



Ambidexterity.

Mr. GARR begs to submit the above design as a suitable one for a new coat of arms for the Lieut.-Governorship of Ontario, during the incumbency of the present able governor. It combines many features which must recommend it to the public taste. In the first place it represents, typically, the character of the Province, which is agricultural and cattle-cultural, as distinguished from manufacturing. Secondly profusion, abundance, plenty, cornucopia, etc., are admirably indicated by the two full streams of milk falling simultaneously into the two pails, and this also is highly typical of our Province; again it delicately implies the practical and useful nature of the duties entrusted to our Lieut.-Governor, and lastly it may be taken, if anybody sees fit to so take it, as a striking emblem of the handiness of the Lt.-Governor, who, apparently without an effort, performs the clever and lucrative feat of milking two cows at one and the same time. The last interpretation of the design may appear far-fetched, however, and GARR casts the whole responsibility of it on the Lindsay Post, and other journals who have lately been commenting on Lt.-Gov. ROBINSON'S ambidexterity.

Sung by John A.

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?
Are the wild West Toronto Grits
In painful suspense now enquiring
O, why don't he issue those writs?



Shakespearean Studies.

No. 1. HAMLET.

Ham.—“The times are out of joint, O, cursed spite,
That ever I were born to set them right!”

Sir John Misrepresented.

Our distinguished Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, K. C. B., was royally entertained at dinner the other night by some of the Conservative upper crust of London. On the auspicious occasion Sir JOHN made a characteristic speech, which unfortunately appears to have reached this country in a lamentably garbled and misrepresented condition. His subject was British Connection, and he is credited with having spoken warmly in favour of preserving the bond which now unites us to the mother land. This must be either a stupid blunder of the cable operator, or else a wicked invention of some skulking grit. We all know that Sir JOHN is nothing if not consistent, and we are also aware that only a few months ago he said, through his chief organ, that if the N. P. damaged British connection, “so much the worse for B. C.” These two positions cannot be reconciled, and, so far as GARR is concerned, he prefers to believe that Sir JOHN spoke boldly to the same effect on the occasion alluded to. It would be so unlike him to do otherwise!



Utilizing the Clergy.

The last number of *Scribner's Magazine* had an article on the “Curiosities of Advertising,” in which an account was given of many ingenious dodges resorted to by enterprising business people for popularizing their goods. The writer might have added an interesting paragraph to the article by talking about the clever manner in which certain ferry-boat proprietors in Toronto have recently secured a business boom on Sundays contrary to law. Ordinary ferrymen, finding themselves surrounded with legal prohibitions, backed up by the unanimous voice of the orthodox pulpit and the force of public opinion, would probably be content to “lay up” on the Sabbath day; but these ferrymen are not ordinary. They have conceived the happy thought of uniting the Gospel with the mouthful-of-fresh-air philosophy, and have succeeded in enlisting several innocent and unsuspecting reverends to become the instruments of carrying out their scheme, which has proved successful beyond expectation.

DR. TANNER'S performance is proof that a fast life may be lived, and yet nothing taken stronger than cold water.

TONSORIAL.—As this is the time of year when considerable attention is given to the dressing and arrangement of the hair, we subjoin a few styles in vogue: Brokers like the hair *short*; borrowers prefer their's *long*; spiritualists like the hair *medium*; carpenters like the hair *shingled*; farmers object to a *short crop*; artillerymen prefer *bangs*; and the Prince of Wales likes the *hair apparent*.



An Oriental Story.

The erudite editor of the Bobcaygeon *Independent* publishes the following beautiful and instructive story. Mr. GARR, ever anxious to encourage original researches into Oriental literature, embellishes the narrative with a picture which will be likely to render it more interesting to the people of this western continent. In the interests of art and letters, Mr. GARR will be most happy to accommodate the *Mail* with the loan of the engraving, if that enterprising journal would like to publish it. Here is the story: “A philosopher, like all philosophers, was poor. At times he was hungry; at all times ragged. He offered to a Pasha to teach his donkey to read in five years, but during the difficult task he was to be clothed in purple and fine linen, fed on the best and lodged in a palace. If he failed the penalty was to be death. One day an old friend met him leading forth the donkey to the grove where the lessons were supposed to be given, and he said, ‘Surely you do not expect that ass to read?’ The philosopher, putting his thumb to his nose, winked one of his learned eyes and said nothing. ‘But,’ continued the friend, ‘if you fail at the end of five years you will surely be strangled.’ ‘My friend,’ responded the philosopher, ‘you forget that in that time the ass may die.’”

The Classical Professor.

(After the heart of the “Hamilton Times.”)

I am the very model of a true professor classical,
My sight is short, my nose is long, my specs are greenish
classical;
In scholarship I'm double first, you've heard of my profundity,
My brain is large and active and of wonderful fecundity.
I'm of a sober turn of mind and thoroughly respectable;
I take no pleasure in the *son* and all their ways delectable;
I'm reading Homer day and night to brighten up my
mettle some,
And never think of going to a picnic or a kettle-drum.
I never play at croquet nor mix in high society,
Nor sit in upper tandom's lap and compromise my piety;
I never go to tony balls, I deem them sheer frivolity;
I read the classic page of GRIP when'er I thirst for jollity.
I never play at billiards, nor indulge in pleasures yachtical;
In fact I don't do anything terrestrial or nautical,
Except to lecture undergrads in manner most jacksonical,
For I'm the very model of a true professor classical.

A young Englishman just out, named MOON, has been appointed to a permanent situation in the Interior Department at Ottawa, over which Sir JOHN is the presiding genius.—*London Advertiser*. Our cotemporary may be too fast in speaking of this situation as permanent, for we all know that the Moon is subject to change. GARR hopes this young Moon may enjoy his present “quarters” however.