



TORONTO'S FAIR.

They do not create for "cosmopolitan."
 And are quite content without college degrees,
 They do not of "photoplasm" and "differentiation"
 Talk pseudo-erudite slang with ease.
 They are far less likely to puzzle their pleases,
 When the theatre, church, or ball they have come to,
 Some excellent specimens one sees,
 Of the pretty girl of fair Toronto.
 Their close fitting jackets keep the fashion's
 Their bosoms are buttoned and numbered "three"
 Their stockings of gorgeous illumination,
 Are lovely, alas! for the little one sees.

Their charms are potent, and have decrees,
 Men follow them, faithful as "Panda"
 Their tangled gold-tresses perfume the breeze,
 And crown the queen-girls of fair Toronto.
 They all belong to *this* generation!
 In their blue eyes bits of heaven one sees,
 The charm of their wit and conversation,
 Captures the cake with graceful ease,
 No foreign-bred beauty from over seas,
 Nor those that Montreal's name live "can't be"
 In body, soul, buttons, are bound to please,
 Like our own pretty girls in fair Toronto!

Our Montreal Commissioner.

WINDSOR HOTEL, Montreal.

The arch-episcopal war has come to a sudden termination. His Grace of Montanopolis has unbuckled his armour and returned to the quiet meditation his soul loves. Not that he has shown the white feather. By no means, my masters. He has simply re-asserted his position and declined all further controversy. The rank and file, however, are carrying on the war merrily, by means of petitions, public meetings, and woody conflicts before the Private Bills Committee. The city recorder, worthy man, has taken to the stump, and many a somnolent Rip Van Winkle has opened his sleepy eyes to the importance of the question. Your Commissioner hails with pleasure these evidences of the increasing interest felt by French Canadians in the freedom of higher education in this Province.

Dr. Dawson a C. M. G., and Hector Langevin honored with an additional letter and a title! Thus it has pleased Her Majesty, by and with the advice of her trusty Privy Councillor, Sir John Macdonald, to mete out her royal favors to these two men. Your Commissioner, and the distinguished circle with whom he associates in this city, have but a poor opinion of the Privy Councillor's taste. Even my humble friend Joseph professes himself disgusted. "To think, sir, as the Queen should a bin advised to put such a man as Langevin afore our Dr. Dawson. I wouldn't a thought Sir John would a made sich a mess on't." "It is no end of a blunder, Joseph, certainly," I replied, "but did you ever read Robbie Burns?" "Not as I knows of, sir. Who wur he?" "A Scotch poet, Joseph, and a wonderfully gifted one. Listen, this is what he says:—

A king can make a beld knight—
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,

But pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that."

"And, indeed, sir, that's jist the truth, and you don't want no better proof on it than Langevin and our Dr. Dawson." "Exactly so, Joseph: I quite agree with you."

Grip's countless readers throughout the Dominion will probably feel some interest in the sayings and doings of the sixty-five remarkable men who legislate for this Province. I propose to take them to Quebec occasionally. There is very good fun to be met with there at times. I fear there are some naughty boys there, and the Premier, Mr. Chapleau, does not inspire one with much respect. The hero of the celebrated Tanneries Land Swap—a lawyer whose practice was almost entirely confined to the recorder's and police courts: a speaker not without a certain amount of smartness and theatrical eloquence—a moral character certainly not above par—behold the man who, for the time being, wields the destinies of this Province. Paquet, the rattling recipient of fourteen thousand dollars from the Credit Foncier, nets as a worthy lieutenant to a worthy chief. By the way, a special committee has been struck to enquire into this questionable transaction of Mr. Paquet's. On the principle, probably, that misery loves companions, Mr. Paquet, in return, has contrived to throw up a cloud of dust around the member for Megantic—Mr. George Irvine, one of the ablest gentlemen in the House. In his (Mr. Irvine's) absence, and on the eve of an adjournment for a week, a statement, said to have been prepared by Paquet, but which was brought forward by one of his lieutenants, was read to the House, charging Mr. Irvine with improperly buying off a bidder at the sale of the Levis and Kennebec Railway. In spite of the protests of Mr. Irvine's friends, the Government majority insisted that this charge should be entered upon the journals, and entered it was.

On the re-assembling of the House Mr. Irvine read a keenly sarcastic counter statement, fully explaining the transaction as one in which he had not the remotest personal interest, and in which he acted simply as the legal adviser of the actual purchaser. Strange to say, Mr. Robertson, the Treasurer of the Province, was, as president of the railway which purchased the Levis and Kennebec, the person most interested in the affair. This gentleman attempted to throw oil upon the troubled waters by moving the ad-

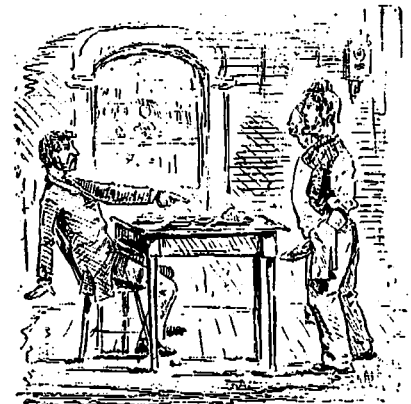
journalment of the debate, but Mr. Chapleau, Mr. Paquet, and others of that kidney insisted that a committee should be struck to enquire into the charge. Mr. Irvine looked placidly on. Mr. Joly—the *beau ideal* of all that is honourable and gentlemanly characterized the "statement" as the outcome of a conspiracy. Mr. "Jimmy" McShane—er twile a knight of the clever, now an extensive cattle shipper—asserted that the manner in which the charge was brought forward was dishonorable. To this Mr. Chapleau delicately retorted that the hon. gentleman was evidently in the habit of weighing other things more carefully than his assertions. Confusion reigned supreme for a time, but at length the immortal Tarte brought the question to an issue by moving that the House, being satisfied with Mr. Irvine's explanations, a committee of enquiry was not necessary. This motion was carried by a majority of three, the English-speaking members of the Government, Messrs. Robertson, Lynch, and Flynn, voting with the majority. Mr. Chapleau, who had made the question a personal one, is highly incensed at the defection of his colleagues, and it is possible that the ill feeling engendered may result in the breaking up of the Government. In the interest of the Province your Commissioner is disposed to say, So mote it be. Enough of Provincial politics for the present.

Your Spectral Count-stoker, F. T. P. O. Q.

That Awful Dinner.

The quite too awful newspaper men of the flagrant insubordinate press outside of the *Globe* office persisted in their insurrectionary design of giving a dinner to that arch-traitor, Goldwin Smith. The disloyal festival was shockingly successful, as we understand the editorial rebels of the whole Province eagerly bought up the tickets. We are still further alarmed by the report that the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were tabooed and the following substituted:—

1. "The President of the United States."
2. "The Union Army and Navy (what there is of it)."
3. "Our Esteemed Contemporaries—the Nihilists."
4. "The Guest of the Evening—may he have a prosperous voyage, and meet Gordon Brown in some secluded place and unnamed."
5. "Cornell University—the *alma mater* of our grandchildren."
6. "Sister Societies—the Fenians and Red Republicans."



EVADING THE LAW.

SCENE.—Dining Room Windsor Hotel, County, New Brunswick. Time, Dinner.

Drummer. "Say, landlord, I thought since the adoption of the Scott Act you were not allowed to give us anything strong."

Landlord.—"Neither we are, sir."

Drummer.—"Then what are you doing with that butter on the table? Nothing strong!"