

stand against the Land Bill, instead of accepting it as a fair instalment of justice and then constitutionally striving for more. Instead of this he practically undertook to establish an independent government, but if he imagined for a moment that he was strong enough to cope with John Bull he is probably convinced to the contrary by this time.

### Our Private Box.

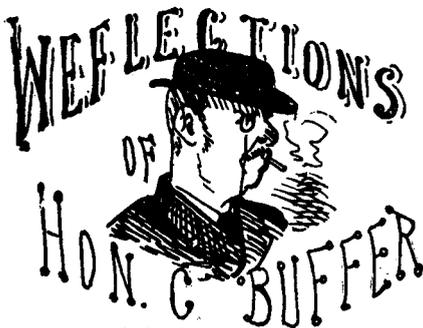
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence are at the Grand this week, giving us another treat of *Bardwell Slope, M.C.* and *Mrs. Gen. Giffory*. Those who have seen these two leading characters of modern comedy will be anxious to renew their acquaintance, while those who have not will do themselves a mean trick if they stay away.

Mr. Frank Mordaunt, in his new play, "Old Shipmates" is renewing his triumphs at the Royal. The piece is one of considerable literary merit, and those who have seen Mr. Mordaunt need not be assured that he makes the most of the character entrusted to him—and a decidedly good character it is.

Mr. Kennedy and his talented family are singing the Songs of Auld Scotia at Shaftesbury Hall this week, and the heather is on fire for miles around. The next best thing to being a Scotchman is to hear Kennedy.

The Jubilee Singers return to the city on Saturday and will give a Matinee in the Pavilion, when another, and perhaps the last, opportunity will be given to hear their soul-stirring melodies.

At the conclusion of Mr. Mordaunt's engagement, Mr. Conner will introduce to Toronto the successful young actress Miss Lillian Cleves, who will appear in a strong new drama entitled "Only a Farmer's Daughter," in which she personates *Mme. Laurent*, a type of the unscrupulous adventuress. This engagement will last throughout the week.



D'ye know, it stwikes me as being vevy absed, in point of fact, wiculous, the way owah champion oahman, Hanlan, is commented upon by *soi disant* shaup fellahs in,—aw—connection with his actions wegawding the waces on the Bay heah, duwing the Pwovincial Fair and subsequent to that event. To the initiated, and to a gweat many othahs who flat-tah themselves that they are up to all the little ins and outs of the spawting cliques and cote-wies, the fact of Hanlan distinctly expressing his detehmination through the papahs to wetiash altogethawfwom what in, aw—pugilistic ceh'cles would be called the "wing," in ordah to devote himself to the management of his—aw—hostel-wie, and immediately attehwards entah into negotiations with Wallace Woss, or any othah pwofessional oahsman, appeahed twicky, and, as it weah, showing a want of appweciation of the gweat benefits he has dewived from his

native city, and, in shawt, a contempt faw the people heah, by his not affawding them the honah of viewing his extwawdinawy qualifications on Towonto Bay.

D'ye know, I don't think Mr. Hanlan is altogethew in love with his fellah-citizens, as a gweat many suppose he is and ought to be. My fwiends, as the Wevewend Gentlemen say, let us look back a few yeeahs, when Edwawd was yet a novice in the awt. His fellah-citizens then wather snee'ad at his pwetentions, and would at that time laugh to scawn the idea of his competing faw the championship of the world. When his coming antagonist, Wallace Woss, came heah first to twy conclusions with him, Woss' fwiends stuck to him like bwave Blue Noses as they weah, but Hanlan's people, wheah were they? Woss' people bluffed them at the pool-selling so that theah stwipling was the favohwite by lawge odds, and the now celebawted champion's fwiends, with a few exceptions, weah exceedingly cautious as to wisking theah—aw—money—upon him. Of caus, atfah he pwoved beyond doubt that he was—aw—in point of fact, inimitable, ewwybody gwew clamowous about him, yet weahly I caunt see that he has much to be gwateful faw to the majowity of his felloah townsmen.

It stwikes me vevy fawcibly that the gweat object of the pwofessional aquatic fwatehnty is like that of othah pwofessions and twades, to look out faw Numbah One, and although they display sometimes pehsonal hostility to each othah, still theah intewests are in common pwofessionally, and no doubt they undahstand theah own affahs best, and if people will only wewlect a little they will pecieve that "hippodwomes" are got up in othaw twades than—aw—than sculling faw a living—ya'as—I think so—I weahly do.

### Yorktown. 1881.

A FRIENDLY INVITATION BY A JUBILANT YANKEE.

DEAR BULL:—

Accept our compliments with this here invitation To come across and join us in the glorious celebration, That we, your "Kin across the sea," or whatever you may call us, Are to hold on the Centennial of our whacking Old Cornwallis.

We love you, John, indeed we do, with feelings warm and tender, And regret so much we were obliged to make Old C., surrender; Tho' perhaps if Washington was nabbed, its among my strong impressions He might undergo a fusilade from His Lordship's valiant Hessians.

If Bute or North could see the sight, perhaps it wouldn't please 'em, And witness our magnificence since that Colonial treason; But they lived in the good old times, when they'd flog and p'raps keel-haul us, In the ships of war attendant on my noble Lord Cornwallis.

Don't think this celebration is got up as a reminder, That if our country riles you up you know just where to find us, It's only got up to remind our rising generation That the fall of Lord Cornwallis was the rising of our nation

Then join with us, ye Britishers, and shout with us Hos saner, And wave your meteor Union Jack, long side our Starry banner, We love you now like brothers, and no matter what befall us, We'll keep alive our love for you and mem'ries of Cornwallis.

### Innocence.

"Why, papa, do they call the Yonge-street pavement 'block pavement?'" asked little Johnny Sugarsand of his father, one morning last week. "Because," said that indignant grocer, "It has blocked the street completely for months, and we were blockheads to allow it. Now wipe your nose and get off to school, and don't ask any more silly questions."



WISE WORDS FROM WANDERING WILLIAM.

W. W. to New Arrival in Manitoba.—Young man, this is a grand country, and you are correct in your prognostication that it is bound to be the great food producing country of the world. It is true that we see around us a vast expanse of virgin soil which is only awaiting the advent of the husbandman to bring forth its treasures abundantly, but, my youthful sir, there is one fact I would like to impress upon your mind, namely, that the soil of this great heritage can never be adequately cultivated with a gun,—and don't you forget it!



ONE OF THE NEW MASTERS.

This is the portrait of a celebrated master of a renowned Art School, far, far away from Toronto. He has an elegant moustache and pre-raphaelite goatee, and he wears his hat a la Michael Angelo. His hair also has the truly artistic effect which is observable in all correct portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Millais, Vandyke, and other great masters. The pose of his palette bespeaks unmistakable genius, while the manner in which he holds his brush marks him an academician. There is only one defect about this truly great artist, namely, that he can't draw worth a cent.

Quick-lime will destroy the scent of a dead dog, and sometimes a quick-climb up a tree is the easiest way to get away from the scent of a live dog.—*Newton (Mass.) Republican.*