



Prof. O. S. Fowler, the veteran phrenologist, has been entertaining large audiences at the Royal Opera House this week, with his instructive lectures on Life, Health, and kindred subjects. His rooms at the Rossin have also, as usual, been visited by many believers in the Science of Bumpology, anxious to find out what nature intended them for.

"The World" has drawn splendidly all week at the Grand, and it is certainly one of the best shows we have had for a long time. Next Monday the well-known comedian, Nat. C. Goodwin and wife (formerly Miss Weathersby) begin an engagement of three nights and matinee, in their highly amusing specialty pieces.

Hi Henry's celebrated Premium Minstrels begin a short engagement at the Royal with a matinee performance on Saturday; they depart after Monday night. Mr. Henry has a high reputation throughout the States as a solo cornetist, and his company has long stood in the front rank of the burnt-cork profession.

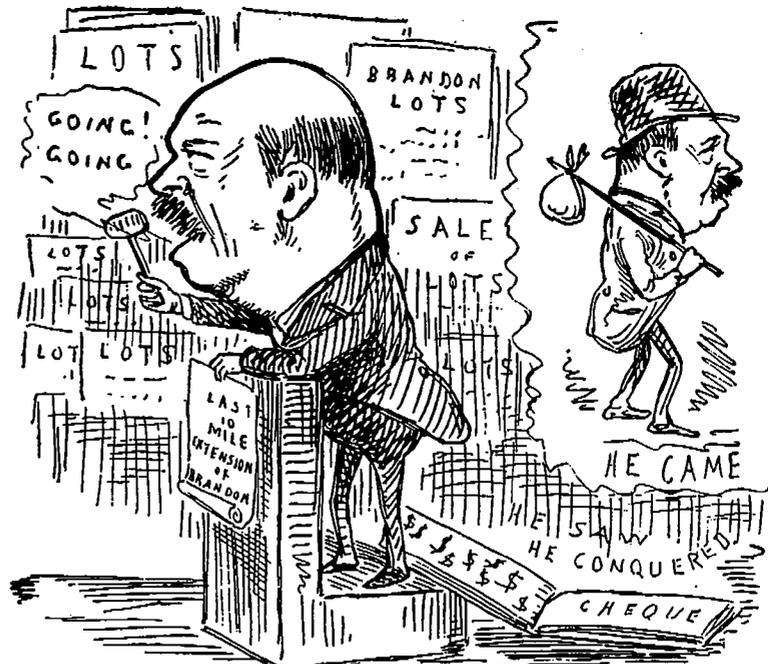
We understand that Dr. Strathy's Toronto Pianoforte Players' Classical Club will give its first concert of the season, on Thursday evening next, the 23rd inst., at Newcombe's piano warerooms, corner of Church and Richmond streets. The club will perform Beethoven's Grand Symphony, No. 4, and Overture to Prometheus, Mozart's Overture to Figaro, and Rossini's Overture to Semiramide. All to be played by twenty-four hands. The concert will be under the patronage of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs Beverly Robinson.

We are pleased to notice that Mr. James Park got soundly caned on Wednesday night. This is the consequence of being a jolly good fellow. The caning was administered by Mr. P.'s employees and friends, in connection with a complimentary supper at Occident Hall. The cane was a gold-headed one.

Prospectus

"UNPICTURESQUE CANADA"

GRIP has resolved to secure the services, at vast expense to the Adelaide-street Treasury, of some of the most eminent authors and artists in the Dominion, in order to open the eyes of Canadians to the many unpicturesque features in their own cities. The praise which the art illustrators give a similar publication named *Picturesque Canada*—praise which the Queen, the Princess Louise, and our Governor-General have so lavishly bestowed on Canadian scenery, as represented by Mr. O'Brien and his artistic staff, has a tendency to make Canadians unduly proud of their country! But, as in certain high quarters, such as the Department of Education for Ontario, it seems to be an established principle that Canadians ought not to be confirmed in this undesirable habit of admiring and priding themselves on the excellencies of their country, we have resolved to issue in the pages of GRIP the above-mentioned UNPICTURESQUE CANADA. Our artist, aided by competent literary men, will visit various parts of Canada, and note the many unpicturesque features abounding in our cities and country districts. A tour of the Don river will be made by one daring and experienced explorer; views will be given of the City Hall, the Esplanade, and other unpicturesque buildings of Toronto. These will be followed by sketches taken in other parts of Canada.



JOSEPH, THE GOLDEN WOLF.

(The Great Winnipeg Auctioneer.)

AN IMPERSONATION OF THE FORTUNE-MAKING BOOM IN MANITOBA, "BE LUCKY AND THOU SHALT BE RICH."

Unhappy Thoughts.

BY A CANADIAN COUSIN OF THE AUTHOR OF "HAPPY THOUGHTS."

III.

I visited a confection restaurant on Yonge-street, and, after a delay of half-an-hour, was served with a minute cup of tea, a slice of buttered toast, which combined the maximum of hardness with the minimum of butter, and a thin bit of gutta-percha-like cold meat. Feasting in solemn silence upon these delicacies, I beguiled the time by reading carefully a number of the *Dominion High Churchman*, which was on a table beside me. There was a leading article, purporting to be a criticism on our only national Review, the *Canadian Monthly*, in which several of the leading clergy of Canada write, and in which I have read some able vindications of religion against scepticism. But simply to side with religion was not enough for the *Dominion High Churchman*, if one was not enthusiastic about the *Anglo-Catholic Revival*. The article began by comparing the writers in the Review in question, to PALMER, the POISONER! Unhappy Thought: Christian charity too often adulterated with vitriolic sectarianism. The article ended by denouncing the *Canadian Monthly* as "the vehicle of agnostic poison! Further on was another article containing an account of the number of churches in London which had "flowers on the altar and a cross." Unhappy Thought: The High Churchman cares as little for common sense as for sound literature. Presently the *Dominion* man came in, and his eyes brightened at the unwonted sight of someone perusing his paper. On the waiter asking him what he would have, he said, "Let us have camphine." She replied, "We don't keep them here, but you can have tea or coffee, with buttered toast." Groaning at her spirited obtusity, the ritualistic sage bade her bring the toast without butter, as it was a fast-day, and he had already eaten ten parched peas since matin. Then pointing to the paper, which I had laid down, he said, "It is the high and

hallowed mission of the *Dominion High Churchman* to 'put back the clock,' and, as far as possible, import the revival of the dark ages into Canada. We English can only do this in a very small way at first, by our nice little talk about altars, floral decorations, and crosses: but by and bye we will have our sweet "confession boxes" for the married ladies, and celibate "sisterhoods" for the young girls; and perhaps, with the aid of Collector Patton, a little bit of the Inquisition for literature that we consider objectionable." I left the spot with this Unhappy Thought: Did Cranmer or Latimer die that this sort of thing might survive? And the more Unhappy Thought: When the human being happens to be a fool, is there any calculating the dimensions of his folly? I proceeded to the public school, where I found my daughter with her class, reading aloud a most dismal lesson about the "Physiology of the bodily organs." Unhappy Thought: I wish children knew nothing about "organs," except those that are otherwise called melodeons. Lesson over, I wished to take my girl to the Zoo, but she was "kept in" for omitting to learn a series of mathematical problems, which, with a number of other lessons, had been appointed to be prepared at home. Unhappy Thought: Not a "delightful task to teach the young idea to overshoot" the mark! She had also a "misdemeanour mark" for answering a question from another little girl when the children were "formed in line" in the yard. Unhappy Thought: Our school system has not much to learn from the Fat-head Indian in the way of compressing a child's mental development.

It is said that the course of a cannon ball may be turned by contact with a shingle. If any one is desirous of testing the veracity of this report he may hold the shingle and we will cheerfully fire off the cannon.—*St. Louis Hornet*. We prefer being at the *Hornet* end of that proposition—shingular as it may seem.