



"One More River to Cross."

Ned Hanlan has nothing to do now but to cross the herring pond, take off his hat and bow and smile to the assembled thousands of his fellow-citizens, and retire for the rest of his days to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*, in the palatial mansion which the generosity of his admirers has erected for him on—what street is this it's on? But, no matter. The cabman will be able to find it. He has finished a round of great exploits, and comes home laden with honours, sovereigns, and the *Sportsman* challenge cup. Mr. Grip congratulates him, and hopes he may long live to wear the laurels he has so nobly and so easily won.

"Shylock" at Ottawa.

When some member of the Commons in the recent debate expressed the fear that the Syndicate might be inclined to act in a hoggish manner if left free to do so, Sir Chas. Tupper calmed that member's mind and excused the loose wording of the contract by reminding the House that the Syndicate was composed of gentlemen who wouldn't think of doing anything mean or unworthy. Well, time is already beginning to show how much the childlike and confiding Minister knows about human nature. The Syndicate Shylock no sooner got the bond in his clutches—in fact he hadn't actually got it, only that he counted upon the Senate as a mere registering machine and took their consent for granted—than he began to show his teeth, and reveal a little of the avarice and greed which will before many years bring about one of the most glorious revolutions ever inaugurated by a tyrannized people. We refer to the treatment which the Toronto Board of Trade received at the hands of this party-made monster. On behalf of Ontario—a Province from whose pockets the wealth upon which this Monopoly will gorge itself is chiefly to come—the Board of Trade asked, not a great favor, but simply justice, in the matter of freight rates. It asked that the rates might be so fixed that the merchants of Toronto and Western Ontario might not be discriminated against. This request was so reasonable that Sir Charles Tupper instantly replied that it was agreed to. The good Minister thought he had the right to make this pledge; he thought the Syndicate would act like a decent gentleman. He didn't know that the Syndicate was a monster of his own creation, and that he was a powerless victim to its grasp. But so it proved. The President of the Board was requested to go to Ottawa, and on his arrival there the Minister of Railways ate humble pie in the presence of his Master, and the Shylock of the Pacific repudiated all he had promised on their behalf, and cast out the reasonable request of the people of Ontario in disdain Ontario's only business is to furnish the money—so the gentlemanly Monster says.

Parnell or Patrick

The Patron Saint of Ireland  
In blustering March soon claims his day;  
Devout and blushing still the band  
Who honors at his shrine shall pay.

Yet fourteen centuries can't but teach  
A few sad lessons in saint lore;  
And better late 'tis them to reach  
Than miss them till we are no more.

The holy man he cleansed the soil  
Of snakes and toads and vermin's all;  
'Twas with a twist—there was no toil—  
On heavenly powers he'd but to call.

But if he really had the power  
To work such miracles of grace,  
He, short of sight, saw not the hour  
When vermin worse should take their place.

He saw no landlords, saw no rents,  
The age-long pests of Ireland's saints,  
Else he had both with curse besprent,  
And saved the land which 'neath them faints.

Or,— Oh, that we should thus asperse!  
'Too chill was his benevolence!  
For though he saw and could disperse  
The nascent brood, he'd not the sense!

So, wanting sight, or love, or strength,  
The Saint blessed not the holy Isle,  
As might have been, and now at length  
The mischief works amain the while.

Parnell more blame than Patrick bears:  
Ye boys; your dear old Saint still trust:  
A noble nation for you cares—  
Rebellion would but grind to dust.

Our Opera Company.



The Toronto Opera Company gave three very successful performances of the "Chimes of Normandy" at the Grand Opera House last week. They were successful artistically as well as financially, and the general feeling of those who witnessed them was one of pride that our city can boast of ladies and gentlemen so well qualified to entertain us in the dramatic art. The smoothness which characterized the presentation of the piece was the result of long and conscientious practice, and much praise is due to Mr. Taskor, the indefatigable young conductor, under whose baton the *Chimes* went so melodiously. The company was fortunate in having thoroughly competent soloists. Miss Peppworth, who took the leading soprano part, possesses a very sweet voice, and her performance done credit to the opera house. Mrs. Cooper, as her part with all demanded, and hers allotted to her Mr. Drummond, exhibited a voice of and pleasing quality. The miser, is one that taxes the ability of a first-class character actor, and considering this it was done most creditably by the gentleman to whom it was entrusted on this occasion. The chorus and orchestra furnished a satisfactory support to the leading players, the orchestra being augmented by the regular musicians of the Grand. We trust the company will make another appearance before long. Rumor is already whispering that they have an operetta in rehearsal. We trust the old dame is no further astray than usual.

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Toronto is full of thieves from the States at present. When they get into a mess over there they find this a good place to run to.



Boulton and the Curse.

The illustrious statesman whose classic countenance is presented in this little sketch is usually referred to by the papers in terms of disparagement. This penalty he pays for his prominence in common with nearly all the noble and progressive minds of the race, but he goes on his way unmindful of the cruelty or contempt with which he is treated. Nature has gifted him with a face, and especially a moustache, that is peculiarly adapted to the expression of scorn, and he wears them both in that shape systematically. At present Mr. Boulton is being attacked because he has introduced a Bill to choke off the Scott Act, or, as some of his journalistic foes put it, "A Bill for the Encouragement of Drunkenness." This Bill provides that the Scott Act cannot be submitted in any municipality without the consent of a clear majority of voters on the list. It is meant for the public good. The fact that Mr. Boulton is its author ought to settle that point. Mr. Grip has therefore carefully looked into the matter to discover wherein the Bill would benefit the public, and of course he has made the discovery, and jots down the following items for the benefit of Mr. Boulton's bloodthirsty enemies:—1. It will prevent Scott Act agitations and thus save the valuable wind of Mr. King Dodds; 2. It will stimulate the building of factories for the manufacture of voters' lists; 3. It will lead to the employment of thousands of clerks, &c., who will invariably be friends of the party in power; 4. and chiefly, it will prove to the electors of East York that their member is not a useless voting-machine, as some of them may think, but an enlightened statesman, devoting his splendid intellect to the service of his country.

The concluding paper of "Glimpses of Parisian Art," in Scribner for March, will be devoted to American, Spanish, and French painters in Paris, and illustrated, as before, with rapid studio sketches, giving some idea of the artists' way of working. Frere's "Sketching-sledge," Ducz's "Sea-shore Studio," and Knight's "Glass Studio" suggest some odd expedients. The sketches this month are by Jourdain, Alfred Stevens, Rico, Knight, Egusquiza, Olivie, Madrazo, Renie, Gonzalez, and Henry Bacon (who also will write the text).

We have carefully scanned the cartoons of GRIP during the progress of the C. P. Syndicate to see if we could possibly detect on what side of the political fence he leaned, and we are compelled to confess that thus far we have not been able to determine. We have been delighted with his bold, manly pencil strokes, though at times he struck our party as we think very hard. Grip's cartoon of last week is a capital pencil sketch of the present bearing of the Syndicate question on the general elections of 1883. We wish Grip success in the fearless assertion of his own individuality and convictions.—*Newburgh Reporter*.