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### EDITOR'S NOTE

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTE

GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 55 Adelaide-st. East, second door east of Court House.

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VOLUME XVII.  
No. 7.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1881.

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## Literature and Art.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

The closing concert of the Toronto College of Music took place on Wednesday evening the 22nd June. The first part of the programme comprised selections from the classical masters, which were very creditably rendered by the pupils. Notably the andante and rondo capriccioso op. 14 (Mendelssohn), which was played by Miss A. Lammiman, the winner of the medal of honor. The Moonlight Sonata (Bethoven), by Miss Blackwell, who carried off the second prize, and the Sonata, op. 27 (Mozart), by Miss Wright, who secured the third prize. The second part of the programme consisted of a new symphony overture in four movements, composed for the occasion by the director, Mr. Davenport Kerrison. The work was rendered upon four pianos by the members of the Normal class, assisted by Miss Boyd. The symphony was very warmly received by the large and critical audience assembled. The vocal numbers which deserved notice were, "O Juice di quest Anima," and "Ab non fili," sung by Miss Blackwell; "O Loving Heart, Trust on," by Miss Hogarth, and "Good-bye, Sweetheart," by Mr. Dennison.

The name of the corporation formerly known as Scribner & Co., (publishers of *Scribner's Monthly*, *St. Nicholas*, "The Spiritual Songs Series" of hymn and tune books, "Songs for the Sanctuary," etc.) has now been changed to The Century Co. The title of *Scribner's Monthly* will become *The Century*, with the next volume. *St. Nicholas* is slightly changed as to its sub-title, being now *St. Nicholas, an Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks*. The July numbers of these magazines are the first to bear the new corporate imprint. *Scribner* for July contains a paper of special and timely interest, "The People's Problem," in which the writer takes the ground that the time has come for the people of this country to exercise their right to "alter the government." Besides a wealth of literary and illustrated matter, there are also, in this number, the concluding chapters of two brilliant novelettes, "Madame Delphine," by Geo. W. Cable (begun in May), and "A Fearful Responsibility," by W. D. Howells (begun in June.) The May, June, and July numbers, containing these two complete novelettes, are offered for \$1.00.

TORONTO, June 28th, 1881.

To the Editor of Grip:—

SIR,—The primitive critic, who, under the pseudonym of "Sharp Sixth," attempts to dissect a recently published sacred song composed by Mr. Torrington, in your last issue, evidently belongs to an old and effete school, and confounds the freedom of an accompaniment to a melody with the strictest form of a four-part vocal harmony. He presumes to point out technical errors, and gloating over them with a sardonic smile, seems to say, "look at me, I know so much more than other people." He forgets that his antiquated ideas have long since been exploded, and modern musical science outstepped his narrow-minded hypercriticisms. I commend to him the lines of Pope on criticism:—

"The bookish blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

I find consecutive fifths in the 6th bar, (not in the 3rd) but evidently intentional, and required for an enharmonic effect; the substitution of C sharp for the D flat is a matter of taste, perhaps. Throughout the piece there is to my mind a spontaneous charm of melody, both for the voice, and in the somewhat obligato accompaniment. The composer will doubtless strengthen some trifling weak points in another edition. But the real excellencies and intensely spiritual character of the music, embodying, as it does, the very soul-essence of the words, cannot be impaired by spiteful would-be criticism.

Yours faithfully, A SHARP SIXTH.

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STRATFORD, May 27, 1881.

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Your advertisement is the only one that has given me any adequate return, and I have spent a good deal of money in advertising this year.

Yours truly,

C. W. YOUNG,  
Agent "Mackinnon Pen."

TORONTO, June 7th, 1881.

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It affords me great satisfaction to give my testimony to the value of Grip as an advertising medium, seeing I have received many convincing proofs that an "ad." in it is a good investment. Only a few days since, while making a portrait of a four year old son of one of Lindsay's prominent citizens, I was agreeably astonished to hear him giving as a recitation my advertisement in the current number of Grip, showing conclusively that "you" were an esteemed member of the household, studied and prized by even the children as well as by the older folks. Wishing you still greater success in your useful as well as brilliant career, while I hope to enjoy some further fruits of it in my own business, I am, dear Grip,

Very truly,

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## Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care of Grip Office.

Max Strakosch, the well-known operatic manager, has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

Grip, of Toronto, has celebrated its new volume by moving into new quarters. It is one of the best illustrated papers published.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

The grand old play of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" is to be performed at the Royal on Saturday, July 2nd, afternoon and evening, with Mr. Allan Halford as *Bob Brierly*.

The inimitable Vokes family are now playing a brief engagement at the Grand, and prove themselves as clever as of yore. Their present entertainment has only one fault—it is altogether too funny for the safety of people's buttons.

Cheruby Puck has kindly sent us a copy of his midsummer annual, and it is indeed a daisy. The clever young men of Puck's staff, assisted by many other clever young men who don't get such big salaries, have contributed to its pages, and the consequence is a concentration of wit and humor such as we rarely feast upon. The prolific pencils of Keppler, Wales, and Oppen have profusely adorned almost every page—and nothing need be added to assure the public of the ability displayed in the illustrations. *Puck on Wheels*, No. 2, may now be had at the book-stores, price 25 cents.

A member of the *Era's* staff has published an interesting interview with Sara Bernhardt. She calls America "a grand country, colossal, extraordinary, fabulous—*Un vrai pays de Jules Verne*. The audiences at American theatres are brilliant—such rich toilets—the ladies know how to dress, the public understands very well. Their appreciation is quite warm and sympathetic. The women are charming—*tout ce qu'il y a de plus aimable*. But the men are not so nice as the women. American artists are clever. They have talent, appreciation, and temperament, but systematic training is wanting, and there is no ensemble in acting.

Grip has a lively picture *anent* the bursting of the toll gates. A stout, jovial farming man, seated in a gig, is driving at full speed a 2:15 regular packet through the toll gates, or what is left of the old relics; clouds of dust arise from the wheels, and the speed is such that the wind has carried off the driver's hat. The question is, who is the driver? If our reporter has been asked once he has been asked a dozen times who the happy man is, who, with his mouth stretched from ear to ear, his face beaming with pleasure, is driving full split for London. On carefully looking at the picture it will be found to be a composite one, and is intended to represent fully half a dozen of the leading men in the County Council. For instance the back of the head is decidedly the Warden's; the nose and mouth, John Nixon's; the top of the head, Routledge's; the feet are Rosser's to a T; the eyes, J. P. McEwen's; the chin, Bartram's; the shirt collar, D. M. Cameron's; the coat-tails, respectively, Lilley's and Belton's; the color of the side-whiskers resemble Mayor Campbell's very closely, whilst the horse is, owing to the extraordinary length of its head, a London township beast for certain, and closely resembles what we have seen driven by J. H. Marshall, although about the feet he resembles Jackson a good deal. The toll-gates on the road are all empty and labelled "To Let," and at intervals on the leading thoroughfares large placards are erected on which appears in plain characters, "No Market Fees."—*London Advertiser*.

**TO BUSINESS MEN.**

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;  
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

**Cartoon Comments.**

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Plumb's strictures on Grip, in the Mail, (to which allusion is elsewhere made in this issue), were followed by an editorial outburst in the Montreal Gazette, the organ of Mr. Thos. White, M.P. Mr. Plumb's letters were well written, and, under the circumstances, in every way creditable to him; the Gazette's remarks were bitter, untruthful, and malignant. Between the two our poor Cook Robin has come to a sad end, and thousands of mourning subscribers will drop a tear over his lively remains.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The first exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy is now in progress at Halifax. Those who are unable to attend personally will have to content themselves with the "view" here given. With two or three exceptions the figures represented are those of well known Halifax citizens.

**Farewell to the Duster.**

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this duster: I remember  
The first time ever Tompkins put it on;  
'Twas on a red hot evening, on the stoop,  
That day he won the race up at the cricket ground;  
Look, in this place, his Snider's bull-dog through;  
See what a slit Dick Jackson's terrier made;  
Through this Jones' pup two eye-teeth jabbed,  
And, as he tore a mouthful quick away,  
You should have seen how Tompkins' head got up,  
As rushing down the street, he wildly asked  
If that canine was often taken that way, or no;  
For Jones' dog, you know, was Tompkins' pet,  
And Tompkins, you can bet, thought something of him.  
This was the most worst trick of all:  
For when our poor friend Tompkins felt him grip,  
Pedestrianism, quicker than the record,  
Developed in him; then burst his gulluses,  
And, in his duster tripping up his feet,  
Even at the foot of Jarvis street,  
Which all the while was full of mud, poor Tompkins fell.  
O, what a drop was that, you fellows!  
Then I, and you, and all of us cleared out,  
Whilst all these dogs careered round Tompkins.  
O, now you laugh! and I perceive, you think  
It sort of funny; you're a sturdy crowd,  
Brave boys. What, laugh you when you now behold  
This busted duster? Look you here,  
Here is himself, and if you don't look out,  
He'll knock the whole party of you into the  
Middle of next week, and don't you forget it.  
(Exeunt omnes.)

SCRANTON.

A Kentucky boy while playing base-ball, Sunday, was struck by lightning. He was very fortunate that it wasn't the ball that hit him.—*Boston Post.*

**SIR HECTOR AT CORNWALL.**

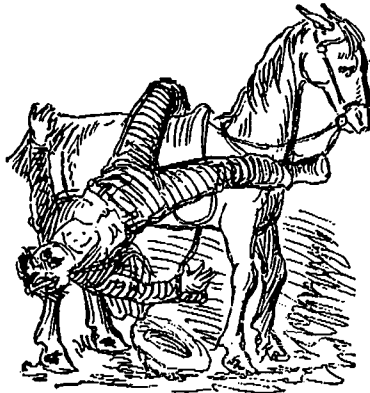
**CORNWALL RESTAURANT.**



(VERGE-TS LEFT ME OF THE GREAT LANGEVIN FIZZLE AT CORNWALL, BY THE "GLOBE'S" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Reception Committee (at head of table).—Well, waiter, what have you got for our distinguished visitor?

Waiter.—Nothing, sir, but a little cold shoulder!



(ANECDOTE TO THE ABOVE BY SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MAIL," FROM A RELIABLE GENTLEMAN OF CORNWALL.)

The Langevin reception was the grandest affair of the kind we have ever seen in Cornwall. The only failure about it was the failure of the *Globe's* correspondent to keep his place on his horse in the procession, owing to the influence of old rye.

**Mrs. Briggs on the Perihelion.**

Which I don't believe I ever did put in such a time, an' Briggs he said "Stuff an' nonsense, old gal, cum to bed, can't yer?" "Not if I die for it, Briggs," says I, "an' you oughter be ashamed of yourself, a thinkin' of goin' to bed this blessed night when yer doesn't know as there's ever goin' to be another mornin'." An' Briggs, he only luffed in an aggravatin' sort of way an' says, "Well, old gal, I'm off, an' you can call me when you see anythin' a cummin'." Briggs is that unbelievin' about things it makes me all of a tremble when I think on it. Says I, "Am't yer read it in the papers, an' don't they know everythin' as is goin' to happen, an' if they say there's to be a perry-he-lion, is sich a ignoramus as you agoin' to dispute it?" An' Briggs, he said he didn't know nothin' about no he lions nor tigers neither, he only knowed he was agoin' to bed, an' I was that vexed I let him, though I could a pinched him, that I could. I didn't know jist wot to expect, cos sum said one thing an' sum another, so I jist went an' stood at the winder a lookin' an' a tremblin' like anythin'. An' after a while

there was that Briggs a snorin' in the next room like a pig with a bad cold. It giv' me the creeps to hear it, that it did, for I thought as how, wot if he should never wake no more? Which I couldn't forgit as he was my husban' an' the father of the little an' as only lived three weeks, an' then went where the poor little thing wouldn't never cry no more. So I went an' stood over him an' "Briggs," says I, "it's a most three o'clock, wouldn't yer like to wake up now an' be redly for wots a cummin'?" "Bother," says he, "don't worry me, old gal, I'm too sleepy to talk; cum ter bed, can't yer?" Which I couldn't a thought a man would a bin so blind to the warnins as the papers give, for he jist turned over an' began to snore agen like all possessed. I was that struck all of a heap I didn't know what to do, and jist then I heard the fast stroke of three on the clock. All of a -hale I was, so I give Briggs a great pinch an' pulled the clothes of him an' rushed to the winder to look for the perry-he-lion. Would yer a believed it—there wa'n't nothin' to be seen but jist the stays a shinin' as calm an bright as little Willie's eyes afore he was took? Thinks I to myself, thinks I—the clock's fast, an' I waited an' waited expectin' a earthquake an' I didn't know wot, but all was as quiet as a cat a watchin' a mouse. Then I remembered all to wunce as the clock was a quarter slow, an' says I, them papers as bin a lyin', an' I'll never believe them no more. An' thankful I felt as they was all liars, not but wot they oughter be punished for frightnin' people so an' keepin' them awake most all the night. I was that tight hearted I went an' knelt down an' said my prayers quite heart-felt like, an' then crept into bed an' giv' Briggs sich a hug as most wakened him. I felt that dead tired I was asleep in less than half a minit, an' didn't wake till near ten o'clock on the blessed Sunday mornin'. Briggs says the next time there's a perry-he-lion he hopes as I'll be able to tell him wot its like, but you won't catch me a sittin' up half the night for another, you bet, wotever them nasty papers may say.

**Double U. Tea Ache Mus., Emm., Dia., Ell., Ell., Doc.**

MY DEAR MR. GRIP,—I notice among your numerous and well-deserved titles that of F. I. D., and I am surprised you have not welcomed to that high plain of scholastic distinction, one of Canada's sons and Toronto's citizens, who has recently been hooded by a distinguished university which is noted for its stringency in requiring great literary attainments in those upon which it confers honorary degrees. In this recent bestowal of the degree of L.L. D., this university has maintained its character for wise discretion in selecting persons only who have won renown in the fields of literature and science. The gentleman honored, and who in turn so honors (or pays) the university, is well known as a constant contributor to scientific and literary journals, and as a distinguished member of many scientific societies. The profession which has the honor to claim him as a member, is much indebted to him for his discourses in medical science, and for the unselfish manner in which he has worked to advance its interests apart from self. As an author of many works on medical subjects, as a regular contributor to the medical press during the thirty years he has been in practice; as an active member of medical societies, always ready with original and practical papers; and withal, as one so indifferent to office and self-interest, he has made himself beloved by all his conferees. His articles on scientific matters, apart from medicine, enrich Canadian, American, and foreign journals. In a word all that he has done to entitle him to the honor is simply immense. And how beautiful the relationship between the *alma mater* and the *alumnus*. Please record this happy family event.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS —



"PICKING A CROW."

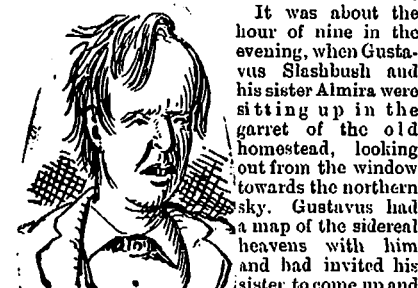
Y. B. P. (loq.)—

Here, Grip, come perch upon my toe,  
With you I have to pick a crow.  
You wronged me when that picture you did make,  
Which showed me stabbing that big guy of Blake—  
All on account of article in *Atlatl*,  
In which the writer did this Blake assail.  
You didn't *know* I wrote it, nor could show  
The proof—you merely thought or surmised so,  
Because the Grits all said I did, and I  
Did not think fit the rumor to deny.  
In doing so, you made a big mistake.  
You didn't *know* I wrote that thing on Blake,  
Nor do I feel disposed to tell you now  
Whether I did or not—I'm not so slow.  
Take my advice, if you're a prudent bird,  
And have your *proof* before you say a word,  
Your name is *Grits*—you ought to write it "Grit,"  
The Tory party you do always hit.  
"Hold up," say you, "don't say what you can't  
prove."  
Well, yes, ahem,—that cuts both ways, by Jove!  
Will I point out the pictures whose base wit,  
The Tory party hath *unjustly* hit?  
Of course I will—let's see—er,—ahem—  
Some other evening I will specify *them*—  
Or will I tell you any time when *Grit*?  
A good chance to attack the Grits let slip?  
Of course I will—hold up, I want to think,  
Let's see! Ah, yes!! I've got you now, by Jink!

Witness for instance the shamefully libellous chorus  
echoed from London to Halifax on the day after the long  
sitting in 1878, unrebuked by Grip, who certainly in that  
instance "let slip a fair opportunity" of attacking and  
exposing the shameful attack hatched at Ottawa, telegraphed  
simultaneously to the Grit press throughout the  
provinces, and swallowed by them with greedy avidity.

'Too vague, too misty, indistinct and that,  
What telegrams? What am I driving at?  
Some other evening I will let you know,  
You pesky, little, most annoying crow!  
Well, there's the National Policy, didn't you  
Pitch into it with all the clear Grit crew?  
And there's the Syndicate, another thing  
Which you attacked with very bitter sting.  
Ah, true, in dealing with such themes as these,  
You take, like me, whatever course you please;  
I advocated the N. P., you went agin it;  
You fought the Syndicate, I helped to win it;  
'Tis not your fault if clear Grits took your view,  
You judge the measures for yourself? quite true—  
There's *Punch*, just as you say, against Protection,  
Yet no one doubts his independent action.  
We'll close this interview—I feel quite dumb—  
But henceforth handle pleasantly your J. B. Plumb.

SLASHBUSH ON THE VOLUNTEERS.



It was about the hour of nine in the evening, when Gustavus Slashbush and his sister Almira were sitting up in the garret of the old homestead, looking out from the window towards the northern sky. Gustavus had a map of the sidereal heavens with him and had invited his sister to come up and have a look at the comet, which eccentric celestial visitor was at the time shut out from view by the intervening clouds.

"I don't see nuthin'," said the impatient Almira. "I jest guess we'd better wait for some other evaning," and she arose to depart. "Stay, Almira," said her brother, "stay awhile; when the sombre clouds have dissipated we'll have a good view of it; it's now just a little

east of Capella."

"Well, why don't you go to Capella if it's so near there, and you're so anxious about it; for my part I don't care about the durned thing, anyhow."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Gustavus, "go to Capella! Well I vow! Do you know how far Capella is away?"

"Don't know, nor don't care," replied his sister. "It's not in this township, anyhow."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Gustavus, and he began to explain, by aid of his map, all about the pole star, Auriga, Aldebaran, the Pleiades, Saturn's rings, and Jupiter's belts to his sister, who didn't understand a word he said, when lo! the clouds broke and the comet was in full view!

"My!" exclaimed Almira, "ain't it nice. It looks jest like the tail of Uncle Ephraim's white colt when he's gallopin' over the medders."

"Yes, Almira, take a good look at it—you won't get another chance for sixty or seventy years. Look at its steady course through infinite space," continued Gustavus, "no obstacle can oppose its steady march. Ha! steady march," said the young philosopher, a sudden idea seeming to strike him. "Now, if our volunteers could march like that, and look as bright and shining, what a joy would fill the heart of that stern commander, General Luard! But that, of course, is an impossibility. Yet it seems our military authorities expect impossibilities," continued Gustavus, flying off at a tangent from his original theme, as was his wont. "How on earth do they expect anything like "soldierly bearing" in men the most of whom have hardly been drilled at all, even in the very rudiments of military instruction, whose knowledge of interior economy or regimental standing orders are *nil*, and who very likely never saw a regular soldier in their lives. Besides, there is nothing done to encourage either officers or men; the former are snubbed and the latter's pay is reduced. At the Niagara camp the men had decidedly short commons, for a breakfast of dry bread and camp kettle tea is neither a palatable nor nourishing breakfast for a man who has been on guard all night, even if his clothes don't fit him and his belts are dirty! According to general orders the men were required to have a neat little wardrobe including towels, toothbrush, needles and thread, and also a pair of what the soldiers call "ammunition" shoes—these are the flat-soled, low-heeled articles mentioned in the order. But who's to pay for all this—not the captains of the companies to whom the order was addressed. Who's to pay—?"

"Hi there, you Gus!" roared old Mr. Slashbush from down stairs, "git out of that garret and go to bed, cousan! ye. Your all-fired tongue's longer than that comet's tail. Durn ye! Git to bed!"

"Well, why don't you go to Capella if it's so near there, and you're so anxious about it; for my part I don't care about the durned thing, anyhow."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Gustavus, "go to Capella! Well I vow! Do you know how far Capella is away?"

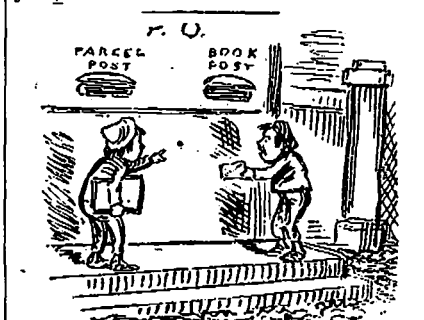
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THE NEW P. O. REGULATIONS.

*Messenger Boy.*—Well, here's a go! Lawyer Bigelow sent me to put this document into the box to go to Hamilton, and he told me to be mighty careful, 'cause if I put it in one of the places it would cost him sixty-five cents, and if I put it in the other it would only cost five cents, and now blowed if I know which is which!



"THE FOOLISH MAN."

We learn from a Belleville paper that Sir Richard Cartwright recently addressed a great political gathering on the Sand Banks near Picton. It has often been asserted by the Conservative journals that Sir Richard's arguments are of a shaky character, but hereafter there will be at least our quotable instance of his having built on the sand!

It Speaks for Itself!

Extracts from report of City School Teacher's meeting, London, Ont., June 10th, 1881:—

The Committee appointed in the previous session to prepare a resolution of condolence reported "That this Association desires to express its deep feeling of sorrow on account of calamity which Divine Providence has permitted to fall upon this city and vicinity, in the foundering of the *Victoria*, which resulted in the loss of many lives of our fellow citizens. That while bowing to this dispensation of Providence, we desire to express our most sincere sympathy for the many bereaved families, more especially the parents whose children were in our classes."—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Colton, that the sum of \$25 be granted by this Association towards the Relief Fund of the city.

Mr. Boyle and the President doubted the legality of voting the funds to any but for educational purposes. The resolution received no seconder.

Mr. Colton then moved that a subscription be opened out to allow the members an opportunity to contribute to the Relief Fund.

Mr. Boyle said that would meet the purpose, but this resolution also received no seconder.

The Association met at 10 a.m. on the 12th, the President in the chair. The auditor's report was submitted, which showed a balance deposited to the credit of the Association of \$170; also making suggestions regarding fees. The report was, on motion, referred back to the Committee for a more complete report.

Moved by T. J. Colton, seconded by Thos. Woodburne,— "Inasmuch as there are many orphans and indigent persons in this city as a result of the recent *Victoria* disaster, whose education will undoubtedly suffer, be it resolved that the sum of \$25 be voted by this Association and forwarded to the Mayor, with instructions to be applied as indicated."

The President expressed surprise at such a resolution being introduced when a similar one had been ruled out of order during a previous session, and he thought Mr. Colton was prompted by motives other than philanthropy, and in order to carry his point had made his resolution in a slightly different manner, though it really was identical. He accordingly ruled the resolution out of order, amid applause.



### WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

'T WAS I, SAYS BURR PLUMB,  
I KNOCKED HIM DUMB!

OH, NO, NOT QUITE!  
'T WAS I, SAYS TOM WHITE.

\* See comments on page 3.

## The Joker Club.

## "The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

## THE SAME OLD ROUND

"Could I see the editor?" she asked, looking around for him and wondering what was going on under his table.

"Eh! yes, I'm him," responded the editor, evolving himself and slipping a cork into his vest pocket. "What can I do for you?"

"I am a student at Packer Institute," responded the blushing damsel, "and I have written a little article on 'Our School Days' which I would like to have published in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, if you think it good enough."

"Certainly," replied the editor, gazing in unconscious admiration upon the beautiful face before him. "Does it commence 'Our school days! how the words linger in sweet cadences on the strings of memory!' Is that the way it runs?"

"Why yes," responded the beaming girl. "Then it goes on, 'How we look forward from the time when we shall look back to them?' How did you know?"

"Never mind," said the editor, with the engaging smile which has endeared him to the citizens of Brooklyn. "After that comes, 'So sunshiny! So gilded with the pleasures that make youth happy, they have flown into the immutable past and come to us in after life only as echoes in the caves of sweet recollection.' Isn't that it?"

"It certainly is," answered the astonished girl, radiant with delight. "How could you know it?"

"Then it changes from the pianissimo and becomes more tender: 'The shadows gather around our path. The roses of friendship are withering, but may we not hope that they will bloom again as we remember the affection that bound us here and made'—"

"No, you're wrong there," and the soft eyes looked disappointed.

"Is it 'Hope on, hope ever?'" asked the editor.

"That comes in further on. You had it nearly right. It is 'The dun shadows close around us. The flowers of friendship are sleeping, but not withered, and will bloom again in the affectionate remembrance of the chains that bound us so lightly.'"

"Strange that I should have made that mistake," said the editor musingly. "I never missed on one before. From there it goes, 'Schoolmates, let us live so that all our days shall be as radiant as those we have known here, and may we pluck happiness from every bush, forgetting never that the thorns are below the roses, and pitying those whose hands are bruised in the march through life.'"

"That's it!" exclaimed the delighted girl. "And then comes 'Hope on, hope ever.'"

"Sure's you're born!" cried the editor, blushing with pleasure, and once more on the right track. "Then it runs: 'And as for you, teachers dear!'"

"Yes, yes, you're right," giggled the girl; "I can't see how you found me out! Would you like to print it?" and her face assumed an anxious shade.

"Certainly," responded the editor. "I'll say it's by the most promising young lady in Brooklyn, the daughter of an esteemed citizen and a lady who has already taken a high social rank!"

"That finishes the school commencements at one swoop," sighed the editor gloomily, as the fair vision floated out. "Can't see how I made that blunder about the shadows and roses and friendship. Either I'm getting old or some of these girls have struck out something original. Here, Swipes, tell the foreman to put this slush in the next tax salesupplement," and the editor felt in his hair for the cork, and wondered what had happened to his memory.

## UTE STATEMANSHIP

There will be a big pow-wow at the White River Agency on the 25th, at which the Utes will decide whether they will go away to their new lands peaceably or not.

We are permitted to publish in advance the written statement of Chief Colorow, which he will submit to the meeting on that occasion, and give it below:—

*Gentlemen of the Conference Warriors and Pale-Faced Snoozers from the Land of the Rising Sun:—*

My people are to-day cordially invited by the white father to pack up their furniture and go west to grow up with the country.

We are asked to leave our lands and take up some claims in another locality under the desert land act.

The white father tells his children to scot. He says he needs these lands in his business, and asks the red man to gather his papoosees and take a little excursion into a strange land.

The white father knows that when he speaks we must obey his voice. He has the regular army and another man to enforce his commands.

We accept the situation. The bones of our ancestors are here. Here are our homes. Here are the spirits of our dead. We have handed in our remonstrance, but it don't count.

In a few moons we must turn our back upon these hills and valleys and go to our new reservation.

White men with their pale squaws and spindleshanked papoosees will build their wigwams here. The prospector will come here and dig holes in the earth, and the farmer will plant his crook-necked squashes above the ashes of my people.

When the white father starts the music, we waltz to it.

We have been asked to irrigate the country here and hoe corn like the white man. Our hearts are heavy, and we cannot promote the string bean. We will do what is right, but we cannot work. The Indian cannot hunt the potato bug when the deer and antelope are ripe. He cannot dig post holes in the hot sun when the chase calls upon him to go forth into the forests.

Here, where we have roamed through the tall grass, and hunted the deer and the buffalo, the pale-face asks us to dig irrigation ditches and plow the green earth with a rebellious mule.

Here, where our war cry has been answered back by the giant hills, we are told to whack bulls and join the church.

They come to us and tell us to go to school and wear pants. They ask us to learn the language of the pale-face and go to Congress. They send men to us who want us to learn to spell and wear suspenders.

We cannot do this. We are used to the ways of our people. We scratch our backs against the mountain pine as my people did a thousand years ago. We cannot change. We can leave our land, but we cannot change our socks every spring and do as the white man does.

We can go away from our homes and live in a strange land, but we cannot wear open-back shirts and lead in prayer.

Warriors, we will go to the land our white father has given us. We will take our squaws and our yeller dogs, our wigwams and our fleas.

We will go to our new home beyond the river now, and when the autumn comes we will take a bridal tour back to this country.

We will construct a holocaust, what ever that is, and spatter the intellectual faculties of the ranches all over the country.

This is all. I am done. I have made my remarks. I have twittered my twit.—*Bill Nyc.*

Eloise asks if we will publish her poem on "The Wavelet of the Rivulet." With a smilet upon our faclet we reply yes. Write only one sidelet of the sheetlet, Eloise, and put on enough stamplets. Your poemlet shall have spacelet.

"Strike, but here"—as the school-boy, who had paddled his back yard with a pillow, said to the teacher who was about to thrash him.

Just in: Do you drink brandy? No, I do not drink brandy, but my brother Andy, who is quite a dandy, drinks brandy, mixed with rock candy.

"Every trade has its special disease." Printers always have the hardest type, probably on account of the amount of dead matter lying around.

Hard on the feet—corns... Sound doctrine—the science of acoustics... A floorist may not be a shoulder-hitter, but a shoulder-hitter may be a floorist.

An Irish gentleman, with that peculiar perspicuity of statement characteristic of his race, says the chief pleasure in kissing a pretty girl is when she won't let you.

He wrote it, in his famous graduating oration, "Fat is ironical," and it appeared in the paper of his village, "Fate is an ironclad." There was an explosion, of course.

Now, honestly, do you believe the report that Sarah Bernhardt studied the air and expression of half-crazed women by going to a millinery store and watching them try to select a bonnet?

The coming rattlesnake will carry a demijohn attachment filled with antidote, and men will hunt rattlesnakes for their antidote just as they hunt the muskrat now for the fragrant musk which he contains.

Kate Field says her dress reform bureau is now prepared to take orders for anything, "from a needle to a white elephant." Should like to know what article of dress the reformers call the "white elephant."

A young lady who has no objection to the revision of the New Testament writes to say that the phrase "purple and fine linen" conveys no idea of luxury to her mind and she suggests as an improvement, "sealskin and black velvet."

The cigarette vice: "Do you know, Mr. Smith," asked Mrs. S., in a reproving way, "that that cigarette is hurting you; that it is your enemy?" "Yes," replied Smith, calmly ejecting a steely cloud; "yes, I know it, and I'm trying to smoke the rascal out."

A prominent citizen of Austin was being propelled homeward by a faithful colored servant late one night last week, when they suddenly came to a halt. "Whussler matter, now?" asked the prominent citizen. "Dar's a man dead drunk on the side walk." "Gimme a lamp-ster ter hold up, and you drag off misherable drunken beast by hish legsh."

William Sprague, of Rhode Island, has spent a fortune of \$12,000,000, left him by his father, during the past twenty years. As he didn't start a daily paper to fill a long felt want, it is difficult to understand how he expended so much money in that period. If he employed a plumber three months a year, he ought to still have a couple of thousand left.

An Austin gentleman asked Gus De Smith if it was hotter in Austin than in Galveston. Gus replied that Austin was much the hotter. The Austin man said that in Austin the thermometer did not often go much higher than ninety. "That may be," responded Gus, "but it is so cool at Galveston when the thermometer is at ninety that you feel chilly, and need an overcoat."

Maid of Yonkers, are we buss, tell me will you make a fuss?—*New York News*. Man of Gotham, are you risk your life, tell me will you inform your wife?—*Yonkers Gazette*. Maid of Hartford, are I pop, tell me will you faint or flop!—*Hartford Sunday Journal*. Maid of Webster, are we wed, who'll split the kindlings in the sled. —*Webster Times*. Maid of Camden, are we mate, can't I never stay out late?—*Camden Post*.



"LOVE IS BLIND."

They say there's a comet visible in the northern heavens, but Miss Clara Spooner doesn't believe it. She says she stooled by the front gate of her papa's house quite late the other night and didn't see the least bit of a comet!

**Lord Fitz Fraud.**

A Toronto Society Drama, as performed in GRIP'S Canadian Theatre, Adelaide Street.

**ACT I.**

Garden in front of Mrs. MacShoddy's house on Jarvis St. Enter Jennie, the parlor-maid, prettily but plainly dressed, watering flowers.

Jennie sings.

You loves of roses! pansies fit to strew for poor Ophelia!  
You violets, far sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes!  
Oh, really, ah! how you recall our cottage in Orillia!  
Papa's poor home, which these proud swells would probably despise!

Enter Ernest, engaged to Miss Maud MacShoddy.

Ernest:  
What lovely eyes! what gold-bright hair! About Miss Maud MacShoddy,  
May I enquire, of one who blooms among the flowers a flower?

Jennie:  
From yonder dais the young ladies come, sir, in a body,  
And, my! but GLADYS does look plum, and sweetest  
MAUD is sour!

(Exit Jennie.)

Enter chorus of the Misses MacShoddy.

Chorus.—We are the tip top elite of Toronto!  
Boasting of style, and æsthetics, and intellect,  
Bando and frieze we can skilfully ornament,  
Pancakes and pies our white hands can construct  
not,  
Soon we expect our papa will be knighted,  
Then will our ma be addressed as "My Lady,"  
Then shall we look with proud scorn on the vulgar,  
Coarse, mere Canadian Toronto society!

Semi-chorus led by Miss Maud:

See! that girl Jennie is talking to Ernest!  
Oh! these low creatures are insolent horribly!  
Daring to speak to our young men acquaintances!  
Daring to answer when spoken to civilly!  
Come! let us carry him hence instantaneously,  
Out of the reach of plebeian attractiveness;  
—As for the girl, bye-and-bye we will talk to her,  
Scolding her well for her vulgar presumption!

**ACT II.**

Maud MacShoddy's Japanese Boudoir. Enter Ernest and Maud.

Ernest:  
Maud, if we are to be engaged, I wish you would not flirt so with that English Lord, I am not jealous, not unreasonable, but think Canadian girls should not coquette with one whose pride—which I call snobbishness—derides our country, and insults Canadians!

Maud:  
Now, really, Mr. Ernest, how you tire one!  
You are just fit to wear my patience out.  
You should feel honored, in being asked to meet  
My Lord, the Right Honourable Lord FITZ FRAUD!  
—But hush! here comes Mamma's distinguished guest!

Enter Lord Fitz Fraud, magnificently got up.

Lord F.:

Weally, this howid climate is too 'ot  
For anyone but colonists to enjoy!

Ernest:

Your Lordship speaks of colonists as inferiors.  
Well; if the name of "colonist" invites  
Odious comparisons with English greatness,  
Call us not colonists, but CANADIANS.

(Loud applause from the audience in GRIP'S Theatre—  
Shouts of "Canada First," "Where's Blake," &c.)

Maud:

Don't call us "mere Canadians," Lord Fitz Fraud,  
We deem our proudest title "England's Colony,"  
England's "dependency," poor, humble, loyal!

Ernest:

COUNTRY, not "colony" comes next my heart.  
A PATRIOT first, if loyal afterwards.

(The performance was here interrupted by the editor of a King St. paper, who was, however, promptly suppressed by one of Toronto's efficient police force.)

Maud:

Shame! Ernest! shame! such talk is dynamite,  
Worthy the columns of the *Hystander*.  
Too deep you drank at that Goldwinian dinner!  
No, Lord Fitz Fraud! papa's expected knight hood  
Shall link Toronto to your noble order—  
Then as your English titled poet sings,  
(Opens volume of LORD JOHN MANER'S poems and reads:  
"Let laws and freedom, arts and commerce die,  
But give poor Canada an aristocracy!"

(Exit.)

**ACT III.**

The smoking room. Lord Fitz Fraud challenges Ernest to play cards, Lord F. cheats, and Ernest loses his entire fortune. Enter JENNIE unperceived. She watches Lord F.'s play.

Jennie, aside:

Six right bowers in his sleeve!! I guess that he  
Is worse than any heathenish Chinese.

**ACT IV.**

The conservatory by moonlight. Duets, Ernest and Maud.

Ernest:

In playing euchre,  
With Lord Fitz Fraud,  
I've lost my pile of lucre—  
Console me, my sweet Maud!

Maud:

Such words improper,  
I will not hear!  
I cut the pauper,  
I love the peer!

(Exit Maud.)

(Lights down—Chords from the orchestra—Telegram reporter faints from excessive emotion—Ernest puts a pistol to his forehead—Enter Jennie who seizes the pistol.)

Jennie:

Forbear! for future dances wait, instead  
Of rashly putting balls into your head:  
Fitz Fraud has cheated at that horrid game—  
While Hiram Wiggins is his real name;  
That active officer, Policeman Flynn,  
To Union Station now has run him in—  
Your fortune is quite safe in hand I guess—

Ernest:  
Accept my hand and fortune, dearest?

Jennie:

Yes.

Tableau of thrilling tenderness and blazing bliss—Soft music—Loud cheers and shouts of "No more Toronto girls for MacShoddy knights." C.P.M.

**A Dialogue on Hardware.**

SCENE.—Corner of King and Church. TIME.

—Last week. Parties meet who have not seen each other for some time.

Benson.—Hello! Jouson, what are you doing now, eh?

Jouson.—Oh! I've been travelling for an ale factory for some time past.

Benson.—A nail factory? I didn't suppose you new enough about hardware to travel for it.

Jouson.—Hardware be blowed! I said an ale factory, not a nail factory. That's *hard ware* enough for me, though. Ha! ha! Ta, ta. (Benson collapses.)

We observe a "handsome surveyor's theodolite" shortly to be sold at auction by a leading firm here, and are somewhat surprised that the photograph of the "handsome surveyor" is not furnished so as to enable the public to judge if the advertisement is strictly correct.



REAL IRISH!

SCENE.—The Island Hotel. A Fact.

Beau (to Irishman who has been rudely staring at the girl.)—What do you mean, sir, by looking at this young lady in that insolent manner?

Pat.—Shure, sur, I wasn't. I was luckin' at the music, sur!

**Some Omissions.**

Observing an extended notice in a late *Mail* of "Harper's Cyclopaedia of Poetry," we procured us a copy, and while admiring the very admirable selection made of both British and American verse—

Still many lines we do not see  
Re-printed in its pages;  
Omissions that are sure to be  
Regretted by our sages.

The author surely must have heard  
Of Crawford's stately rhyming,  
Plumb, Niagara's warbling bird,  
And Awde's aquatic chiming.

Joe Banks with "Tom Moore" Irish wit  
In rhyme and prose well written;  
Corrie, with idyls made to fit  
His dog, his cat, and kitten.

"They knew the lofty rhyme to build"  
On subjects without number;  
Through *World* and *Telegram* they've thrilled Us,  
With delight and wonder.

Sing on, ye modern poets, sing!  
Chime out your spring-tide ditties,  
Your praises we will loudly ring  
Through hamlets, towns and cities.

What I have written here, loved bars,  
Must surely make you happy;  
But those who've seen my "deck of cards"  
Will say it's downright taffy. "PETER."

**Elevated to the Peerage.**

The people of Cobourg have been *feting* Sir Hector Langevin, hoping thereby to get some harbor improvements from the Government. He gave the honorable gentleman an ovation on his arrival at the town, and reminded him ever so often of his recently bestowed knighthood. So great was their flunkysism that the Mayor, on behalf of the citizens, went the length of suggesting that Her Majesty stopped far short of Sir Hector's deserts in bestowing a mere knighthood, that an elevation to the nobility was justly his due. This reflection on the Queen was delicately conveyed by his Worship officially naming one of the wharves "Langevin Peer."

A correspondent informs us that in giving Middlesex the credit of being the first county to abolish toll gates, we did an injustice to Perth. We hasten to make the correction, and crown the Fair Maid with her rightful laurel.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES. Postal Card Size, \$1.00. Note Size, \$2.00. Letter Size, \$3.00. Foolscap Size \$4.00. One Bottle of Ink with each Lithogram. Agents wanted in every Town. BENGOUGH BROS., Agents. Next Door Post Office, Toronto.

JACOBS PATENT LITHOGRAM.



A "VIEW" OF THE FIRST EXHIBITION, R. C. A., HALIFAX.

\* See Comments on Page 3.

**BENGOUGH BROTHERS,**  
**PRINTERS, PUBLISHERS, ENGRAVERS, LITHOGRAPHERS,**  
 ETC., ETC., 55 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO.

**"THE PANORAMA."** The first number of this journal will appear next week with contributions from many of the leading pens and pencils of the Dominion. To be sold at all news stands at 5cts. per copy. Annual subscription, \$2.50.

**"GRIP"** With the first issue in July, GRIP will appear enclosed in a tasteful wrapper upon which displayed advertisements will appear. The spaces are being rapidly taken up by advertisers who appreciate the fact that GRIP gives them more return for their money than any other medium available. Those who desire to secure the insertion of their advertisements in the spaces still open, will please notify the publishers at once, when our canvasser will call upon them.

**"THE CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER"** for June will be out in the course of a few days, and the July number will make its appearance promptly on the 15th of the month. Subscribers who have not received the number for May will please notify us. A great improvement in the lithographed portion of the WRITER is anticipated with the forthcoming number. Subscription, \$1.00 per year.

**"GRIP'S" ALMANAC FOR 1882.** The Editor of this publication is now prepared to receive literary contributions, which will be paid for at fair rates. Writers will please mark their envelopes "For GRIP'S Almanac," and address Editor, GRIP.

**GENERAL JOB PRINTING.** Every description of letter-press printing, wood engraving, and free hand designing executed at GRIP Office 57 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

**MAY NO.** -OF- **"The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer."** **NOW READY**  
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