

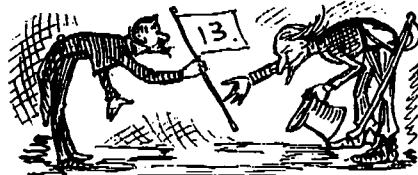
**The Great Review at Montreal.**  
(By our Special Artist.)



DEPARTURE OF THE GALLANT QUEEN'S OWN.



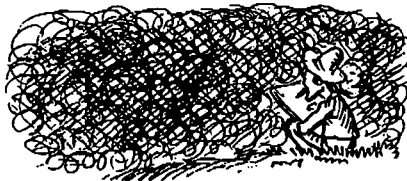
UNCLE SAM SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.



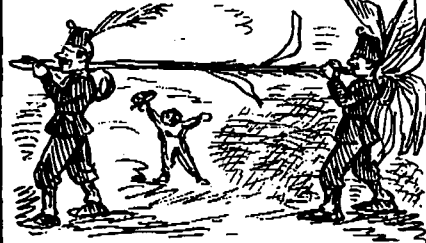
THE MAYOR OF MONTREAL PRESENTS A BEAUTIFUL FLAG TO THE 13TH BROOKLYN.



OUR ARTIST MAKING A SKETCH OF THE REVIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN.



THE SHAM FIGHT AS SEEN FROM THE SAME POINT.



THE QUEEN'S OWN BEARING OFF THE PALM.

**A Flea for the Toronto Lawyer.**

The Local Legislature of Ontario is composed of sturdy yeomen and Toronto lawyers, and the people outside seem to have got it into their heads that the latter predominate to an uncalled for extent. Just now there is quite an outcry in some of the constituencies against the great evil of Toronto lawyerism, and in one case at least, it has resulted in a split in the ministerial ranks—Mr. CROOKS being opposed by another Reformer on this ground. Now, GRIP seizes this opportunity to put in a word for the gentlemen of the long robe. Lawyers have for a long time—in fact from a period “to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary” as old BLACKSTONE would say—been made the victims of the general abuse of the world, and the very fact that they still live and retain a reputation for good nature proves beyond doubt that, as a class, they are decidedly superior to the common herd. Toronto lawyers especially have been maligned, and perhaps there are no members of the profession in the wide world who represent its virtues better than do these very men. It need not be pointed out that Toronto's lawyers have made their city what it is. Everybody knows that Toronto is perhaps the most law-abiding place of its size in America. And why is this? Perhaps you think it is because our dangerous classes have a wholesome fear of our Police force? Well, so they have, and very justly—but falling into the hands of a Toronto peeler is as nothing compared with falling into the clutches of our lawyers, and the people know it. Go to the police court any morning, and keep your eye on the unfortunate prisoner as he is pushed into the pen. To be sure he casts an uneasy look upon the Magistrate, and an abashed glance at the Bobby on the witness stand, but mark the startled expression in his features as his eye falls upon the array of lawyers sitting at the table before him! It is not hard to tell who he most dreads! Why is it that many of our merchants refrain from failing? Do they fear the police? No. Is it because they do not wish to encourage the Assignees? No, it is because they, too, have the fear of our lawyers before their eyes. Again, it will be admitted that Toronto is a great boon to the Province in general, furnishing a market for produce, and providing the people with many blessings—including illustrated humorous papers,—and would it be fair to this city to put upon her the burthen of supporting her lawyers without assistance? Recollect that Toronto's bar is well nigh innumerable, and not a few of the juniors have no visible means of support. To deplete the ranks by putting a few scores into the Local House, and thus giving the others a slight chance for a few weeks each year, is at once benevolent and reasonable, and we feel sure our friends in the country will think so too, when they give this matter their sober consideration. Many more arguments, even stronger than the foregoing, might be made on behalf of our clients, but space forbids at present.

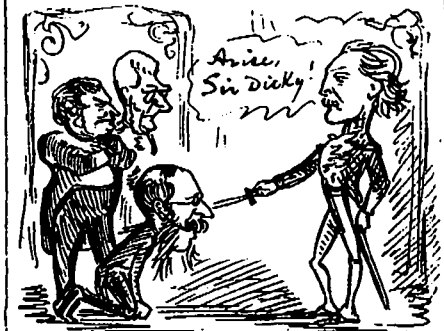
The refined, edifying and amusing six-days pedestrian match is over. WALKER has proved his right to his patronymic by taking the first money, and “poor old man” NELSON has been rewarded with the second purse. They can now sit down, and spend the remainder of their days getting their feet restored to their normal condition, and the crowd in the Rink may retire. Of course there will be no more of this cruelty, as the question of the extent of human endurance, which was the grand moral question to be decided by the race, has now been settled.



SPECIMENS OF THE KILLED. SPECIMENS OF THE KILLERS.



GRAND INTERNATIONAL FEAST OF REASON AND FLOW OF HIGH FALUTIN'.



INTERESTING CEREMONY AT THE WINDSOR HOTEL.



THE ONLY NIGHT-HOOD G. B. WANTS.

THE London *Herald* calls the 24th the “birthday of Her Royal Highness.” And still the *Herald* is one of the most reliable of organs, and almost too loyal for anything.