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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Our Own Egotist.

I am glad to see Rev. Dr. SUTHERLAND's in dignant repudiation of the authorship of the alleged slanders against the N. W. Mounted Police. Everybody who knows the rev. gentleman will of course accept his statement as final. The charge against him seemed to be incredible from the first.

It seems to be a favourite amusement with some miserable people, however, to say nasty things about this body of men. I have frequently heard reports crediting them with anything but respectable conduct. The assertion of a recent writer in the *Globe*, one who knows whereof he speaks, is that they are as decent and well behaved a lot of young fellows as could be brought together in any town in Canada. This I thoroughly believe.

Ah! now I begin to see it. I have for some time wondered why the *Canadian Spectator*, a professedly non-political or independent paper, had such a strongly pro-government tone on the question of the Pacific Railway syndicate.

The *Belleville Intelligencer* gently lets the fe-line out of the bag in the following news item: "Mr. McIntyre, a member of the Pacific Syndicate, and principal owner of the *Canada Central*, has purchased an interest in the *Spectator*, the Rev. J. Bray's paper."

Poor old THOMAS CARLYLE's closing eyes are greeted with a scene of Hero-Worship, which proves that that form of idolatry is as strong in the human heart as ever. The way in which the world is running after Beaconsfield's new book is a caution, indeed.

And what does *Endymion* amount to after all, that it should put £30,000 into DISRAELI's pocket; bring probably twice as much into the treasury of the publishers, set the literary world ablaze, and all but extinguish the glory of HANLAN? Every impassionate reader will agree that it is in itself quite unworthy of so much fuss, and that had it been written by Mr. JOHN SMITH, very few would waste their time in reading it.

But it is by DISRAELI, and of course nobody who aspires to "culture" will dare to meet society until he has done "*Endymion*," good, bad or indifferent. And no reader need dread the task if he is capable of being amused with the outpouring of infinite egotism relieved with occasional flashes of undoubted genius.

Speaking of "*Endymion*," let me take a jump from BEACONSFIELD to ROBERTSON, JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON. Alas, poor JOHN! The cruel copy-right Act prohibits him from pirating it, and

publishing a 15 cent edition, and, of course he has to sit by and enjoy the good luck of his irresponsible friends, the booksellers.

I have a communication from an "Anglican"—a "High" Churchman—protesting against my remarks about the recent services in Holy Trinity. This is no more than might reasonably have been expected, but "Anglican" should remember that I only spoke for myself, CRAMMER, BAXTER, and a few other churchmen who respected the plain English of the Prayer-Book.

A little pupil attending the Dufferin school, went home the other night and set to work like a young Trojan upon the task set for the following day. Amongst other unreasonable claims upon her memory, she had thirty Latin roots to commit. As this little girl is fitting herself for the position of a tradesman's wife in after years, of course Latin roots are indispensable to her. But she happens to have a sensible father, who forthwith prohibited her from undertaking the task, 'bad marks' to the contrary notwithstanding. I like that!

Well, HANLAN is to receive the freedom of the City. Good! Now, let the Council confer this same benefit on a score or so of those poor but honest people who can't afford to pay their taxes.

The Statesman's Scheme.

BY J. A. KASSER.

"When I have reached the world above,
A brighter and a better sphere,
Who'll guide the party that I love?
Who's fit to take my mantle here?"

Thus spoke Sir JOHN, and, anxious care
Sat brooding on his marble brow;
"Sir CHARLES won't do, I'd never dare
To leave the Party to him now."

He is a man of much conceit,
And most dogmatic too, withal,
He ne'er could smile in grim defeat
He'd go to pieces should he fall.

Sir LEONARD T. shall be my choice,
Urbane, polite, not much for show,
The Party now may well rejoice;
He'll follow in my steps I know.

But how get rid of TUPPER? ye! ay!
But there's the rub; he'll ne'er consent
The second violin to play,
For aught that I may represent!

But hold, I think my way I see:—
An enquiry I'll start about
The contracts on the "Section B,"
And that will smoke poor CHARLIE out.

For he will think that all my aim
Will be to make MCKENZIE sick,
Not dreaming of my little game
For dropping on his head a brick.

His little profits I will show,
In quite an incidental way,
Enough to make his spirits low,
And make him feel reverse of gay.

And when the Opposition press
In leading articles benign
Present his case I rather guess
That he'll feel happy to resign."

He called Sir LEONARD in and showed
The little plan so shady kept,
Sir LEONARD shouted, "I'll be blowed!"
Then fell on JOHN A's neck and wept.

They both agreed the scheme would work,
And then, kind reader, only think—
(From telling truth I will not shrink.)
Sir JOHN and LEONARD took a drink.

Sir LEONARD drank cold water plain,
(I was sent him bottled from Toronto.)
Sir JOHN took water, too, but then
He'd something strong to pour it on to.

SUNDAY School Teacher,—"Why did Moses hold his rod over the river?" (four or five hands go up.) Teacher, "ANDREW." ANDREW, "please sir, he wanted to catch fish."

The Return of Hanlan.

A meeting to decide upon the reception EDWARD HANLAN is to receive on his return to Toronto was held one afternoon lately at the National Mutton-pie House, Mr. GORDON BROWN presiding. After the usual devotional exercises (at the shrine of Bacchus) the chairman called the meeting to order. Mr. MACKENZIE immediately moved that "HANLAN be requested by a deputation of Torontonians to allow himself be nominated leader of the Grit party, (as he is a living specimen of that commodity.)"

After a little discussion Professor GOLDWIN SMITH moved an amendment to the foregoing, saying that General GARFIELD should be requested to resign in favor of HANLAN, as the American nation are greedy for him, and that probably thereby the cause of annexation would be materially advanced and the "historical unities" would be preserved. Doctor SHEPPARD differed from the learned professor, and stated that in his opinion the only adequate return which the City of Toronto could make to HANLAN would be in purchasing the CAWTHRA Estate and presenting it to him free of legacy duty. This opinion seemed to find great favor with the audience (amongst whom might be noted several of the disappointed survivors of the CAWTHRA will.) The editor of the *Mail* said that the proper way of honoring HANLAN's great victory would be to have the Island transported to the main thoroughfare of Toronto City. He thought that the HANLAN Hostelry would pay better upon King Street than it would do upon the Island. He was also prepared to grant permission to the champion to paint a portrait of the *Mail's* sporting editor upon the sign-board of the house, just over the words, *Good accommodation for man and beast*. Mr. JAS. BRATY, jr. suggested that the candidates for the mayoralty be requested to withdraw, and that the civic chair be presented to Mr. HANLAN by acclamation. Mr. Ald. CLOSE begged to enquire what HANLAN's politics were. He was afraid HANLAN had more or less Grit about him, and if so of course the Mayoralty was out of the question. Mr. GRIP suggested that Ald. CLOSE might go snooks with the Champion on the pile he expected to make out of Section B., and that the purse of money which was being raised should be presented to the starving poor of the city in HANLAN's name. Great indignation was manifested at this common sense proposition and the meeting forthwith broke up in disorder.

Old King Coal is a Capital Soul.

It is awfully unpleasant to the genial GRIP to be obliged to criticise a contemporary, and when that contemporary is the Toronto Government organ, his reverence for the powers that be almost chokes his utterance. Yet what can GRIP do when he reads such editorials as the following: "To tax capital would be to cripple industry. Capital is just as essential to manufacturing industry as the raw material, indeed it is, in a sense, the raw material by which, instead of upon which, we work." This is written of course in one of those brilliant articles in support of the "N. P." to which the *Mail* occasionally treats its readers. All these editorials are very clever, and therefore we incline to the opinion that the printer's d—l has been at work here. Had the imp let it alone the sentence would have read thus, "To tax coal would be to cripple industry. Coal is just as essential to manufacturing industry as the raw material, indeed it is, in a sense, the raw material by which, instead of upon which, we work." Had it been printed thus, which of course is what the *Mail* intended, the *Globe* man wouldn't have needed to "sit up nights" to reply. The *Mail* Editor has GRIP's sincere sympathy. "Sympathy" has been defined by Dr. JONSON or MILTON or somebody, to mean "I crow over you."

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