



At the Grand—Emma Abbott and her English Opera Company opened a short but very successful engagement at the above house on Thursday evening. She is an artist of rare ability, and fully sustained her past reputation.

At the Royal—"A Celebrated Case" has returned and held the boards for Thursday and the remainder of the week; the play is well put on, and has been favored with full houses.

At the Gardens—Miss McOutcheon's concert in the Pavilion of the Gardens to-night (Friday), assisted by Mr. Waugh Lauder, should be well patronized.



### Literary Notice.

PICTURESQUE CANADA.—The work on this magnificent undertaking is going steadily on, and so far from any appearance of a falling off in quality, the artistic department improves with every number. The typography was perfect from the commencement. The first five parts are now in course of delivery, and we sincerely

trust the ultimate financial success of the work will be equal to its literary and artistic value, in which case Messrs. Beldon will have nearly at least a million to the good.

### A Letter from the Line.

Toronto, March 23, '82.

MISTHER GRIP,—

Don't you think it's rather a rummy start, the way they're a usin' of that bloomin' hold Hafrican, Cetewayo, down at the Cape? I was readin' the hother day in the papers, where the hold bloke was brought down to see a Pantermine in the Theatyr, yes sir, to see "The Fair One with the Golden Locks." The paper says he was "received with cheers." Captain Roebuck was attendin' on him like a walley-de Sham. The paper says he was seated in a heavy chair with his hat securely fixed upon his head. Well I am blowed! And then Captain Roebuck escorts him to the bar to see the pictures which attracted his attention very much. And the Transformation scene completely dazzled him. Blow me but I'd like to dazzle him. And great sympathy was felt for the "fallen monarch!" Well I'll be —. Now here, Mr. GRIP, I don't want to swear, but hien't it 'ard on us fellers who lost so many comrades a fightin' hof this bloomin' hold savage to see him treated like a hearl or a duke, and fellers like me who fought agen him at Rorke's Drift and hother places, getting as a hachnowledgement of service a hextra pair of trousers. Now, don't you think its an infernal shame? Yours obedient,

JOHN STYLES,  
Late of Her Majesty's Lino.

We are inclined to agree with you, Mr. Styles.  
GRIP.

### The Tale of a Granger.

IN TWO PARTS.

WITH MORAL.

A granger bold, from Etobico,  
Drove into town not long ago.

Perched on high on his load of wheat,  
He slowly meandered down the street.

Meditative did he seem  
As he flipped with whip his lagging team.

Sturdy he seemed, and full of health,  
But he looked not like a man of wealth.

His clothes were old, and of ancient make,  
His hair looked as if combed with a rake.

Yet this granger bold was a solid man,  
And his reflections this way ran:

I have a good and fertile farm,  
A fine brick house and a splendid barn.

For years I've not a dollar sank,  
But yearly put hundreds in the bank.

But notwithstanding this is so,  
Off to the west I think I'll go.

For out there everybody collars  
At least \$100,000.

So, at least, I hear them say,  
I'll go and try it any way.

So he went to a place where they have on view  
Cities of green, and red, and blue.

The prettiest cities that ever were seen,  
Cities of blue, and red, and green.

The "agent" smiled with a smile so bland  
When the granger purchased his lots of land.

Out on the plains the granger stood;  
He looked in vain for his clump of wood.

That the agent told him could be seen:  
Upon his handsome lot of green.

The purling stream where he made a halt  
He found to his horror to be salt!

He lay awake in his tent all night,  
Defending himself from the "bull-dog's" bite.

A blizzard came with main and might,  
And blew his tent clean out of sight.

Then the granger said, in a voice of woe,  
"Would I were back in Etobico."

MORAL.

Beware of land sharks, who abound,  
Selling their Manitoba ground;  
For, instead of pocketing untold gains,  
You'll be left like the granger on the plains.



### SPECIAL SPRING BARGAINS.

(Scene.—York St. entrance to Union Station.)

Orange Woman—Nice sweet oranges here  
Sellin' thim chape—five cints aich; two for tin  
cints or foive for a quarter!

MONTREAL, March 15th, 1882.

DEAR GRIP,—Can you answer me the follow-  
ing simple questions given as the subject for a  
composition to a school girl not long ago:

"What is Man.—Physically, Botanically,  
Historically, Mathematically, Mechanically,  
Intellectually and Metaphysically?"

I remain yours in a fog,  
MAN.

We give it up. We should think that MAN is  
physically a donkey, to put such a question.



### WFELECTIONS OF THE HON. C. BUFFER.

Haw, I see the old pwoject is weviced of con-  
structing the Huron and Ontario Canal. Doctah  
Widdifield and thirty membals of the Local Leg-  
islachah have sent a petition to the Govehna-  
General in Council to that—aw—end. It is  
some weahs ago when the first sevey was made  
—1855 I think, and an old gentleman a—aw—  
Mistah Capweol has been hammewing at ewery  
body evah since to have his pet ideah cawied  
through, but met with but little encourage-  
ment. It—aw—seems to me to be vewy  
stewange that now the mattah should be re-  
vived, especially attah the enlawgement of the  
Welland Canal, and the consequent admission  
to the lower lake of vessels of gweat capacity.  
Hydwalic Lift Locks and all that sort of things  
are not likely to be conducive to the wealfaih of  
a vessel of any gweat dimensions, and the  
"wenh and teah" of such a lengthy canal passage  
as the H. and O. is anothah drawback to the  
—aw—scheme—yaa—though not a mawinah  
I have an ideah that most skippahs of lake  
cwaft would watlah undertake to wun the  
wivers St. Clair and Detroit and Lake Erie,  
than the mowe northeven, dangerous route of  
the Geogian Bay, especially in the fall when  
nothely winds pwevail. Anothah thihg, the  
—aw—M.P.P.'s seem not to considah is, that  
these are the days of wapid twansit, and I  
weally think that a cawgo of gwain could be  
twanshipped at Collingwood and brought to  
Towonto befoah the vessel bound through the  
canal could be got weady to undehtake the  
"ditch." The "Hydwalic Lift Locks" may be.  
excellent affaih no doubt, but I weally think  
they would prove vewy expensive, and—aw—  
lift a gweat many dollahs out of somebody's  
pocket. I have the same ideah wegwading the  
west of the canal—no—on weflection, I cannot  
say that I wegwad the pwoject in a favulable  
light—I don't weally.

### University College woos the Pierian Maid.

The poet-laureate of the Residence, Univer-  
sity College, rejoices in the euphonious *nom de  
plume* of HURON. His poems have an in-  
tensely Tennysonian, super-transcendental,  
theologico-metaphysical cast, which gives them  
their peculiar value in the eyes of the culti-  
vated few who can understand them. Not  
being of that class ourselves we are utterly un-  
able to fathom the depth of this poet's thoughts.  
An enthusiastic admirer of the poet, who is a  
mystic and pretends only to limited vision, says  
that our want of appreciation is owing to a  
lack of inner comprehensiveness, through  
which we are unable to grasp the finite entities  
of infinite incomprehensibility. Here is a pre-  
cious bit of "Huron's" simple language.

"Light of soft moon dreaming downward,  
Gentle spirit of the night,  
Fleeing from the heaven sunward  
Where the dawn will breathe his light."

The morbid curiosity of examiners in chem-  
istry must, even in the days of Doune, have  
made it hot for university students. The line,  
"He is the tyrant pike and we the fry," ex-  
presses more truth than the inscriptions on  
some tombstones.