

CAPT. ANDREWS, whose name is a synonym for heroic bravery to all who are familiar with Toronto bay, in the waters of which he has saved the lives of about a score of persons, has written a book on the art of swimming, which he is now offering for sale by personal canvass. The work is finely illustrated throughout, and capitally printed and bound. As to the treatment of the subject, the author's name is guaranty enough that it is thoroughly practical. We are glad to find that the report of Capt. Andrews' total blindness is unfounded. The brave fellow, it is true, is suffering greatly from an affection of the optic nerve, but he has not given up hope of regaining his sight, nor has the skilful physician who has the case in hand.

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IF "Metronome," of *Saturday Night*, will put his excellent suggestion of a great midsummer festival in connection with Dominion Day in the form of a motion, MR. GRIP will be most happy to second it. The scheme looks perfectly practicable. The plan is to have all the crack bands and regiments of the country congregated at Toronto for a short season, the central day of which would be Dominion Day, the attractions to consist of military evolutions, evening band concerts all over the city, a monster children's celebration, fireworks with brigaded band concerts on the water, and, as a climax, a magnificent performance of patriotic music by a chorus of ten thousand children, assisted by the massed bands. This last could be given in some of our romantic ravines, where the singers could be arranged upon a hill-side so as to be seen and heard to advantage, the conducting of the stupendous affair being done by having batons stationed at intervals and worked by electricity.

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THE idea quite fills us with enthusiasm, and we think "Metronome" deserves a medal for the suggestion. "For such a festival," he says, "everything should be out of doors, and everything should be free to all. The establishment of a glow of pride in our nation and its holiday in the young hearts of the choristers is a result that is priceless in its future good and strength." He is right. Let us have it, by all means!

A SOLILOQUY.

"Christopher Sly! I say, Christopher Sly, what is the matter with thee? Thou lookest like a singed cat."—*Old Play*.

WHAT a fearful fuss they're making,
What a heap of rubbish raking,
What a peck of trouble taking
'Bout the schools.

For a little Frenchy teaching,
And a little pious preaching,
But who cares for all the screeching
Of the fools?

Poor Geordie Ross they blow at,
And keep pitching into Mowat,
While I, unscathed—I crow at
All the fools.

For they're not a bit suspicious
That I'm at all flagitious
And have done what's surreptitious
With the schools.

Though I played the mischief, sertain,
I wink when danger's dartin'—
"It's my eye and Peggy Martin,
O, ye fools!"

Of course the old Archbishop
Kindly gave a hand to dish up
The old laws, and new ones fish up
For the schools.

We were both so much respected
That our game was not detected,
Nor our motives once suspected,
By the fools.

Our reas'ning seemed so patent,
That even Hardy—blatant—
Saw nought improper latent
Re the schools.

Next year I meant to hustle,
And for Separate High Schools rustle,
Only for this blessed bustle
By the fools.

For now they've smelt our *hocus*
And disarmed our little *focus*
And regard it as no *jocus*
For the schools.

So the Orange crowd now stump us,
And declare that they will dump us,
Before they end the rumpus—
O such fools!

With the bishop here to-day, sir,
We would exercise full sway, sir,
Yours, Christopher F. Fraser,
Shoot the schools!

P.S.—Perhaps before next session
We shall see a retrogression
Of the Equal Rights procession
By the fools.

If not, the priests may scamper
(From the Boards they're said to hamper—)
Through the ballot—what a damper
On our schools.



"OF TWO EVILS," ETC.

SCENE—Steamer *Cibola*. Sunday school excursion from the *Wild West End* on board.

TIMID PASSENGER—"Captain, it looks cloudy to the north. Do you think we'll have a cyclone?"

THE CAPT.—"Don't know; I hope so; it would be better than this!"

ACCOUNTED FOR

HAVE you ever noticed that it's always rough when the wind's from the east, and nearly everybody gets sick," said a philosophical passenger to the captain of the *Chicora*. "Yes," replied the gallant officer, and it's natural enough, too; the yeast makes everything rise, you know!"

"MONEY makes the mare go," quoted Larkins. "Yes, and to judge by the high old time Ned Clarke is having in London, the mayor makes the money go," responded old man Grumbleby.