

### The Heat.

It makes one quite indifferent  
About eternal punishment,  
When each successive day we see  
Is just as hot as it can be.  
If it grew hotter than to-day,  
We straightway should dissolve away.  
But there's a joy for us in store.  
We'll ne'er complain of winter more.  
When snow around us glitters white,  
Through chilly day and freezing night,  
It shall our consolation bring.  
"Ah, this is something like the thing!"  
We'll say, "No more of summer's tricks.  
Remember how one's clothing sticks.  
Remember July, '76."

### A Lot of Personals.

(After the manner of the Telegram.)

Mr. JOHN SMITH and family left the city to-day for the Island per steamer *Boquet*. Mr. and Mrs. LAPSTONE of Shoemaker's Terrace, have gone to Thornhill for the Summer.

Mr. COUNTERJUMPER, of CASH & Co's Grocery, has gone for his Summer holidays to Norway via the tramway.

Mr. JONES is expected to return from Yorkville, when he has been rusticated, by Wednesday's ear.

Mr. BANKLIRK DE DOLARBIL will spend his vacation at the Humber. He has secured staterooms on the *Watertown*.

Mr. J. ROBB ROSSINSON will take his usual summer rest at the Phoenix Park.

Mr. Alderman GUZZLER will not leave the city this summer. He says the municipal champagne commands his first attention, and our civic affairs cannot at present permit of Aldermanic holidays.

Mr. BROWN is passing the afternoon on the green painted bench in his back-garden, close by the border of japonicas.

Mrs. JENKINS and family have, for the summer months, moved their beds into the north bed-room. They are cooler, and not so many bugs.

Mr. ROBINSON (of CLARK & Co's, 39 Front street) has hired a cab, and taken his wife and children on a pic-nic excursion to the Humber. They took with them a large loaf, a pound of butter, half a pound of cheese, and a beef-steak pie, seasoned with onions.

Mr. SIMPKINS and the two Masters SIMPKINS are spending the day in fishing off Queen's Wharf. They have caught a perch.

Mrs. WHITE has sent her nursery-maid, in charge of the two Misses WHITE, to ride on the street-cars to the Asylum and back.

Mr. and Mrs. BLACK have concluded to board on Adelaide street till October. They will thus save sufficient to purchase Mrs. BLACK a green silk dress, and Mr. BLACK a felt hat, with a ventilator in the top.

Mrs. GREEN has determined to wash to-morrow.

### The Hair Question.

"Beauty draws men by a single hair."—Pope.

Long since a famous poet said  
That beauty could draw men by a hair.  
(He said it mind you, when a lady's head  
Bore only what Dame Nature planted there.)  
What would have been the man's opinion  
Could he have seen the modern chignon?  
For, surely, if a single hair  
That's "grown upon the premises"  
Can draw the stern sex here and there,  
What boundless power must they possess  
Whose heads are piled with foreign tresses;  
While "wonderment" quite vainly guesses  
Whence the head from whence they came,  
Or what the sum paid for the same.

### Thieves!

GRIP observes that the Methodists are accusing the Unitarians of having stolen the name of Christians from them. The Unitarians declare in return that the Methodists stole it from them. GRIP notices that neither party accuses the other of having stolen the practice of Christianity from them. Can it be that neither of 'em ever had that property? Now, GRIP would just advise that each party should try for the practice, and when they've got that, nobody will be able, GRIP can assure them, to steal the name from them. There are religious bodies, he would inform them, very anxious about the Christian name, but whose reputation is more famous for sharp practice than Christian practice.

### Two Heads are Better Than One.

THE *Globe*, shocked at its Ontarian losses, attributes them to the superiority of Conservative organization, and recommends that a leaf be adopted from Tory tactics in these respects. Then comes the Hamilton *Times* to the front, and explains that the Tory method consists in adding a lot of unqualified Tory names to the register. Now, let the faithful put that and that together, and if they don't know what their party expects of them, it's not the fault of their advisers.

### A Police-Court Suggestion.

GRIP sees by the debates in the City Council that the habit of giving credit for fines in the Police Court has prevailed to such an extent that numerous parties have neither paid their fines nor suffered the imprisonment adjudged them in default. There is therefore probably, either about five thousand dollars owing to the Corporation, or about twenty-five years of confinement due to offended justice. Now, clearly, the Police Magistrate is responsible. He should instantaneously fork over the cash or be sent down for the term. The city stands to win. The first would benefit the treasury; the second the Police Court. And let no Blue-Coated Myrmidon come here summoning us for contempt. We didn't write this. Besides, influential political editors just mean to say what they like to these bench-cumberers henceforward. Hear ye that, MAWK-NAWB? If ye dinna like't, gang tell GEORDIE. He'll sort ye.

### Fresh Berries.

BY R. T. CHOKE.

OFFENBACH takes leave of the American public at Gilmore's Garden on Friday next.—*N. Y. Herald*. Judging from the cool reception with which he has been met in the United States he won't come often back.

Mrs. SAMUEL COLT has gone to the Centennial in a special drawing room car.—*N. Y. Herald*. Would'n't a horse car be more appropriate for a colt.

Why are the New York detectives like persons standing on one bank of a certain river in Scotland wanting to go over to the other side? Because they'd like to come across Tweed.

Senator EDMUNDS likes his boots sewed.—*N. Y. Herald*. The coincidence may seem *peg-culiar*, but sewed do we.

Of what kind of tick is the bed of a river made? Aqua-tic.

Why is a young lady who wants to match her stockings like one who is fond of a certain vegetable? Because she likes to *mate hose* (Tomatoes.)

Bats that often make a good "hit" in a circus—Acro-bats.

What is the shape of the atmosphere? The *atmo-sphere* must be round as it's around everywhere. Paragraphers' sphere-ful puns on the above are in order.

JOHNNY.—"Can you tell me, TOMMY, why that little insect is like a certain science taught in a College of Surgeons?"

TOMMY.—"Give it up JOHNNY, why is it?"

JOHNNY.—"Because it's a *Kuat-Tommy* (Anatomy.)"

There's genius for you lying around loose, and yet you'll find persons opposed to Free Schools.

Why is a girl, who wants a policeman to take her aunt into custody, like a young lady who wishes her sweetheart to take her to an oyster saloon?—Because she wants him to go to *arrest-her-aunt* (a restaurant.)

Has the Ontario Premier gone into the market garden business? This is what is published as news from Toronto in Montreal papers:—"HON. OLIVER MOWAT will take a turn up to Muskoka the latter end of August."

### Wanted.

A qualified medical practitioner to cure a large quantity of hams on the homoeopathic principle.

To know at what price a prosperous butcher who has a large stake in the country will sell it?

GRIP perceives that the City Council, shocked at the accusations of corruption, sinks of iniquity, official impurity, and things of that sort, has determined on taking immediate measures for purification, and has to that end ordered the immediate erection of two large baths, at a cost of \$2,000 each. GRIP begs to propose that, on the completion of the first, the Corporation be placed therein, and allowed to remain under water all night. This simple measure might, GRIP thinks, possibly save Toronto from bankruptcy, otherwise more imminent than most people are aware of.