



THE ST. JOHN EDITORS.

When Stanley went to Africa in obedience to the mandate of the New York *Herald*, he found Livingstone in the wilds of the interior, and the meeting between the two famous travellers has become one of the great events of history. Quite a different scene will be enacted if the editor of the St. John *Telegraph* ever catches that other Livingstone, who edits the *Sun* in that city. These two editors, though each is a gentleman of the most placid and benevolent appearance, have been waging a wordy war for some time back, and the climax has just been reached by a threat from the Elder of the twos to what he will do with the other if he ever finds him at the top of a convenient flight of stairs. The *Sun* man is fairly staggered at this outburst, and appeals to the public to know what such a reverend looking person as the *Telegraph* man would look like when doing such a very rude thing. Mr. Grip endeavors to answer the question in the above pencilling.

John Tomkins on the Education Department.

LETTER No. 1.—THE GROUNDS.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—Allow me through your universally circulated paper to correct a mistake strangely current in Ontario, and especially among the good people of Toronto, that the Education Department buildings, museum, library, and grounds are the property of the people. No, sir! Buildings, library, and grounds are all for the exclusive benefit of the officials, and the Toronto people are only tolerated, as it were, under protest, and with regulations stringent enough to prevent the mere outside public from fancying themselves entitled to any consideration. To begin with the grounds. These are among the prettiest in the city—abundant shade of pleasant trees, flowers and fresh green sward, seats everywhere.

For talking age and whispering lovers' made.

Now why are these grounds locked against the people on Sunday, the only day most of them can possibly enjoy a walk with wives or sweethearts? I have repeatedly met ladies with their little ones trying in vain to get into these grounds on a Sunday afternoon. One of them explained to me that the children lived close to the grounds, and were too young to walk to a more distant pleasure garden. But not only on Sundays are the public excluded. On last Good Friday I had the rashness to venture in with my two little girls; we were promptly ordered out by the caretaker's daughter. The caretaker seems to be supreme autocrat of these beautiful gardens. Of course it would be quite too much trouble to expect him to watch the gates on Sunday. It would hurt his feelings and perhaps wound his conscience. But let the public learn their helpless insignificance from

Sir, yours, JOHN TOMKINS.

A Summer Hymn.

Now doth the busy lemonade,
Improve each shining minute;
It gathers victims every hour,
With the stick that's always in it.

It makes the small boy double up.
It grapples with his sister;
It's just about as safe to take,
As sun upon a blister.

And soda water, too, abounds,
A pleasant sort of tonic;
But you should watch the shopman's face,
And note his smile sardonic.

For he knows well that when the heat
Is hot enough to smother,
And thirsty throats get very dry
One drink invites another.

Ice cream, as well, is in the hunt,
With purpose fell, tenacious;
It's very good when on the tongue,
But afterwards—my gracious!

And so the public thirst is slaked,
Its gullet lubricated,
Its pocket lightened, but to find
The drought is reinstated.

Ah! reader, then, the water shun,
That's fortified with soda;
Ice cream avoid, flee lemonade,
As you would a snake or toad, Ah!

And if you must your thirst assuage,
Take my advice and keep it;
Cold tea's the very thing you want,
But don't drink it till you steep it.

SCRANTON.

In the city column of the *Guelph Mercury* we read:—

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.—J. T. Day having an eye to the spiritual welfare of the printers of the *Mercury* has presented a number of the employees with a revised edition of the New Testament. They are now for sale at the bookstore.

This appears to be a bad case of misplaced benevolence. Surely Mr. Day could never have imagined that the *Mercury* fellows would have gone and sold his gifts. Or is it possible that the "bookstore" alluded to has three golden balls over the door?

THE PROPHET AND THE CAT.



VENNOR PREDICTED A BACKWARD SPRING.



BUT WAS MISTAKEN AS USUAL.



ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A LIE, SIR!

WITH APOLOGIES TO "BEN BARRACLO" IN "HILES TAYLOR."

Madill's elected, Bigelow's whipped!
All on account of a lie, sir!
Our North Ontario flag is dipped,
All on account of a lie, sir!
They said our promises were rot,
And blamed us for the Act of Scott,
And so our party wouldn't vote,
All on account of a lie, sir!

The Tories have lectured a snip of a youth,
All on account of a lie, sir!
They voted against O. M. and Truth,
All on account of a lie, sir!
Macpherson's pamphlets were scattered free,
Their "facts" and "figures" were gimped with glee,
And thus they've gone and sat on me,
All on account of a lie, sir!

Slashbush and the Smith Dinner.

The hands of the old Dutch clock in the kitchen of the Slashbush mansion indicated that the hour was 11.50 p.m. Almira sat knitting by the table. A troubled look overspread her usually cheerful visage. Ever and anon she would rise and peer forth into the outer darkness through the window looking out at the front gate. "Land sakes!" she murmured to herself, "what on airth has become of Gustavus? I told him to look out when he went to Toronto and hurry home as quick as he could. Perhaps he's been way-laid and robbed. That's that watch—!" Her fears were speedily dissipated, however, for the object of her solicitude at that moment made a somewhat eccentric entry by the kitchen door. But was this Gustavus? His eyes were ablaze; the bow of his new blue necktie was turned from its proper place, and had taken up a position under his left ear, and his hat—his new silk hat had as many angles in its outline as an ancient fortress! "Laws a mussy," said Almira, "what's the matter?" "'s all right," replied Gustavus. "All right! Hip! hip! rah! Ha! ha! ha! The Tory tiger and the Grit lion!—no, the Grit lamb and the Tory tiger! and the Canada First! rah! zip!"

Almira grew deathly pale. Had the workings of his too thoughtful brain unhinged it? "Gustavus, what's the matter?" "Whas the mazzar with me? What! Been to the—hic—Smith dinner along with the boys. Telegram boys, Globe boys, Mail boys, World boys, Gair boys, newsboys, all the paper boys. Boss time. Hurrah! I tell you, Almira, Grit lamb—no, lion—not all all, tiger—shall lie down with—with—hic—Golden Smith. Golden! Golden's a boss boy I tell ye, Almira! The tiger shall lie down with the Grit! Hip! Hip!"

"Dod darn my dod-darnation buttons!" roared old Slashbush, who had arisen from his couch to find out what the cheering was about. "If the tarnal critter isn't drunk as an owl; pull off his boots and throw him on the sofa, I'll tend to him with an ox gad in the morning! I knew the durned skeezicks would come to no good," and the old man went up stairs to bed again.