

"fakers." To judge from its correspondence column, there is a strong feeling amongst advertisers against these temporary publications, but all the letters have a very decided "manufactured-on-the-premises" ring to them.

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"WHAT'S the meaning of this big word they have in the papers so much just now?—Re—retalsomething?" asked an American Sunday-school boy. "You mean Retaliation," replied the teacher. "It means returning evil for evil." "But it's wrong to return evil for evil, isn't it?" "Yes; in the case of individuals, it is very wrong and unchristian; but in the case of a nation like ours it is right, dignified and glorious." "Queer kind of a religion, after all, don't you think?" commented the Sunday-school boy.

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IT is pleasant to note the mutual brotherly kindness with which Hon. Wm. McDougall and the *Globe* are discussing the Retaliation question. Time was when the gentleman who is now referred to as "our formidable correspondent," was spoken of in the same columns as a bad and abandoned man; and time also was when the Hon. William would not have picked up the *Globe* on the end of a ten-foot pole. We are getting nearer the millenium.

GRIP'S ADDRESS TO HIS EXCELLENCY, LORD STANLEY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

HAPPY to meet your Excellency—Shake—We're some punkins, we are! Certain we'll like each other—"On, Stanley, on!" We'll keep tally—Good luck! *Benedicite!* (Signed) GRIP.

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The above comprehensive address GRIP had prepared and intended to present to His Excellency with his own *eclat*, but when he found that the presenters of addresses were, like the devil who haunted the unfortunate of Scripture, Legion, he refrained. It was not in him to prolong the agony.

That the Governor-General is willing to do his level best to earn his salary, no one who knows him will doubt, but that he should be expected to earn it all in his first visit to Toronto is too much. Still less will any one who doesn't know us doubt that we are ready to cut off the very hair of our head to make a Field of the Cloth of Gold Door Mat for our beloved Queen to wipe her feet on when she comes to call. But that any society, Irish or otherwise, should sit up all night in order to be first man on the grounds on the morning of the reception, passes belief. Yet here it is chronicled in the papers that before his Excellency had well finished his mush and milk, the national breakfast diet, the Philistines were upon him! What Lord Stanley has ever done that he should be punished by listening and replying to a score of addresses in one day, we would like to know. "The quality of mercy is not strained. It also is twice blessed. It blesseth who receiveth an also who presenteth an address." These sentiments have inspired GRIP; they have watered down his loyalty, and cooled off his hot intention to follow a multitude to present addresses. Mercy has prompted him to allow ten days to elapse before adding the "last straw" in the form of another address, but it has suggested the idea of homeopathically treating the fatigue and prostration which his Excellency

cannot but feel after such an infliction of wordy welcome. N.B.—This address has *not* been engraved at a cost, and the reply, unuttered, will be none the less comprehended.

IN THE HORTICULTURAL.

THEY were walking about in the gardens,
She asked him the name of each tree;
Ho christen'd them all at hap-hazard,
She thought how well read he must be.
At last when she asked him another,
He answered her just for a lark,
"That's the dogwood."—"Pray how do you know it?"
"Why, no other tree has such bark."



QUITE BENEATH HER.

SMALLEY—"I guess it's going to rain. Will you let me hold my umbrella over you, Miss Tincy?"

MISS T.—"Oh, dear! Mr. Smalley; I'm above that sort of thing, I assure you."

AN ENTR' ACTE.

BETWEEN the first and second acts
He went to take a smile,
And had to crush a pretty girl
To get into the aisle;
"I hope I don't disturb you, Miss!"
She smiled peculiar,
"Don't mention it, young man, it's biz,
My husband runs the bar."