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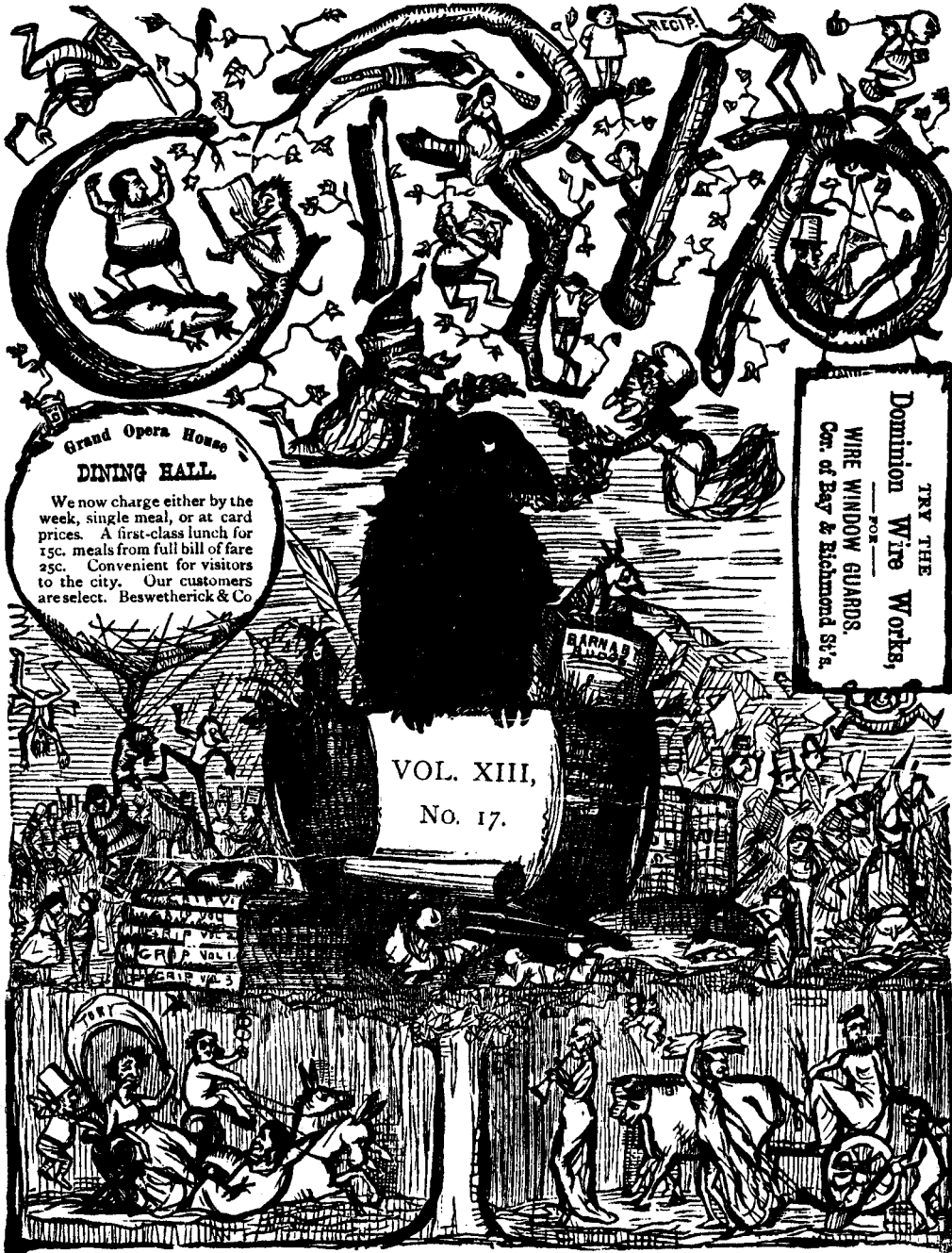
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Literature and Art.

The Royal Academy of Art, Berlin, finding no composition sent in this year worthy of the MEYERBEER prize, declined to award it.

The statue of the late Prince Imperial, now being executed by Mr. BOEM, will be life-size, and will be in the attitude of defence with drawn sword.

The Chinese fashion of complimenting one's friends by inscribing upon their fans a pretty sentiment, is not unknown to American watering-places, whence a reigning belle often carries away devoutly scribbled on her fan as many couplets, original or the reverse, as an Indian chief bears scalp's at his girdle in token of his work achieved.

The daughter of THOMAS COLE is said to inherit a considerable amount of her father's genius as an artist. Her china decorations are spoken of as especially beautiful. COLE's studio in Catskill is just as he left it, his widow refusing admittance to any but friends. An enormous canvas stands upon the easel with a landscape marked upon it, and upon the wall are studies for the well-known series of paintings representing the "Voyage of Life."

Some very interesting wall paintings in the dining-hall of Kingsbridge Hospital, the resting-place of the poorer pilgrims to Canterbury, have just been brought to light. When the white-wash was being cleared off the walls fragments of paintings representing the murder of BECKET were found on the north wall. The huge fireplace which had been built against this was thereupon removed. This laid bare paintings of rare beauty, containing in the central portion a vesica enclosing a life-size picture of our Saviour, seated upon a throne. The emblems of the four Evangelists surrounded the vesica, each enclosed in a circle.

Two remarkable pictures are exhibited this year in the Munich Exhibition. The subject of the one by PICKLEIN is "CHRIST upon the Cross, ministered to by an angel." The conception of the whole is grand. One cannot say that the face of CHRIST possesses that superhuman expression which the old masters were sometimes able to call from the imagery of their imaginations, and faults or exaggerations of drawing are easily noticed. Still, we must confess that the dying look of the Saviour, the angel brooding with outstretched wings and whispering words of comfort, the rays of light bathing the whole in a golden glory, serve to produce a conception of the solemn scene scarcely equalled in modern German art. The other picture of like subject is by ZIMMERMANN, "CHRIST in the Temple." The color in many places is somewhat crude and the figures do not possess the strength of pose or action which a greater master of drawing could have given. The composition, however, is good, and above all the expression of the faces, which in such a work is the chief thing, is wrought out with a power and truthfulness to nature which is very remarkable, especially in so young an artist. The attempted air of superiority and condescension and yet conscious confusion of the one who questions the youthful teacher, the proud yet honest endeavor of another to fathom this discussion, the sneer of a third at the embarrassment of the elders, and, more than all, the humble and respectful look, yet deep understanding, of the child expounder of the law, serve to place this work and PICKLEIN's among the notable German pictures of this present year.

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Stage Whispers.

Miss EVA MILLS, the daughter of Mr. CLARK MILLS, of Washington, intends to become a regular operatic singer, and has made an engagement in English opera for next season.

PATTI, who is always quoted against other singers as an instance of impregnable health, has been touched at last. *Trovatore* had to be substituted for *L'Africaine* by reason of her indisposition.

Miss BATEMAN reappeared in Liverpool a few days ago. She performed in Tom Taylor's *Mary Warner*, and, according to the accounts received, made an impressive success. Her portrayal of blending rage and pathos was "overwhelming."

The unlooked-for death of CHARLES CALVERT suspended negotiations which were pending for the appearance of BESSIE DARLING in London, as *Lady Macbeth*, and she has made a brief visit to America to negotiate for the production of her new play.

ROSE HERSEE, a pleasant soprano who will be remembered as singing with PAREPA ten or twelve years ago at the Lyceum Theatre, is singing with success in Melbourne, Australia, as *Carmen*, and also in *Un Ballo, Faust, Aida, and Lohengrin*. Signor D. VERDI, late of STRAKOSCH's opera company, is also with the Australian troupe.

Dr. VON BULOW, who is now sojourning with his mother and some friends at Bonn, will this winter have an opposition to his opera season at Hanover by the presence of M. RUBINSTEIN at Hamburg. M. RUBINSTEIN goes to the last named town to superintend the performance of his *Nero*, which must, under a penalty of £250, be produced there before November 15.

Mr. MAPLESON has opened a season of cheap opera in London where low prices, early hours and no "stupid restrictions as to costume" prevail. The houses have been crowded nightly. Miss MINNIE HAUCK played *Elsa*, a part in which she has been congratulated by HERR WAGNER and HERR RICHTER. The regular season closed Saturday, July 12th, with Mme. GERSTER in *Dimorah*. The season will extend over three or four weeks.

The Concert given in the Horticultural Gardens on Wednesday night by Poppenburg's Orchestra was attended by a very large and refined audience, who apparently enjoyed the performance exceedingly. Miss REIDY added greatly to her already high popularity with our citizens. There are few better ballad vocalists than she at present before the public. Herr WEIFFENBACH gave us another taste of his marvellous drum playing. The enterprising managers of the Gardens have Mr GRIP's congratulation on scoring another success.

The actresses of the Theatre Francaise—at least such of them as were *societaires*—used at one time to vote with the actors about the reception of new pieces. They had to be disfranchised at length, because they wrote such ungrammatical commentaries on their voting papers. Many of them had no notion of orthography. Some of the illiterate ones, however, were very expert at epigrammatic criticism; thus, one day when a choleric author was reading a tragedy, he perceived that an actress was fast asleep. Bringing down his manuscript with a bang on the table, he abruptly awoke her, and remarked that she could have formed no just opinion of his piece. "Excuse me," she answered dryly, "sleep is an opinion."

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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Clear the Track.

(See Cartoon.)

Something has got to go soon! The through express of Public Opinion is on the down grade with a full head of steam on, and the antiquated old dames of Canadian "Upper Chambers" are crooning on the track. Something has got to go, and Mr. GRIP is decidedly of the opinion that it is not the train. Public Opinion is becoming mature on the question of abolishing the House of Lords idea out of our political system. Cool headed and sagacious men—not fanatical constitution tinkers—are beginning to see the absurdity of burdening the people with these useless appendages. The recent goings on of the Quebec grandmothers has surely ripened public opinion in that Province to the verge of mellowness. For a long time the people of Nova Scotia have longed for the day when their little House of Peers (composed of two dozen respectable old gentlemen) will be numbered amongst the things that were, and there are few thinking people (excepting Senators and their wives), who are not ready and anxious to vote the Dominion Senate out of existence. It is worse than useless, for it is simply a repetition of the House of Commons to partyism, and moreover it costs the people of this overburdened country about one million of dollars per annum. In the meantime the train goes thundering along, and engineer GRIP refuses to whistle down brakes.

Log Her.

Sir.—My name is WHIPPLE, SARAH WHIPPLE, and I live within sight of Lake Simcoe. My husband inherited his farm, a good farm, forty acres in fall-wheat this year, a Berkshire pigs of the best pedigree, from his father. He is a deacon of his church, has been in the Council, and we have one son, HEZEKIAH, just twenty-four. My son is a very good boy, has a class at the Sunday School, and sings in the choir. On Monday week he went up to the Exhibition, and on Thursday we had a message, costing 37 cents, to say that the deacon had better come to Toronto for HEZEKIAH wanted looking after. It was just dreadful, but the deacon

said it was all right, and he would go up and send me a message by telegraph. Sure enough the message came next morning, "all right," and I was comforted. But on Monday, another message came for me from the ROTHESAY'S saying "come up." So I just put on my black silk, caught a train, and was in Toronto by two o'clock. Oh, but the streets were crowded! And who do you think I met on Yonge street? Why, who but HEZEKIAH, with a short clay-pipe in his mouth, shouting "rah for LORNE," and looking perfectly wild. The noise, the confusion, I never shall forget. I took him by the arm. He started when he saw me, and when I asked him what was the matter, he exclaimed madly, "log her!" "My poor boy," I said, "do you want to log your own mother?" and he could say not another word, but he was so much offended that it made his very knees weak and shake, so that he could hardly walk. I took him to the hotel and put him to lie down, and then went to look for WHIPPLE, and walked to the ROTHESAY'S who telegraphed for me. But I found him before I reached there, and found him making a speech in the open air, to three persons not very respectable looking and a female who was selling apples. I saw that he was not himself at all, and thought that his loyalty and enthusiasm had, perhaps, proved too much for him, but to my surprise, when I went up to him and drew him away, and asked him what it all meant, he simply said, "log her," and looked, oh, so foolish! You'll not log me, I said, and took him to the hotel, and when there, would you believe it, he was so bewildered that he picked up a ten-penny nail lying on the mantle piece, put one end in his mouth and tried to light the other, as profane people do with a cigar! And do you know, at first, I thought he was tipsy! The idea! Poor old man. After a refreshing sleep WHIPPLE was better, but HEZEKIAH was not himself for several days, and it appears from what HEZEKIAH says, which is partly corroborated by WHIPPLE, that there are wicked people in Toronto who induce persons, under various pretences, to drink a very dangerous and deleterious compound, known by the slang name of "log her," and even so small a quantity will, like opium, cause mental derangement to those not accustomed to its use. Both HEZEKIAH and WHIPPLE assure me they drank only about one tea-cup full, but I wish you to caution all persons against its use. It is an awful thing, and I am sure ought to be put down by the police.

Yours, etc.,
SARAH WHIPPLE.

P.S.—I lost my watch, HEZEKIAH lost his satchel and everything he had, and WHIPPLE came home without a single thing but the clothes he wore. I don't approve of Exhibitions.

The Quebec Imbroglia.

GRIP heard with astonishment, mingled with indignation, slightly qualified by contempt, adulterated with suspicion, but tinged with expectation, of the dead-lock instituted by his brother statesmen at Quebec. He immediately went there by the new patent telephone, and in three and a half minutes (Observatory time)—found himself sitting opposite a grave and reverend seigneur—one who used to be before commutation of the old French Canadian, True-dieu, High Tory, Ancien-regime, Church and State, Grab-all-you-can-and-pay-nothing school—(highly respectable school, too, and very profitable to the pupils).

This seigneur—(he's now a Legislative Councillor)—manifested no surprise at seeing

Mr. GRIP suddenly seated opposite. Even a Legislative Councillor knows that Mr. G. is omnipresent. So he said merely, there being various potent liquors in gorgeous receptacles on the intervening table, "Bon jour! Vat vill you ave *your boire*?"

"Nothing," said Mr. G. "What the—but I never swear—I mean, what have you Legislative people been hampering legislation for?"

"Monsieur GRIP," said the L. C., (ex. S.) calmly quaffing off a stimulating beverage, "*cette piece n'est donc pas de votre gout?*—in fact, zat is, you not like it?"

Mr. GRIP considered. It would not do to annoy him—contrary to the rules and the art of interviewing—when you mean to pump him. So he said smoothly, "*Je ne dis pas cela, monseigneur, je la trouve excellent, quoi-qu'un peu au-dessous de vos autres ouvrages.* In plain Saxon: You have dope better. Why retrograde? Why not advance?"

But it was not so smoothly received. The seigneur was in a not to-be-mollified mood. He started up, a ten-pound weight silver flagon in his hand, fury in his eye. But GRIP looking straight in the last, the seigneur laid down the first, and spoke.

"Monsieur GRIP," he spluttered, "*N'en parlons plus, mon enfant. Vous etes encore trop jeune pour demeler le vrai du faux.* I mean, zat is, vous teach ze grandmothaire to suck ze egg. *Apprenez que je n'ai jamais*—zat is, I did not never—we did not never—do anything bettair zan zat you choose to be displeas vid—*que celle qui n'a pas votre approbation. Graces au ciel, by ze help of Providence, yet we shall do zat to which zis is not a circumstance. Zey shall not have ze supply—nevaire—nevaire—nevaire. JOLY shall resign—he shall no more appear on ze legislative scene—he is feenish—done—dissolve in fragment—abolish. Ze infame JOLY shall be decapitate as le miserable LETELLIER. Ze Marquis was compel to do it. What he care for zat long paper of your constitutional PRINCES, who is one cochon, and I spit at him! Ze Marquis do as Sir JOHN tell him: Sir JOHN do as his French supporters tell him, or his usefulness depart, he is decapitate at once. Mais, it shall be one ancien regime again—un Family Compact de Bus Canada. Railway, bank, funds publique, harbour, all shall be control of ourself. JOLY shall go out—his infame majority shall not be return—a new sun of prosperity shall arrive on ze horizon; power, fortune, rank, glory, shall smile on ze resuscitate Canada—Canada for ze Canadians, zat is ze Bleus. Adieu, mon sieur GRIP, je vout souhaite toutes sortes de prosperites.*" And as the L. C. was now throwing everything he could get hold of about the room, by way of slight emphasis, and the windows were nearly all broken, GRIP left.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman 'corned!"
—Shakespeare.

Motto for a rich distiller: "With all thy faults I love thee, still."

The first sculler must have been HERO. He probably used the Styx to paddle with.

What is the difference between the game of whist and that of Canadian political life? In the former odd tricks are often won by honours, while in the latter honours are often won by odd tricks.

Motto for the Water-Works improvers—While the tunnel's planned the people die and those who don't are probably liable to cutaneous eruptions for years afterwards, as the various small serpents and minute rhinoceroses they have swallowed work their way to the surface.



So Very Much Alike.

A friendly game of Euchre at Hughenden, between the two great statesmen of modern times.

SIR JOHN (log).—I wonder where all the bowers are?

EARL DIZZY.—Don't know, I'm sure. I have only three in my boot.

SIR JOHN.—And I have just one up my sleeve!

They've made HARRY PIPER Inspector of Weights and Measures. But he had to wait a long time for this measure of relief.

The illuminations were fearfully suggestive of the future state. At every house you saw a burning fiery L, and some houses had two of them.

When a day passes in New York without some one being clubbed to death, they hoist the flag on the City Hall at half-mast, mourning for the degeneracy of the age.

Being asked by a friend if the PRINCESS had been staying at the "Queen's" while in the city, our funny contributor answered No, that she had stayed at the Queen's till she married, and had then set up for herself.

Why is it that the MARQUIS puts up so graciously with any little inconveniences of travel? Can't be otherwise; part of his office. He's a Governor-general; if he made any fuss he'd only be a Governor-particular—a much inferior position.



A Sketch on the Fair Grounds.

MR. GRONTER.—It don't amount to much yet. Wait till next week, when the live stock is showed. I'm waitin' over just to see the hog.

MR. FLEECE.—And I feel particularly anxious to see the sheep!



The Hamilton Reception.

How is it that so few of our Canadian cities can set about preparing a reception for the vice-regal party without having a great and discreditable row about it? Here in Toronto we had an unseemly squabble over the reception tickets, and another over the ball as between Citizens and Scotties. There in Hamilton the welkin has been made to ring with the shouts of parties divided upon the question as to the house the Governor and Princess shall dwell in during their stay. Mr. SANFORD, a good and wealthy citizen, owns a handsome residence which he is very willing to lend to the visitors *pro tem.*, but Mr. SANFORD is a Grit. Mr. SOMEBODY ELSE owns a handsome house called Dundurn, which he is anxious to have honored with royalty, but Mr. SOMEBODY ELSE is a Tory. It is needless to say that herein are the elements of a first rate ruction, and Hamilton has been getting the benefit of it for a week past. Dundurn has been finally selected, through (it is alleged) some underhand correspondence of the Mayor with Major DEWINTON, and SANFORD's place has been rejected, although recommended by the Citizens' Committee, of which the Mayor was chairman. We take a note of these facts just to let the outside world see what a queer lot the Canadian people are. The Marquis of LORNE may be congratulated that this Hamilton squabble is settled, however; otherwise his reception at the station there might have been as demonstrative as is represented in the above little sketch.

The Ticket Sellers.

Mr. GRIP was going down the street, meditating by the way, as is his way when he feels that way. And before he was aware, in a lonely place there rushed out on him five persons, holding square pasteboards in their hands, and one said:

"Cleveland! Well-known and popular!"
"I believe I am both, sir," said GRIP, bowing politely. "Do you wish anything of me?"

Then that man was shoved aside by the second, who waved nineteen little square pasteboards, and remarked: "Here you are! Columbus and Cincinnati!"

"No, sir," said Mr. GRIP, rather puzzled, "I am not that great discoverer, who has been dead, I regret to say, for some time. Nor am I aware of the connection between him and the ancient Roman family you mention, whose great founder, unlike our modern politicians—"

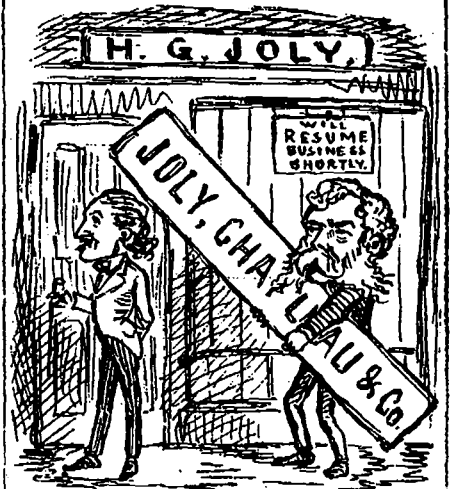
But the third person thrust the first and second right and left, and declared:

"You will arrive at Port Huron to-morrow morning, in season to enjoy a delightful ride through the cool and invigorating atmosphere of the great lakes!"

"I was not aware of it," said GRIP, "but am much obliged to you. Have you the second sight, or do you foretell the future by the Pythonian mode?"

Then the five stared, and broke out into a shout together, and all vociferated, "Minnie Soter! Burlington! Quincy! Maintwoc-Sheboygan!"

But Mr. GRIP, who was not acquainted with the parties they spoke of, and did not understand Indian, walked into a garden, shut the gate, and bolted it.



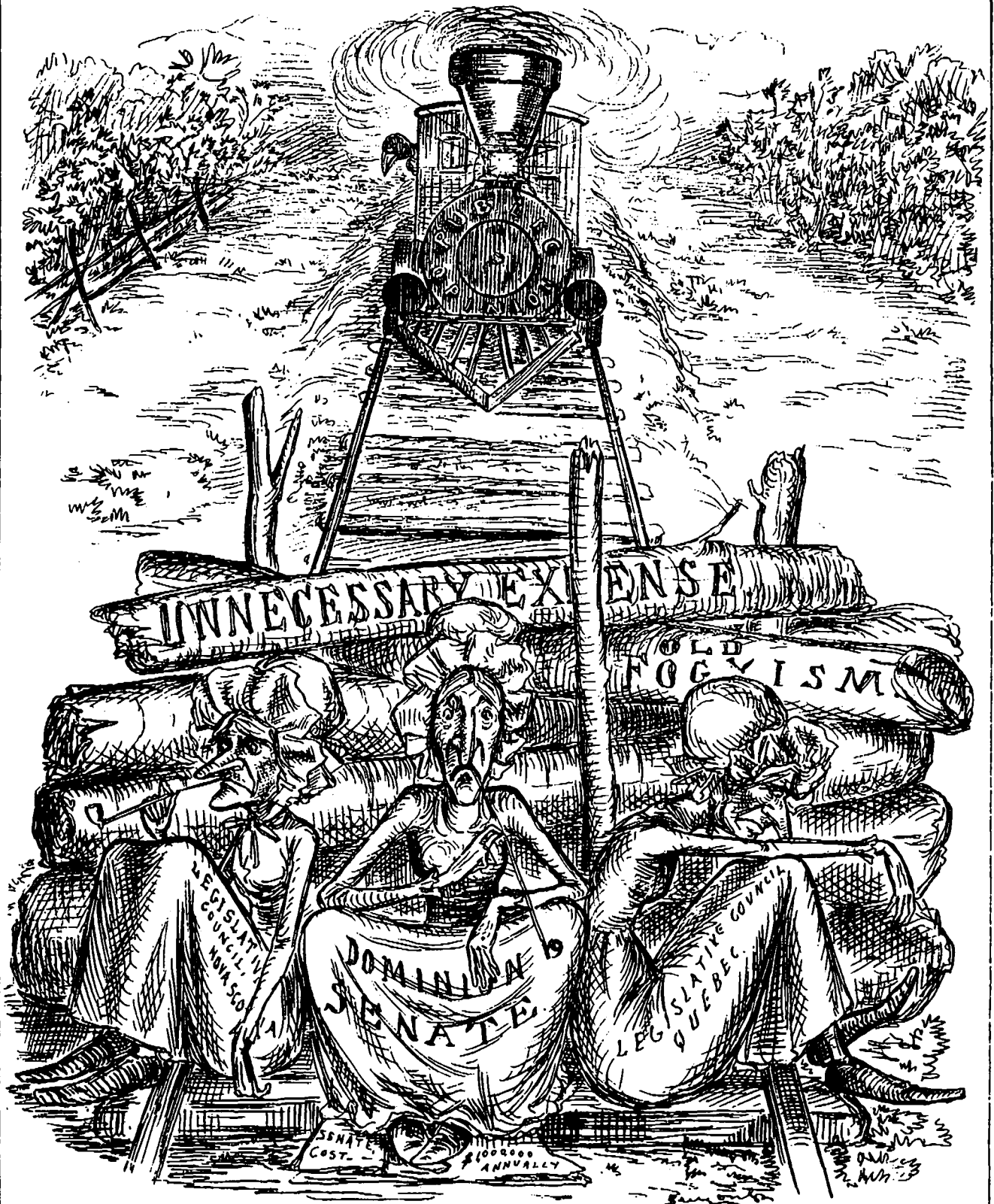
The Coming Coalition.

The old lady of the Quebec Legislative Council made that honest tradesman, JOLY, shut up shop rather suddenly a few days ago, but these are indications that the shutters are to be removed again before long. By the good pleasure of the old lady aforesaid, a placard has been nailed up announcing this news. This favour is granted only on the condition that Mr. JOLY will take in a partner, in the person of Mr. CHAPLEAU, a dapper young swell who, although he may not prove too capable or honest behind the counter, will be certain to attract the custom of all young ladies who have an eye for manly beauty.



That Sculling Match.

MR. TRAINER GRIP—Now then, COURTNEY, stir your stumps. What's all this delay about? Our boy's ready this long time.



THEIR USEFULNESS BEING GONE, THESE SECOND CHAMBER OLD LADIES WILL HAVE TO

CLEAR THE TRACK!!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

In at the death—a bullet.—*Ottawa Republican*.

Time out of mind—forgotten dates.—*Balt. Every Saturday*.

As the switch is bent the youth inclines.—*Rockland Courier*.

There is always a great deal of Pomp about a colored waiter.—*N. Y. Star*.

A goose is an inoffensive fowl, and yet everybody gets down on her.—*Ottawa Rep.*

There are lots of fellows who follow the journalistic profession, but very few who lead it.—*Waterloo Observer*.

Little things are often important. What would a forty-cent cigar amount to if you had no match.—*N. Y. Star*.

The switch will bring a small boy to repentance, but it works miracles for a bald-headed girl.—*Oswego Record*.

"Half a loaf is better than none," as the corner-loafer said to the policeman when told to move on.—*Wheeling Leader*.

There is a firm in Utica does business on such rigid principles that its accounts are cast at one of our foundries.—*Utica Observer*.

Barring dried apples in soak, there is nothing in the world that can swell out like a woman in a crowded street car.—*Philadelphia Item*.

In writing for the press, if you can't put fire into your writings, you would better put your writings into the fire.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

Positively last conundrum of the season What forest tree should be a good bass singer? Why, the one that produces chest-notes, to be sure.—*Lockport Union*.

An Indiana medical student wears a pair of shoes made of human skin. How aptly does HAMLET exclaim, "To what base shoes we may return!"—*Boston Transcript*.

The man who says, "and don't you forget it," a great many times in his conversation, hasn't a great many things in his head to remember.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A poor but high-spirited woman in Chicago pounds on an old rag on the kitchen table to make the neighbors believe she has beef-steak for breakfast.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

An English paper urges Americans to put General BUTLER in charge of Memphis. We are at the opinion that one plague at a time is all suffering Memphis can stand.—*Owego Times*.

A man in Brooklyn has been arrested for doctoring milk. This seems unnecessarily harsh treatment. If the milk needed doctoring, why shouldn't it be doctored?—*Boston Transcript*.

"Who does the vast amount of money required to pay the interest on these bonds come out of?" shrieks a "soft money" contemporary. Man alive, don't yell so. It comes out of us, and we are perfectly willing you should tell your readers of the fact. We don't mind it.—*Rockland Courier*.

A Western subscriber, who owes us for the Times, writes: "I know Iowa debt. Utah care and Nebraska second time for it, for I Kan-sas back and as Illinois as you can."—*Whitehall Times*.

A lame boy may not be able to climb a greased pole as well as an athletic school boy, but if you wish an errand done quickly you'd better send the boy that has to walk with crutches.—*N. Y. Express*.

They have just discovered a kaolin mine in Connecticut. We don't know what kaolin is exactly, but it is a nice word and we consequently beg leave to extend our congratulations.—*Syracuse Herald*.

A blind man at Muscatine, Iowa, refuses to go to bed without a lamp, and he insists on having a dim light in the room while he sleeps. Deaf men should demand front seats at a lecture.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Don't be an editor," is the heading of a paragraph going the rounds of the press, and a number of men round various newspaper offices are following the advice with indefatigable energy.—*Rochester Express*.

He promised to cleave to her; and when they went to the theatre and he came back between acts with a piece of cork in his whiskers, she knew from the fragrance he exhaled that he had clove.—*St. Louis Spirit*.

A Michigan tramp who has been shot at five times by farmers' wives says he has only to watch the end of the gun to avoid the contents, as a woman always shuts both eyes when she pulls the trigger.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The pew which W. H. SEWARD used to occupy at Auburn has been made into a cupboard and is owned by a citizen of that town.—*Exc.* The plate is still passed up and down in it, for the sake of auld lang syne.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

We know a girl who will wrestle with a croquet mallet in the hot sun for hours and not complain. But just ask her to hold on to the wooden end of a broom for a few minutes and she'll have a fit.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

"What," enquires a writer on architecture, "is wrong in the construction of our cellars?" We know. It's the many hidden recesses which they contain, in which the women folks conceal the cake jars on hungry Sundays.—*Rockland Courier*.

Two Meriden men are in trouble over the ownership of a ladder, and are taking steps for a lawsuit. The result of this will be that one lawyer will get the sides and the other lawyer will get the rounds, leaving the holes to the litigants.—*Danbury News*.

It is boldly asserted by a Cincinnati paper that several Western colleges will confer an LL.D. on a man for the sum of \$50. This may be true, but why anyone should consider such a title worth more than five dollars passes all understanding.—*Detroit Free Press*.

He had an auburn-haired girl and promised to take her out riding. She met him at the door when he drove up, and he exclaimed, "Hello! Ready?" She misunderstood him and they don't speak now. Thus slang makes another slap at love's young dream.—*Phila. Sunday Item*.

SIMPSON took refuge in a bar-room during a severe storm, and while there took "a leetle sunthin' for his stomach's ake." Upon his finding fault with the quality of the wine, the bar-keeper surlily remarked that he ought to be satisfied with "any Port in a storm."—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

Boggs is a very careful man. When a bystander asked if a cross-eyed urchin standing near was his son, he replied: "Well, I have a sort of proprietary half interest in him."—*Lockport Union*.

A belated husband, hunting in the dark for a match with which to light the gas, and audibly expressing his disappointment, was rendered insane in an instant by his wife suggesting in a sleepy voice, that he had better light one and look for them, and not go stumbling around in the dark breaking things.—*Newark Call*.

Says JOAQUIN MILLER, writing of the river Thames: "By the side of this great commercial artery of the earth broods London—broods, and broods, and broods." He might have added with equal force that it broods, and broods, and broods, and broods, and broods, and broods, and broods, and broods.—*Rockland Courier*.

A young gentleman from St. Louis was walking along the shore at Lake Michigan with a Chicago girl when he saw on the sand what he supposed to be a devil-fish, with its long tentacles spread out upon the submerged soil of Illinois. He was awakened from his dream by the young lady, who said, "I have just dropped my glove."—*N. Y. Herald*.

The English language is a great, a wonderful language; but among all its ramifications of adjectives, nouns, interjections, and exclamations, there are none which will adequately express the surprise and astonishment of the man who rushes up stairs in the dark, and, when he gets to the top raises his foot for the next stair and finds it non est.—*Hackensack Republican*.

A bee flew out in the sunny air

By a boy so blithe and young,
Who laughed and screamed without a care
And would not hold his tongue.

The scene it changed; with sob and shriek
The vault of heaven rung:
And homeward flew the bee so meek
While the small boy held his stung.
—*Marathon Independent*.

To tell the truth, we are surprized that the women folks show the amount of common sense they do. Young man, supposing you were told, say twenty times a day, how bright your eyes are, what magnificent tresses are yours, how enchanting your society is, how nicest, sweetest, best you are; how long, think you, before you would develop into the assist kind of a jackass—always provided you were not one at the start?—*Boston Transcript*.

This paragraph was sent in by a supposedly demented person. We print it hoping that a presentation of his case in black and white may bring him to a realizing sense of his deplorable condition. A brass band in Natick, Mass., advertise for a player—"one who can work on shoes preferred." How sole-inspiring the strains of this band must be! How I sho'd like to hear them peg away at "The last rose of summer," while the leader says, "Aw! waltz!" Hide like to be there, wooden shoe?—*Boston Transcript*.

Let poets divoine in their sintimints foine
Their tributes to beauty indoite,
Let them prate av the oyes that are blue as
the skies

Or as black as the pinions av noight,
Let them sing all the day to the brown and
the grey,

To the oye that is sparkled with jew,
But the purtiest oye to the wild Orish 'y
Is the oye that is both blaek an' blue.

—*Yonkers Gazette*.

The Citizens' Ball.

BY OUR IMPECUNIOUS SWELL.

"You're out of the world, if you out of the fashion,"
Is a very old saying, but not over wise;
So I made up my mind, tho' perhaps I was rash in
Determin'ing to give my dress clothes a surprise,
To invest in a ticket (good-bye seven dollars!)
I drew on my bank from my balance so small,
Bought gloves, a white tie, and the stiffest of collars,
And "got myself up" for the Citizens' Ball.

I arrived rather late, as becomes a patrician,
To be a first-comer subjects one to scorn,
It's only the people of common condition
Who are anxious to see the fair Princess or LORNE.
You must put on a style of cold *nil admirari*,
And into a state of frigidity fall,
You're then *comme il faut* tho' of reds you have nary,
It's the way to come out at a Citizens' Ball.

I looked round the room to see who was present,
What men to approach, and the ones to avoid,
When in my face gazed, with expression unpleasant
My unfortunate tailor, there close to my side,
Of course I ignored him, and changed my location,
It was not *my* fault that I owed for my suits,
While arguing thus, to my great consternation,
I encountered the man whom I owed for my boots!

And all the night through did these horrible creditors,
Appear in my path, when with lady on arm,
I talked the soft nonsense of "Ladies' Book" editors,
(The damsel's papa owns a very large farm).
With "tradesmen" on brain I grew quite incoherent,
And the language I used did my fair one appal,
Disgusted, the lady soon "off on her ear" went,
And cut me quite dead for the rest of the Ball!

On the moral of this my short tale try and ponder,
Avoid all society, especially "mixed,"
Be sure who'll be there while idly you wander
Among the gay throng, except you're "well fixed."
Keep out of all company, live with frugality,
Give up your Club, cigars, claret, and all,
Or you'll find in your pleasures but little reality,
Take warning by me at the Citizens' Ball.

Tierney Again.

Me Darlint GRIP, —

Did yez think I was losht this long toime
back, because I didn't sind yez anny leither
since me lasht? Sure, yez wor desayved to
think so. I am aloive an' in the enjymint
av gud health, an' me family is as loively as
crickets, an' rejoicin' in a dose av the whoo-
pin' cough ivery wan av thim. An' its the
blissid toime me an' NORAH has been puttin'
in wid the pack av thim! Sure, Mистер
GRIP, yez'll niver know fwbat throe domes-
tic happiness consists av, till yez becomes the
head av a house wid seven shmall childer
whoopin' coughin' at yez all day an' all
noight! Sorra a bit of shleep do I be gettin'
these noights at all wid the uproar av the
young wans—poor little crathers. I was
afearid maybe I was goin' to take a taste av
the complain mesilf, but I am now av opinion
that I am out of danger. Yez have h'ard the
sayin', "An ounce av prevention is wurth a
pound av cure." Sure that's what I believe.
An' be manes of takin' an ounce of gud
fwhiskey ivery wanst in a fwwhile, I have
saved mesilf from many a pound av docthor's
midicine.

Since I shtopped writin' for your illigant
pages, I have been takin a sort av vacation.
I gev up radin' the papers, be the advice av
me midical adviser, who towld me polittics
didnt agree wid me constitution, an' the
iverlashtin' repetition av the word "PHIPPS"
an' "N.P.," wud be apt to derange me
moind av I kept on. I felt it my juty to go
to the say-side for a period av rest and re-
laxation. There I had an illigant toime,
wid a crowd av clargymen, lawyers, young
boardin' school girls, and manny other poor
mortals whose physical frames had been run
down wid the pressure av hard work, an'
needed recuperation. Av coorse it cost me
quite a penny, all this fashionable say-side
resortin'. What wid the hops they do be
havin', an' the parties, an' picnics, an' wine,
an' cigars, an' all the resht av it, yez may
be sure it is thryin' on the capacity av a man's

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purse. I may shtate confidentially that
fwhin I rached home, I hadn't a ha'porth
left. (Proivate note to me frind the publish-
er.—I expict to be able to let yez have
that amount I owe yez durin' the coorse av
the winther, av the toimes get bether. I'm
rale sorry Sir JOHN'S Policy hasn't worked
bether nor this, or I might have paid yez
long ago.)

In the mean toime, as yez may begin to
suspect from this, I an out av work. I
wud be entoirolely obleeged to anny wan that
cud tell me fwwhere I moight get a dacent
job, for its moighty willin' I am to go at it.
But whisper, I amn't in a sweat to take
howld right away at wanst. What wid
walkin' around to see the illuminations, an'
bein' in attinduce at the Exhibition, an'
doin' fwwhat a poor private citizen can to
wards makin' it plisint for the Royal visitors
be follin' thim around an' luckin' at thim
whinever they droive out, I manage to keep
mesilf busy enough these days, Indade, I
must confess that its a rare ould toim I've
been puttin' in av late, barrin' the shlight
accident that happened to me the other noight
at the Government House. Up to the prisint
I have suppressed the facts av the case, but
as you are an owld frind, Mистер GRIP, and
won't let on, I'll jist tell you about it.

Bein' a lyle citizen, I tuck the frst oppor-
tunity av payin' me respects to the PRINCESS
an' the Governor-General, at the reception.
I borreyed a swally-tail coat an' plug-hat
from wan av me neighbors whose name be-
gins wid a lether belongin' to the furst
night, an' av coorse, me own, bein' a T., I
wint on the second night. Fwhin I wint in
I found a large assortmint av swells, male
and female, an' the sight av so manny starch-
ed-fronts an' fwwhite ties so bewildered me
that I harly knew mesilf for a moment.
Thin a gintleman wid soldier's clothes on an'
a sword kem up an' sez he, "I'll take yer
hat, sir." This brought me to me senses, an'
I tuck it off me head in quick toime an' hand-
ed it to him. "It isn't me own," sez I, "be
careful how yez handle it." Thin sez he,
"Have yez yer card?" "I have," sez I, an'
handed him wan wid me name on. "Fwwhat
do I do now?" I axed. "Yez have only to
go an' bow to the Governor-General," sez he,
"and thin yez can go home."

Wid that yez marched up to the Governor
and made a bow av the rale ould fashioned
sort. "How are yez, me lordship," sez I,
"and how's all the family?" He niver
shpoke, but drew himsilf up in a conceited
manner. "Av ye plaze, I wud loike to make
me bow to the Royal Princess nixt; wud
yez plaze to pint out fwwhich wan it is?" Wid
that the proud nobleman tuck hould av me
by the ear and walked me out to the dure,
an' gave me a gud shtart down the shleps.
Av coorse I was so astonished I cudn't think
for a moment, an' fwhin I kem too, I found
MIKE MURPHY, the hackman, bendin' over
me.

"What have yez been doin' to offend
Major DEWINTON?" sez MIKE. "Major
DEWINTON?" sez I, "I don't know the gin-
tleman." "Him that shelped yez out av
the house," sez MIKE. "Shure, wasn't that
Mистер LORNE I was shpakin' to?" sez I.
"Not at all," sez MIKE, wid a bit av a laugh,
"the MARQUIS is only a small man alongside
av him. I tell yez that was the celebrated
Major DEWINTON." "Well," sez I, gath-
erin' mesilf together an' brushin' the dust aff
me neighbor's swally-tail coat, "I kem here
to have mesilf honored, and I flatter mesilf
it isn't iveryone that could get kicked out by
his lordship, Major DEWINTON." Wid that
I wint home.

TERRY TIERNEY.



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A brain well stored with solid learning 's there.
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Mem. for aspiring individuals—Be virtuous
and you'll—have your picture in GRIP.

A young lady who is boss of a sewing
machine should be named **HEMMER**—Jest
sew!

A man who was butted by a negro, said he
never realized the full force of the expres-
sion, "the solid South" until that moment.

The English Cricketers must have a poor
opinion of American Cricketers generally,
when they bring out an eleven, captained by
a **DAFT** individual.

A correspondent suggests that the City
Council when they are about it should em-
ploy the **Glass Hen** at the Exhibition, to
hatch out a feasible scheme for improving
the **Water Works**.

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