

Dyspeptic Papers.**No. 1.—TORONTO AS AN INTELLECTUAL CENTRE.**

If a man wished to lay Toronto under an eternal obligation to him, he could not do better than try to shake the self-satisfied, provincial vanity of this absurd city. One hears frequently that Toronto is the "centre of Canadian intellectual life"—certainly a most crushing criticism on Canada and Canadians. An intellectual centre which taboos free speech in its one famous literary man! An intellectual centre which publishes nothing—except GRIP—better than the *Ipspecac Magazina*. An intellectual centre the literary men of which feel elated by the reputation of having written an *Ipspecac* article! An intellectual centre without a public library or any apparent wish to have one! Why, every little American or English town has its public library, aided or entirely supported by the funds of the community. An intellectual centre which remains calm, pleased and grave when its first orator pours out platitudes and quotes tags of mamby-pamby verse! True, Toronto has two newspapers, which are on the whole cleverly and energetically conducted—but literature and original thought have everywhere long been divorced from the daily press. And the best of these two journals, in its weekly issue, lately announced a wearisome local proser as a poet of merit, on the strength of some poor, jerkey, milk-and-water, rhyming rubbish which would have been pitched into the waste-basket of even a Sunday magazine published in an intellectual centre.

What makes this city an intellectual centre? Where are the great authors, big-hearted, eloquent preachers, eminent *savants*, high-minded politicians, great actors, sweet musicians? Where are the literary *coeteries*, the poets, the cultivated society of people who measure success by some other standard than dollars and cents? It is true we have the great political economist, Mr. PHIPPS, but he is appreciated only by himself. How can Toronto be called an intellectual centre while a knot of stupid, ignorant people are alluded to and suppose themselves to be the "best society," because their stupid, ignorant grandfathers of sixty years ago tried to strangle Canadian freedom? The descendants of these men brag of their "blood," just as the half-rotten fagots in HANS ANDRESEN's story bragged, "we have knots in our bodies," just as stinking water might brag of its "long standing." What use were the fagots except to be utterly consumed off the face of the earth? What use the water except inasmuch as its stench furnishes people with a cheap emetic? Toronto an intellectual centre—and Sir JOHN considered a great man, while Mr. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN is left in comparative obscurity!

Montreal is almost devoid of cultivation, but it doesn't pretend to be an intellectual centre. Ottawa is stupid enough in itself—but at least it assembles once every year nearly everything of Canadian intellect and strength. And Toronto puts on airs of superiority to those petty provincial towns as regards intellect! Will some one—one of the daily papers, say—tell the world why this is? The fact is that Toronto is infinitely more provincial in habit of thought than any of our other cities, made so merely by force of its ridiculous claims and ignorance of its true position.

Canada wants an intellectual centre, and has brains enough to furnish and appreciate one, but when Toronto is put forward as the required article, people get sick at their stomachs and pray to be delivered from all such shams. Can a Canadian city of 80,000

**MUTUAL STREET
RINK.**

Band in Attendance

Every FRIDAY evening throughout the season.
xiv-2-101-11**Intercolonial Railway.**

RIVIERE DU LOUP BRANCH.

Postponement of Time.The time for receiving tenders for Cars, Snow Ploughs, &c., has been extended until the 9th of December next.
By order,F. BRAUN,
Secretary.Dept. Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 26th Nov., 1879. xiv-2-231-11

A. H. GORRELL & Co.,

PROPRIETORS OF THE

**TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING
COMPANY,**

33 Wellington Street East,

TORONTO. xiii-21-17

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**Alteration in Trains.****Winter Arrangement, 1879-80.**

ON AND AFTER

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24th,

passenger trains will leave Toronto (Union Station) as follows:—

GOING EAST.Express trains for Montreal and East at 7.35 a.m. and 7.15 p.m.
Mixed for Belleville and intermediate stations at 11.35 a.m. Local for Belleville and intermediate stations at 4.45 p.m.Trains arrive from the East as follows:—
Local from Belleville at 10 a.m.
Express from Montreal at 11.30 a.m. and 11.15 p.m.
Mixed from Kingston at 8.15 p.m.**MONTREAL TIME.****GOING WEST.**Mail train for Stratford at 7.30 a.m.
Express for Detroit and West at 12.15 p.m., and 11.45 p.m.Mail for London and Goderich at 3.45 p.m.
Local for Galt and Waterloo at 5.15 p.m.
Trains arrive from the West as follows:—
Express at 6.15 a.m. and 6.10 p.m.
Local from Stratford at 11.10 a.m., and 11.10 p.m.
Mail from London and Goderich at 1.05 p.m.
TORONTO TIME.

J. HICKSON,

General Manager.

Montreal, Nov. 21st. 1879. xiv-2-451-11

A news item says:

DALY, the Irish athlete, defeated DUNCAN C. ROSS in a wrestling match in Albany on Tuesday. Ross sustained a sprained ankle.

Or, wasn't it a sprained ankle that sustained Ross?

inhabitants be called intellectual in which GRIP's circulation is not more than 5,000?

When Toronto humbly recognizes the fact that it is a narrow-minded place, unappreciative of merit, almost devoid of cultivation, provincial in tone and utterly abandoned to Philistinism, the city will be in a fair way to become the intellectual centre which it professes to be now. The first evidence of such a state of mind will be offered when brag ceases, when Torontonians recognize that they are in culture and refinement fifty years behind the people of a Yankee State Capital of the same size, when they see that people without a country or a flag must of necessity remain provincial unless engaged in an attempt to form a nationality—in fact when Toronto looks out on the world and sees it as it really is, there will be some chance that the city may become an intellectual centre.

Biography of Courtney.

The subject of this brief memoir was born several years before he began his distinguished career as an oarsman. It is very doubtful if he would have been born at all, only he had no way of backing out. Being forced into the human race thus *volens nolens*, he had to make the best of it, and he has done so. As a child he was healthy, although he suffered a great deal from wind. He is still troubled that way. Often in the still night he would raise a great hullabaloo, and scream for paragoric, and when his anxious parents rushed to his crib with the medicine, he would decline it and admit that he didn't mean business. As he grew up he developed a great fondness for eggs, and on one occasion he laid a wager with the cook that he could eat two dozen at a sitting. The cook took the bet, and placed the eggs before him, with bread and butter and salt accompaniment. Young COURTNEY then backed out, alleging that one of the shells had been cut. We regret to say that he became a very lazy boy. His mother could never get him to lay in a decent supply of firewood. His excuse invariably was that he couldn't find the saw; on one occasion he declared that he would give one thousand dollars to find that saw. During his school days he was a ring-leader in all sorts of sport, and became quite distinguished as a fighter. One day he challenged a certain wiry schoolmate to combat, and when the boys formed a ring, COURTNEY tried to run away. He was prevented, however, and received an awful drubbing. He never would admit that he had been fairly licked, but claimed that the wiry boy had tripped him up with a wire. When he had become a man—that is, as near a man as he ever expects to be—he took to rowing boats, and frequently made the fastest time on record when nobody was around with a time-piece. In due course he became the champion of the United States, and then he sighed for other races to back out of. He is still sighing. Up to the present time he has failed to find a sculler who can meet him on the water. HANLAN, the boasted champion of the world, went to Chautauqua once, to do so, but when he saw COURTNEY he came to the conclusion he couldn't row with him. Give COURTNEY his choice of boat houses and he can leave any oarsman on earth out of sight. The last account we heard of this distinguished person was that he had gone to the woods with a bottle of Hop Bitters in his possession. We hope he will not do anything rash.

"Well connected."—Attached to a sucker.