



CIRCUS GENEROSITY.

Widow with small family, (*log.*)—"If you please, sir, the Bills says one of those Side-shows is Free; wich of 'em is it?"
 Door "ORATOR" (*urbanely*)—*Ke-rect* you are! Free as the 'Merican eagle!—It's the *out-side-show*, Missus!"

Toronto Adaptations.

A MELODY. AFTER MOORE

Loud and long were the oaths he swore,
 And a bright rose tint on his nose he bore,
 But, oh, his courage was far beyond
 The oaths he swore, or the tint it donned.

"Oh, tell me, dost thou not fear to stray,
 So corned and noisy through this bleak way,
 Are Toronto rowdies so little bold
 As not to go through you in hope of gold?"

(*with hiccup*)
 "Ole feller, I feel not the last alarm,
 No pl—plug-ugly will offer me harm,
 For though they are fond of the golden store,
 They've gone through me several times before."

On he went, till he stopped to smile
 At a well-loved bar that would trust awhile;
 And safe forever was he who relied
 On the empty pockets that fools deride.

Out Upon it.

"PSYCHOMANCY;" OR SOUL CHARMING.—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose instantly. This simple mental requirement all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents, together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, &c. A queer, exciting book.

In our capacity of Censor of the Press—an office hereby assumed, to which Government should attach a fat salary—we object to the above advertisement, which is to be found at full in the majority of our country exchanges.

We omit the address of the swindlers who offer the publication, because it is barely possible that, on the long list of Grip's subscribers, there may be the names of two or three pimply-faced, dough-complexioned youths, who would be likely to send for it.

There is a suggestiveness about the announcement that it is a *queer exciting book*, which leads us to hope that it will be seized in the post-office as an obscene publication. It may be a book of that sort, or the italicized words may be merely a bait to catch the lowd—in either case, no decent newspaper should admit the advertisement. It figures in a number of papers, the editors of which, we are sure, only require their attention drawn to its nature to insure its removal.

"Grip" among the Muses.



HE spacious pavillion at the Horticultural Gardens proves too small to accommodate the brilliant assemblages attracted by the performances of the English Opera Combination throughout the week. We have been literally revelling in melody. The singing of each evening has been, to quote the *Globe*, "simply beyond praise," and the whistling of operatic snatches with which the city has resounded in the intervals has been capital too—but we would rather not say anything to encourage it. BALFE's *Bohemian Girl* was chosen to lead the van, and in the person of M^{lle}. PAULINE CANISSA she did so very prettily. This opera, as everybody knows, is profusely gemmed with famous solos, which were rendered on Monday evening in such a manner that it was long past midnight before the measures of "I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls" issued for the last time from the puckered lips of our citizens. On Tuesday night, *Maritana*, a comely young lady, otherwise known as Miss EDITH ABELL, challenged the plaudits of the audience. On this occasion it was the genial Mr. BROOKHOUSE BOWLER who gave the whistlers the key notes in the tenor solos; and long after the foot-lights had disappeared, languid individuals might have been heard here and there rendering, "Yes; let me like a soldier fall!"—



[but in the most un-Bowler-like fashion. Vendi had the floor on Wednesday night, when, in honour, doubtless, of the very lucid plot of "Il Trovatore," four hundred new comers added their patronage to that of Licut.-Governor CRAWFORD. M^{lle} CANISSA shared the honours of the evening with Mrs. ANNIE KEMP BOWLER and Mr. W. H. TILLA. *Azucena* was, according to the critics, played and sung with consummate skill by the contralto; and Mr. TILLA whose performance of *Marrico* was all but inpromptu, certainly won his spurs fairly. It is needless to say the singing of the Prima Donna was very good; our critic, who has a garden wall contiguous to his sleeping apartment says it was long enough after twelve before he could forget her beautiful rendering of the solo, "In this dark midnight hour."



This notice must be confined to reasonable limits, but we cannot in fairness conclude it without acknowledging the merits of the baritone, Mr. GUSTAVUS HALL, in this and all other performances of the week. Overlooking some shortcomings in the matter of pronunciation, Grip congratulates the gentleman on his efforts as the *Count de Luna* in *Il Trovatore*; and does him the distinguished honor of illustrating his last words in that opera—"And I still live!"—which were spoken with great dramatic power. [NOTE.—This wood-cut is not the property of the Conservative Party.] The weather took a benefit on Thursday night and *Martha* was given Friday. The success of the company speaks well for the energy and ability of its manager Mr. KINROSS and his affable friend and co-laborer JONES.



In Earnest!

Grip extracts the following from the pages of the *Globe*:

A SINGLE GENTEMAN living independent is desirous of having a matrimonial correspondence with a respectable lady in a similar position; only those who have the same motive in view need apply; all correspondence strictly private. A. S. G., Toronto.

How eloquent, how touching, and withal how business-like! None of the fippantly premature wooing of the matrimonial advertisements in the New York press. "Spooning" would be as out of place in the awful columns of the *Globe*, as in the gallery of a church. This is none of your lover, "this is Erles' vein." Let us hope for the sake of any lady who may be attracted by these inducements, it will not prove "a tyrant's vein."

The End Approaching.

A fiend recently proposed to issue a *Punstor's Dictionary*, giving every possible pun on every word. The practicability of such an undertaking is questionable, its utility even more so. When Grip thinks of the endless puns cast daily into his waste-paper basket, preparatory to cremation, he shakes his head sadly over a proposal which would probably result, if carried out, in his having to employ several additional clerks, and to erect a blast-furnace in his back yard. It is evident that the day will come when every possible pun shall have been made, and the supply, like that of coal, will arrive at an end. Then what will become of many who now set up as wits?