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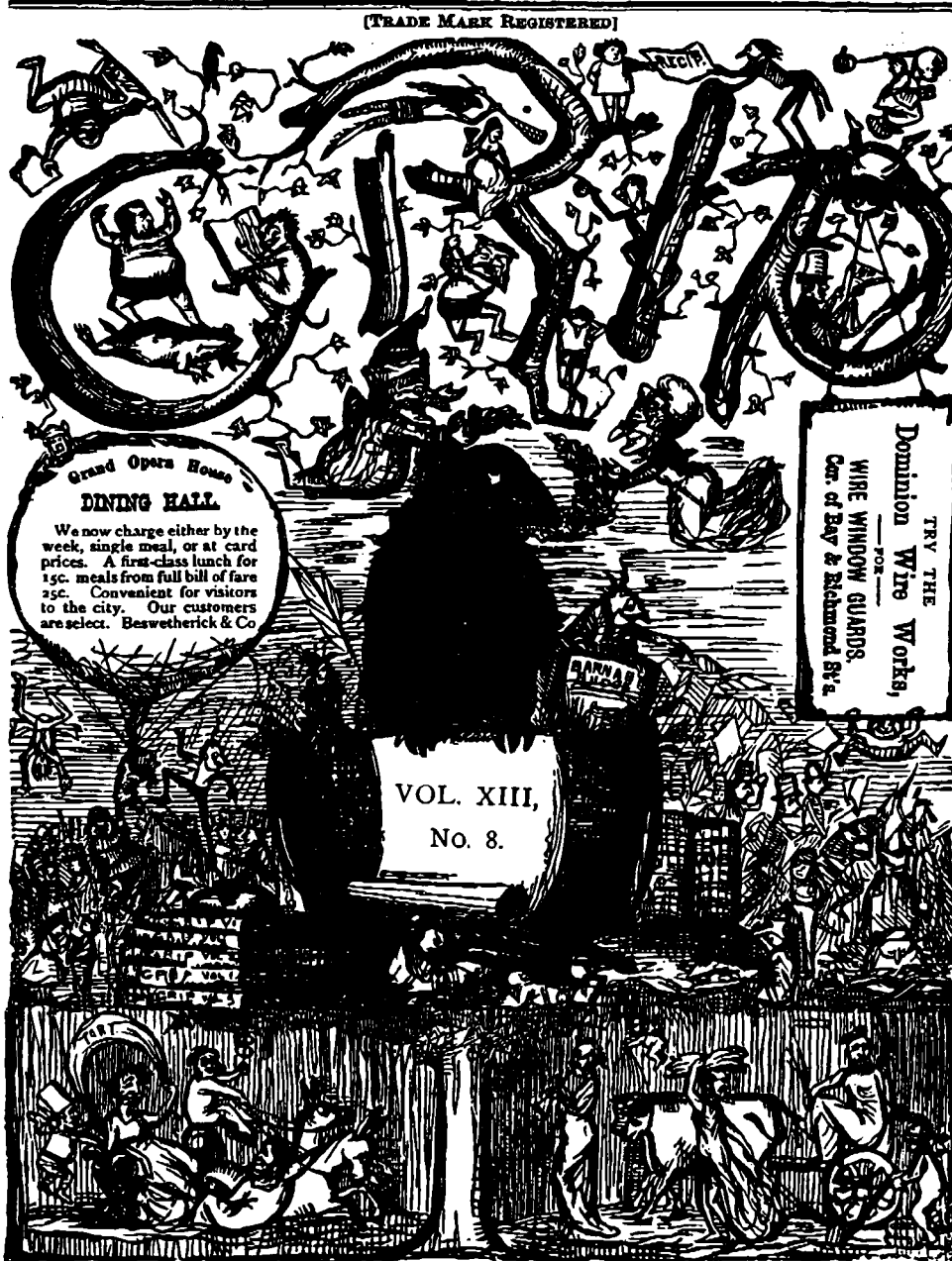
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Another edition of "GRIP" of June 21st, containing this cartoon, is now ready.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879.

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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday. — Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

CHARLES DICKENS' last letter has been presented to the British Museum.

The library founded by VICTOR EMANUEL at Rome now contains 400,000 volumes.

LOWELL, LONGFELLOW and EMERSON have all been twice married, and the wives of the first and last are still living.

Miss OLIVER RISLEY SEWARD, the adopted daughter of the late Secretary SEWARD, is reported to be writing a book.

The original MS of CHARLES DICKENS' "Mutual Friend" is now in the possession of GEO. W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia.

The poet SWINBURNE is now devoting his time very largely to the study of the Elizabethan and Shakespearean literature.

Miss MARY E. BRADDON is reported by a London correspondent to be a firm believer in the truth of spiritualism and all its phenomena.

WHITTIER, the poet, has never married, it is said, on account of an early attachment, unreturned, to a lady now the wife of a New York literateur.

Miss HOGARTH is to edit and publish a volume of the letters of Dickens, which, it is said, will exhibit him in a better light than FORSTER'S life.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt has brought over to London a collection of works in sculpture and painting executed by her, and has taken a room in Piccadilly in which they will be exhibited to the public.

An English writer notes the fact—for he declares it to be a fact—that literary women are much more domestic in this country than in Great Britain, where, he asserts, they seldom make good wives or devoted mothers.

A Mr. CAREY, of Boston has devised a camera into the construction of which a bar of selenium enters, called a teleelectroscope. It will receive the image of a sitter in New York, and produce the photographic impression at San Francisco or New Orleans.

The reason assigned for the non-appearance of any more of the wonderful novels of AUGUSTA EVANS (WILSON) is that she has exhausted the contents of all the encyclopedias. The extraordinary verbiage and fustian of her stories seem like burlesques of bombastic writing.

From reading GEORGE ELIOT'S *Romola* one would think she had lived years in Florence, so exactly is its very atmosphere reproduced. But she made her studies at home, and went to the Tuscan capital, and staid only two months in order to justify her researches and get the necessary local coloring.

LOWELL'S literary portraiture of Irene, universally admired, and thought to be purely ideal, is said to have been drawn from his first wife (*nee* MARIA WHITE), who published a volume of tender and charming poems, and who was one of the loveliest and sweetest of women. She died nearly thirty-six years ago, aged thirty-two.

When MACAULAY, the historian, is mentioned, everybody supposes that THOMAS BABINGTON is meant. But there is another noted historian of the same name, a woman, CATHERINE MACAULAY, who preceded the better-known author, and who also wrote a History of England, from the accession of James I. to the elevation of the House of Hanover. She was an enthusiastic republican, and an ardent admirer of WASHINGTON, with whom she corresponded, and whom she visited in this country in 1785.

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Stage Whispers.

The late Mrs. HOWARD PAUL was completing arrangements for a long professional tour at the time of her death.

A French paper announces that M. EDWIN BOOTH, the distinguished American tenor, has been shot in Chicago by M. GRAY.

London papers announce that Mr. CHRIZOLA has engaged Mine. CARLOTTA PATTI for a tour in America after her Australian season.

Miss ANNA LOUISA CARY, after singing at one or two college commencements, will rest during the summer, taking part in no concerts.

Mr. JAMES E. MURDOCH, it is said, will again appear upon the stage in the autumn, giving performances in the principal cities of the country.

FRANK MAYO has made his appearance upon the English stage, acting at Liverpool in *David Crockett*. He is said to have won instant success.

M. FAURE declines to make an engagement to sing in the Grand Opera, Paris, unless he is decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

The chorus for STRAKOSCH'S Italian Opera Company in San Francisco, presented Signor di NOVELLI a \$200 chain and gold quartz locket.

After a realistic we are to have a scientific or mathematical drama. In the French play *Le Reve d'un Bachelier* the curtain falls on the formula $x \div y \div z - w = a$.

In the *New Dundreary* that has been written for Mr. SOTHEIRN, some very funny effects are wrought out by giving Brother SAM and Lord DUNDREARY an opportunity to play their own version of *Hamlet*.

The Kentucky delegation in congress sent a handsome basket of flowers to Miss MARY ANDERSON when she appeared upon the stage at Washington. In the centre of it was the work "Kentucky" in violets.

The next dramatic season at the Boston Museum will be inaugurated with a new five act play by Mr. GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE, in which a novel and startling mechanical effect will be introduced. The name of the play is not given. Mrs. ROWE (Miss KATE GIRARD) is suing for a divorce.

L'Assommoir has been adapted by CHARLES READE for the English stage under the title of *Drink*. The following conversation is said to have taken place in the gallery of the theatre during the performance:

First god: "I tell yer the play's by *Never Too Late to Mend READE*." Second: "And I say t'aint." First god: "Who is the hauther, then?" Second god: "It's a hadapation. Didn't yer see the playbills—'Drink, adapted from the French of 'Ave Some More.'"

D. W. REEVES, a Providence musician, proposes to bring out the opera of *Pinafore* in that city by placing a full-rigged ship in the middle of a lake and having Sir JOSEPH and his female relatives approach the vessel in a barge, where they will be received with the customary honors. Having communicated his plans to the composer of the opera Mr. REEVES has received the approbation of Mr. SULLIVAN, who says: "Your idea with reference to fitting up the ship complete on the lake is a very ingenious and very original one."



THE QUEBEC PROGRAMME.

PROF. JOHN A.—Ladies and Gentlemen, I will now proceed to—ah—er—um—cut off this person's head, or else—er—er—swallow this sword,—I don't know which!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Tan-bark—A terrier's yelp.—*Steubenville Herald.*

A pen may be driven, but a pencil does best when it is lead.—*Boston Transcript.*

The mosquito, like the rest of the nabobs, will soon make his hum by the sea.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Jockeys must all have some throat affection, for they always talk horse.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

The *New Haven Register* thinks the Northwest passage contains too much ice to the amount of water.

In selecting a barber, remember that a fullness under the eyes denotes language.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

An hour is soon passed; in fact it goes "like sixty," and so let it be recorded on the minutes.—*N. Y. News.*

It is a notable fact that the man who eats the smallest meal will invariably take the most toothpicks.—*N. Y. Star.*

"You follow the legal profession, I believe, sir?" Lawyer POMPU: "No, sir—I lead it."—*Boston Advertiser.*

If you wish to make the weather cooler, just say "Ph-e-e-w!" every time you meet a friend. It is an old and well tried recipe.—*Et.*

One swallow doesn't make a summer; but let us see, how many freckles do the young ladies consider the maximum for the season?—*Et.*

No matter how great a philosopher a man may be, he can never withstand the temptation to kick an empty tomato can.—*Uncle Sam.*

ELI PERKINS is in the Indian country. The savages would have "raised" his hair but they knew it was false.—*New Haven Register.*

A poor apology is about as unsatisfactory to the average human being as a ten-cent plate of limber ice-cream.—*Hackensack Republican.*

The happiest moment in a boy's life is when he can smoke cigarettes in the presence of his parents without endangering his life.—*Exchange.*

Etiquette says a call should not be less than fifteen minutes in length.—*N. O. Picayune.* This rule does not apply to newspaper offices.—*Boston Post.*

An up-country church society offers a reward for the arrest of the person who surreptitiously introduced a hornet's nest into the grab-bag.—*Boston Post.*

It is a dismal sight to see thousands of well-meaning people shivering on the sea shore in June under the impression that that is summer recreation.—*N. Y. Star.*

Probably no man so fully realizes the hollowness of life and human ambition as the man who ladles a teaspoonful of new-laid horseradish into his mouth, under the impression that it is ice-cream.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Chicago man's nightmare turned out to be the shadow of his wife's foot on the bedroom wall, instead of an unearthly monster with five horns.—*Ch. Saturday Night.*

The distinguished Americans now in Europe are *Parole*, the runner; HANLAN, the sculler; WESTON, the walker, and TALMAGE, the talker.—*New Haven Register.*

Brass passes for gold in Africa; and by the way, it does here, too.—*Buffalo Express.* Colorado is a young State; but she is unrivaled for her big bugs.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

A new novel is called "Cupid on Crutches." It is evidently a lame production. The breezy little god, perhaps, didn't know his bow and arrow were loaded.—*Nor. Herald.*

The commencement crop is being harvested. Prices quoted yesterday were \$40 for best claw-hammers and \$102.07 for superfine long-train-lace-trimmed dimity.—*Lockport Union.*

They were talking about quick jobs, when CHARLEY TRADOLLAR intimated that he never saw anything pushed forward more rapidly than a cow-catcher of an express train.—*N. Y. News.*

A Troy factory turns out about three million dozens of men's collars in a year, not one of which will stand up to its work properly through a hot summer's day.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Women," quoth JONES, "are the salad of life, at once a boon and a blessing." "In one way they're salad, indeed," replied BROWN; "they take so much time in their dressing?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A servant girl may be a splendid cook and a thoroughgoing Christian; but, at the same time, she will never hesitate to split up an ironing-board to kindle the fire with in a case of emergency.—*N. Y. Star.*

A boat race that doesn't bring out the lean and slipped puns "the last rows of summer," or "the rows that all are praising," or "there is no rows without a thorn," may be regarded as only a partial success.—*Norristown Herald.*

Jersey boy to bald headed father, who has a long beard: "Papa, why don't my hair go in on my head, and come out on my chin?" Here the worried father is supposed to tell his little boy not to ask so many questions.—*Camden Post.*

A great deal of poetry has been written about "snow white sails on a shimmering, sunlit sea," but the sails on most of the craft that we have observed look as if they had been used for circus canvass in a very wet and muddy season. There's no whiteness about them.—*New Haven Register.*

The sea-serpent observed at Sheephead bay was pronounced by those who saw it to be 102 feet long. As the creature was threatening the lives of the party at the time, the precision of this measurement must be accepted as one of the most signal triumphs of coolness and self-possession on record.—*New York Star.*

A college graduate who has over two thousand dollars worth of education went to Leadville to seek his fortune, and didn't earn enough in six weeks to pay three days' board; while a neighbor of his who accompanied him, and signed his name with an "X," made five hundred dollars the day after his arrival. The ignorant man understood the game of "poker" and the college graduate didn't, having neglected this branch for the less useful one of rowing a boat.—*Norristown Herald.*

When BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was an editor he was in the habit of writing to the young ladies who sent in poetry, saying in honeyed language that owing to the crowded state of his columns, etc., but he would endeavor to circulate their productions in manuscript. And then he tied the poems to the tail of his kite for "bobs."—*Uncle Sam.*

"Ma," said a little schoolboy on his return home one day this week. "I guess my teacher has got some pay on her salary at last." "How so, my son?" queried the mother. "Oh, she didn't go for me once to day," was the earnest reply—"the first time for three months that I haven't been afraid of my life!"—*Chicago Journal.*

The boy that to his mother says,
As he the pantry passes,
And sights the tempting syrup cup,
"Oh! gimme some molasses!"
Advanced to ripper years, still cries,
When wean-ed from his classes,
And lounging at some wat'ring place,
"Oh! give me summer lasses!"
—*Yonker's Gazette.*

Examining a candidate for the gendarmerie: "Suppose you were going along the road with two prisoners and one of them ran away, what would you do?" "What would I do? Why, I'd shoot the other one and pursue the fugitive." He is at once admitted to the force and assigned to the twenty-ninth arrondissement.—*Paris Witicism.*

It is these bright evenings, when VENUS looks like a locomotive head light, and the moon like burnished brass, that stirs the poetic feelings in the breast of the young folks. By the way, it is on these same kind of evenings that Professor SWIFT goes down to tend his comet trap and finds that he has caught one of the celestial luminaries by its vaporous tail.—*Et.*

Talk of the bravery of the sterner sex! Do you remember the first time you asked her, "Will you take my arm?" While you trembled all over like the narrative of a stump-tail dog and experienced the sensation of having swallowed your ADAM'S apple, what did she do? Why, she took your arm as coolly as she would eat a pickle.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Principal of Vassar College stepped suddenly into one of the recitation rooms and said, "That person who is chewing gum will please step forward and put it on the desk." The whole school stepped forward with one accord towards the desk, while the teacher slipped her quid under her tongue and said:—"Leally guls, I'm surpriseld!"—*Oil City Derrick.*

YAWCOB STRAUSS was a poet mit genius,
Und inzight und such dings like dot,
A himmel-vard, oop soaring shpirit,
But scheweitzer und brod must be got;
Und ash poems was fiat on der market,
Like dey been in der most of events,
He keeps him a sthore und zells all ginds of dings,
Und der brice all der dime ish five cents.
—*Phillips Thompson in Somerville Journal.*

TALLOYS says he is afraid it's all up between him and Miss RUBILERS. She had three or four pieces of court plaster on her face at the ball the other night, and he whispered to her that sulphur and molasses was what his mother always gave him when he had a humor, and perhaps it would be good for her—dry up all her pimples right off. TALLOYS says she gave him such a look, and he hasn't got a sight at her since.—*Boston Transcript.*

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

A Letter from "The Ward."

Friend GRIP:

There's a theng I'd spake til ye about that happened til a young mon of my acquaintance, what was goin' til marry a gal by the name of MARGARET ALLEN JOHNSTON. It was young WILLIAM BEATTY, I doubt but ye know him, a fine young mon—and MARGARET ALLEN is well to do, her mother, Mrs. JOHNSTON, houlds large property on Terauley street. The reason I write ye is this, that when the Atturay who made out the marriage settlement from MARGARET'S mother to her daughter when she'd marry young BEATTY, came to the part of the conveyence where it says "to her heirs and assigns for ever," BILLY couldn't understand it. He said he had enough of her airs at LOURNE Park and elsewhere—and the signs she made, especially to JOHNNY McCORMICK, was not to his liking, and that if she could only obtain the dowry on these conditions "for ever" he wouldn't agree til it, and when the lawyer went to explain the matter, BILLY hit him on the nose and bate him bad. Do ye think it wad be better to break off the match, and say good day to the whole theng? I'd like to hear from ye on the subjack.

Yours obediently,

WILLIAM HENRY MCGOWAN.

In our opinion, BILLY must marry the young lady—though perhaps it would be well to kill Mr. McCORMICK before the ceremony.

ED. GRIP

Our Distinguished Visitors.

Our Orange fellow-citizens are to be honoured by the presence at their demonstration on the 12th, of Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSTON and Mr. HUNT W. CHAMBERS, both of Ireland. As the general public may not be aware how great these gentlemen really are, GRIP takes this opportunity of giving a short account of their distinguished services to the cause of Orangeism.

Being duly born of true blue parents, the subjects of our sketch began early to develop the genuine principles of the Protestant faith. With the very first dawn of intelligence they began to manifest the most intense affection for pretty colored ribbons and rosettes. As they emerged into youth this passion became stronger and stronger, and to it was added a craving for kettle-drums and music. In the days of boyhood they were much devoted to the water, as all boys are, but it was not for fishing, swimming or boating purposes that

they loved the streams of the Emerald Isle; no, it was because they delighted to wade out after the glorious, pious and immortal lillies which floated upon the surface. Arriving at man's estate, they obtained a still wider view of the grand principles of the Faith, and became inspired with the beauty of civil and religious liberty. This new-born enthusiasm found its legitimate outward manifestation in frilled shirt fronts, blue sashes, tasseled neckties, flags, banners, dust, sweat and long-winded orations in the Park. When the faith was endangered in 1609, these enthusiastic and chivalrous youths were among the first to flock around the banner of King WILLIAM, and the gallant manner in which they crossed the Boyne with that gentleman secured them the most flattering notices in the local papers. It is unnecessary to dwell upon this great historical incident in their career, or to dilate on the equally brilliant display of heroism they made in defending the Walls of Derry. Time would fail us to recount all their labours for the cause of Protestantism, the thousands of miles they have walked in muddy streets, the millions of resolutions they have moved and seconded in lodge rooms, and the scores of votes they have given in favour of the Conservative Party. They are truly great men, and we hope that when our citizens who crowd the streets on the 12th see them go past in a cab, they will not fail to give them a right royal welcome.

A New "Laon."

Our little boy, who is a fearfully advanced thinker, and a voracious student of *Laon*, the writer in *Belford's Magazine*, has prepared a powerful essay for that publication, an extract from which we give herewith. It will be observed how happily he has caught the style of the great *Laon*:

Now, is it true that modern philosophy offers no substitute for the religion which it tends to supersede? By no means. It offers something far better than what it takes away. It offers the glorious theory of development. When we think what a vast place this precious doctrine now holds in the minds of men; when we think how profoundly it has modified thought, what a light it has shed abroad, and what sustained intellectual interest it has power to create, we find in it much more than a substitute for religion in its popular forms. Religion teaches that the world is under Divine government, and that its great Maker absolutely takes an interest in all things; our philosophy rises beyond this mean conception and teaches the universal reign of law, that is, that law is superior to Deity, and that if there be a Deity He is too great to know anything of what is going on. It must be plain to every thinking person what a depth of consolation there is in this cheerful thought. The wayfarer in life's journey, worn out with care and trial, longs for rest, and he finds it in the blissful contemplation of the suggestion that perhaps ages ago man was a mammal that lived up a tree; the poor aged widow, going all alone and with feeble steps down the incline that leads to the grave, buffeted by the rude tempests of earth, turns a tearful eye to the starry heavens above her and cries out for a strong arm whereon she may lean, and she finds both strength and consolation in the rapturous thought of a primordial protoplasm. Now, does the Christian religion offer anything so sure and good as this? No! We have known Christians to fret and grumble when troubles came upon them, therefore the Christian religion is a mockery. We vastly prefer a system of thought which by taking away from us all idea of a Divine Fatherhood,

elevates us to the grand dignity of soulless orphans, sprung from nothing and going nowhere, and this enables us to take things as they come, 'the best of now and here.'

Our Own Dick Deadeye;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

I observe that the cold and clammy skepticism from which Mr. GEO. STEWART, JR., rescued *Rose-Belford's Magazine* is beginning to creep in under the new editor, who himself appears to be a disciple of the glorious gospel of Evolution.

The *St. John Telegraph* says that *Pinafore*, as at present played in that city, is "shorn of its deficiencies." This is a rather bothersome expression, but no doubt it means that the portions that were hitherto wanting in the opera are now left out.

The dramatic and musical critic of the *Globe* ought to be put on exhibition as a curiosity. Did you read his remarks about the performance of this same *Pinafore* in the Gardens on Monday night? Fancy him puffing the *Josephine* of that occasion, a young woman who can neither sing nor act better than an average amateur, whereas Mr. LAURENT, who as *Rackstraw*, was the conspicuous figure of the evening, gets no mention whatever. And this is the "leading journal"!

The *Mail* man wasn't a bit better. He joined the *Globe* in saying that the performance was extremely good, the best we have had, etc., etc., when he must have known he was talking bosh. Let lies be confined to the editorial and advertising columns, if they must be printed at all.

I beg to move for the sentence of the court upon the editor of the *Mail* for maliciously and outrageously writing "Mr." CARTWRIGHT instead of "Sir RICHARD" in his leading article of Tuesday. What is the use of Her Majesty bestowing these titles if they are to be set aside? or is it only the Grit Knights that are to have their ornaments lopped off?

Mr. BLAKE has been airing his Aurora theories again, and all the organs of his party are tuning up to "Compulsory Voting," "Representation of Minorities," etc. But when is EDWARD going to take his seat on the Reform Coach, and show us how he can drive?

Sir JOHN is restored to health once more, to the sincere satisfaction of all his countrymen. It is to be hoped he will feel mentally and physically competent for the interesting performance indicated in GRIP's cartoon this week, which must come off before long.

JEFF DAVIS was right when he said it wasn't a "Lost Cause." An old lady has just died in the South and left him a big purse of money. This is a fitting tribute to his ability as a masquerader in female apparel.

I have received a copy of the *Montreal Police News*, a journalistic offspring of the murders and lawlessness with which that city has been lately afflicted. It is to be hoped this wretched sheet will be quickly squelched out, as such "papers" are unmitigated evils. I am astonished at so promising an artist as M. JULIEN lending his pencil to such a low concern.



Much Ado About Nothing.

Here are two good and reverend prelates arguing with one another, and all to no purpose. To be sure they are doing it in a kindly and Christian-like manner, but after all it is little use, for neither is open to conviction. GRIP, who is perched behind them is not open to conviction either, for the subject of their argument is apostolic succession, and each is trying to convince the other that his church is the one which has the direct descent. GRIP believes they are both wrong, and they might be doing something far more useful than arguing this abstruse question. Let them leave controversy alone, and attend to their work. The church that displays most of the apostolic spirit is the one that boasts least about apostolic descent.

A New Ballot.

The Hamilton Times advocates a reform in the ballot papers. The present method of making a cross opposite the name of the man you wish to vote for, is found to be too profound and elaborate for some of the dunderheads, who consequently make a botch of the whole affair. The Times suggests that the voter should merely be required to draw his pencil through the name of the candidate he wishes to vote against. This is undoubtedly very simple, but some of the free and independent are even more so. Many of them would probably score out the wrong name, and others would be sure to take the ballot and score out the pencil with it. Nevertheless Mr. GRIP endorses the idea of the Times.



Jim Jam's Resolution.

Murder!—(hic)—look a' that—(hic)—snake! I'm going to—(hic)—stop drinking—city water, till they—(hic)—get that filtering basin fixed.

That Gate.

Beside the Normal School
We stood upon the street,
And listened to the sound
Of many passing feet.

And ever and anon there came
A man to enter in,
But grim the gate before him stood;
He turned and said it is not good,
And spake a word of sin.

A cab drove up, the burly man
Got down to ope the gate,
And tugged and pulled and climbed on top,
And tried to force the grate.

But still the gate resisted all
The power of his press,
And he was forced to turn away,
A promised dollar less.

Many who could not at any other time, would have an opportunity on a holiday of visiting the museum of the Normal School. Scarcely a minute passed in the afternoon without some one going there for that purpose. Two or three cabs were standing at one of the gates at once, those within being, we were informed, visitors from a distance, who had likely counted on an hour's profit and pleasure among the paintings and other attractions of the museum. Why the gates should be closed on a holiday we cannot understand.



THE THREE AQUATIC GRACES.

Edward Hanlan.

GRIP'S WELCOME.

England her Champion's loss need not bewail,
Defeat, but not dishonor, was his lot;
Worthy the Rivals—and though ELLIOTT fail,
At least the prize is by a "subject" got,
Rendering praise to HANLAN, as we do,
Due homage we pay to England too.

Hail to our hero, then, who now brings back
A name as honored as his fame is wide,
Not only winner of the hard pulled track,
Love and respect he's gained on every side.
And those who lost, as well as those who won,
Now add their tribute to Toronto's son



The Quebec Question.

MOSSEAU.—Well, LANGEVIN, what news from England—what does JEAN BULL say?
LANGEVIN.—Good prospects, my confrere, JEAN BULL sends the case back, and says LORNE will do what is right.
MOSSEAU.—Bah! that is not good! that is not hopeful!

The Captain of the "City."
a la Corcoran.

CAPT.—I am the captain of the *To-ron-to*.
CREW—And a first-rate captain, too.
CAPT.—Thanks, you are very good, and be it understood, I command a first-rate crew.
CREW—Thanks, we are very good, for be it understood, he commands a first-rate crew.
CAPT.—When I have a crowded boat, I'm the biggest man afloat;—
And I tread my deck with pride.
And every other craft
I leave a furlong aft,
For past me they can never glide.
CREW—What, never?
CAPT.—No, never!
CREW—What, never?
CAPT.—Hardly ever!
CREW—Hardly ever past him glide;
Then give three cheers, he's not so slow,
Is the burly captain of the *To-ron-to!*



A Gentle Hint.

SCENE: The Gardens. Young couple departing after Pinafore performance.
ADOLPHUS.—Beautiful tenor voice LAURENT HAS, hasn't he?
ANGELINA.—Delightful; sweet and refreshing as—ice cream!

CORDWAYDINE DE CONLIE.

A SOCIETY DRAMA, IN I. ACT AND II. SCENES.

Dramatis Personæ :

CORDWAYDINE DE CONLIE—A belle "just from Yoorup." **MORTIMOR MAGINNIS**—Her lover, a mercantile Tourist. **MR. CLOSEMUP** Rich merchant, friend of DE C. family.

SCENE I.—Moonlight—balcony of Mansion, near ALLAN Gardens—Music (TOULMAN'S band) in distance. **CORDWAYDINE** and **MORTIMOR** discovered leaning over parapet.

CORDWAYDINE—What a lovely evening! How divinely bright the moon! Does it not bring up sweet memories of the Rhine? **MORTIMOR**—Or the beautiful Danube!

COR.—Or the silvery Arno or the placid—**MORT.**—Poesy in every beam!—(aside)—Life is short. Now is my time. I must make hay while the moon shines—(aloud)—I saw just such another moon at Berlin last summer.

COR.—Were you in Berlin last year? We didn't see you there.

MORT.—Yes, for a day, while en route to London—(laustily)—Yes, dearest, the night is indeed lovely! How beautiful the harvest looks! See how the grapes hang upon the vines!

COR.—Methinks thou art a little off tonight, **MORTIMOR**. It is scarcely harvest time yet, and grapes are out of season, except—(archly)—sour ones. Perhaps you mean strawberries. We had some, oh, how delicious! at **McCONKEY'S** on Saturday.

MORT.—(Aside)—Strawberries! these girls think of nothing else except, perhaps, ice-cream. And who were "we," I wonder? (Aloud)—Dearest, I was but quoting **SCHILLER**. Strawberries be anathematized! Can I think of strawberries when I gaze into the depths of those dark eyes, that—

COR.—O grant us quietude!

MORT.—What mean you?

COR.—Give us a rest on that dark eyed business. But, by the way, I think I met your friend **SCHILLER** last summer on the Lagg Maggy Orey?

MORT.—What, **SCHILLER**!—(laughing)—I think not.

COR.—Oh, I recollect now; it was on the Plaza El Diavolo, at Naples. He was in company with **BARON PRETZEL KAKE** of Klawhammer Dauen.

MORT.—Oh, **CORDY**!—(laughs).

COR.—(Nitted)—Well, you needn't smile so audibly. I know I met him somewhere. Now I recollect! He was the funny man who, in company with the **MARQUIS** of **MCINAW** and **COUNT CORPUS DI BACCY**, was laughing so while criticising the corse of the **Venus de Jinjami** at Rome.

MORT.—Oh, fairest, let up! Ho! ho! ha! ha! he! he!

COR.—(With dignity)—Sir, when your somewhat unmeaning mirth abates, will you kindly inform me why I am so honored as to be the subject of your merriment? In what way have I made myself ridiculous?

MORT.—(Confusedly)—Ten thousand pardons, my dearest, but—the idea of meeting a man who has been dead for so many—!

COR.—Well, if your friend is dead—

MORT.—Bless my soul, I didn't say he was a friend of mine. I thought everybody knew of **SCHILLER**.

COR.—Well, I for one never heard of him, and everybody can't be as smart as you. With your permission I will return to the drawing-room.

MORT.—(Aside)—Oh, gracious hevings! I have offended her—(aloud)—Oh, certainly,

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TENDERS.

TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run North-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighborhood of the 4th base line, and thence Westerly between Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

F. BRAUN,

Secretary,

Department of Railways and Canals, }
OTTAWA, 16th June, 1879.

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"GRIP" Now in its seventh year and Thirteenth Volume, and more popular and influential than ever before.

PRESS OPINIONS.

GRIP of late has been paying a good deal of attention to Quebec affairs. Its latest cartoon is particularly clever. It represents the deck of H. M. S. *Pinfore* with Sir John Macdonald as the "first Lord" in the attitude of seeking the seclusion which a cabin grants on account of the threatening aspect of affairs in connection with the Letellier difficulties. Sir Leonard Tilley and Sir Chas. Tupper are standing at one side of the ship looking very anxious at the coming storm, Sir Charles saying at the same time to his companions, "There's going to be a big breeze over there." Sir John as he opens the cabin door murmurs softly this refrain,
"And when the breezes blow,
I generally go below,
And court the seclusion which a cabin grants."

Among the smaller cuts we have old *Mrs. Mail* lecturing Sir Joly for holding a Sunday session of the Legislature, and an amusing "skit" on Messrs. Blake and Mowatt and the political jubilees which are being held in Ontario over the elections of last June. This number of *Grip* is one of the best ever issued. Our booksellers should get *Grip*. It ought to sell largely in Quebec. — *Quebec Chronicle*, July 8.

if you wish to go. May I do myself the honor of escorting you there?

COR.—(Frigidly)—Just as you please, sir. (Exit.)

SCENE II.—Parlor. Blue and gold sofas, red curtains, green carpet. Great grand piano. Illuminated earthenware. **CORDWAYDINE** and **MORTIMOR** in corner, behind wothetic scene. Lady at piano singing "Starry Wares."

MORT.—(All smiles)—Well, dearest, am I forgiven?

COR.—(Do, do)—Yes—(bus tableau, both come from behind screen)—Dear **MORTIMOR**! I really have forgotten to introduce you to my particular friends.

MORT.—Dearest, I wish to see no face but thine to-night

COR.—Nixie, love, or they'll tumble!

MORT.—Trust me, my own, I'm fly.

COR.—(Approaching with **MORTIMOR**)—**MR. CLOSEMUP**, this is **Mister MAGINNIS**. **MR. C.**—Well, I'll be—! How are ye, **MAGINNIS**? How's biz.? Heard you were west of Hamilton last season.

COR.—(Smiling)—Are you not mistaken, **MR. CLOSEMUP**, **MR. MAGINNIS** was in Yoorup last summer?

MR. C.—How's this **Mac**, been giving the young lady a game? You would always have your little joke, I know.

COR.—(to **MORTIMOR**)—Well, sir, what am I to understand from this? Beware, sir! I've a brother, and he's a—he's a knocker! Did you not tell me you were in Yoorup last season?

MORT.—(In desperation)—No!

COR.—You said you were in Paris?

MORT.—Yes.

COR.—And Berlin?

MORT.—Yes.

COR.—And London and Vienna?

MORT.—Just so.

COR.—And you thought (sneeringly) of going to Rome!

MORT.—I did, but York State is out of my way, and Rome is in York State; and London, Paris, Vienna, have the abbreviation **Ont.** as an affix. But, after all, **CORDY**, I love you, so don't give it away. Don't deceive the Governor, and we may be happy yet.

COR.—Well, well, **MORTY**, for the second time I forgive you. You did certainly give me a gentle breeze,—but, whisper—breathe it not in Gath, I wasn't a thousand miles from the Thousand Islands myself.

MORT.—(Aside)—I thought so. Well, dearest, all's well that ends well.

BOTH.—Next summer we'll visit

On our marriage jaunt,

London, and Paris

And Vienna (Ont.)

Music—Slow curtain.

Niagara, July 4th.

Sing a song of whiskey,

A jumpist full of rye.

Twenty thousand people

Come to see him fly.

When three hours they'd waited,

PEEN was found too tight,

Wasn't that a dainty sell,

And didn't it serve 'em right!

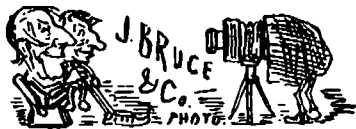
The *Pull Mall Gazette* attributes **HANLAN'S** success to skill in the use of his oars, great strength in comparison with lightness of physique, and presence of mind. This is correct, but the real cause of our boy's success is rapidity of motion, and presence of body in front of other fellow.



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THE RETIRING PROFESSORS.



"I'll paint your picture, darling," cried
An artist to his lovely bride,
"I'll dip my brush in colors rare,
And show the world that thou art fair."
"No don't," she answered, "what's the use,
When I can have it done by Bruce?"

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The Retiring Professors.

Toronto University has just said farewell to two of its grand old professors, Dr JOHN McCAY and Dr. HENRY CROFT. These distinguished scholars have well earned their respite, for their labors have been long, arduous, and highly successful. To their efforts our Provincial University owes, in a large measure, her preeminent renown. GRIP, on behalf of the graduates and undergraduates of *Alma Mater* comes forward to light the old gentlemen gracefully to their repose, and to express the hope that they may respectively enjoy a classical and scientific slumber.

A Sad Summer Incident.

"How dusty are the streets!" the maiden sighed;
"Lo, I will take the hose and sprinkle where
'Twill do most good—bedew that desert wide
Before our garden gate—
That small Sahara with its stifling air;—
(Turn on the water, KATZ!)
And the sweltering pedestrian shall lift his hat in passing
and bow gratefully, as if to say "Thank you,
Miss—
Heaven bless you for this!"

"And with the brazen nozzle in my hand,
Like some cool water nymph, beneath whose touch
Lawn, shrubs and street grow brighter, I shall stand—
(Do hurry stupid tease!)—
And dream of one whose coming I love much—
(A little stronger please!)—
Till certain hurried footsteps on the pavement, and the
slamming of the garden gate, shall tell me 'tis he,
and laughing he shall say "Good evening, Miss—
Ah, that I dare salute you with a kiss!"

Thus LOVE stood toying with the garden hose,
And youth and age stole by with stolen glances;
When lo, upon the pave whose steps are those?
Who up the avenue no proudly prances?—
'Tis CHARLES in all his evening glory, and being rather
short sighted, and engaged in pondering over a cer-
tain perplexing financial question, he seeth not the
deceitful nozzle and walketh right into the small
deluge which issueth from its brazen throat, while
LOVE is lost in a reverie and warmeth him not;
neither averteeth the catastrophe, and the victim
gasps: "What in the—fizz—ger—ouch!—is the
—ugh, oh lawd!—meaning of this!—
The—(blank bland)—take you, Miss!"

L'ENVOY.

And he adjourneth home rather hastily; and next day he
sendeth a freezing missive and refuseth all apologies;
and thus the happiness of two fond hearts is blighted
—for a season, until the strawberries, ice-cream, soda
water days shall be past, and the finances of the
country in a less perplexing state.

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