

New Books.

The following cheap editions (pirated) of works by eminent authors are, we understand to be issued, soon, from the vicinity of Bay street, price 30 cents each.

What's in an Aim? a Treatise on Bull's eyes, by MAJOR MACPHERSON.

Green as a Leek is He, by the author of *Red as a Rose is She*.

Yellow Drumsticks, by the author of *White Wings*.

In a State of Suspense, or a Treatise on the Tight Rope, by MARWOOD, Esq., London, Eng.

Goeth up Like the Cost of Coal, by the author of *Cometh up as the Flour*.

How to make Money by WINGOLD SMITH.

Round the Horn—A Temperance Tale, by KING DODDS.

Mac Fog of Durst'n't by the author of *Mac Cloud of Dare*.

Bartender Turrets by the author of *Barchester Towers*.

The humours of Lombard Street by DAN DWAN.
Chronicles of St. John's Ward, by the author of *The Annals of a quiet Neighborhood*.

Grip's Advice to Visitors to the Fair.

GRIP, with the natural kindness of heart for which he is so well-known, is interested in the well-being of the numerous visitors at present in the City, and wishes to see them enjoy themselves and have a good time generally. He has therefore prepared the following directions as to their choice of a boarding house during their stay:—

1. When you see "private boarding" in the window of a mansion don't run away with the idea that you will necessarily be exposed to privations there. Ask to see the "missus" and stipulate as to terms.



2. Be particular to select a landlord with a beaming smile upon his face. He is sure to be good natured, and will not charge you more than double his regular rates.

3. If you see the hired girl grinning when you are negotiating, and the missus is "spreading herself" on the comforts of the establishment, you had better take it as a bad sign, and say you'll call later.

4. When you notice the hair of the females around in a state of chronic dishevelment, be sure that a standing item in the fare is hair-soup, and even the butter will be hirsute. Accordingly, you will vamoose.

5. Beat down the charge. It is better to do that than to have, ultimately, to beat a retreat and your board bill at the same time.

6. Don't pretend that you're the Mayor of Wobblington, or any other great man, for if you do, it will cost you more than the title's worth.

7. Don't insist on oysters oftener than three times a day, nor on being supplied with a latch-key, and always carry your own pocket-pistol. It need not be a revolver unless occasionally—when you pass it round among the boys.

8. As far as possible avoid a place where you have to sleep with more than six in a bed.

9. If you want to expectorate on the carpet every time you *cheers*, do so; and you may place your feet on the parlour pinno without fear of remonstrance from the landlady. She likes it.

10. Bring your better-half and all your olive-branches with you. They'll keep the house lively. The "boarding missus" adores the little dears. It doesn't cost much (to you) to feed them.

11. Don't be afraid of the policemen, though they do wear those terrible white helmets. They don't mean anything by it.

12. Don't fail to see the Toronto Zoo, and when you go home, you may draw on your imagination as to the number, size, and ferocity of the animals, and astonish the natives.

13. Call at GRIP's office, next the Post Office, and subscribe for a year to that paper if you wish to live merry and die happy.

14. And don't, while you are at the Fair, make an exhibition of yourself. Because the list of exhibits is full, you don't need to make yourself so too.



15. Should your bed prove to be inhabited, do not make a fuss in the house and angrily demand an explanation from the landlord. Take the matter philosophically; it's all in a lifetime, you know.

Angelina.

ANGELINA from Spadina
 Fishing in the Don,
 Hooked a lizard through the gizzard,
 Fishing-line upon.

ANGELINA! had it been a
 Pretty speckled trout,
 Bass or sun fish, any one fish,
 You'd be pleased no doubt.

But the lizard writhed and wriggled
 In such horrid ways,
 And poor ANGELINA ogled
 With green goggle gaze.

Frightened at the beast uncanny
 Homeward straight ran she
 Never mind, for such fish many
 In foetid Don must be.

Kansas reports a big corn crop, three million and a half of acres growing in that state and only a million of inhabitants. Three and a half cents to each person. Big feat.—*Oil City Derrick*.

New York State ladies never forget to be courteous to strangers. When discovering a midnight burglar they always ask: "Sir, will you please explain your presence here?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Toronto "Zoo"

BY A GENTLEMANLY SIDE-SHOW BLOWER.

Step up ladies! Step up gemmen! right to where the music's playing;
 You can't mistake the place my friends, the bunting floats in front;
 Don't you hear the lions roaring, the hyenas loudly braying?
 And the howling of the wild wolves as you hear when on the hunt.

Here you'll see the rhinoceros, he's a beast that's amphi-billus,
 For he dies when in the water, and can't live on the dry land.

Here's the gosshawk, and the geesuhack, (these birds would likely kill us
 If they'd meet us out when travelling in their native lonely high land.)

Here is the great Spud Eater, a most ferocious animal,
 The stripes around his body look just like a barber's pole,
 He plays with little children, which to his lair he does beguile,
 And wrings their necks and eats 'em in his subterranean hole.

Here you'll see the hawks and blue jays, big ostriches and eagles,
 Pelicans and "pipers" here, are placed before your view,
 Pups, poodle dorgs and pointers and big mastiffs, curs and beagles,
 And every kind and breed of dorg is seen inside the Zoo.

Smite the tom-jon, whack the hew-gas, sound the loud bassoon and hautboy,
 Bang the drum and scrape the fiddle, let's have music by the band;
 Step up now, gents fetch your ladies, don't you give the place the go-by,
 For one dime you'll get admission to the wonders of the land!

You boys, git out, or pay your dime and go inside the building,
 And see the untamed bumble bee and fiery kangaroo,
 When you see the great Pavilion with its paintings and its gilding,
 You'll shout for HARRY PIPER and the glory of the Zoo!

What people want is confidence. It does not look well for a deacon to take an umbrella to church, and carry it into his pew, and hang to it. What he should do is to leave the umbrella out in the vestibule, with that supreme confidence that a man has when he bets on four aces. To see the prominent men of a church carry their umbrellas into their pews makes the ordinary sinner feel as though he was suspected. If we can work up a sentiment in favor of leaving umbrellas outside we hope, before fall, to have a decent umbrella.—*Peck's Sun*.



Map of St. John's Ward.

"Henry" said his wife, with chilling severity, "I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon." "Well, my darling," replied the heartless man, "you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?"—*Ec.*