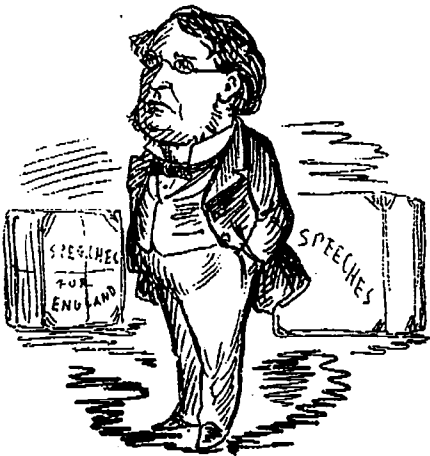
**Looking Down on the C. P. Railway**

In his speech to the multitude of the faithful who greeted him on his arrival at Montreal, the other day, our sprightly Premier was as gay as usual, and confidentially revealed some of the momentous secrets he carried in his carpet-bag. He did not go into particulars, but he gave just a glimpse of the glorious things in store for the country as the result of the visit to England. One of the delightful assurances was that the Pacific Railway will be built in ten years. Just here, a momentary shade came over the Premier's face, and he said:—

I am an old man, and I cannot hope myself to live to see it, but from a higher, and, I trust better sphere, I shall look down and see the members of the Club Cartier speeding over the continent by a Canadian train.

This statement, albeit uttered in a most pathetic voice, was, according to the newspaper report, greeted with "laughter," which would seem to indicate either that the Conservative Party do not think the chieftain sincere in his intention to go to a higher and better sphere on leaving here, or else that something like the idea illustrated above was what he intended to convey.

**The Fellow Who Did It.**

You would scarcely think, now, that this was a very desperate character. Judging by the well known principles of physiology you would hardly believe that the treachery of a BENEDET ARNOLD, combined with cunning of a MACHIAVELLI, lurked behind those innocent spectacles! And yet, alas if what JOHN A. says

is true, and MR. GRIP by no means doubts the Premier's word, that distinguished statesman affirms that during his recent visit to England, in his efforts to secure the boon he was after, he was met, in all quarters, by copies of a speech delivered by the evil person here represented, which speech was calculated to ruin the chances of Canada in the financial market of the world. These despicable fly-sheets must have been distributed by some equally despicable party for some thoroughly despicable object,—though, thanks to the persuasiveness of our suave Premier, the wicked scheme was frustrated. These allegations are serious and ought to be enquired into. If it be found that the opposition have really been guilty of underhand treachery, they ought to remain in the cold shades for an indefinite length of time.

THE Republicans don't take kindly to General HANCOCK's letter-writing.—*Lockport Daily Union*. No more would we, if it is anything like some of the "copy" we get slung in at our door.

WHAT DOES the *Evening Terrible* mean by saying in an editorial this week, that "unpopularity is not a crime, and the collection of rents is not an illegal offence." (The italics are ours). We want to know what a legal offence is? Pause, for a reply.

**The Return of the Staple Countenance**

Master GRIP, overcome with delight at the return of Sir JOHN, with his familiar and easily-depicted countenance, expresseth his feelings by indulging in a carnival of board-fence sketching!

**"Official."**

MR. J. W. LANGMUIR, Inspector of Prisons, winds up his report of the recent investigations into the MORRIS case as follows:—

Such being the foundation of the charges, it is perhaps unnecessary to notice the other sensational inaccuracies of calling an ordinary dark cell a "black hole," a disciplinary punishment "a murder," a full-grown young man of nineteen "a child," a period of fifty days "a few days," and the officers who are responsible for the proper management and discipline of an important public institution "inhuman monsters," "ruffians," "torturers," and "murderers."—*I have*, etc.

J. W. LANGMUIR, Inspector.

This is certainly candid, but it is not greatly to Mr. LANGMUIR's credit to confess that he has been guilty of indulging in the "sensational inaccuracies" here specified. We particularly wonder that he should have heaped such epithets upon the devoted heads of his subordinates, whom he asserts to be considered decent officers. We hope he will in future try and curb his tongue, and avoid the necessity of making another such humiliating confession.

[The Learned Member of our staff stops the press to say that the phrase *I have*, in the above quotation, is not a confession on the part of Mr. LANGMUIR, but simply a contraction of the official form, *I have the honour to be, my*

dear sir, with distinguished consideration, your humble, obedient servant, etc. This being the case, Mr. GRIP hastens to apologize, but would kindly warn Mr. LANGMUIR not to indulge in such contractions hereafter.]

**Ajax Crooks Defying the Lightning.**

MR. CROOKS, Minister of Education, has come out boldly in the character of AJAX in connection with the University Professorships. Throughout the storm raised over his appointment of Mr. WARREN to the Vice-Presidency and Chair of Classics, he presented a stubborn front to public opinion, and it was not his fault that the high-handed act then contemplated was not carried out. Mr. WARREN, being a native of the temperate zone, found the atmosphere surrounding University College altogether incompatible with his personal comfort, and sensibly withdrew before he was scorched. In certain quarters it was hoped, and believed, that the circumstance had brought the Minister of Education to his senses, and that in future he would be disposed to give reasonable weight to the cry of justice to Canadian scholarship. But their sanguine expectations have been dashed. Mr. CROOKS's latest act is to import a man from England to fill one of the chairs, and it will be impossible even for the *Globe* to find a reasonable excuse for him, this time. At all events, the *Globe's* plea as to the superiority of Old Country learning, and the absence of competent native material, must be laid aside. If University degrees count for anything, the imported Professor is manifestly at a disadvantage, for he is only a pass-man, while Canadian honour-men are to be found in abundance. Indeed, Mr. CROOKS had no need to go outside of the University to secure a brilliant specimen, in the person of Mr. ALF. BAKER, who, to his fine academical record adds ten years of experience as a teacher of Canadian youth. These facts, however, go for nothing with our self-sufficient Minister.

THE Roman Catholic Bishop of New Hampshire has set his face against "bangs," refusing to confirm a lady who wears her hair in that aboriginal fashion.—*Lockport Daily Union*. In other words, he said to the girls, "you mustn't go bang."

THERE have been a Lotta people at the Grand every evening this week. LOTTA was the attraction.