

**Grip's Guide to the Cities of Canada.**

TORONTO—(Continued).

**THE HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.**

Gentle spring has come, and has remained with us some weeks. Ethereal mildness, hitherto looked upon as its unfailing companion, has not yet arrived; but will probably with the next steamer. What pleasant memories are associated with spring!—the period of the year when youthful swains and tender maidens open their souls, surcharged with poesy, and send their effusions to the different local papers, or perchance *The Evening Telegram*, in which such contributions are "welcome." In this connection we boldly say that if there is a place more calculated than another for the purpose of courting the divine muse, that place is the Horticultural Gardens.

This charming spot is the delight of our citizens, old and young—of all tendencies and tastes. Some visit it to court the muse, others to court the nursery maids, who, with their tender charges, religiously come every fine afternoon to the "Hulchy Culchy" Gardens (as their aforesaid infant care pronounces it), and pretend to read ten cent novels under the shade of the umbrageous oaks.

We will not attempt to describe, or botanically designate, the component parts of the floricultural display that makes up the flower beds, gorgeous in all the colors of the rainbow, and emitting a fragrance delightful as that which is popularly attributed to

**ARABY THE BLEST,**

nor the marble fountain throwing aloft its mass of crystal water, pure and bright from the filtering basin on the Island, which, descending in glittering mist like miniature diamonds, distributes itself around, rendering brightly green, and awakening to new life the fuchsias, regulias and gymgamthimus, smiling in their beds in its vicinity—(oh my!)—And then

**THE PAVILLION,**

the pleasantest place to hear summer concerts or theatricals in the city, where, instead of being jammed in the stuffy parquette seat of a theatre, or perspiring in a melancholy lecture room, you can sit *al fresco* in the balmy breeze (barrin' its raining) along side of your adored one, and listen to the tuneful SALLIE HOLMAN in her role of *Josephine*, or weep sympathetic tears with some heavy tragedian while you perfume the air with your choice partaga. The pavillion, like unto the "course of Empire," or a Manitoba emigrant, has taken its way westward from its former site in the centre of the Gardens. It is an airy and fairy like structure, built of light material in order that if it should happen to "come down by the run" (as some onivous and ill-natured people say it may) it will not endanger the heads of the fashionable audience underneath. We would advise all our country friends by all means to patronize the Gardens. Everything is free—only a small contubition of 25 cts. at the gate.

The Philadelphia *Record* estimates that already \$238,000 has been paid in that city to witness performances of *Pinafore*.

A "Life of Admiral FARRAGUT," by his son, LYAL FARRAGUT, will be published in the fall by D. APPLETON & Co. The book will contain the letters and diary of the late Admiral, from his entrance into the Navy at the age of ten years to his death, and promises to be as interesting as it is important.

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.**

**PASSENGERS**

FOR

**Manitoba, the North West Territories,**

OR ANY POINT IN

**WESTERN CANADA OR THE UNITED STATES,**

Should remember that this is the most comfortable and direct route; and the only line in Canada running the CELEBRATED DINING CARS, in connection with the Michigan Central R. Rd., between Suspension Bridge and Chicago. Wagner's Sleeping Cars attached to all Night Trains, Parlor Cars to Day Trains.

**THROUGH TICKETS** by this Popular Route can be obtained at Lowest Rates at All Principal Stations, and from Agents representing the Line throughout Canada.

F. BROUGHTON,

Gen. Manager.

xii-22-12t.

**ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.**

**Seventh Annual Exhibition of OIL AND WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS.**

14 King Street West.

OPEN DAILY FROM 9 A.M. TO 6 P.M.

Admission 25c. Art Union Tickets to be had of the Curator. xii-26-2t.

**TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB.**

Spring Handicap Games.

**NEXT SATURDAY,**

17TH MAY, ON CLUB GROUNDS, JARVIS ST. 100 yards dash, 120 yards hurdle, quarter mile, half mile, one mile, and three mile walk.

Silver medals for first and second in each race. Above are open to all amateurs, and entries, accompanied by entrance fee of 50c. for each event, will be received up to Thursday, 15th inst. Admission to grounds 25c.

JAMES PEARSON, Hon. Sec. T. L. C.

xii-26-1t.

P.O. Box 547.

**\$2 Per Annum, Free of Postage.**

**"GRIP"** Now in its sixth year and Twelfth Volume, and more popular and influential than ever before.

Our confidence that the Canadian Public would extend a hearty support to a humorous journal conducted upon principles of honesty and decency has been amply justified in the established success of GRIP, which, during the six years of its existence, has enjoyed the patronage and respect of a large constituency of our best people. In dealing with the public men and affairs of the country it has been the aim of the controllers of GRIP to avoid the coarseness and unfairness which too often characterize satirical public cautions. The political Cartoons, although sometimes severe, have never been unjust and never vindictive. The attitude of absolute independence which the paper has maintained from the first is attested by the appreciative notices which the Cartoons constantly receive in the press of both Parties.

**Press Notices of Recent Numbers.**

The happy talent of Grip's artist for presenting the situation at a glance was never more conspicuous than in the recent cartoon, wherein the well-known N.P. Elephant was fondling its new-born irredeemable-currency offspring, while Sir John adjured Mr. Tilley not to kill the calf, as they might want to ride it in the next political campaign.—*The Globe, Apl. 28th.*

Canada, following in our footsteps, already has its protective tariff and its growing Chinese question, and is being further Americanized by the development of the germs of a Greenback party. Its "rag baby" was successfully ushered into the world at a meeting recently held at St. Catharines, Ontario, where resolutions in favour of a Canadian paper currency were adopted. Grip, the Canadian Punch, in a recent number, hits off the situation capitally; the new issue being represented as the offspring of the Protection elephant. Sir John Macdonald, who rode into power on the parent animal, gazes on the calf with an expression of sly satisfaction, and says to a supporter, "Don't kill it, let it thrive; who knows but it may be our biggest card next time we go through the country." Well more unlikely things have happened.—*Boston, (U.S.) Traveller.*

**The Assignee.**

Said he, "Of late I used to be A blooming official assignee; I overhauled the papers and I scrutinized the books, And searched well for errors in cranies and in nooks; At meetings of the creditors my eye was ever peeled, And I kept a bright look out for everything revealed; I could white-wash a creditor and make him pure as snow, Till joyfully he would through Insolvency go. But now, alack-a-day! my occupation's gone, I walk around all night till the breaking of the dawn; I'm almost a maniac, as you can plainly see, Since BICHARD passed the bill to repeal Insolvency!"

ii.

Then I took out a paper, and showed him how the Senate Objected to the measure, and in fact were dead "agin' it." I advised him to go home and take a ten grain pill. For the Senate snubbed the Commons and quashed the little Bill: Then the stranger jumped and doffed his hat, and gave cheers three times three, Saying, "Bully for the Senate, I'm again an Assignee!"

**Legal Delights.**

We wonder if the young gentlemen who compiled the programme of toasts for the forthcoming banquet of a certain legal literary society ever read OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES' harrowing account of the fate which once befel an individual who allowed himself to be very funny? We fear not; otherwise they would never have dared to cram so much dangerous wit into so small a compass. We shall not be surprised—though of course we shall be exceedingly pained—to hear that, in the midst of the after-dinner performances, on the coming occasion, a sudden explosion occurs which will rob the profession of several scores of promising barristers and attorneys. If this dire calamity does happen, the person or persons responsible for the authorship of the toasts and sentiments—(especially the sentiments)—will assuredly have reason to resolve, with the hero of HOLMES' poem, that never again will he "be as funny as he can." But perhaps the reader, who cannot hope to get a smell of the dinner, is anxious to get a little taste of the programme, and by way of gratifying this reasonable desire, and at the same time giving the unknown legal humorist the benefit of our columns, we transcribe a few of the toasts:

**CANADA:**

"For we ourselves have said it, And it's greatly to our credit, That we are Canadian; And in spite of all temptations To belong to other nations, We remain Canadian." —*H. M. S. Pinafore.*

**DOMINION PARLIAMENT, ETC.:**

"And the lean and hungry raven, As he picks our bones will start, To see "N.P." "LEPILLIER" graven Neatly on our blighted hearts." —*Old Song.*

**ARMY, NAVY AND VOLUNTEERS:**

"Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip That they took me into the partnership, And that joint partnership I ween, Was the only ship that I ever had seen. But that kind of ship so suited me That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navvy." —*H. M. S. Pinafore.*

**THE LADIES:**

"Our sisters, and our cousins and our aunts," —*H. M. S. Pinafore.*

GRIP hopes the merry young students of the grave old profession will enjoy themselves at their feast of reason and flow of soul, and have no cause to deem themselves sadder next morning. Also, he hopes that the wit in the programme may, after all, prove harmless.