

† A conversation overheard at the Toronto Lacrosse Grounds, Sunday June 17th.

JONES—Can you tell me, SMITH, why BROWN's moustache resembles the Toronto Club to-day?

SMITH—Give it up.

JONES—Why, you perceive it is waxed at both ends.

#### Remunerative Delusion.

GRIP, frequently noticing the unexplainable absurdity of some otherwise sensible papers advocating Free Trade, broke into an epigram, entirely original, especially the first line:—

Great wit to madness nearly is allied,  
But then, advertisements come from that side;  
Besides it would seem most impertinent,  
To be more sane than is their Government,  
MACKENZIE in, how many write Free Trade:  
MACKENZIE out, what sudden change were made?  
Sir John is in—what Tories everywhere!  
He's out—where are they? Vanished into air?  
Oh, no, but into Grits, who always thought,  
He didn't build Pacifics as he ought,  
And quick as changes still the public sky,  
Changing again we'll these chameleons spy.

#### The Public Health.

From the Telegram.

Death! Despair! Confusion! Zymotic diseases! Germinating sicknesses! Decaying matters! Stench! Filth! Smells! Poisonous gases! Where are the Police—we mean the Corporation? Encouraging tastes for the æsthetic by building parks. What madness. How can we taste the æsthetic or anything else when they're dying in the East by a thousand a month, and only stopped for a short time on account of the weakening influence of the heat? What are the magistrates doing? Trying little niggers for breaking branches! Why if the little niggers annoy them what will they do when the black plague comes? What business had they to let the municipal machine run by itself during the hot weather? Why, at least did they not buy it a collar and ticket? Why don't they give us pure water, good roads, and effective drainage, instantaneously? Where have they got 'em? What is the use of keeping 'em in boxes? What will DENISON say at the Centennial, when the furious Yankee tourist takes him by the throat, and demands if 'Tee-yon-to air healthy? Is'n't it true that the Council charge the people for sewers to carry their sewage away, and then send it back up their water-pipes, and sell it to 'em again? Are not the city authorities poisoned with pestilent odours under our very noses, and refusing to show signs of alarm? And they go off on Mysterious Missions! Ha, the Telegram is awake. Plank down the cash! Plank the lanes! And the grates! Is the grate nuisance a small evil? Let the Council show they have a higher object! Let them drain the vaults; let them get into the sewers. Beware!

#### Grip's "Reasons of Dissent."

GRIP begs most respectfully to submit for the consideration of the Fathers and brethren of the Presbyterian Assembly the following reasons why he dissents from their action on the case of Rev. Mr. MACDONNELL:

1. The decision has been rendered rather to sustain the teaching of the Confession of Faith than that of the Bible.
2. The Assembly has not so much as asserted that there is no ground for difference as to the meaning of certain words and passages on this doctrine in the original scriptures.
3. That the Presbyterian Church holds the Bible to be the *supreme* standard, and professes to believe in that Bible being open.
4. That to force Mr. MACDONNELL to accept any merely human interpretation of a doubtful passage, against his conscience, is Popery in its worst form.

Let us have a committee to answer these.

#### Go it, Gentlemon!

The City Council are sure they will never have another chance, and they will immortalize themselves this year. They intend that their fellow citizens shall remember their services, for many a day. If he who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing, Toronto should have a most melancholy Council. A quarter of a million for paying, half a million for sewers, eighty thousand dollars for schools; all the lanes to be paved, all the streets to pay for sewers whether they want them or not. All this notwithstanding that the revenue is three-quarters of a million yearly! GRIP has two questions to ask, first, why the investigation on the late city engineer business was closed without a report, and next, why two or three other matters are not investigated.

#### The Russian Intentions.

We could not help the rebels; no, of course, Russia to rebels never lends her force, That is, not openly; though strange to say, Some men, some weapons do get every day Past our frontier; the sinews, too, of war, Are getting there, and what it may be for, Perhaps we guess. Well, let, down in the front, Servia and Montenegro feel the brunt, Let our hot voluntaries forward press The loss of such no empire need distress. The weather's far too hot to interfere, So Russia shall take matters coolly here, Till fall, when what with cholera and steel, They won't so ready for more fighting feel. Then is the time for Russia. In we go, Constantinople's ours without a blow; And if the English like to make a fuss, Why, let them come and settle it with us.

#### Yankee Notes.

THE Republican Party in the States will put up no longer with positive darkness in their political atmosphere, but, as they cannot hope to get perfect clearness for a while, they will split the difference and accept a HAYES.

Mr. BLAINE has succeeded in proving his right to rank with the cleverest of the tricky statesmen of the Union. He was therefore serenaded in Washington the other night.

#### "Ship Ahoy, What Ship's That?"

THE Philadelphia correspondent of the St. Catharines *Journal*, June 13th, in writing of the Centennial has the following:—"B. T. Mosher of Port Nelson has on show a full rigged ship about 6 feet long made by himself out of a jack-knife, which is also on exhibition." We have been asked to explain this for the benefit of the excited citizens of Port Nelson. Our theory is that the correspondent had, just before seeing Mr. MOSHER's exhibit, indulged in a drink of brandy, and as brandy is \$2.50 per drink in Philadelphia just now, one drink will upset a man if he is allowed to measure it out for himself.

#### Wanted.

A few active loafers to run from here to Jericho, and stop there. A treatise on the Social habits and morals of Potato Bugs, and the best way of inducing them to emigrate to the North Pole. A Bull Frog to play upon the barrel-organ and lead the singing at an Elementary Music Class—One with a tenor voice preferred. A man who has never heard anything about the Centennial (no deaf person need apply.)

#### Croaks and Pecks.

There's a shaving shop proprietor in Toronto keeps his carriage and pair. This is mere barbarous magnificence.

Toronto is going in for solid block pavement. This material is chosen in compliment to the heads of the Corporation.

It's all the same to EDGAR when he goes to South Ontario whether they return him or not. If they don't, he'll return himself.

THE *Telegram* shrieks a column at the unhealthy lanes. But why be so far-fetched? Because it's sickly at Bagdad is no reason for our giving our city fathers the sack.

The Secretary of Cruelty to Animals writes to the papers to ask why folks who grumble at overcrowded street cars don't prosecute. Folks say they're not paid for it, and ask, "Why don't he?"

The Congregation which exodized from St. George's, lately, have established themselves over a store on King street. They reach their place of worship by a high flight of stairs, and therefore, very properly, call themselves the Church of the Ascension. But when they in addition call it a Low Church, they make a mis-statement GRIP cannot pardon in a religious body.

A point in favor of the Presbyterians is that it seems that Mr. MACDONNELL didn't know what the Scripture meant till he had joined the ministry. A point against them is that they let him join, in this benighted condition. Another against them is that it looks as if, after joining, he thought he had got among an odd set, and commenced looking in all directions to find what they really did believe in.