

"Mrs. Lapscealing on Newspaper Stories."

If one thing more than another is to my mind unworthy of a disapproval, it is the remission of voracity by the disporters of the press. As SHAKESPEARE, through the mouth of *Holloofurnace*, in a paregorical manner, observes: "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the stable of his armament." I can remunerate a striking instant of this case of unreliability. A short time ago, I pursued a sexton of the *Mail*, which stated that by means of a moderate invention, a freezing mixture could be rejected into the veins of living animals, thus reducing a spontaneous fragility; or, in other words, changing them simultaneously into icebergs. Thus, if the pronunciation of a bleat was arrested by the transmigration of a sheep into an icicle, the unmuttered half of the sound would remain putrified in the mouth of the animal till its restoration to its ordinary sheepish state by the rejection into its artilleries of an unfreezing mixture. In this state of solution, animals could be retained for any limited, indefinite period.

This startling diatribe roused my mind into a state of petrification. I became reprehensive that iceberg animals would become household ornaments; that mischance a pair of eloquent iced-cows would stand as centuries at the foot of my friend's staircase; or, perhaps, an iced-lamb would appear as a statute at the supper and be chemically refunded to life at the terminus of the feast; thus changing the vestal board into a gambling table.

But numerable are the exigencies to which many would resort, and I grievously feared that some of my fellow-creatures, myself included, might fall a victory to a parabolical advice. A hospitable enemy might thus disport his animadversion and by transcending me into an icicle, in a literary manner isolate me from the world. This harrying thought so prosecuted me that at times it almost caused the reverberations of my heart to be seized.

But unforeseen were these prophecies of my mental vision, for after pursuing a diagraph in another paper, I discovered that the subsequent article which I had previously read was only the fanatical inventory of some ingenious brain; and that the iceberg story was nothing but a *sansy fraud*. That a disporter of newspaper antidotes must not be disqualified by veruciousness is a sculsion to which we must all arrive; and I cannot better include myself than by misquoting the frays which Sir JOHN MACDONALD has so beautifully compressed in an elegant simony. "Every minute now should be the father of some stratagem. The times are wild."

Our Own Sick Beadeye;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

EDISON takes a back seat in the presence of JAMES H. RILEY, an awfully smart Yankee oarsman, who has invented a process for beating HANLAN. By the use of this contrivance JAMES admits that he himself can "make the champion howl." Like all really great inventions this one is extremely simple, namely, to force HANLAN to row so fast for the first mile, that he'll be done for at two. In the meantime Mr. RILEY has been beaten by COURTNEY. Why he didn't try an experiment with his invention in this case is not stated.

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**PACIFIC RAILWAY.
TENDERS.**

TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run North-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighborhood of the 4th base line, and thence Westerly between Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, }
OTTAWA, 16th June, 1879. } xiii-6-st.

The Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway Co. will run an excursion train from Toronto to Owen Sound and return, Friday and Saturday, July 18th and 19th, for the small sum of two dollars, tickets good for ten days.

\$2 Per Annum, Free of Postage.

"GRIP" Now in its seventh year and Thirteenth Volume, and more popular and influential than ever before.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"Grip," the comic paper of Canada, has recently come to our hands, enlarged to eight pages, and with an increased number of illustrations. It is a remarkably clever and well-got up publication. It is published by Bengough Brothers, of Toronto.—*Reporter, Prescott, England.*

Our Canadian *Punch* is unusually good this week. The principal cartoon represents Sir John, Sir Charles, and Sir Samuel on shipboard. "The weather looks 'muddy,' especially towards the east, where a haze gathers over 'Quebec,' distinctly showing the 'Letellier Difficulty.'" Sir Charles, with binocular extended, remarks to Sir Samuel standing near, "There's going to be a big breeze over there." Sir John with his hat under his arm and looking "scart," is hurrying to the cabin. Underneath we have: "Sir John Macdonald Porter, K. C. B.—And when the breezes blow I generally go below, and court the seclusion which a cabin grants."—*Belleville Ontario.*

GRIP is unusually bright and clever this week. Again the condition of affairs political in the Province of Quebec affords the ever attractive cartoon. Sir John is represented as the great sword swallower in the act of doing something disagreeable. The Lieutenant-Governor with his arms pinioned is kneeling to the left of the Chieftain anxiously thinking of his fate. Sir John's sword bears the legend "*Advice to dismiss Letellier*" and he addresses the impatient audience in these words, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now proceed to—ah—er—um—cut off this person's head, or else—er—er—swallow this sword,—I don't know which." Mr. Joly stands at one wing of the stage in a threatening attitude with his clenched fist raised, and says: "Dare not to touch him! we demand justice," while Mr. Mousseau from the right shrieks out "Off with his head, we demand blood!" The spirit and idea of the design, are exceedingly rich, and really present the condition of things in rather a truthful light. The smaller cuts are also very good and represent Goldwin Smith, Messrs Mousseau, Langevin, Hanlan, Ross and Warren Smith, the Halifax oarsman, in various positions. This number is especially interesting to the people of Quebec. GRIP is never dull or common place.—*Chronicle, Quebec.*

I am rather astonished to find that the papers of this continent have taken no notice whatever of the fact that HANLAN sent back his cup for a second helping of tea at breakfast yesterday morning. Surely HANLAN and his cup have not been forgotten already?

Speaking of newspapers, what a pestilent set of wretches those interviewers are. Their infinite cheek is not so bad as their mendacity, however. HANLAN says he didn't talk half the stuff they gave him credit for in the New York journals.

After all, it must be admitted that nothing in a paper is more eagerly read than an interview, be it veracious or the contrary, and perhaps the character of the interviewer is oftener denounced by fellows whom he has never thought it worth while to torture.

The *Mail* points out that Mr. BLAKE should include members of Parliament in his compulsory voting measure. Hear, hear! Let us put a stop to this disgraceful system of shirking votes in the House.

One by one the great questions are being solved. The National Policy is a fact: Representation by Population, Confederation, and the Secularization of the Clergy Reserves, are laid to rest for ever. The Quebec conundrum and Apstolic Succession are just on the eve of solution, and I may venture to hope that before long even the subject of GRIP'S HANLAN-ELLIOTT cartoon will cease to agitate the *Telegram* people.

I am inclined to agree with Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH that Mr. BLAKE'S new fangled reform measures are more ornamental than useful just at present, especially the Imperial Federation idea. Still, Mr. BLAKE is a man not to be sneezed at, as the British members will find out when he rises as Canadian representative to address the Imperial House of Commons.

Is Mr. R. W. PHIPPS, who wrote the LETELLIER letter in Monday's *Globe*, the Mr. R. W. BIRPPS who wrote a Protection pamphlet not long ago? "We are led to this enquiry" by noticing that whereas the Reform papers then referred to him as a jumped-up lunatic, they now allude to him as a brilliant and well read gentleman.

I observe that THICKPENNY'S sentence has been commuted to imprisonment for life in the Penitentiary. But why not the Asylum, if the man is insane? And if he is not insane, why commute the sentence? May we welcome this as an indication of the Government's intention to abolish capital punishment?

The *Detroit Free Press* exclaims: "If there is anything in this world more detestable than an old maid who loves gossip and slander, a chromo will be given to the person who can tell what it is." It is an old maid who wears a towering headdress, and sits directly in front of you at the performance in the Pavilion at the Gardens. Please pack that chromo carefully and send it right along.

Mr. EDISON is anxious to get a lot of platinum, and to this end he has sent out circulars to postmasters and others, in which he says, "This metal, as a rule, is found in scales associated with free gold." I am not aware that he will trouble Canadian P. M's. with the circular, as there is no free gold in the country for the platinum to associate with.