

will never forget. There is one thing which will live in the memories of Canadian editors as pleasantly as the recollection of that banquet, viz., the urbanity and kindness of Mr. WM. C. GOULD, General Northern Passenger Agent of the Erie. Mr. GOULD is unusually young to hold so responsible a position, but he happens to have a good head on his shoulders as well as a good heart in his bosom, and the Erie Railway has shown its wisdom in his appointment. Under the personal charge of this gentleman, the editors and their ladies were carried over the smooth steel rails of the Erie—a distance of over four hundred miles,—through a country, which for panoramic grandeur of scenery, is one of the most favored sections on earth. The route through the mountains skirting the Lehigh Valley presented constantly varying scenes of thrilling beauty, the effect of which was heightened by the speed of the train—often nearly a mile per minute. The editors held their notebooks in a nervous grasp during this ride, and took voluminous notes. HERRING, of the *Petrolia Advertiser*, was there, and will probably make his paper say the scenery was simply immense. WALLIS of the *Mail* will most likely refer to the way the engine driver gracefully jockeyed the curves; CAMERON of the *London Advertiser* will be sure to put it down as transcendently fine, very fine indeed. They will all be right. The Centennial Coalition arrived in Philadelphia about five o'clock on Saturday evening, and on Sunday picked their teeth after dinner on the stoop of the Merchant's Hotel, Fourth street. It is unnecessary to say that the Canadian editors gave a practical reproof to American laxness by going to church almost to a man. They were all warmly interested in what they heard, for the thermometer was among the nineties. On Monday the party was routed out of bed by five o'clock and went in a body to Fairmont Park to see the Exhibition. WALKER of the *Courier* says it is a better fair than they ever had in Perth, Ont. WILSON of the *New Dominion* says he approves of it and thinks he will give it a good paragraph when he goes home. MATTHESON of St. Catharines says he would have pleasure in doing so too, only he sold out his paper to PETER X. lately. In fact all the editors are highly delighted with the Exhibition, and view the Canadian Department with special pride. The Canadian Commissioners received the Press men officially last night and treated them to a luncheon at the Residence. They had, among the delicacies, the bottle of Commissioners' Pickle which appeared in your cartoon recently, which picture—by the way—created great amusement among the Canadians here. Philadelphia tells me she was much impressed with the *Mail* correspondent, and wants to know when he is coming back. The poor girl is famishing for ideas, and wants to have him by, dropping pearls of thought without knowing it and accommodating the note-books of all the female reporters. But here, for the present, I must close.

Division Court.

TORONTO, July, 1876.

HIS HONOR the judge, not feeling like doing anything, has requested Mr. SHARPSET, barrister, to take his place. Business proceeds.

Mr. SHARPSET.—Clerk, the next case.

CLERK.—Noodle v. Foodle.

Mr. SHARPSET.—Oh, by the by, I was to appear for Mr. Foodle. Mr. Snatchfee, perhaps you will take my place during the case.

Mr. SNATCHFEE.—With great pleasure. (*They change places.*)

Mr. Noodle's case being stated by his lawyer.

Mr. SHARPSET.—Your honor, this is, as you have heard, a fish case. The person Noodle has sued my client, the respectable Foodle, for the value of, or rather much more than the value of, some stinking fish. We admit receiving the fish, but we had immediately to throw them out. There are no witnesses, so your honor has simply to decide between the veracity of this fish seller Noodle and my client, the excellent Foodle.

Mr. SNATCHFEE.—I have no hesitation in giving judgment for Foodle. Next case.

CLERK.—Boodle v. Toodle.

Mr. SNATCHFEE.—As I appear for Mr. Boodle, perhaps Mr. SHARPSET will resume his place on the bench.

Mr. SHARPSET.—Certainly. (*They change places.*)

Mr. SNATCHFEE.—Your honor, this is a case of damages we claim for injury to waggon and load. Mr. Boodle being on the right side of the road, this ignorant Toodle drove right into his waggon, smashing the off whiffletree and the fore axletree, and pitching a barrel of sugar into the mud, causing its total loss by bursting.

Mr. TOODLE'S LAWYER.—The case is totally different, your honor. My learned friend is altogether misinformed. Mr. Boodle was on the left, and refused to turn. My client could not turn, being heavily loaded, nor well stop either, being on a steep descent.

Messrs. Boodle and Toodle being heard, in evidence on either side.

Mr. SHARPSET.—Judgment in favor of Boodle. Court adjourned.

Mr. SNATCHFEE.—(*To Mr. Sharpset.*) In our profession, the opportunities of cultivating amenity by mutual assistance are very many, and should never be neglected.

Mr. SHARPSET.—Never. [*Scene closes.*]

Observations on Dominion Day.

By our own Hibernian.

Faith, it's my opinion that this young Dominion
Is to be unfortunat in the comin' year,
For the very devil (not to be uncivil)
Sint us his luck upon her birthday here.

Whin aich Tory politician, on a most important mission,
Held a jolly picnic out at Uxbridge in the rain;
And Sir JOHN and TUPPER, hobblin in to supper,
Rubbin' their rheumatics, swore they'd not do so again.

Thin you might see the Foristers, thin swate woodland choristers,
Through the groves a promenadin wid green robes and feathers tall;
But bedad the pourin weather took the starch from ivery feather,
And it's they were glad to think they didn't live there after all.

Sure the private pic-nics travelled out in quick-sticks,
An' they laid out the refreshmints, and the coffee and the tay;
But it's they were undelighted whin the rain quite uninvited
Just dhropped in to partishipate the pleasures of the day.

And it's they got into stables, and under wooden tables,
Or wint showerbathing underneath the trees.
Wid the shivers quakin' and bad cowl'ds takin',
And the woods resounding wid the pleasin' sneeze.

And the lake excursions, sure they wor the diversions,
In the cabin crowdin' all to kape thim dry,
Passage money payin' just to put the day in
Starin' through a port-hole at the muddy sky.

Shades of evening fallin' by and bye brought all in.
Just one consolation only in the lot.
Thim wid umberellas thinkin' other fellows
Got a greater duckin' than themselves had got.

Conundrum.

Name the Latin adjective which Mr. LAIDLAW knows the best; but which he cannot decline? *Bonus.*

Rural Simplicity.

GRIP hath discovered a rustic—a rustic of ingenuous belief and downright stolidity not often found—a *rara avis* in these degenerate days. The day after the election in Ontario the *Markham Economist* printed this:—“THE ONTARIOS. The contest is over in both Ontarios, and although no returns have been received by us, there can be little doubt but that Messrs. CURRIE and EDGAR are the successful candidates. The intelligent electors of Ontario, true to that intelligence and sound judgment for which they have ever received credit, refused to believe in the bug bear cry against free trade.” See what it is to read the *Globe* and nothing else.

A SUITABLE text for the congregation of Rev. Mr. MACDONNELL.
II Epistle of Paul to Timothy, Chapter 4, verses 3, 4.

GRIP notices that Mr. MACDOUGALL, advocating some candidate or another, coolly tells his audience that if he had the matter in hand, he could bring the Yankees to their senses in five minutes by a discriminating tariff. GRIP would just ask this gentleman, (who didn't scare the North-west with his dozen Enfields once) if he knows what the result of such a thing would be? Does he know that the States could, if we give them excuse, annoy us twenty times as much as we can them? Protection, as much as you like, BILLY, but no discrimination. That is and edged tool very unfit for you to handle.

Wanted.

A Chimney Sweep to clean a “Soot” of clothes.
A Music Teacher with a “Big Drum” in his ear.
A small boy with a pipe in his mouth to take an emetic.
A respectable Burglar of good moral character to drop down a deep well.
A recipe for extracting the milk of human kindness from a cheese maggot.
An Artist to paint the evil of trusting to Brother Jonathan to fulfil a Treaty.
To know whether the “hills (hills) that flesh is heir to” are easy for a fat man to climb?