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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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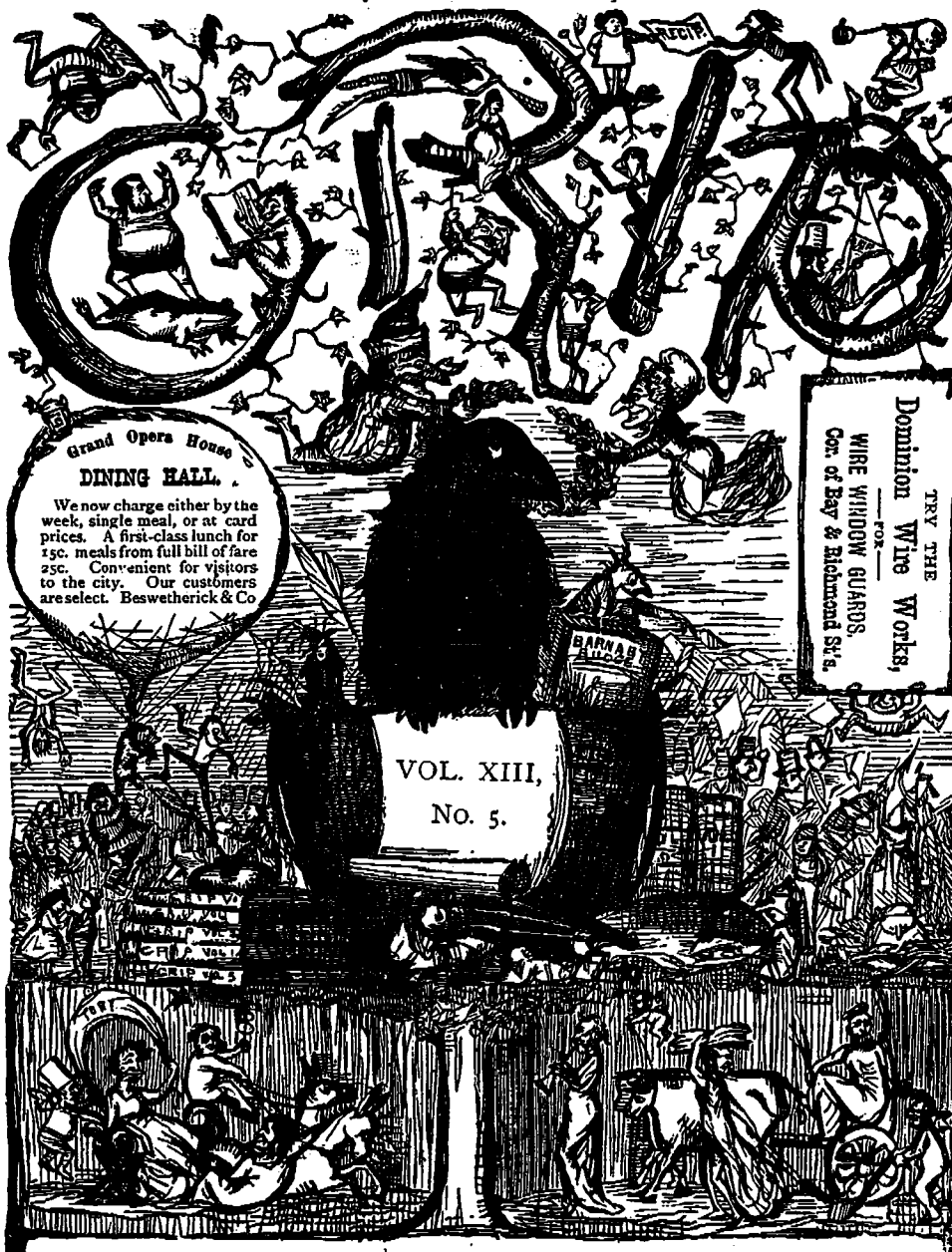
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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.

The concluding volume of the "Life of the Prince Consort" will be published in November.

The papyrus containing the orations of HYPERIDES for Lycophron and for Euxenippus, edited in 1853 by the Rev. CHURCHILL BABINGTON, has just passed into the possession of the trustees of the British Museum. The trustees have also acquired the celebrated papyrus of the "Iliad" formerly in the possession of Mr. W. J. BANKES.

The first instalment of Prof. MAX MÜLLER'S "Sacred Books of the East," will shortly appear. The first volume contains a translation of the Upanishads, by the editor; the second, the Shu King, Shih King, and Hsiao King, translated by Prof. LEGGE; the third, the Sacred Laws of the Aryas, translated by Dr. GEORGE BUTLER, of Bombay.

FRANK BEARD, the Brooklyn artist, so well known to all who attend the Chautauqua Assemblies, is with his wife, stopping for a few days with their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. CARTER, in Harborcreek. They are en route to their home in Brooklyn from the Assembly at Sturgis, Mich. Mr. BEARD will give his famous blackboard talks at Chautauqua this year as usual.

Prof. VINCOW, who has been visiting Dr. SCHLIEMANN in the Troad; reports concerning his excavations of the Berlin Anthropological Society. He states that Mr. SCHLIEMANN is having a great portion of the surface cleared away in order to lay bare the Trojan city, and in the course of the works great masses of charred buildings came to light, as well as large blocks of unburnt clay, evidently used in building the walls. In VINCOW'S presence a second treasure was discovered, similar to the so-called "Treasure of Priam," consisting of long gold chains and gold disks.

The Trustees of SHAKESPEARE'S birthplace have had rather a stormy meeting. The trust deed refers exclusively to the birthplace; but a few years ago the site of the poet's last residence, New Place, was included in the trust as an inseparable adjunct. At the meeting referred to a resolution was proposed to apply part of the funds to the maintenance of the gardens attached to the new Memorial Theatre. Against this proposal Mr. HALLIWELL PHILLIPS entered a strong protest as an obvious breach of trust, those gardens not having any possible connection with the personal history of SHAKESPEARE. The resolution has for the present been withdrawn.

VICTOR HUGO, EDMOND ABOUT, ALEXANDRE DUMAS, IVAN TOURGUENEFF, CASTELAR, BELLOT, MENDES LEAL, together with upwards of two hundred known men of letters from France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Spain, Belgium, even from the Brazils and San Salvador, are coming to hold a congress on authors' rights this month in London. A strong reception committee of English men of letters has been formed to give their foreign confreres a hearty welcome, and make their week in London a pleasant one. Already good Mr. FLOWER, Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, has offered to receive and entertain the Congress in SHAKESPEARE'S birthplace. Mr. BLANCHARD JERROLD will preside over the deliberations, and Lord BEACONFIELD has promised to participate. The question of international copyright will, it is believed, be definitely settled by this congress.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY,

Conducted by J. G. HOLLAND.

The Handsomest Illustrated Magazine in the World.

The American edition of this periodical is

More than 70,000 Monthly,

And it has a larger circulation in England than any other American magazine. Every number contains about one hundred and fifty pages, and from fifty to seventy-five original wood-cut illustrations. Several illustrated articles descriptive of Canadian Sports and Scenery have recently appeared in its pages, and the magazine during the coming year will devote much space to matters of special interest to the Canadian public.

"HAWORTH'S" by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1879, and will be profusely illustrated.

FALCONBERG, by H. H. Boyesen, author of "Guitar," "The Man who Lost his Name," &c. In this romance the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement. Some of the incidents will be found of very curious interest, this being a study of a phase of life in the New World with which few Americans, even, are familiar. "Falconberg" began in the August number of 1879.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by George W. Cable. This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the years 1803-45, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS. This series will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by F. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as frontispieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS.—A series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John P. Muir, the California naturalist. These are the most graphic and picturesque, and at the same time exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Meadows, Wind Storms and Forests.

A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL. Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hartt, is now in Brazil, with Mr. J. Wells Champney (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South"), preparing for SCRIBNER a series of papers on the present condition,—the cities, the rivers and general resources of the great empire of South America.

THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS, by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the rarest contributions to SCRIBNER during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at play," appears in the November number.

THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES. We are now having prepared, for SCRIBNER, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Boyesen, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.), and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent, their methods of teaching, &c.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on How Shall We Spell (two papers by Prof. LUGSBURY), The New South, Linnæus-Planting for Small Places (by SAMUEL PARSONS, of Chesham), Canada of To-day, American Art and Artists, American Archaeology, Modern Inventions; also Papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, Political and Social Science, Stories, Poems; "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland; record of New Inventions and Mechanical Improvements; Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.; Book Reviews; fresh bits of Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c.

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Stage Whispers.

II. J. BRYON'S new play is the *Wicked Major*.

Madam JANAUSSCHECK will spend the summer in a cottage at Lynn.

The critic of the London *Times* thinks Miss MINNIE HAWK'S *Marguerite* almost equal to NILSSON'S.

ROSE EYTINGE and CYRILLE SEARLE are both engaged at a London theatre, the latter as stage manager.

The recognized "leading juvenile" of America, Mr. LESTER WALLACK is three times a grandfather.

Mr. EDWIN PRICE, the young New York actor, according to the *Springfield Republican*, is to be the husband of Miss FANNY DAVENPORT.

A play called the *Debutante's Husband* has been produced in Vienna, and has been enormously successful. It is a palpable hit at PATTI, NICOLINI and the Marquis de CAGX.

GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE has offered the principal female part in his play of *Wolfert's Roost, or Sleepy Hollow*, to be produced at WALLACK'S in August, to ALFA MERRILL, a New York lady of some talent and great beauty.

Miss THURSDY, according to a Paris newspaper, has been singing "some of her sweetest songs" for the Baron GENZBURG in his house, and in the company of "the Prince and Princess de Hesse and their son Prince HENRI."

GEORGE ELROT is convinced that the drama is in anything but a flourishing condition. She expects that in the near future "a bottled-nosed Lear will come on the stage with a monstrous corpulence, from which he will frantically dance himself free during the midnight storm, and *Rosalind and Celia* will join in a grotesque ballet with shepherds and shepherdesses."

JULIAN STURGESS, in the June number of the *International Review*, thus speaks of Mr. IRVING'S acting: "*Hamlet* smells of the lamp. Expression and action are often excellent, but seldom appear spontaneous. We are amazed by the cleverness, but lack faith. It is only once or twice that we forget to criticise or admire the actor, while we stare breathless at the Prince himself. His movements are full of expression and most subtle suggestion, but do not seem quite natural. His speech is often admirable, especially in short sentences; but he indulges himself in such perverse pronunciation that he is too often unintelligible. He is often good when he speaks; he is generally better when he moves without speech; he is best when he neither speaks nor moves."

Three colored singers from some disband-ed concert company have been in Erie for several days past in rather straightened circumstances. They are good singers and will sing for money or beer. The other evening JAKE GERB allowed them to give a concert in his saloon and during the evening one of them distinguished himself in this way. While the alto and tenor were singing the beer was brought in. The bass happening not to be engaged at that time, and knowing that his partners in the song could not stop for a few minutes, he swallowed the "three beers" in rapid succession and got them down in time to strike in in the right place. This little occurrence brought down the house, but the countenances of those two robbed niggers when they saw the beer disappearing can better be imagined than described.—*Erie Gazette*.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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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.

To Correspondents.

S. J. K., St. JOHN, N. B.—Thanks for your complimentary allusions. Shall be pleased to hear from you as a contributor.

The Big Race.

Special Report by our own Englishman.

Perhaps before this letter reaches your office you shall have heard the result of the Champion boat race, as I am given to understand that telegraphic communication has been established between the frontier districts of Canada and the American terminus of the Atlantic Cable. If so, you are already aware that HANLAN, the Yankee sculler, came off victor. According to agreement, I proceed to give you an account of the affair. I shall be brief for two reasons, first, because I don't like writing about boat races; and second, because I don't feel well.

There were a great many persons present. Several thousands, I should say, or perhaps more. Their main object in assembling was to satisfy a morbid curiosity as to what sort of a creature a live Canadian was, a report being current in Newcastle society that he was something between a fish and a gasbag; though of course they were bent upon witnessing the race, too. About the appointed hour the start was made, and ELLIOTT shot ahead. After going a short distance, he permitted HANLAN to come up, just to encourage him. At this the crowd cheered greatly. Our Champion acknowledged the compliment by putting in forty strokes to the minute. Then, desiring to give the spectators a fair view of the queer looking American, ELLIOTT allowed him to go past altogether. The people having taken a good satisfactory gaze, our magnificent sculler made up his mind to put the visitor in the rear again, but before carrying out this intention the winning post came up the river, and passed HANLAN, who was, therefore declared winner, though there is no doubt that if the finishing point had been nearer to ELLIOTT the result would have been very different indeed. I must frankly own that I do not believe HANLAN'S boat was fitted with gas and steam-pipes, as is generally reported here, but I am rather inclined to agree with Tynesiders in general, that it was very unfair for HANLAN to wear a red rag around his head and a blue shirt without sleeves. There is no doubt in my mind that he did it with the red rag.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Robber-det of the "Hawkeye"

Is civilization after all a failure, and is BURDETTE, of the *Hawkeye*, as bad a man as the rest of them? GRIP transferred what he considered a good original thing from that paper to his Joker Club in a recent issue, and now an intelligent correspondent from the Maritime Provinces jumps up and says: "It wasn't fair to old crusty SAM. JOHNSTON to have you palm off one of his rough table-talk gems as the produce of some Mr. NELSON, for whom the Burlington *Hawkeye* is responsible. I think either it is BOSWELL or HANNAH MORE who tells the story of the author of the *Rambler*. Once at a dinner, SAMUEL, who never took very careful stock of what was before him so long as there was plenty of it, hoisted in a huge cut of a boiling hot potato; the water came to his eyes, but instantly voiding the offender into his capacious palm, he crushed it flat upon the table beside him. Glaring angrily up and down among the guests, to squelch any incipient smile, he roared, 'A fool would have kept it in his mouth, till it burned him!'"

Hanlan the Great!

INTERVIEWED BEFORE THE RACE.—ENGLAND AND ELLIOTT IN EXTREMIS!—A HOLLOW VICTORY!!!

By Cable from our Special in England:

NEWCASTLE, June 16th, 1879.

Having in London yesterday, at the Ulster-marine Club met three of my particular friends, Count THOLESPINSKI, of the Russian Embassy, Captain TRYCEMUR, R. N., and the Hon. FELIX FINNEGAN, son of the Earl of SPUDMURPHY from the sister Isle, I proposed we should all go together to the Coaly Tyne and witness the great event. My friends were all enthusiasts as to aquatics, and great lovers (except as a beverage) of the water, so a more desirable party could hardly be found. Accordingly we set off at once, as I was anxious to find out if possible the truth of the compressed air story, which turned out to be all "gas" as I supposed. Already, as we arrived, we found the country round invested by perhaps something less than half a billion of people, a great many of whom were of course strangers easily distinguished from the native Tynesiders in as much as their faces were of a less dingy hue—but on the whole the appearance of the immense multitude was of the coal coaly. Approaching HANLAN'S quarters where I was told GRIP was always welcome, I lost no time in interviewing the Boy. He appeared in excellent "form" and was partaking of his prescribed lunch as I entered—sea biscuit and water cresses—washed down with a "schooner" of Toquay. "I must be aquatic even in my regimen," laughingly said the gentle youth, "though they are bound I won't get *surfeited*." "To beach sure," I replied, falling into the humorous vein for which I am so justly celebrated, "but my boy, how do you think it will go with you to-day? all right I hope."

"Well," said the champion, "in matters of this description, the result is always exceedingly problematical. A wrong diagnosis of one's apparently slight indisposition by one's physician might be ruinous, not to mention that a more tangible, let us not say monetary, interference would perhaps be capable of deciding the result of any contest, but my present undisguised opinion is, that I can knock the spots out of him!" and the champion taking a long draught of Mozelle out of a pewter mug, politely bowed us out.

After coming out, the Hon. FELIX advanc-

ed the theory that with the aid of a strong magnet in the bow of the boat and a steel lining to the after part of the Canadian's attire he would by the consequent attraction created thereby have much force in going forward, which so far was quite true, but the slight drawback of his not being able to get in position for another stroke without leaving his clothes or pulling the stem out of the boat, in my eyes at once condemned the idea.

THE RACE.

in itself is hardly worth while speaking of. In spite of the demoniacal shouts of the natives for their favorite, it was evident that HANLAN could go around him "like a cooper round a cask"—and when the race was over, I could tell by the vertical cuttings through the surface deposit of the woe-begone Geordies faces, how deeply they were affected by the "Yankee's" success. It is freely rumoured here that HANLAN is to be named for the first vacancy on the Bulgarian throne, and that he is likewise spoken of as the future Governor of Cyprus, vice Sir GARNET WOOLSELEY exchanged. But the champion says he won't forsake the old town, and would be satisfied with a landing waitership in Toronto, for, as he jocularly remarked on the occasion, "It's a poor Custom House that can't afford two 'boys.'"

A Catechism on "Politics."

By ZEDEKIAH TIMBERTOP.

Ques.—What do you understand by the term "Politics?"

Ans.—The accepted meaning of the term "Politics" is the science of governing a country—(especially this country).

Ques.—In what manner is a country affected by this science?

Ans.—In two ways, in general and in concrete.

Ques.—Define these.

Ans.—"Politics in general" is their operation on the masses, "Politics in concrete," their influence on the individual.

Ques.—How are politics brought to bear on the masses?

Ans.—Politics are brought to bear upon the masses through the individual, hence the Politician.

Ques.—How do politics affect the masses?

Ans.—Sometimes one way and sometimes another, but you never can tell for certain.

Ques.—What influence do they exert on the individual?

Ans.—Usually a very powerful influence, especially in the neighborhood of the pocket.

Ques.—Is a politician a statesman?

Ans.—Not by any manner of means.

Ques.—What is the difference?

Ans.—A statesman acts for what he thinks the best interests of his country; a politician is concerned only for the best interests of himself and party.

Ques.—What are the necessary qualifications for a successful politician?

Ans.—There are a good many—such as—he must have a very slight regard for truth, statements of fact, (especially when attacking an opponent), he must be ready at a moment's notice to speak for any length of time, upon any conceivable subject, (whether he knows anything about the subject or not) and he must always vote with his party, all the time keeping a bright lookout for No. 1.

Ans.—Is this consistent with the general welfare and interests of the country?

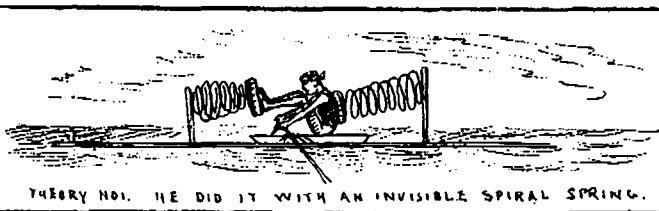
Ans.—No, but very much in the interest of the party, and the politician.

Ques.—Is such conduct patriotic?

Ans.—No; but you can't expect patriotism from politicians.



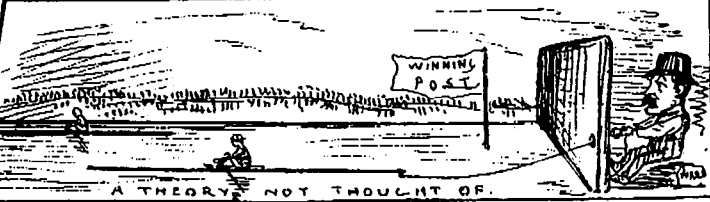
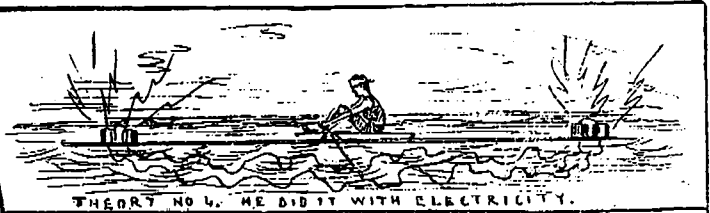
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THE HANLAN
With a few Popular English



Are you any more Champions, Mr Bull, before I put my coat on?



ELLIOTT RACE;

...es as to how "Our Boy" does it.



THE JOKER CLUB

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

When the day's work's done and the twilight hour
Is glinting from the west,
We wash our face in BANBURY'S soap
And reach for our Sunday vest,
And lie to the home of AMIGAIL,
Where her father owns the land,
To weigh ourselves on the old front gate,
Just to see how much the old gate can stand,
And when the stars do shine no more,
And *Pinafore* we hum,
We hear her brother at the door
Exclaim aloud: "Yum! yum!"

which is not right under the above circumstances.—CLAUDE DELHAVEN, in *Yonkers Gazette*.

Sighed tracks: wrinkles on the forehead.—*Chicago Journal*.

Strawberry boxes are always made to fit the price.—*N. O. Pic.*

How to spend a holiday—First, get your holiday.—*Lovell Courier*.

"Everything by turns and nothing long"—a circular saw.—*Thosville Item*.

The *Philadelphia Item* speaks of the turn of the organ handle as an Italian revolution.

A saw for the time—No man should live beyond the means of his creditors.—*Punch*.

Our advice to farmers: In setting out plum trees be sure they're plumb.—*Yonkers Statesmen*.

The Bradford *Era* thinks the only difference between a small boy and a glass of soda water is five cents.

The summer is young; but we never have Junier weather at this time of the year.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

The injurious effect of "forty rod whisky" we presume is attributable to the fact that forty rods make one rude.

There isn't much romance in the existence of a member of a horse company—his life is too reel.—*Des Moines Register*.

Erratic ENRIQUE has discovered that "In the lexicon of modern wheat threshing, there is no such word as flail."

A clock is about the only thing that can run on "tick," and give satisfaction to itself and every one else.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

The professional balloonist has a soar head.—*Detroit Free Press*. Which is one of the results of a state of inflation.—*Athens Frolic*.

The *Railroad Gazette* thinks that Hash Knife, the last new post office in Texas, may be fairly held to balance Fried Liver, in Arizona.

When you are losing money, the most economical thing you can do is to take a partner. That is the way careful business men do.—*Modern Argo*.

It was quite natural when Macbeth was all gooseflesh at the sight of the risen Banquo, that he should cry "down."—*Boston Transcript*.

The Merry Wives of Windsor scoffed at the fat Knight's love making because, they knew he was merely Sir JOHN FALLSTAFFY.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

Strangers have been thick in town the past week.—*Gowanda Enterprise*. Thith ith real thad. What made them thick?—*Hackensack Republican*.

The weather is hot. The girls in the parlor are considerably annoyed by hearing their mothers complain of heat in the kitchen.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

The sea-serpent yawned and stretched himself the other day and then raised his head to see if the season had opened at Cape May yet.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

An owl, says the *Troy Press*, is the best watch-dog. We have often noticed that a watch-dog's owl is the most conspicuous part about him.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

An exchange enquires, "Does hanging prevent murder?" It certainly does. Who ever heard of a man committing murder after he was hanged?—*Buffalo Express*.

It takes a woman with a remarkably strong mind to gaze straight at the pulpit and not look around when a new soprano starts up a tune in the rear.—*N. Y. Uncle Sam*.

The Russian Arctic expedition cost only \$78,000, and it discovered a new kind of moss and saw a sorrel-colored fox. Who says that science doesn't pay.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Virginia bell-punch is forshadowed in SHAKESPEARE. MACBETH remarks to an attendant, "Go bid your mistress, when my drink be ready, she strike upon the bell."—*Exchange*.

Photographer (about to remove the screen from the camera)—"All ready! That is very good; but couldn't you—ah—put a little intelligence into your eyes?"—*Harvard Lampoon*.

PETER COOPER did not get his start in life by sitting on the grocery steps in twilight and believing all the yarns told by the man who has just returned from Leadville.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Now the winds that softly breathe, and the flowers that garlands wreath, a gentle hint of summer in the mind implants; and so do the beetles and the spiders and the ants.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

"BLONDIN, the rope walker, lost his money in a recent bank failure." It does seem queer that when it comes to modern banking, even a BLONDIN can't keep his balance.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph*.

An exchange says women never think. Perhaps the man who penned that statement thinks those spring hats and bewitching spring suits plan themselves, but we don't believe it.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

"Are empty houses dangerous?" is the title of a newspaper article that we frequently see. ELI WALKINS, who lectures to them frequently, says they are not dangerous but deucedly unprofitable.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

Two lovers, like two armies, generally get along well enough till they are engaged, and then the powder generally flies—from the girl's cheek to the young man's coat collar.—*Elmira Sunday Telegram*.

We read that a Berlin professor frequently drinks two quarts of beer at a sitting, and it occurs to us that a faculty of more than ordinary capacity could be found for some kind of an institution right here in Stillwater.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

No matter how indulgent a man may be, no matter how sweet a disposition he may have, he will feel considerably put out, if not totally wild, when he discovers that his wife has been driving nails in the wall with his razor-strop.—*Uncle Sam*.

Ingomar never finds out how *Parthenia* can wander about the woods for weeks and weeks in her only white Swiss muslin dress and keep it looking as fresh and clean as if the girl had just brought it from the hotel to the theatre.—*N. O. Picayune*.

"That man is rich," said the conductor. "You know him, then?" said a companion. "No; but he groaned when he paid his fare!" "Does every rich man groan when he pays his fare?" "No; but every one who does groan is rich."—*Rochester Express*.

An Irishman, at the imminent risk of his life, stopped a runaway horse a few days ago. The owner came up after a while, and quietly remarked: "Thank you, sir." "An' faith, an' how are ye a goin' to divide that betune two of us?" replied Pat.

Aunty—"Well, love, did Mr. McSILVER propose?" EDITH—"No, aunty; but he was on the verge of it when—" Aunty—"When what, darling?" EDITH—"When the clock struck and reminded him that there was only time to catch the last cheap train, and he had a return ticket."—*Funny Talks*.

The sea-serpent, "about the thickness of a junk's mast," was recently seen in Japan. His snakeship will have to travel faster than a campaign lie to reach the American sea-side resorts before the "season" opens. But that the monster will be on hand, there is not a particle of doubt.—*Norristown Herald*.

There are still too many men sitting with their hats on in restaurants, too many who will take lumps of sugar with their fingers when spoons in abundance are lying around; too many, in fact, who ignore the existence of a butter-knife, and, alas, yet too many who use their own knife altogether too much.—*New York Graphic*.

A four leaved clover discovered in the park yesterday was worn in her shoe by the fair and fortunate finder on her return down town. The luck it brought she would have preferred to have done without, for her pocket was picked in the car, she was too late for supper, and her lover went to the theatre with another girl.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

There was once a perfectly modern girl, With perfectly modern ways, Who saw perfection in everything That happened to meet her gaze.

Such perfectly lovely things she saw,
And perfectly awful, too,
That none would have dared to doubt her word,
So perfectly, perfectly true.

The weather, she said, in summer time
Was perfectly, awfully warm;
The winter was perfect, too, when there came
Some perfectly terrible storm.

She went to a perfectly horrid school,
In a perfectly horrid town;
And the perfectly hateful teachers there
Did things up perfectly brown.

Her lessons were perfectly, fearfully long,
But never were perfectly said,
And when she failed, as often she did,
Her face grew perfectly red.

—*Chicago Herald*.

A few Ideas on the "Woman Question."
By SU SCEPTIBLE.

I have been reading some articles in the *Rose-Belford Canadian Monthly* on the "Woman Question," and the "New Ideal of Womanhood." I usually consider that style of thing too dry to read, but really, when writers begin to advocate such very delusive theories, one's interest must be roused. I am sure it was never intended that we girls should earn our own living. I know there is something about it in the catechism at the end of "my duty towards my neighbor," but no girl can be expected to bother herself about the catechism and such things after she leaves school. JACK wants to know if one's duty to one's neighbor will be affected by the National Policy. I know that I am digressing, but I prefer doing so occasionally, it makes one's style appear unconstrained.

I sincerely trust that our male relatives will never take up the idea that we should support ourselves, it would only encourage them in idleness, and make everything wretchedly complicated. I like the old idea about the vine clinging to the stately tree. To be sure, some men are not stately, and as "JOSIAH ALLEN'S Wife" says, "sometimes they will not be trees; they seem to be set against it, and if a vine have no trees convenient to cling to, or if she has, what if the tree happens to fall through inherent on stiddiness, what is the vine to do?" I have often thought that it would be a good idea to divide the men one meets in society into different classes, according to the social aspects which they present, and I think in my next article I will compare them to the various trees which they resemble. (JACK wants to know if I consider them treasonable). Perhaps I may change my mind about it; it is a woman's blessed privilege to change, and really, it would be very monotonous if we could not.

I should like very much to vote, and to be elected a member of Parliament it would be so delightful, to see my name in print, the Hon. SU SCEPTIBLE, (perhaps I might be a Senator). Then it must be great fun. I could go to Ottawa in the gay season at Government expense; while at present, you have no idea what a nuisance it is. When I want to go away from home, papa and JACK always grumble about the expense. I was nearly heart-broken this winter, because papa said he could not afford to let me go to take part in the festivities at Rideau, and I moped so, and got so pale and thin, that the doctor ordered change of air. So, as a matter of course, I chose to go to Ottawa. Now, if I had been an M. P. I should have been saved all that trouble and suspense.

I shall take an early opportunity of replying more critically to the essays I referred to; at present I must go to dress for a croquet party at Mrs. D. TRACTION'S. I always enjoy her parties, she is so lively, and knows everything about everybody.

THE GREEK FRONTIER QUESTION.—"Greece demands too much"—Yes, when butter is thirty cents a pound.

HINT to agitators on the Chinese Question—Take matters Coolie.

THE people first using the bow and arrow on this continent—The A-bow-rigines.

THE first coat of paint is a prime job.—*Oil City Derrick.* But the first book for children is a primer.

The boy who is invariably "doin' nothin'" when challenged for misconduct by the school-master, is the sort of material they make Nihilists of.

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Our Own Dick Deadeye;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

If Knighthood were as gallant a thing as it used to be, I would recommend the bestowal of that honor on NED HANLAN, who has assuredly done more to make Canada respected abroad than any of our decorated statesmen.

That was a capital letter our Postmaster sent to the *London Sporting Gazette* on "Insular Self-Sufficiency" Mr. PATTISON is an Englishman, but he has been in Canada long enough to see well through Canadian spectacles and fully realize the absurdity and offensiveness of the way in which the people at home talk about the colonies.

The *London (Eng.) Hornet* commenting on a recent cartoon in GRIP, refers to the personal resemblance between Sir JOHN MACDONALD and the Earl of Beaconsfield. Canadians have often remarked the same, and the resemblance is not merely physical. Both are astute party managers and believe in the policy of glitter. In fact during picnicing tours, countrymen have been heard to declare their belief that Sir JOHN was DIZZY.

I hope the forthcoming excursion of the Press Association will turn out to be an old-fashioned one, that is to say, a large and agreeable party, with a fair sprinkling of genuine newspaper men.

The humorist of the *Mail* suggests that if HANLAN had lost the race the *Globe* would have blamed the N.P. for it. Of course, and the *Globe* would have been right, for N.P. stands for Newcastle Puller.

JACK ROBERTSON claims a great deal of credit for the smartness exhibited by the *Telegram* in getting out the first account of the Island boy's victory the other day. Well, it was rather clever, but as JACK got a lot of cash for it he needn't care whether they give him credit or not.

LORNE Park appears to be going up steadily in public estimation, and bids fair to become the resort of the city. I hope the management will see to it that no rowdyism is permitted. Nothing kills a park quicker than a bad name.

In the Horticultural Gardens, too, we have a delightful place of recreation. The new pavilion is a thing of beauty, and I hope may be a joy for a very long time. A grand promenade concert and illumination takes place there on Monday evening next.

Premier NORQUAY, of Manitoba has a new bobby to ride in the shape of a pure-bred English Government. The Frenchmen retired from the late Cabinet hoping to break it up, but the crisis was weathered bravely. I sincerely hope the new Government may live, for English laws and usages are more healthy than French ones in a country like this.

Would the editor of the *Globe* kindly oblige a constant but nervous reader by printing that heading "The Turpid Turpitude" once in a while, just by way of variety.



POLITICAL NOTES OF THE DAY.



"Of pleasure next the great cause explore;
Its mighty purpose, its important end,
Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human;—pleasures came from heaven."

Of all the arts that give pleasure to the cultivated part of the human race, none excel the delineation of nature; and nowhere else can that be done in such perfection, as in the Photo Art Studio of J. BRUCE & Co., (opposite Rossin House. xii-22-17)

BALDNESS!

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-cornby, 61 King-street East, (late 132 Church-street), 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.

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xiii-1-3m

'Arry on the Situation.
There's von thing in this blooming country
As I could never hunderstand,
The politics is so perplexin,
That is, *who rules* this blessed land?

Ven I first lands in Quebec city,
I could 'ear the Frenchmen swear
They vos tyrannized by *Rouges*,
And outraged by *LETRELLIER*.

Next by Hottawa I travels
Vere I 'ears the people say,
That the country will be ruined
By the Tories and *JOHN A.*

And ven I gets hup the country,
I 'ears that things 'ave gone to bits,
In consequence of the last election
Puttin' in *MOWAT* and the *Grits!*

Now, ven I vos in hold Hengland
I could halways hunderstand
Vether it vas the "people's *VILLIAM*"
Or hold "DIZZY" in command.

I ad no vote there, but I shouted
Hat the meetings just as loud
As any voter, for I halways
Stood in with the *Jingo* crowd.

I hunderstood it vas the *Markis*
Who was sent to rule the land,
But vich is vich, or who the boss is
Blest if I can hunderstand!

The editor of the *Halifax Chronicle* re-marks:
"Judge *JAMES* had yesterday for the first time the disagreeable duty of sentencing the prisoner *HIRTLELL* to death"

THERE is nothing like leather—soul inspiring whiskey can be made from it.—*Ed.*
That's why boots are "tight" and toes "corned" so often, probably.

A NEW novel is out called the *Clique of Gold*. It ought to be very popular: the *clique* of gold has a strange fascination for most people.



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