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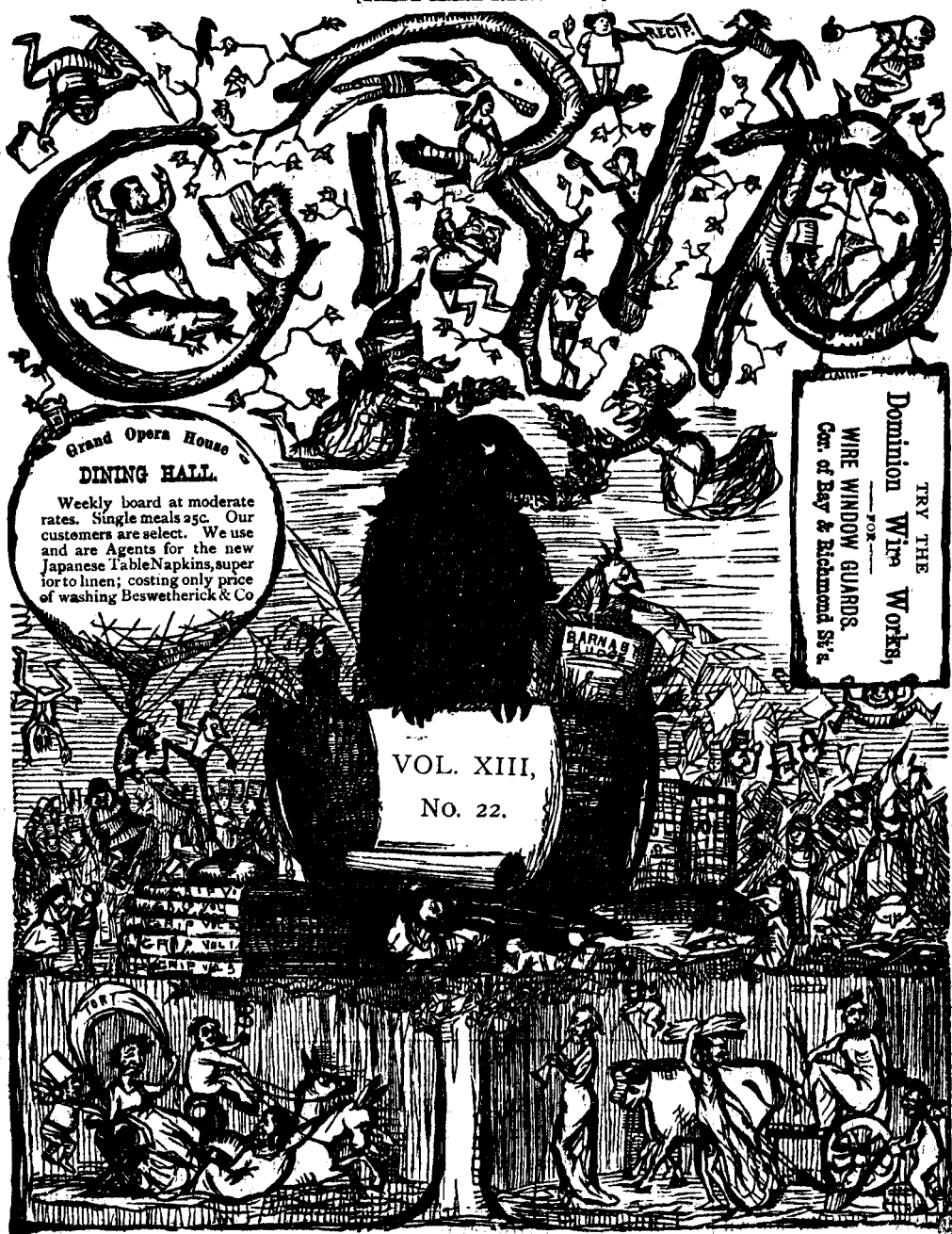
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1879.

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Literature and Art.

PAUL HEINE, the Danish composer, poet, and novelist, died recently at the age of forty-nine.

Principal TULLOCH, upon becoming editor of *Frazer's Magazine*, has given up the management of the *Record* of the Church of Scotland, which he has held for seventeen years.

The house in which HEINRICH HEIN was born (53 Bolker street, Dusseldorf), was sold a few weeks ago, for 70,000 marks (£3,500). The purchaser was Herr T. HUELS, a master butcher of Dusseldorf.

Mr. LIONEL LAWSON, one of the principal proprietors of the *London Telegraph*, who died recently, is said to have originally put £30,000 into the enterprise, and for several years past to have derived that amount from it annually.

Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH will contribute to the November *Atlantic* a paper entitled *On the Prospects of Moral Interregnum*, the author maintaining that in the present struggle between Religion and Science and a consequent tendency towards liberalism, morality will not suffer.

We are happy to observe that the musical interests of our city are going to be vigorously attended to this winter. Mr. TORRINGTON, the genial chief of the Philharmonic Society, has several new pieces on his programme, and Mr. FISHER, the organist of St. Andrew's Church, has organized a Choral Society for the practice of high class music. May much success attend them both.

STUART ROBSON says that BRET HARTE is not lazy; but slow, fastidious, self-critical and frightened. Even when HARTE was a reporter on San Francisco newspapers, at hack work, he would labor over a little paragraph for hours. While HARTE was writing *Two Men of Sandy Bar*, ROBSON and BARRETT had hard work to keep him at his pen, and he would be two or three days fashioning a little speech.

Mrs. VOGLE ("SUSIE V.") tells the *Springfield Republican* that the original of *Maud Muller* was a young girl whom WHITTIER saw in Main. He was driving with his sister through York, Me., and stopped at a harvest field to inquire the way. A young girl raking hay near the stone wall, stopped to answer their inquiries. WHITTIER noticed as she talked that she bashfully raked the hay over her bare feet, and she was fresh and fair. The little incident left its impression, and he wrote out the poem that very evening. "But if I had any idea," he said, "that the plucky little thing would have been so liked, I should have taken more pains with it."

Dr. WILLIAM RIMMER, the well-known lecturer on art anatomy, died lately at South Milford, Mass. He modeled *The Falling Gladiator* and *Osiris*. The statue of the *Gladiator* was sent to Europe, and when unpacked in Paris the art students of the city flocked to see it. They were skeptical as to its genuineness, it having been modeled in the size of an ordinary man, and asserting that no living man could so portray the muscular action of a man in the act of falling, declared that the cast was made from a living figure; but when they were challenged to produce a man who could maintain such an attitude long enough for a cast to be taken, and after repeated trials failed to do so, the reality of the work was demonstrated. Dr. RIMMER was the author of *Elements of Design* and of a work on art anatomy published in 1877.



Canadian Pacific Railway.

TENDERS FOR WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders Pacific Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on MONDAY, the 17th day of NOVEMBER next, for certain works of construction required to be executed on the line from near Yale to Lake Kamloops, in the following sections, viz:

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No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,  
F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, }  
Ottawa, October 3rd, 1879. } xiii-21-61.

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A German Count—Zwei lager.—McGregor News.

FREDERIC MAEDER's new play is entitled "He's Got Money," and is an adaptation of Miss BRADDON's novel "Only a Clod." It was produced in Portland last week, JOSEPH WHEELOCK playing the principal part. The local journals allude to it in terms of praise.

Stage Whispers.

W. D. HOWELLS, the editor of the *Atlantic*, has re-written *A New Play* for LAWRENCE BARRETT.

ANNA BERGER and her husband, LEIGH LYNCH, have accepted an engagement from REDPATH.

Notwithstanding her recent marriage, Miss FANNY DAVENPORT will continue to be known by her professional name.

MAX MARETZEK, who, for about thirty years, has been associated with Italian opera, has made his debut as an operatic composer, and, we are pleased to hear, has scored a success. His new opera, *Sleepy Hollow*, which was produced for the first time at the New York Academy of Music, on Thursday evening of last week, is said to be a charming composition.

Miss EMMA ABBOTT had reached a climax at the Grand Opera House, New York, one evening last week, and was preparing to carry the house by storm with her *one note*; all was quiet, as the tone of the singer swelled o'er the listening crowd. The bated silence which precedes a thunder of applause held the audience spell-bound, when suddenly a shrill voice in the gallery cried, "Pittsburgh—fifteen minutes for refreshments!" Laughter replaced enthusiasm.

At the Royal Opera House, last night, ARNOLD BROS. Minstrel and Novelty Troupe had a very fair house. The chief features of the entertainment is the clog dancing of the Big 12 which is very good. The double skipping-rope dance of Misses SIDONS and STETSON is most artistic and well deserved the hearty applause accorded it. ARTHUR JOHNSTON's Dutch songs and sayings, brought him three times to the footlights. "P. T. BARNUM'S Managerie," the burlesque, is very funny. The REUTZ-SAULTEY Novelty Co. appear at this house 24th, 25th and 26th inst.

The celebrated SAVILLE & LEE English Opera Company form the present attraction at the Grand. The artists of this company are first-class, and will be affectionately remembered by Torontonians for their capital presentation of *Pinafore* some months ago. A few changes have been made in the cast which is at present as follows: Mr. LOUIS P. PFAU, (of Boston) tenor, *Ralph*; Mr. COOPER as *Capt. Corcoran*; Mr. DIGBY V. BELL, *Sir Joseph*; Mr. BENITZ as *Deadye*; Mr. VAN HOUTEN, *Boutsuain*; Miss L. BROOKS-BELL, *Josephine*; Mrs. FLORA E. BARRY, *Buttercup*; Miss BURTON as *Hebe*, etc. Mr. BELL is the best *Sir Joseph* on the stage. The popular opera *Bohemian Girl* will also be presented.

"GROSS," writing from New York to the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, says: "I saw a private letter the other day from Mr. H. C. JARRETT, in which, SARAH BERNHARDT notwithstanding, he says: 'I have entered into a contract with M'LE SARAH BERNHARDT for a season in this country. The contract is the same as with NEILSON—10 per cent, and no risk. NEILSON will be sub-let from Gosche to Strakosch and Schwab, and this season comes to me through Schwab. I wonder how CARLOTTA FATTI will do. She had £400 paid her down before starting. So by the way did PAOLA MARIE. SULLIVAN has just returned from Paris. He passed successfully through a severe surgical operation. RUBENSTEIN was threatened with blindness, but his eyes are better now. I shall make arrangements to bring him over next year; also SALVINI and RISTORI."

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

## Hanlan's Welcome Home.

[We engaged our "Special Occasions" poet to compose an ode on HANLAN's return after his recent contest with COURTNEY. He wrote poems to suit either victory or defeat, as the result was not known when we went to press. We give our readers both. They can read the one that suits the occasion.]

## I.—IN CASE OF VICTORY.

Hail, noble HANLAN! Conquering hero hail!  
"Tis plain that you know no such word as "fail."  
Champion of Yankees, Britishers, Canucks,  
Pitted with you, no sculler is worth shucks.  
Now risen to the summit of your fame  
You come to us with new and noblest name,  
The world, before, lay prostrate at your feet,  
But *now* your glory is indeed complete.  
Beneath the shadows of Chastanus's shere,  
You've turned to sweets what "biters" were before.  
*Hop Bitters*—*ship* like rams ye little hills,  
Proclaim "Hop Bitters" cure for endless ills.  
Each patent remedy we know can heal  
All pains and torments that poor mortals feel;  
But never did we think that Muse would sing  
The victor's chant for such a prosy thing  
As Bitters. But to Bitters be the need  
Of praise and triumph for a glorious deed.  
HANLAN, "Our Boy," in whom we take such pride  
Owes to Hop Bitters what the world denied.  
His skill with COURTNEY, fleetest, strongest, best  
Of Yankee scullers has been put to test;  
And now we know that which we felt before,  
That he can vanquish all who pull an oar.  
All glory to Hop Bitters then for showing  
That our own EDWARD is the best at rowing.

## II.—IN CASE OF DEFEAT.

Alas! "Our Boy's" been beaten, but we know  
Our Southern neighbors have no cause to crow,  
Of course there cannot be the slightest doubt,  
There is some cause why he's been put to rout.  
Some Yankee dodge—some patent Bitters trick  
Has been employed; we do not wish "to kick,"  
But then we know that our NED can beat  
The very best who sits on sliding seat.  
And then again, there is no "Hanlan Club,"  
And he was left alone. Aye, there's the rub.  
Insidious snarers were laid, some treacherous wile,  
To make him ill—to fill him full of bile.  
Perhaps his trainer made our boy believe  
That those Hop Bitters would his pain relieve,  
And made him drink them—Perhaps he made him train  
By drinking bitters over and again.  
But we don't care—it isn't much to lose.  
He lost the race because he didn't choose  
To be called "Champion of the Bitter Hop."  
We're glad—The horrid name he'd never drop.

## "The Change of Front."

The change of front! How did it come about? That is the question which everybody is asking everybody. Conservative editors are at their wits ends to prove that there is no change. DE COSMOS is jumping wildly on the Pacific Slopes. The citizens of Victoria are running madly through the streets in war paint and feathers. No one

knows how it came about—except GRIP. GRIP knows everything. GRIP solves the mystery! He went to headquarters. He interviewed Sir CHARLES, and this is what the knightly doctor said:—

"The change of front! Oh! yes, I know the papers are making a great fuss about it. Bute Inlet was what we wanted. Of course we intended to have Bute Inlet. DE COSMOS told us to. But you see—put your ear closer, Mr. GRIP—we got mixed. Those maps in the *Globe* did it. They were enough to confuse anybody, with their great under-written, blurred lines of railway routes. What did we care which is shorter, or which would cost the most. The N. P. and the calm sober sense of the country disdain such trifles. But you see we got mixed. We forgot which was which. We changed to Burrard Inlet when we thought we were keeping Bute Inlet all the time.

Bur-bur-Bu-bu—which did I say? Really I don't know which it is now—Confound the *Globe* and its maps. Good morning Mr. GRIP. Tell the calm sober sense of the country that we don't know whether we have changed front or not."

## Canadian Celebrities.

BY ASPER.

No. 7.—CHARLES JAMES RYKERT.

Mr. RYKERT resides in the town—beg pardon, city—of St. Catharines, where he spends a great deal of his time, and an immense amount of energy and perseverance in compiling for his own benefit—for the good of the public—and in order to always have figures and facts with which to refute anything that is said by an opponent—such notes and memoranda of political occurrences as he may think worthy of entry in his books.

On our Reporter enquiring for the honorable member for Lincoln, he was shown into a large room in which were an immense jar of paste, forty or fifty pairs of scissors of all sizes, and several hundred peculiar looking volumes all identical in binding and in size.

Mr. RYKERT on entering this apartment waved his hand pleasantly, and apparently with a good deal of pride, as if to call attention to the surroundings, and said, as if in answer to a question, "Yes, this is my scrap-book room. Those volumes are my scrap-books about which you have heard so much. This is the room, sir, in which by years of labor I have prepared that mass of evidence—written evidence—with which I confute the arguments and refute the statements of those miserable beings called Grits. Although I say it, sir, those volumes are a wonderful effort of genius. By merely glancing at an elaborate mode of indexing—a mode invented by myself, and which no person else can understand—I can immediately refer to the smallest detail of any political transaction which has taken place since my entry into public life. Now, for instance, it afforded me unlimited satisfaction when that absurd charge in relation to attending a Grit caucus was brought up in the House last session, to be able to refer to the volume of this book made up at the date of the supposed caucus. I saw immediately that the charge was false—of course there was no use in saying so, because my maligners would not have believed me, but if anything of the kind had happened, I should have made an entry of it in my Scrap Book. Now there is no such entry. Therefore the thing didn't occur."

"Do you think Lincoln will be peaceably represented in the House now?" said our Reporter.

"Oh, yes," said he, "there is no doubt of it. Now that I have my parliamentary duties to attend to, I cannot find time to see that NEELON don't sit. There is no one else here with sufficient of that fiery energy for which I am considered remarkable to keep at it until he carries his point. Of course it will be a lamentable thing for the country to be represented by NEELON, but I cannot help it. Besides that, the Local House is a one horse affair now at the best, and NEELON won't be much worse than some of the other members. He cannot do much harm—or rather much more harm than would be done in any event with such a large Grit majority. I have no doubt that the reason MOWAT got such a victory last election was because I had left the House, and the people saw in consequence that the Conservatives had no leader in whom they could place confidence. Dear me, the Chamber is nothing like what it used to be when such men as MATT CAMERON, EDWARD BLAKE and myself were there. The men of ability have left it, and although I should have been able to rule the house in time if I had stayed on, still I considered it my duty to my country to go into that House in which my energy and intellect would be given the most scope, and do the most good. But excuse me, I have to cut out paragraphs for my Scrap Book from fifty-four newspapers and a large number of blue books and reports which have just arrived. I intend, sir, to leave that book to the man that I find to be the most rising and promising politician in the country when I make my will. You might make this known, as it will be an encouragement to talented young men to exercise their abilities. It will be a great reward."

In a few minutes more Mr. RYKERT was working busily with paste and scissors like a country editor outside of election times.

## Lines.

On seeing a Gentleman rapturously gazing at a bunch of *thistles*, worked in the finest style of "High Art."

A human donkey passing by,  
Lifted his mild æsthetic eye,  
And chancing this rare group to spy,  
Euraptured utters a fond cry:  
"Oh, triumph of the highest art!  
What joy now fills my beating heart:  
Would it could be my happy lot  
To stand for ever on this spot!  
Such mediæval charms I prize,  
All modern maxims I despise,  
The rose in June with modest blush  
I value not a single rush;  
The lily's pure and snowy hue,  
Must yield the palm to "sweet cornu";  
Earth's living green, for art too bright.  
*Now* wears a faint and sickly light;  
And sapphire skies we make more mellow  
By mixing in a streak of yellow.  
Even our willow plates and dishes,  
Once made to hold our meats and fishes,  
Now hang upon our drawing-room wall,  
Like trophies in a hunter's hall;  
A half cracked cup or crazy tea-pot,  
At any price will surely be bought;  
TITIANs and REMBRANDTs fill our garrets,  
Replaced by Japs and painted parrots;  
A cobweb, with its "crevel" spider,  
Opens to art a field far wider,  
In fact, Dame Nature's quite played out  
In modern phrase—*gone up the spout.*"  
He stops—a tremor fills his heart,  
Causing his frame to shake and start,  
A longeared Brother drawing near,  
Upon his hairy face, a sneer,  
Brays in a voice both loud and clear,  
And shriller than 10,000 whistles,  
"Oh! Booby, do you call *them* thistles?"



**Consolation.**

Mr. GRIP.—*Au revoir*, your Highness; go home and enjoy your holiday; don't feel anxious about the Governor,—I'll take care of him for you.



**"Looking to Washington."**

Sir LEONARD TILLEY.—I thought I would drop in and see you, Uncle SAM, on the subject of a Reciprocity Treaty. Can't we come to some understanding on that matter?

UNCLE SAM.—I shall be only tew happy tew make a fair and square agreement with yew Canucks, providing yew let us hev a leetle the best of it as usual, Mister. (Details hereafter).

**Scene in England.**

A dinner-table. My Lord BEACONSFIELD discussing the situation with well-informed traveller. Servants gone.

DIZZY—And what do they think of my speech on Canadian affairs, in Canada, eh?

W. I. T.—Why, my lord, that you betrayed an unfortunate resemblance to the excellent turkey which formed such an important feature in our dinner to-day.

DIZZY—Ha! Stuffed, eh?

W. I. T.—If I may presume to say so.

DIZZY—Indeed! And by the Canadian Premier, of course.

W. I. T.—Well he has been known to miss-state. Perhaps by miss-take.

DIZZY—Well, they should have remembered that in England we are not accustomed—I mean we have a certain confidence—persons of condition, you know.

W. I. T.—Well, my lord, you at least have confidence in me.

DIZZY—And in any English gentleman. Happily, that remains to us, at least. And that—that person cannot be relied upon, eh?

W. I. T.—My lord, you best know who was the high authority you quoted. But whoever it was, I assure you the statements are most unfounded—some of them directly contrary to fact.

DIZZY—Well, well. Whoever it was, I don't say. But he had little tact to play such a card at my table. By the way, you dine with the *Times* editor to-morrow. Ask him to look in here next day, will you, and in the mean time give him those LETELLIER views you have favored me with.

W. I. T.—With pleasure, my lord. May I presume to inquire whether the creator of "Rigby" will give us a "slashing article" on the subject?

DIZZY—Well, he's not dead yet. (And within a week the *Thunderer* gives Sir JOHN and his Ministers most particular fits on the Quebec coup d'état.)



**A Scent-once.**

SCENE—Of course Toronto Court House.

JUDGE—Prisoner, you have been found guilty of burglary; have you anything to say why the sentence of the Court should not be pronounced upon you?

PRISONER—I only ask your lordship to remember that I have endured the odour of this court-room all day.

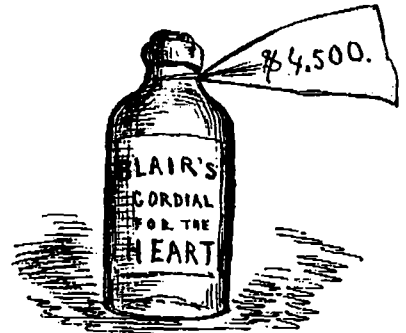
JUDGE—That is sufficient punishment; you are discharged.



**The Zulu Question.**

CETEWAYO—Now Massa BULL, what you goin' to do about it, now you've got me?

J. BULL—Blowed if I know, your Majesty,—now you've got me!



**Heart's Ease.**

This celebrated specific is respectfully submitted to the notice of the female public, especially of young ladies who suffer from complaints of the heart brought on by the deceitful conduct of wealthy old fellows who propose, write poetry, and then back out. It is a sure and certain remedy for blighted hopes, lacerated affections and all the other ills that follow breaches of promise. From hosts of testimonials in our possession we select but one:

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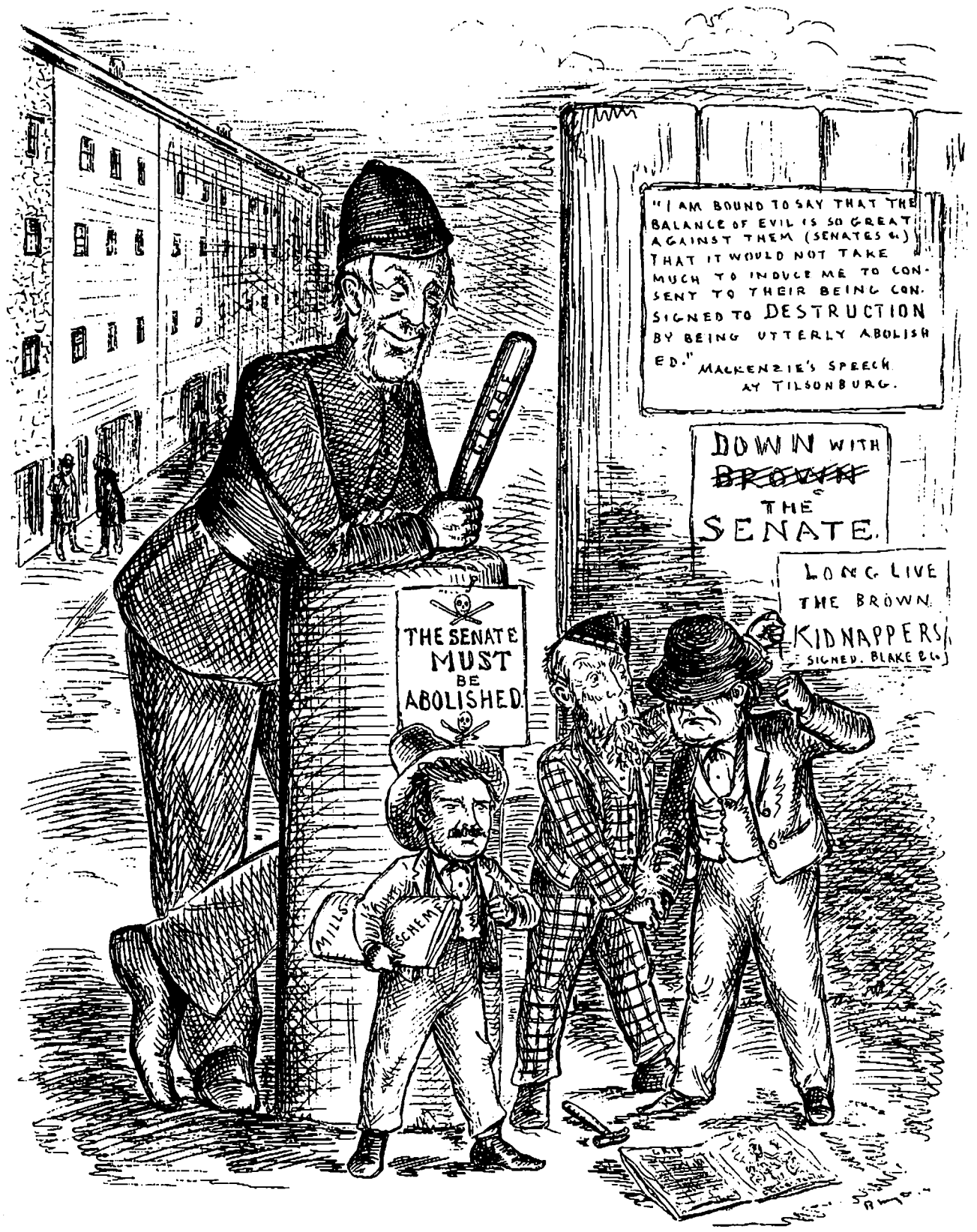
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**July as Ever!**

Mr. GRIP still keeps an eye on the Quebec question. In the accompanying sketch the present phase of the difficulty is pleasantly presented. The siege of the Premier is still going on, but it is becoming rather more unpleasant for the besiegers than anybody else. The old lady of the Legislative Council is perceptibly losing heart in the struggle, for it is becoming apparent that the game cannot last much longer, and it must end in favor of her adversary. He, on the other hand, is growing happier all the time, and, as is typically represented above, he exhibits a lordly disdain of the "Supplies," in the consciousness that he has something just as good in the meantime, namely,—the confidence of a majority of the people, even in those sections of the Province represented by sympathisers with the Council.

Why is a disinherited son like a balloonist? Because he is an heir o' naught.



THE CONSPIRATORS.





## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The man with the celluloid collar is bound to shine.—*Boston Transcript.*

To avoid a miss take always marry a widow.—*Marathon Independent.*

Can a Scandinavian puglist be called a noxious Swede?—*Rome Sentinel.*

The champion belt covers a great waste of time.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

People speak of going down by the salt sea to get fresh air.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A rumor comes from Paris that bonnets are to be worn on the head hereafter.—*N. Y. Star.*

Whom the gods wish to destroy they first induce to wear tight boots.—*Buffalo Every Saturday.*

"That puts a different face on it!" as the boy said when the ball struck the clock dial.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

It is only the female sex who can rip, darn and tear without being considered profane.—*Chronicle-Herald.*

Turkeys are almost ripe.—*Free Press.* But not ready to pick until November.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"Ah," said a deaf man, who had a scolding wife, "man wants but little hear, below."—*Steuenville Herald.*

It is a wise paragrapher that knows his own joke after it has been gone a week or two.—*Meriden Recorder.*

An honest chap contentedly lives on the level, but the confidence man lives on the "bluff."—*New York News.*

Columbus made the egg stand, but Italians of less renown have made the peanut stand.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

There won't be any Indian summer this year. The Indian agents have made arrangements to steal it.—*Troy Press.*

There are only three things you can get for nothing in this world—air, water and advice.—*Syracuse Herald.*

"Truth is stranger than fiction," and it takes some people a long time to feel at home with it.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

Some men are so uncertain of themselves that nothing but a ward club can make them vote right.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

You never know that the country is on the verge of ruin until it becomes necessary to choose new officers.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

It was the condemned murderer just re-prived, who was the author of the remark—"No noose, is good news."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"When the corn is waving," means when a superabundance of the grain, in a liquid state, causes the sidewalk to oscillate.—*Corry Herald.*

The young man who consulted the goose-bone to find out what the weather would be, undoubtedly anticipated a bone-answer.—*Meriden Recorder.*

The last fashion item announces that the latest parasols are made of velvet. It doesn't give the shade, but we presume the parasol does.—*Danbury News.*

Mother (very sweetly) to children who have just had a distribution of candy—"What do children say when they get candy?" Chorus—"More!"

A Detroit restaurant keeper hangs out a sign of "Free Chops," and when the old loafers come around he shows them an axe and a woodpile.—*Free Press.*

There be those who are forever talking about themselves, and yet are extremely sensitive about being talked of by others. Strange, isn't it?—*Boston Transcript.*

A religious wag in a Fairfield prayer meeting recently prayed for the absent members, "who were prostrate on beds of sickness and chairs of wellness."—*Danbury News.*

The prevailing style of wide belts worn by the ladies is calculated to impress one with the belief that a great deal of leather belting is going to waste.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.—*Ex.*

If those splendid fellows who dye their moustaches, to show the girls that they have such an article, would let them alone, they would probably die themselves.—*Owego Record.*

The economical man now ponders on the problem of whether it will be cheaper to buy his wife a new pair of gloves every day or two or provide her with an elegant diamond ring.—*Ex.*

The fruit which city folks bring home from their country cousins is the only thing which they preserve. The memory of the said cousins' kindness doesn't keep well.—*N. Y. Mail.*

An exchange publishes an advertisement telling how to preserve "pianos." Some musicians hammer them as though they thought it should be done pound for pound.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

The Gentle Craftsman (?). IRASCIBLE ANGLER (who hasn't had a rise all day)—"There!" (throwing his fly-book into the stream, with a malediction) "take your choice!"—*London Punch.*

A young lady who didn't admire the custom in vogue among her sisters of writing a letter and then cross-writing it to illegibility, said she would prefer her epistles "without an over-skirt." Sensible.—*Steuenville Herald.*

A Milwaukee girl suffering from lockjaw was left alone with a mouse by the shrewd physician, and she contrived to open her mouth enough to give a yell that made the crockery in the china-closet rattle.—*Boston Post.*

Professor—"What is the fundamental condition of existence?" Student—"Time." Professor—"How do you explain that?" Student—"Very easily. How can a person exist if he hasn't the time for it?"—*Boston Journal.*

Little BILLY has been taken to see his old uncle, who is so deaf that he cannot hear a single word without recourse to his ear-trumpet. BILLY watches the movements of this instrument for some time with great interest, and then exclaims: "Mamma, what does uncle try all the time to play the horn with his ear for, when he can't make it go?"—*Ex.*

The Rev. ROBERT COLLYER commenced his pastorate in the Church of the Messiah in New York, with a conundrum. He preached on the topic "Why Should Men Go to Church?" We think they should go to church as well as women, even if they don't get a new hat to display as often as the latter.—*Norristown Herald.*

They were courting.—"What makes the stars shine so dim to-night?" she said softly. "Your eyes are so much brighter," he whispered, pressing her little hand. They are married now. "I wonder how many telegraph poles it would take to reach from here to the stars," she said musingly. "One, if it was long enough," he growled. "Why don't you talk common sense?"—*Rockland Courier.*

You will find him in every town and village in the land. Whenever he discovers a group of men together, giving scraps of history, he chips in and tells a little anecdote that happened when he was a boy, and by a singular coincidence he tells the same story every time. Thus do we see exemplified the truth of the ancient adage, which says that "his story repeats itself."—*Keokuk Gate City.*

A lady walking down King street, the other day, while she cast furtive glances at the store windows, was heard to remark: "That husband ermine is such an old muff he won't get me a new set this fall. I've a notion to gopher a new boa that sable to furnish such things as he had otter. He'll have to beavery careful; if I catch him trading with that young minx again, I'll make him pull his weasel, or seal his destiny for him. I won't bear it any longer, so now!"—*O. P. Dildock, in Toronto Graphic.*

The man who carries an umbrella all day without a drop of water falling has the consolation of knowing that if he had left it at home he would in all probability have been drenched.—*Yonkers Gazette.* You appear to have a true understanding of the many virtues of an umbrella. No one can be lonely in the society of that valuable protector. In winter it shields him for the snow and rain, in summer from the sun, and at a picnic from the gaze of the peering maiden aunt. It is a roof and walking stick all in one. Bless its old bones, we could not get along without it.—*New York Commercial.*

A restaurant is full of sad suggestions and pathetic possibilities, and we are constantly reminded of the flight of time and the mutability of all things. A young man, glowing with the fire of youth, and radiant with its alluring hopes, enters and sits down to a table; a waiter approaches, receives his orders, and departs. Years roll by; the young man becomes careworn and middle-aged. He eats his soup and orders a roast. The pitiless years shower their snows upon his head; he grows querulous and feeble, and is carried away to his long home just as the waiter heaves in sight, and the proprietor steps up to ask if any one has taken his order.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

Some pirate has sent us a paper published in Philadelphia called "Mind and Matter." It is a spiritual publication. It is possible that we have done something or said something to lead a Philadelphia person to believe that we are a spiritualist, but we are not. Since we sat in a spiritual circle a few years ago, with a she medium on each side of us, hold of their hands, and a spirit from above bit us on the left ear, whose breath smelt of onions; and when we attempted to bite back, a tambourine from above in the hands of a he medium in the ring, knocked a corner off our forehead, we have not desired to communicate with the spirit land *via* mediums.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*

**Tom Yardstick.**

TOM YARDSTICK was a dry goods man,  
Who kept, on Blank street fine,  
A store upon the modern plan  
All in his business line.

That plan does in a nutshell lie,  
By jobbers known full well,  
Pay little for the goods you buy,  
Then cheaply you can sell.

So, fast as did his notes appear,  
At stated periods due,  
A most convenient bank cashier  
Those notes did straight renew.

And Tom his business flourished fair,  
And Tom he cut a dash;  
And Tom got credit everywhere,  
And Tom took lots of cash.

You'll flourish any business in—  
(Don't noise the plan about)  
By getting all you can of tin  
And paying little out.

And Tom a villa did erect,  
Had yachts upon the bay,  
And (dinner parties most select  
Gave almost every day.

And all his friends declared of him  
As homewards they did roll,  
What spirits there—what life—what vim!  
Ah, he's a noble scull!

Alas, the bank came down on him,  
And on the kind cashier;  
And soon he took a sudden whim  
That he would disappear.

He disappeared, and three per cent.  
That bank stock tumbled down,  
And bailiffs to Tom's mansion went,  
And to his store in town.

And all the friends he used to bid  
To dinner every day  
Cry "What a sneaking fellow! Did  
You hear, he's run away!"

Take warning, folks, and always pay  
Like GRIP, who singeth here,  
And makes you happy all the day—  
(Two dollars by the year).

**Editorials from the "Evening Terrible."**

It is sad to see the squabble in Lower Canada continues. Of course, it's all very well to say that LETELLIER did right. The fact is he gave the constitution a wrench. (N.B.—Any one in possession of the said wrench will be paid half price for it, as we want it for the *Terrible* window). Yes, it was merely for the loaves and fishes. What if the *London Times*, and PHIPPS and those constitutional fellows said he was right, and that the Constitution was strengthened and not wrenched by his action? As for the *Times*, we hope no one will compare its opinion with ours, and as for the Protectionist chap, we are down on him because true independence contrasts rather painfully with the sham *Terrible* article.

We perceive the Woodstock Reformers are mourning over the failure of Protection. Now, what is the use of driving at the N. P. Can't any one with half a visual optic see that the Tories have kept all their promises? As for the prosperity promises and the factory promises and the ship-building promises and the rolling-mills promises and the iron-mine promises and the steel-works promises and the other unfulfilled promises, well what's the use of talking about them? Oh, it's all for the loaves and fishes!

The Conglomerated Bank case is to go on; but it won't come to anything. The directors didn't really know anything about the matter, nor who was playing ducks and drakes with the money, nor anything. This

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*Robert Taylor.*

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is certain, because in the first place we say so, and in the second most of the directors having been money operators all their lives, of course do not understand such things. Besides the attack upon them is clearly selfish. People actually want their money back. Selfishness. Loaves and fishes.

Sir JOHN MACDONALD is back. The Grits are attacking him, of course. Now, whether he is honest or not isn't the question. They are all dishonest. Everybody goes in for lucre. It is all for the loaves and fishes. There is no such thing as political honesty, and if there was, wouldn't we pitch into it? Only let any political man take a really firm and honest course, and if he don't catch it from us by every underhand and spiteful allusion we can think of, we are not the *Evening Terrible*.

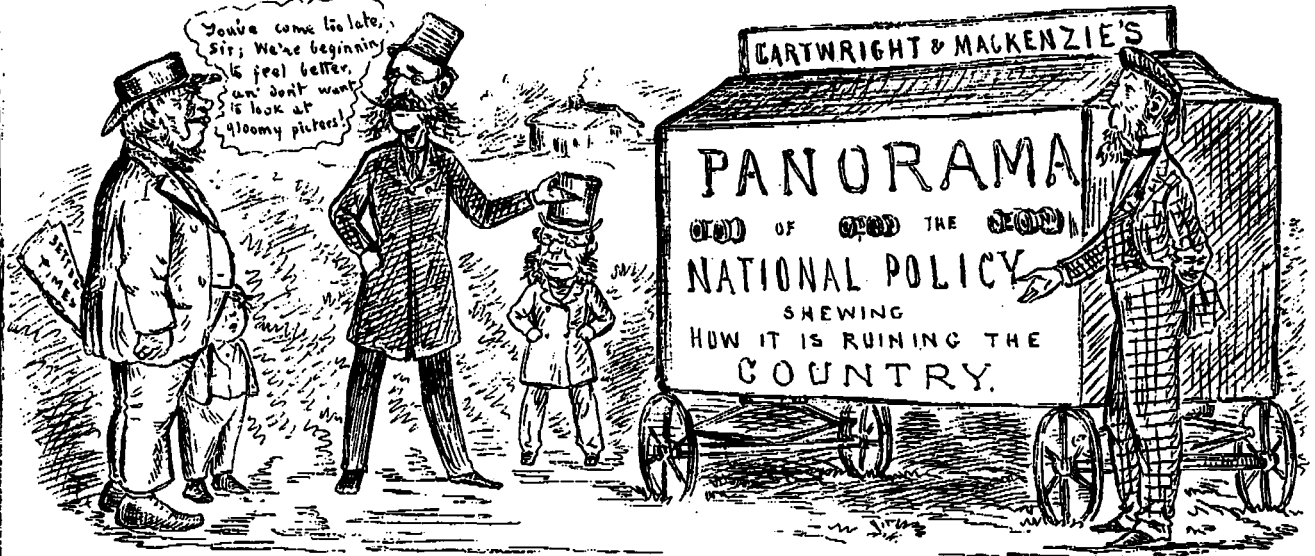
**The Pipe Inspection.**

Mr. GRIP congratulates Mr. MARTIN on the way he is diving into things. Only that he is not an aquatic bird, and that he was getting out the stunning pictures for the present number, GRIP would have liked to put on immense boots and go through the pipe himself. As to the extremely elevated individuals who haughtily refused graciously to accompany the expedition, he would simply enquire, considering that such matters are supposed to be under their supervision, or at least that they are supposed to, or ought to, have an eye to them, "You knew the citizens were getting very sealy water to drink, and sometimes more than sealy. Why didn't you, in all the time that has elapsed, make these inspections yourselves?" GRIP takes a high moral tone on these subjects, and begs to say that the period of fooling has elapsed. People who pay taxes—and precious high ones—don't require pompous tones, sounding speeches, sharp snubbing, and general blue-bloodedness. What they do require is men who are not above their work. That's the class of men likely to know what sound constructions are, and to make them. And thus GRIP shouts hooray for this business-like move, under water, and only inquires why, in the name of double-distilled slowness, it wasn't done six months, or a year, or two years ago?

**Your Dear Friend.**

Your dear friend meets you on the street. He congratulates you on your good looks—for your period of life. "Have you been doing anything lately?" You tell him of some literary effort which you flattered yourself had excited attention. "Oh, didn't see it. Yes, now I think of it, did. So-and-so lent you a book on the subject. Got all the ideas out of that, didn't you? Easiest thing in the world; would often write myself, but haven't time; more important engagements." You remark to yourself that he would certainly do it that way, if any, and wait his next. It comes. "Now, my dear fellow, you know I always respected your abilities, but you have taken a mistaken course. I do not deny you have achieved something, but only think of what you might have achieved! Have you done anything else? You mention a periodical to which you have lately contributed." "Which numbers?" "Oh, the two last." "Well, really, I don't notice such things much, but I thought those two rather dull; may not have noticed yours, though." You wait a little while to observe whether your dear friend has anything more to communicate; that is, if he can think of any other way of annoying you, but he is played out, and you leave him.

The language the people of California want the Chinese to understand—LING GO.



A SHOW THAT DOESN'T TAKE WITH THE COUNTRY.



"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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People You Meet.

No. 9.—MR. T. J. WILKIE.

The N.P. Panorama.

Messrs MACKENZIE and CARTWRIGHT, the enterprising Opposition Showmen, are travelling through the country at present with an attractive Exhibition, but they have timed their visit badly, and the consequence is that the affair doesn't "take." Business is usually best with ordinary showmen when the farming community feel hopeful and happy, but with these extraordinary managers the case is exactly the opposite. At the present moment times in this Province are looking up a little, and business is on the mend. Whether this is due to the N.P. or not, GRIP ventures no opinion, and the farming community, whose reasoning faculties are lodged in their pockets, neither know nor care. They are conscious that at all events they feel better just now, and they want to keep on feeling so, but Messrs MACKENZIE and CARTWRIGHT invite them to look at pictures of ruin, painted in the most gloomy colors—and it is no wonder that their panorama of the N.P. creates but little enthusiasm. GRIP's advice to Sir RICHARD and his partner is to withdraw their exhibition until the next spell of hard times and rural grumbling sets in, and then, if they manage things cleverly, they may make a bit.

S. R. QUIGLEY, ENGRAVER & JEWELLER, MASONIC & SOCIETY REGALIA, EMBLEMS, &c. 10 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. xiii-4-17

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Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's, or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter corbyn, 144 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result. Send for circulars. xii-12-17

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PRESS OPINIONS.

GRIP for the last few weeks has been specially good. This week its principal cartoon is founded on Sir A. T. Galt's recent addresses on the Tariff to the business men of Britain.—Berlin News (Lib. Con.)

HIGHLY COMPLIMENTARY.—Our spicy little contemporary, Grip, has received the distinguished honor of a letter from His Excellency, the Earl of Dufferin, ordering a copy of Canada's Comic Paper to be sent to him regularly to St. Petersburg. Grip has become an institution in the Dominion and is worthy the support of every intelligent Canadian.—Port Perry Standard.

OUR GRIP.—Canada's funny paper is as funny as usual this week. We can't pick out particularly good things, when all are tip-top. The leading cartoon represents Sir John seated in his office with his new errand boy (Master Galt) before him. Sir John asks: "Well, did you deliver my message about the tariff to Mr. Bull?" Master Galt: "Yes, I told him it was a revenue tariff." Sir John: "And what did he say?" Master Galt: "He only laughed."—Belleville Ontario (Reform).