



Much Ado About Nothing.

Here are two good and reverend prelates arguing with one another, and all to no purpose. To be sure they are doing it in a kindly and Christian-like manner, but after all it is little use, for neither is open to conviction. GRIP, who is perched behind them is not open to conviction either, for the subject of their argument is apostolic succession, and each is trying to convince the other that his church is the one which has the direct descent. GRIP believes they are both wrong, and they might be doing something far more useful than arguing this abstruse question. Let them leave controversy alone, and attend to their work. The church that displays most of the apostolic spirit is the one that boasts least about apostolic descent.

A New Ballot.

The Hamilton Times advocates a reform in the ballot papers. The present method of making a cross opposite the name of the man you wish to vote for, is found to be too profound and elaborate for some of the dunderheads, who consequently make a botch of the whole affair. The Times suggests that the voter should merely be required to draw his pencil through the name of the candidate he wishes to vote against. This is undoubtedly very simple, but some of the free and independent are even more so. Many of them would probably score out the wrong name, and others would be sure to take the ballot and score out the pencil with it. Nevertheless Mr. GRIP endorses the idea of the Times.



Jim Jam's Resolution.

Murder!—(hic)—look a' that—(hic)—snake! I'm going to—(hic)—stop drinking—city water, till they—(hic)—get that filtering basin fixed.

That Gate.

Beside the Normal School
We stood upon the street,
And listened to the sound
Of many passing feet.

And ever and anon there came
A man to enter in,
But grim the gate before him stood;
He turned and said it is not good,
And spake a word of sin.

A cab drove up, the burly man
Got down to ope the gate,
And tugged and pulled and climbed on top,
And tried to force the grate.

But still the gate resisted all
The power of his press,
And he was forced to turn away,
A promised dollar less.

Many who could not at any other time, would have an opportunity on a holiday of visiting the museum of the Normal School. Scarcely a minute passed in the afternoon without some one going there for that purpose. Two or three cabs were standing at one of the gates at once, those within being, we were informed, visitors from a distance, who had likely counted on an hour's profit and pleasure among the paintings and other attractions of the museum. Why the gates should be closed on a holiday we cannot understand.



THE THREE AQUATIC GRACES.

Edward Hanlan.

GRIP'S WELCOME.

England her Champion's loss need not bewail,
Defeat, but not dishonor, was his lot;
Worthy the Rivals—and though ELLIOTT fail,
At least the prize is by a "subject" got,
Rendering praise to HANLAN, as we do,
Due homage we pay to England too.

Hail to our hero, then, who now brings back
A name as honored as his fame is wide,
Not only winner of the hard pulled track,
Love and respect he's gained on every side.
And those who lost, as well as those who won,
Now add their tribute to Toronto's son



The Quebec Question.

MOSSEAU.—Well, LANGEVIN, what news from England—what does JEAN BULL say?
LANGEVIN.—Good prospects, my confrere, JEAN BULL sends the case back, and says LORNE will do what is right.
MOSSEAU.—Bah! that is not good! that is not hopeful!

The Captain of the "City."

a la Corcoran.

CAPT.—I am the captain of the *To-ron-to*.
CREW—And a first-rate captain, too.
CAPT.—Thanks, you are very good, and be it understood, I command a first-rate crew.
CREW—Thanks, we are very good, for be it understood, he commands a first-rate crew.
CAPT.—When I have a crowded boat,
I'm the biggest man afloat;—
And I tread my deck with pride.
And every other craft
I leave a furlong aft,
For past me they can never glide.
CREW—What, never?
CAPT.—No, never!
CREW—What, never?
CAPT.—Hardly ever!
CREW—Hardly ever past him glide;
Then give three cheers, he's not
so slow,
Is the burly captain of the *To-ron-to!*



A Gentle Hint.

SCENE: The Gardens. Young couple departing after Pinafore performance.

ADOLPHUS.—Beautiful tenor voice LAURENT has, hasn't he?
ANGELINA.—Delightful; sweet and refreshing as—ice cream!