this up as a valuable heir-loom. With what pride do not some people now-a-days crow over the fact that they were present at the opening of the first Exhibition in London, England—not of our little imitation up west—in the year 1851. They boast of it on all occasions, it sounds big, but that show big as it was falls into insignificance besides the one that will for the next ten days flourish in this city. Never—well hardly ever—before has the Dominion Exhibition had such a chance of becoming world-famed. The members of its Committees of Management are all first prize talkers in other shows. There is nothing new under the sun that comes amiss to their hands, and for running an Exhibition where all get prizes and no blanks, they cannot be beat, except by the professional dead beat.

Everything that could be gathered from the four quarters of the world has been got for the Exhibition, even for that wonderful animal the great N. P. Elephant room has been found. No doubt he will be an object of curiosity to many, but we must remind visitors that his keeper is at present absent in the mother country foraging for a meal for the beast and that his form may be disappointing. Still we have no doubt but that he will show up well.

We are pained to hear that "Muddy" Little York *alias* Toronto's one horse show is suffering from a splenic affection, we trust that in course of time it may recover its wonted popularity and pull big for its "mourners."

## WEDDING BELLS.

It is the custom when so-called fashionable people are married now-a-days that the organist who dishes up the music on the occasion invariably plays Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." This is very pretty for music in "Midsummer's Night Dream;" but real marriage, especially marriage in upper ten-dom, is a very serious matter; in fact, a terrible thing. A wedding march should accordingly—and we hint this for the benefit of local organists—should accordingly be characterized with corresponding solemnity. For the sake of ill-mated bride and bridegroom would it not be better when the happy couple are forever made "two souls with but a single thought," &c., that they and their attendants should be played out of church with the "Dead March in Saul."



OUR readers will we are sure easily recognize the mobile features and graceful form of the above sketch. He is gazetted throughout the land as a White—man always ready to split a lance with an enemy of his country. May he always retain his spotless name free from taint and be the friend of white and black men throughout the Dominion.



They say I'm a brick.

AN INDIAN'S JOKE.—"I am glad," said the Rev. Father to the Chief of the Little Utes, "that you do not drink whiskey; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes," replied the Chief, and he fixed an expressive eye upon the Father, which communicated the reproach before he uttered it, "We Indians use a good deal of whiskey, but we do not make it."

## THE "CRITIC'S" ADDRESS TO HIS STEWARDS.

Come forth my Stewards! one and all,  
Come forth! with might and main,  
And let us show them, large and small,  
What they'll ne'er see again.

Unfold your wares, let Fletcher's field,  
Such treasures bring to view,  
That foreign climes will gladly yield,  
The palm to men like you.

Now Coristine! come blaze away,  
Don't let your fireworks fail,  
Nor give strange people cause to say,  
You sing'd the foxes tail.

Let George! keep Landseer full in view,  
He lov'd the faithful hound,  
And Thomas! must find something new,  
'Though 'twere miles above the ground.

You Arnton! see the type's well set,  
Claxton may be in town,  
And I'm afraid, if once you met,  
You'd may be knock him down.

Gilman! I trust my friends to you,  
Don't keep them long away,  
Or else, I fear they'd find too true,  
That bills of costs don't pay.

My Star like Hugh! string well the lyre,  
Make no discordant noise,  
And Lyman! quench that liquid fire,  
That drugs our sailor boys.

Alick! bring not the Haggis forth,  
'Twould spoil our festive games,  
Bring ben we Donald frae the North,  
He'll suit Canadian hames.

My Stewart! blow thy trumpet now,  
Nor fume, nor idly fret,  
For if false quavers you'll allow,  
They'll tell't in the "Gazette."

Now Burland! keep thy puppies well,  
Prevent all yelps or squalling,  
And as for Cats—Oh! 'twere a hell,  
If they get Caterwauling.

My gallant Whitehead! steady your ranks,  
The dressing's to the right,  
A willing public gives you thanks,  
Your distance keep in sight.

Oh! Andrew dear, my bonnie bairn,  
The siller aye, stick till it,  
Waste not, but be not owersparin,  
The boys will help to fill it.

Richard! my soul is fill'd with song,  
'Tis floating in excess,  
Swell high the strain, let it soar along,  
But Heavens—forget the press.

Let's clear the course—bring forth the nags,  
Coghlan! make no mistake,  
Men are not ships—fences not snags,  
And the field is not a lake.

See that the purse is fairly won,  
No blacklegs near the ring,  
What the best horse this day has done,  
In after days we'll sing.

And now my Stewards! to your posts,  
Discharge your duties well,  
Mount Royal valed not idly boasts,  
Of feats that strangers tell.

Mount Royal Fair! shall yet be sung,  
In years far hence to come,  
So shout, our wild greenwoods among,  
Our free Canadian Home.

In going to the Exhibition, wear a checked shirt. Remember, in case of accidents, that the Company is responsible for every "checked."

To say of a stranger that you "wouldn't know him from Adam" is wildly inaccurate. A moments reflection would tell you that they do not dress alike.