

Jack A. Macdonnell's Apology.

I wathaw guess the Gwits, and the House of Commons, and the country, and HUNTINGTON, and HORIZON, and sevewal othaw fellows, and ewwybody in geneaw, feel a little cut up, don't they? I wathaw imagine I have made them look a little widiculous with wegawd to that little affaw of mine on the flaw of the House. They thought I was coming to the baw to apologise, like a sheep to the slawtaw, but if I wecollect awight, I don't think I did go.

Lots of fellows at the Club say I'm an awth, but I am not quite awth enough to make an apology to such a fellow as HUNTINGTON. Then the idea of that jolly old duffaw, MACLENNAN, getting up and twying to smooth things owaw, talking about my "hot blood" and all that sawt of thing! If he had said hot bwandy, it would have been wathaw less abawwed; but I excuse the dweadful old fellow—he is fwom the country, and meant well enough. Wondaw how the Speakaw feels? I took lunch with him affaw the little affaw, and of cawth it was all wite so faw as he was con-awned. P'waps he thought I was going down to the House to apologise. Yaas, p'waps he did. And p'waps I will. Yaas, I think I see myself! I will go when they bwing me; and they will bwing me when the U. E. Club says so; and the U. E. Club will say so when Sir JOHN tells it to; and Sir JOHN will tell it to when the Gwits get stwong enough—and the Gwits will get stwong enough "when the pigs begin to fly," as the vulgaw fellow in the song says.

It is when a school-girl puts an e to the word lov that the spell begins to work.—*Cin. Saturday Night.* That's so; an he would certainly be a hextra improvement hon the horiginal patent



PHIPPS is his white-headed boy just now—but he is in a good position to get tossed when no longer needed.

The C. F. R'y.

Last week we published a little picture, together with a brief paragraph giving our opinion of the proposal to go on with the building of the Canada Pacific Railway west of Manitoba. An intelligent gentleman, who has traveled over the country where the line is to be located, upon reading our remarks said he entirely shared our view, that the project was a wild and ruinous one. He added that the nature of the country is such that a railroad through it would cost a figure which Canada would not find it easy to pay within a century. Our information from other quarters, on the same subject, quite bear out this view. And now, why is this gigantic piece of nonsense seriously entertained and actually entered upon by both the political parties? Simply to stop the howlings of a handful of people on the Pacific Coast, and to sustain the impalpable and unprofitable fiction of "Union." If the question is between the secession of British Columbia and the solvency of the Dominion, GRIP is ready to bid an affectionate and very hearty good-bye to Mr. BUNSTER and his 9,999 fellow citizens. We can laugh at JOHN T. RAYMOND in the character of Col. Sellers, the man of crazy speculation, but we don't relish seeing our country in the same role.

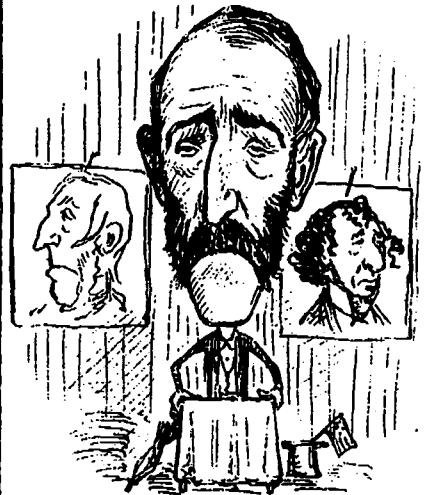


THE GREAT EAST-TORONTO GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE MATCH, to conclude on June 3rd, for the Premiership of the Province and \$7,000 per year.

A Warning.

Mr. GRAHAME, Dominion Gov't Immigration Agent at Duluth, asks us to warn persons on their way to Manitoba, against the wiles of American land agents, who are in the habit of interviewing travelers in the interest of their own speculations. These touters are as unscrupulous in their statements as the average run of our "greatest statesmen," and Mr. GRAHAME counsels the 'immigrant to turn a deaf ear to them. If he hasn't the good fortune to possess a deaf ear, it may answer to put his hand over it for a time, or, better still, clap it over the Yankee agent's mouth.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH longs for the day when Canada will be merged in the Great Republic, and the continent of North America shall contain but one nation. It looks as if that happy moment had arrived when we find the New York papers speaking about HANLAN, the "brawny young American."

Grip's Lecture Course.

LECTURE I.—BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In coming before you to deliver the first of this course of lectures, I thought it might be well to choose as eccentric, erratic, and volatile a subject as possible, and therefore I have chosen myself. I have no doubt you would all like to hear a little about me, and my aims and objects in life. I will not, however, gratify your curiosity with regard to my personality, beyond informing you that I am an Englishman (which I very much regret), and a distinguished scholar, formerly connected with Oxford University. For further personal particulars I would refer you to the editor of the *Telegram*, who worships me in a shrine at the top of his new building. With reference to my aims in life, I will speak more freely. There need be no great mystery about me, although I am aware that I am looked upon with vague apprehension by many. The secret is, I have two foes, and my life is consecrated to the sacred purpose of getting even with them. And I mean to accomplish this end if it takes all summer, and though *rust o'xhem!* The first of these hated enemies is DISRAELI, the so-called EARL of BEACONSFIELD. He inflicted a wound upon me, which I have been avenging for years. My vengeance shall be complete when I see England stripped of her glory and her colonies, and humiliated at the feet of mankind. My second enemy is GEORGE BROWN, whom I hate with a hatred as bitter, lasting and malignant as a feeble constitution and a theoretical belief in Christianity will admit of. I am working out my revenge in this case too, and will consider it complete when BROWN is crushed in the dust. To effect this glorious end I am willing that all who acknowledge his leadership or share his opinions, or all whose opinions he may share, shall perish with him. Purely to beat BROWN I am striving to overwhelm MOWAT, whom I sincerely respect. Purely to beat BROWN, I am working for MACDONALD, whom I have denounced as a man of unclean hands. To beat BROWN, I would do anything; and to beat BROWN and BEACONSFIELD both—Oh! the rapture of such a thought is too much—too much!!

Mrs. SILLIBUS wants to know whether H. M. S. *Pianoforte*, that every one is making such a fuss about, is a CHICKORY or a STAIRWAY?