

**Dramatic Notes.**

GRIP is very much pleased to know that Mrs. MORRISON has re-engaged Mr. GOBAY and Mr. SHAMBROOK, for the coming season. Both gentlemen are efficient members of the company on the boards, and first-rate company themselves in private life.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT, with their original Minstrel Company, open at Mrs. MORRISON'S Opera House on Monday night and remain all week, giving a matinee on Saturday afternoon. Our gentlemen citizens will all go because they know the programme will be first-class; and all the ladies will go to see a live lover in LEW BENEDICT—the romantic young gentleman who left the law for the burnt cork to raise \$50,000—which a certain old gentleman demanded the man should possess who aspired to the hand of his daughter. LEW won her. Go and see him smile about it.

FECHTER, the French tragedian, appears to-night and to-morrow night at FRENCH'S handsome Royal Opera House. A person don't need to know FRENCH (unless he wants a free pass) to appreciate this great actor, as his English is almost perfect. His representation of *Hamlet* in London is now historical, and everywhere else he has sustained the high position then accorded him. GRIP hopes the engagement will secure the liberal patronage that both FRENCH and Frenchman deserve.

**A Mathematical Problem.**

FOUNDED ON FACT.

A story without any flim  
DE DICKE now will tell, and my GRIP,  
Thence moral may draw, as from jam,  
The house-fly an essence doth sip.  
In witching Ontario there is  
A farmer whom JONES we will call,  
(His name isn't JONES, but I wis  
That matters just nothing at all.)

This JONES to a neighbour did go  
And if you would ask his intent,  
His corn-field he wanted to hoe  
And so to his neighbour he went.  
He says unto t'other, says he,  
"Two boys you have hearty and stout,  
And 'on' now the holidays be—  
I've seen 'em a-playing about."

"If they'll give me a turn this here day,  
As of hands I am shortish I think,  
A quarter to each I will pay,  
And likewise their victuals and drink.  
Corn-hoeing a'int nothing but fun,  
I reckon they'll come out all right,  
The soil isn't stiff, and the sun,  
It don't burn so hot as it might!"

Quoth his neighbour!—"To stay, or to go,  
The lads are at liberty free,  
If they're willing they're welcome to hoe,  
I care not which way it may be,"  
"If they come, let 'em come pretty quick;"  
Says JONES, as off smartly he hies,—  
And straightway an argument slick  
Was heard 'twixt the lads to arise.

"A quarter a day isn't much,"  
Says JACK, "But besides TOM I know  
The first book of Euclid. With such  
Large learning a chap should'nt hoe!"  
Says TOM; "Well as far as book two  
I've got and can do it quite spy,  
An axiom, 'tis clearly, if you  
Shouldn't hoe JACK, why neither should I!"

"Now DICKE," says their father to me  
As he laughingly sat in his chair,  
And told me the story with glee,  
"This beats rooster-fighting, I swear.  
Mathematics I don't understand,  
Didn't learn them myself when at school,  
So put the thing squarely in hand  
And show me what orders the rule."

"That Euclids they mustn't hoe corn.  
(Neither book number two, nor book one)  
But may toil on all day from the morn,  
At digging big holes just for fun.  
How comes it his neighbours corn-hoe  
Is what fellows call *infra dig*?  
While his own spade is proper you know,  
For the urchin in logical wig?"

Says I:—"You remind me, one day,  
Years ago as at cricket I ran,  
All sweating beneath the sun's ray,  
A jolly old carpenter man  
Who was passing that spot, called out pat  
To us lads as we toiled on the moor,  
'You wouldn't be doing all that  
If 'work' it were called, I am sure."

"The truth my good friend not to shrink,  
Too oft by mere names we're enthralled,  
Our 'play' is oft harder than 'work'  
Our 'fun' is but dulness miscalled.  
Defeat we dub "triumph," and shout  
Ourselves thereat sillily hoarse;  
While, rightly appraised, beyond doubt,  
Our 'gain' is too often a 'loss.'"

"There's people we call very rich  
Who, in all which true riches denotes,  
Of wealth cannot count up a stitch,  
Though they've money and superfine coats.  
In short men are puffs, whom skill  
Of word-juggler's finely-wrought phrases,  
Moves hither and thither at will,  
Through muddles, morasses, and mazes."

Corn-hoeing if it were termed "play"  
Would bring the boys bobbing around,  
Call it work and they all run away,  
And sweat digging holes in the ground.  
"Well the world," quoth my friend, "it is queer,  
Boys (and gals too) are odd, freakish elves;  
But we'll have up a pitcher of beer,  
And drink to the health of ourselves."

**Hopedfor Mr. Crooks!**

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. BORDWELL invited the members of the city Press and dramatic profession, with a few outsiders (Mr. CROOKS of course among them) to go and see the PAUL BOYTON life-saving dress tested on the lake. It was not generally known amongst the excursionists that Mr. CROOKS was on board. Neither he was in *bodily* form. But no doubt he was in spirit, and one of the most intensely interested of the party. In his capacity of general Political Mentor of the country, GRIP feels it his duty and privilege to convey to the public (and to the materialized Mr. CROOKS as well) the impressions of the spirit aforesaid on the occasion. These can be best gathered from memoranda which Mr. C. was observed to write in an invisible note-book.

GRIP makes a few extracts:

*Wed. 21st July.* Went unbeknownst to myself and colleagues to see the BOYTON dress experimented with.

Saw the fellow put it on in two minutes and jump overboard.

Capital thing. He lay on the broad of his back and let the waves carry him about,

Inwardly envied him, I feel so awfully tired myself.

Happy thought. I will buy a dress like it. Might as well take it easy and float around as foot it on shore.

Would find a constituency just as soon that way.

The fellow had a sort of portfolio strapped to him containing a week's provisions.

Still happier thought. I can in this way get over the Tory objections without the aid of "Parliamentum." Can easily carry my portfolio without a seat. Beauty of this thing is, a fellow don't need a seat at all.

The secret of BOYTON'S dress is wind—the man supports himself on air. That's how I've been supporting myself for a long time. FRASER keeps himself up with wind. He puts on airs without the dress.

The fellow fired off a pistol. Good. I will get a pistol and defend myself against the *Sun*-skit man and other Tory writers.

MEM. Interview MOWAT on the subject of the suit.

JOKE.—It's better than a suit of mail to protect my reputation, or a *Mail* suit either.

"The (Toronto) Keely Motor." The Street Railway.

GRIP observes with sorrow that a number of his contemporaries are contending which shall be called the only independent journal, and denying all right in the title to any others. They are all right, and all wrong. Each of them is equally independent—of sense.

THE *National* again attacks the Club of the same name for putting its servants into livery. It is said that JIMUEL BRIGGS refused the other day to ride in a vehicle, because it was hired from a livery stable. Such are consistent and inconsistent republicans.