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**PUBLISHERS' NOTE.**

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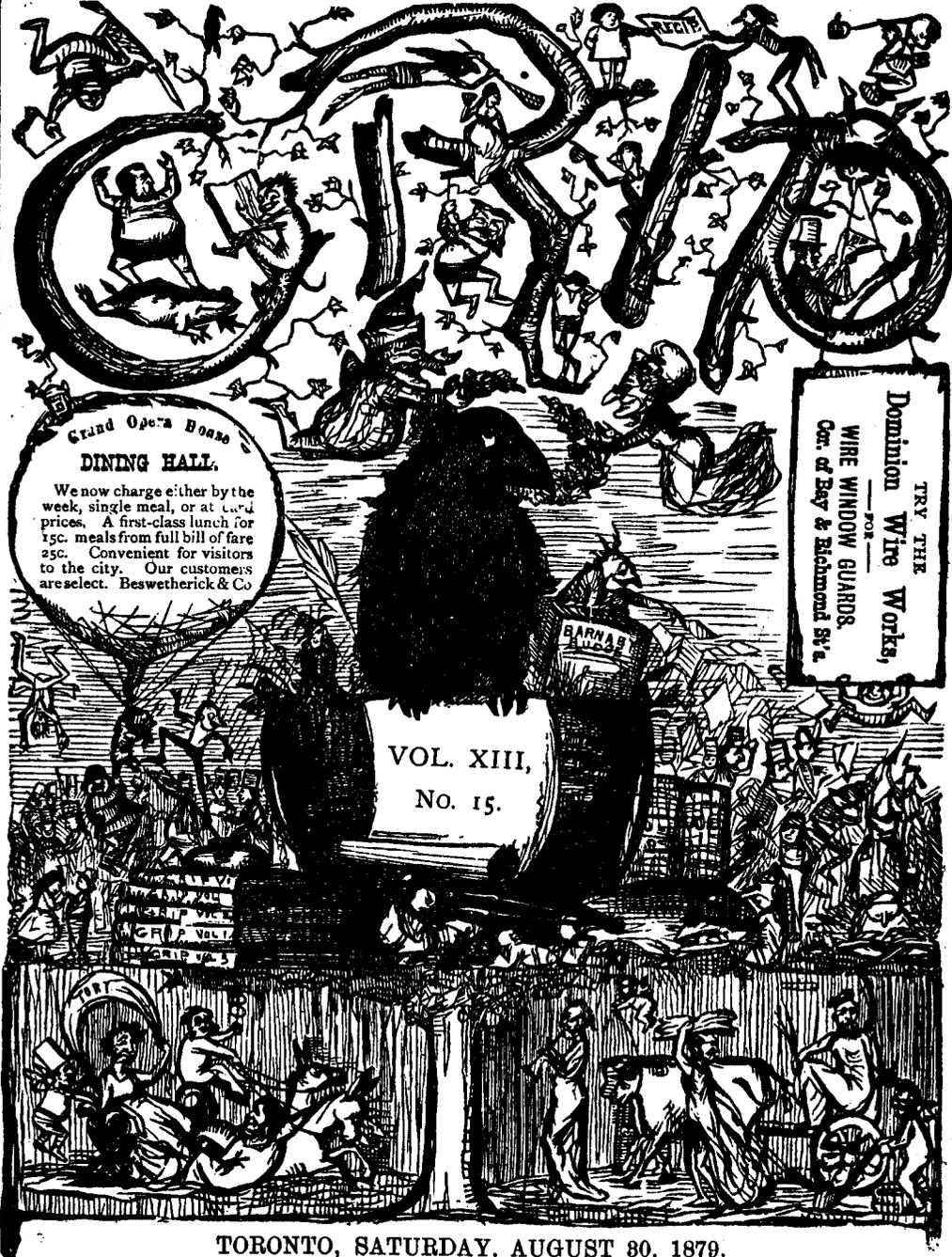
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**Literature and Art.**

Part of the Retrospective Exposition, now being held at the Pavillon de Flore, in Paris, is a valuable collection of works of Arab art, loaned by M. DE SAINT MAURICE.

The Academy states that Mr. HEATH WILSON and Mr. PULLAN have forwarded to London from Florence their design for the decoration of the cupola of St. Paul's. The design is a voluntary contribution toward the solution of the problem of the interior decoration of the cathedral.

Paris dressmakers now study paintings and call themselves artists. All the colors of the palette are seen in new costumes, and it requires no little skill and experience to know how to combine, soften, and melt them together. For instance, red and blue, green and pink, lilac and yellow, that formerly would have rebelled at being placed together, now often appear in one bonnet.

The refusal of French artists to contribute paintings and statuary to the International Fine Arts Exhibition to be held Munich has caused some talk. The invitation to send such works had already been accepted by M. Ferry, when M. Waddington sent word that the law prevented the debarkation of treasures belonging to the great Paris museums, and that French artists having sold or otherwise disposed of the works exhibited in the Salon last year, were unable to contribute. The probability is that Frenchmen do not care to contribute to a German show. M. Bonnat, however, and about a score of his associates, will be represented.

The modern love for flowers in fashionable London society is attaining the proportions of a mania. A splendid profusion of the fairest gifts of Flora is visible whenever society congregates. On the hymenial altar and on the dinner table, on the ball room staircase, and in the palace vestibule, in the button-hole of the dandy, and on the shoulder of beauty, in bouquets at operas theatres, and on wreaths and crosses, the lid of the coffin, and the verge of the tomb, flowers are universally present. It is a very sweet and tender and beautiful usage, and a remarkably good thing in the way of business for fashionable florists.

Upon the immense and brilliantly lighted stage were the delegates of all nations, from Sweden to Italy, and from the Republic of San Salvador to Russia. A great staff of poets, novelists, servants, statesmen, publicists, and publishers, among whom was seen the fair and smiling face of TURGENIEFF, the beautiful, bold head of EDMOND ABOUT, and the sympathetic countenance of JULES SIMON, the target for many glances. Yet the great curiosity was to see VICTOR HUGO. There were hundreds of strangers who had never seen him, his name was upon all lips, and every eye was turned toward that portion of the stage at which he was to appear. \* \* \* Suddenly, all the delegates rose to their feet; among all those gray and white heads appeared one that was whiter than all the rest, and a tremendous burst of applause broke out—one of those outbursts which should make in him who receives it a feeling almost of terror, and which, resounding in the soul of him who applauds, increases the sentiment to which he has given expression. It was one tremendous, tempestuous, unending applause, that made the theatre tremble. Across VICTOR HUGO'S face passed one flash of light, one flash only, but it revealed his whole soul. Instantly thereafter his countenance resumed its habitual expression of gravity."

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**Stage Whispers:**

The tenor SALOMON has accepted an engagement with M. CAMPO-CASSO, manager of the Grand Theatre at Marseilles, at the unusually high salary of 10,000 francs a month.

The approaching marriages of MINNIE HAWK to a German journalist in London, and of CARLOTTA PATTI to M. de MUNCK, the violoncellist, are among matters of European gossip.

Miss ROSE COGILAN has succeeded in cancelling her engagement at BALDWIN'S Theatre, San Francisco, and will return to New York to be the leading lady at Booth's Theatre.

A precious artistic find is reported to have been just made. M. WEKERLIN, the librarian of the Conservatoire, bought a lot of the old scores belonging to the late Theatre Italien, and on looking over them discovered an unpublished manuscript opera in three acts by HADN, entitled *Veru Costanza*. It was originally composed by HADN for the Vienna Opera House, and subsequently brought to Paris.

LAWRENCE BARRETT may not have turned the heads, but he has completely won the hearts of the Oregonians. At his recent benefit in Portland, Judge DEADY, in the presence of many citizens, read an original poem. Mr. BARRETT was extolled in heroic verse as the man who "purifies, refines, exalts" the drama.

The Grand Opera House opens on Monday with Miss JANE COOMBS in the celebrated standard comedy, *School for Scandal*. Miss COOMBS is a lady of great personal beauty and distinguished talents. She is pretty well known to the theatre-goers of Toronto, and no doubt much interest will be excited by her appearance as *Lady Gay Spanker*. In the following week our old favorite JOE MURPHY, that broth of a bic, will appear, so he will

The Royal Opera House opens on Monday completely renovated and decorated, with the GOTTRIOLO Octoroon Combination, who bring with them some \$2,500 worth of their own scenery. This will no doubt be a great attraction, as the company is an excellent one, and the incidental jubilee singing of their additional assistants is said to be unequalled. Every encouragement should be given to the new management of this house, as they seem determined to spare no expense in making it as attractive and comfortable as possible.

The concert by the Buffalo people at the Gardens on Tuesday night was attended by a very large audience which, judging by its thoroughly church-going appearance, was drawn mainly by the announcement that the performance was to be given by the North Church Quartette. They were disappointed, but by no means disagreeably. The performance was long and varied, embracing recitations, vocal and instrumental solos, and selections by the Union Cornet Band; the quartette in fact sang only one piece. The specialties were Mr. G. M. WARREN, who did Dutch comedy business which was better adapted for a beer-garden stage, and Prof. WEIFFENBACH, who played a marvellous kettle-drum solo. He is undoubtedly capable of anything with the drum-sticks, and so the audience seemed to think, for they envied him most cruelly, determined that he should appease their morbid appetite by standing on his ear and playing with his toes. This, however, he firmly declined to do. Altogether the concert was a success.

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### To Correspondents.

*Frater.*—Shall be pleased to hear from you at any time. Be brief and you shall be happy.

### Our Royal Visitors.

The city begins to put forth signs that some great event is about to happen. Many of these signs are in the paint-shop windows, in the shape of transparencies to be used on the occasion of the Vice-regal Reception. In most cases the artists have tried their hands at portraiture, their victims being of course the Marquis and the Princess. GRIP sincerely trusts the royal lady may never see any of these alleged pictures of herself, for she has probably been brought up to believe that she is a tolerably good looking person. The King street arches are approaching completion, and promise to look very imposing. The Reception will be brilliant beyond a doubt. Amongst the transparencies to be displayed, it is whispered that the following designs may be seen:

On the *Globe* office, GEORGE BROWN holding up LETELLIER'S head; *Legend*, "Its not all over yet!"

On the *Mail* office, picture of a gigantic flesh-pot, filled with loaves and fishes. *Legend*, "We've got 'em!"

On Consolidated Bank.—A crying child. *Legend*,—"I want my par!"

On the *Telegram* office.—JACK ROBERTSON giving the medical profession a blue-pill. *Legend*, "Down with the Commission!"

On one of our fashionable churches: A beautifully illuminated mortgage; *Legend*, "We may be happy yet."

### Sir John at Osborne.

PART II.

According to promise, we proceed to narrate the particulars of that remarkable episode in the life of Canada's greatest statesman—his dining with Her Majesty the Queen. Having seated himself at the royal table, as stated in our last, the right honorable gentleman began his meal with all the sang froid of an old boarder. Long familiarity with the great statesmen of the Dominion enabled him to retain full command of his nerves in the presence of the Sovereign,

and to sustain the dignity and honor of his country by using his knife and fork in the most accomplished manner. The Queen was graciously pleased to lead the conversation by remarking that the weather was rather disagreeable, to which Sir JOHN loyally assented.

"I wish I could send Your Majesty some of our Canadian climate," said he. "I think it is decidedly the best in the world."

"Indeed," replied Her Majesty, with a slight rising inflection. "Why, your Governor-General's Consort has written me occasionally quite to the contrary effect."

"Ah, but that was before the change of Government," explained the Premier, promptly.

"Yes; perhaps that accounts for it. By the way, the late Government suffered a rather disastrous defeat, didn't they?"

"They did, Your Majesty; they were, I may say, driven from the offices they had disgraced by a whirlwind of righteous public indignation," responded Sir JOHN warmly.

"They were; I quite agree with you, Sir JOHN," acquiesced the Queen. "I read all about it at the time in the Canadian paper I get. I decidedly think that their crooked dealing with Sir HUGH ALLAN richly deserved the punishment it received."

"Um ur—yes, Your Majesty," replied Sir JOHN; "they were a bad lot."

"Let me see, their leader's name was MAC—something, wasn't it?" queried the Queen.

"Yes, Your Majesty, MACKENZIE," replied Sir JOHN. "He is rather a clever man but very extravagant, especially in purchasing steel rails."

"Clever is he? Is he then that person I have heard spoken of as 'Canada's Greatest Statesman'?"

"O! no, Your Majesty, I am the humble individual so called," said the Right Hon. gentleman, modestly.

"Oh!" exclaimed the royal lady; "I thought so; you look so much like our Drizzy. I suppose now, like Lord BEACONSFIELD, you are able to enumerate a great many statesmanlike measures which you have placed upon your country's statute-book? I would feel an interest in having you name one or two of them."

"Well, really, my most gracious sovereign, I—I,—you have taken me up too short," said the knight, blushing and stammering. "If you will kindly allow me time to think the matter over, I could name thousands upon thousands. At present I can only think of the Secularisation of the Clergy Reserves and the Washington Treaty."

"And the National Policy?" suggested Her Majesty.

"No, I would not go so far as to claim that for myself," said Sir JOHN. "That must be credited to PHIPPS."

"PHIPPS, yes, by the way, I have often heard of PHIPPS. Do you think he would accept of a knighthood for his distinguished services?"

And so the conversation ran on—our talented Premier distinguishing himself by uttering a great many impromptu *bon mots*, as well as a large amount of sober sense. The dinner at length was finished and Sir JOHN took his departure, highly pleased with the good pleasure, hospitality and condescension of Her Majesty, Queen VICTORIA.

### Grip's Guide.

FOR THE USE OF VISITORS TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

On Monday next the great Fair opens, and in all likelihood the population of this busy

metropolis will be very much swelled, not only by the arrival of thousands of visitors from abroad, but also by the extra amount of swelling which our city swells will feel called upon to do. Mr. Gurr, who is the natural guide, philosopher and friend of all, and especially of strangers, proposes to take this floating population under his wing, and to give them a few practical directions which may aid them in the arduous task of sight seeing. Being intimately acquainted with every nook and corner of the city (barring sundry corners among the Front street commission merchants)—and also with every man of distinction likely to be met, Mr. G. feels that he is a most competent conductor. Without further preamble, therefore, he proceeds to indicate a few of the sights worth seeing, and to give a brief hint as to the best method of seeing the same. First of all attention is respectfully called to the lovely

*Lorne Arch.* This fine work of art is on the corner of King and Yonge streets, and cannot fail to be seen by any who look for it there. It is in the Gothic style of architecture and is of a deep green—typical of the city Council. It cost a \$1000. Please don't handle the buttresses. \$1000. Don't you forget it.

*The Globe Office.* Faithful Grip visitors will file down King street East and view their political Mecca, the *Globe* office. This fine building was given to Mr. BROWN for nothing. This was before the N. P., which, alas! has made property much dearer. The office is very clean and neat on the inside. It is untrue that Mr. BROWN's private room floor is covered with the gore of Tories. Walk in and see.

*The Horticultural Gardens.* Don't fail to visit this delightful resort before leaving town. Don't attempt to get in, though, during the Citizens' Ball unless you are a good person, as all others are rigidly excluded; you must be "good" for at least a \$7 ticket. On a fine afternoon you can spend a pleasant hour here gazing at the fountain and the nurse girls. The big Pavilion looks lively on a fire-works night, and so does Mr. PEL-LATT, the gent with the white hat.

*The Normal School.* Take in the Normal School Museum and Art Gallery. It is first rate. There you may see some of the old masters, and perhaps one or two of the pupils. If you find the gate locked, as we believe it sometimes is on holidays, your best plan is to climb the fence. Enter by the front door and sign your name in the visitors' book; then proceed to the theatre, where you will find a great many distinguished men, each on the bust.

*The Queen's Park* is seen to best advantage on Sunday afternoons, when the harmony of nature is enhanced by the *odivum theologium*. There you may have fifteen varieties of doctrine within a compass of as many rods. Should the odour of heresy prove too strong for your nerves, it is quite lawful for you to move away to another part of the Park—say to the side of the purling stream which meanders through it. Here you will find another odour, perhaps more to your taste—or rather smell. Adjacent to this stream stands

*The University.* It is very interesting to walk through the long scholastic corridors of this renowned academy, and reflect on the vast number of Bachelors of Arts that have been turned out of its class-rooms to earn an honest livelihood by joining the mounted police, becoming newspaper reporters, etc. Just at present the visitor may gaze pathetically at two vacant seats of learning which Mr. Crooks has not as yet been able to fill with classical and chemical Professors.



**Doubles and Quits.**

This is a sketch of a very pathetic incident which took place in London recently. It represents Lord BEACONSFIELD slighting Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI—actually treating him with cool indifference, notwithstanding that poor TRACY had done great things for the Premier, to wit, had gotten him up a Policy as precious and beautiful as a golden wreath. Further comment is unnecessary; but we cannot help adding the poet's line,

“Man’s inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

P. S.—The reader mustn’t mistake the above for a picture of Sir JOHN giving Mr. PHIPPS the cold shoulder. Not at all!

When it becomes generally known that HANLAN is in the habit of drinking ginger ale the homestead idea will be dropped like a hot coal.



**A Curiosity.**

The Reverend (that is, rather Reverend) STEPHEN G. LAWSON, editor of the *Frederictonian*, Charlottetown, P. E. I., is a journalistic curiosity, and so the enterprising Mr. GRIP has caught him, and put him on permanent exhibition in a glass-case. It may be stated that this tolerably Reverend editor’s forte is chaste and churchly language. His latest phrase is being extensively quoted and admired. It is a description of one of his Island contemporaries as a “living, headless, featherless, Fenian rooster!”

**The Reform Servant Boys.**

In the Reform house there are two little hired boys. We cannot call them boys-of-all-work, because only one of them appears to make himself generally useful. This is SANDY, a most honest, industrious and faithful fellow, who scours the political knives, cleans the party boots, and does many other plain and prosy chores. The other lad, NED, is of a different temperament. He is of a highly poetical organization, and cannot bend his mind to any political work of a rough ordinary description. His time is mostly spent in attending to a beautiful statue (resembling himself) which stands in the main hall-way of the Reform House. To keep this precious image free from every speck of dust is NED’s most congenial task. In every speech he makes, the dusting and polishing of this ideal figure form the chief feature. Of course it is pleasant to see a servant boy developing habits of cleanliness and a taste for beauty, but at the same time, he shouldn’t leave all the hard work of the place to be done by others.



**Indian Education.**

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind  
On Agriculture is so far behind,  
Whom learning hitherto has failed to charm;  
Poor Lo the Indian’s to be taught to farm!

The good Sir JOHN, the father of the land,  
His red child’s wants does clearly understand,  
And likewise understands, does shrewd Sir JOHN

How to get rid of doubtful hangers-on.

What boots it though these “Teachers” do  
not know  
A strawstack from the handle of a hoe,  
By scores they’re shipped off to the lonely West,  
To form the nucleus of a future pest.

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,  
In scalping-knives doth lofty pleasure find,  
May yet reverse this Educating rig  
And teach these precious teachers how to dig.

We read that Lord Chelmsford arrived lately at Plymouth, and was much cheered on landing. Glad to hear it; he certainly wasn’t much cheered by his success as a leader in South Africa.

Having scanned the horizon carefully in all directions, and discovered no signs of a foe, GRIP makes bold to say that the Royal Opera House people GOTTHOLD of a good attraction when they secure the Octoroon Company.



**More Weight Wanted.**

Several years ago, a certain long-headed old chap remarked that if he had a good stout lever, and a suitable fulcrum, he could move the world. This was not idle blowing, it was plain mechanical fact. And no doubt the long-haired chap in our picture, Monsieur CHAPLEAU, could hoist JOLY out of his Treasury seat in Quebec if he had a lever of honesty, a fulcrum of truth, and a good deal more moral weight and strength than he at present possesses. The futility of his attempt in the lower House having at length become apparent to himself and his desperate accomplices, they have called the old lady of the upper House to their assistance, and she has stopped the Supplies, as depicted elsewhere in our pages. And now the fun is about to commence. GRIP hopes those Frenchmen will have the grace to put ice on their heads in time; and he also sincerely trusts that the insane old Legislative Council will persist in its present course, for nothing will tend so much to the early abolition of that effete institution, and the establishment of good government in Quebec as the outrage about to be perpetrated by the dismissal of JOLY.

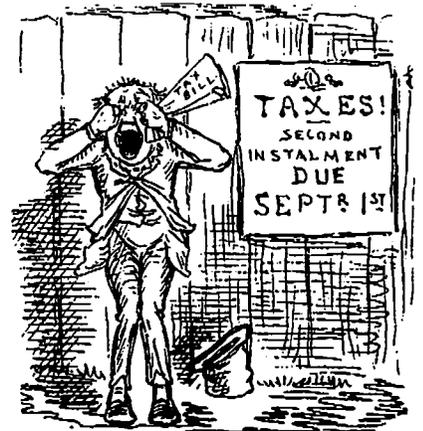
**A Plea for Tarte of “Le Canadien.”**

The Grits would mince-meat make of TARTE,  
And *Le Canadien* sell or barter,  
Forgetting in their inmost heart,  
That persecution makes the martyr!

His policy they fail to shake,  
For he defies both dart and dart-er!  
They’re not content to give and take,  
And scorning TARTE but makes him tart-er!

They help him public aims to gain—  
Now smart, the critics make him smarter;  
Till by-and-by his ample train  
Of friends shall bring him “star and garter!”

Despite *Rouge* gibes TARTE will not rest,  
Nor yet back down or ask for quarter,  
Though foes may set for him a net—  
At last they will but “catch a Tartar”!



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PRACTICAL SANDY TO POETICAL NED.—CAN YOU NO FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO DO IN THIS HOOSE BESIDES POLISHIN' YON "ORNAMENT" FOR EVERLASTIN'?



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Wrestlers work when they wrest.—*Boston Post.*

FABER should have been a Pencilvanian.—*Waterloo Observer.*

People call you deer when they would fawn upon you.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Welsh language can never expect to be a pronounced success.—*Albany Journal.*

No man is smart who exaggerates lies when he can just as easily amplify the truth.—*New York News.*

We like a man with lots of temper. It is the man that gets out of temper that we don't like.—*Boston Post.*

Women should always avoid exhibiting bad temper. None of them care to show their rage.—*Boston Post.*

The great trouble with professional ball clubs is to find a pitcher that will hold water—only.—*New Haven Register.*

A gun may not be sold at auction, yet if it is of any account, it always goes off under the hammer.—*Steubenville Herald.*

It is a noticeable fact that every man who has seen the sea-serpent states that its head is the size of a beer cask.—*Exchange.*

When they want to break the ice that obstructs NORDENSKJOLD'S polar ship, they throw his name at it.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

The young man who prides himself upon looking spruce should bear in mind that the spruce is ever green.—*Boston Transcript.*

We cannot accept a story which begins, "It was the day of the picnic, warm and pleasant, a charming day"—*Boston Post.*

Why is it that there is always a look of patient misery on the faces of those just returning from a day's excursion?—*Newark Call.*

"Hire education for woman," said pater familias as he paid 50 for his daughter's last quarter of French lessons.—*Waterloo Observer.*

We see a great deal about "spelling reform" in our exchanges. We don't think "reform" is very hard to spell.—*Norristown Herald.*

A man with an overcoat on appeared on the street yesterday. He was received with every manifestation of delight by a grateful people.—*Danbury News.*

When a man makes up his mind that the world owes him a living, he has arrived at a point when the world can spare his services.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A Boston child remarked, after gazing earnestly at a man who was bald, but had heavy whisker, "His head was put on upside down, wasn't it?"—*Exchange.*

The editor who quashed a juicy cockroach with the butt end of his lead pencil and afterward forgettfully sucked the same while wooing a coy expression, suddenly found a word, but it proved to be foreign to the subject under consideration.—*Rochester Express.*

We know nothing, personally, about hell being paved with good intentions; but we do know that all the pigeon-holes of the land are full of them.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

A young man at Long Branch was boasting of his ancestry. He said, "In the olden time they were very high." "Yes" said a wag, "as high as HAMAN."—*Herald P. I. Man.*

When a woman finds she cannot afford a new dress she economizes by spending as much as it would have cost in buying ribbon to cover the old one up with bows.—*Andrew's Bazar.*

Cleveland has a society of women whose main purpose it is not to go unattended after dark. All that is needed to make it a perfect success is a certain number of escorts.—*Buffalo Express.*

He was inclined to be facetious. "What quantities of dried grass you keep here, Miss STENNIS! Nice room for a donkey to get into!" "Make yourself at home!" she responded.—*Hudson Register.*

A great many business men still use the old fashioned quill pen, but we notice that they don't pay any more on the dollar when they fall than those who write with a piece of chalk.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BUFFINS, in referring to the time his wife complimented him, says the coal fire needed replenishing and she pointed towards the fire-place with a commanding air and said: "Peter, the grate."—*Bradford Era.*

A lady passes on horseback—A Frenchman explains: "What a magnificent angel!" An Englishman cries out: "My h'eys, what a superb 'orse!" An American ejaculates: "That's a peeler of a saddle."—*Exchange.*

By knowing ones it has been stated that Satan never takes a summer vacation, hot as it is, but that is no reason why unacclimated clergymen should not go away and enjoy themselves.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A precocious youth in North Wheeling, prompted by an unpleasant recollection of the last term, says that school teachers are like dogs, because "they lick your hand." This carries off the palm.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

A Norristown man who was advised to go to the Hot Springs for the benefit of his health, said blamed if he was going to do it, as it was about as much as he could do to worry through the hot summers.—*Norristown Herald.*

Why is it that the average young lady can remember accurately three hundred pages of a novel, but can never remember a single page of history? Psychologists will please come to the front on this question.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

"If you want anything to remember me by after I am dead and gone," said a drunken bummer yesterday, with a tear in his eye, "just hunt up one of the old busts I've been on and set it up in the parlor."—*Brooklyn Union-Argus.*

The three proudest moments of a man's life, between the cradle and the grave, are, when he gets the first pair of red top boots, when the girls first call him "Mister," and when the doctor tells him it's a boy.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Customer—"What did you think of the bishop's sermon on Sunday, Mr. WIGSBY.

Hairdresser—"Well, really, sir, there was a gent a sittin' in front o' me as 'ad 'is 'air parted that crooked that I couldn't 'ear a word!"—*Exchange.*

The mule has a national reputation as a great kicker; but is he a greater kicker than the average male parent is when his wife wants him to hold the baby "while she runs out a few minutes to see a neighbor?"—*Newport (Ky.) Local.*

This is the time of the year at which the sylph-like school teacher goes off to a realm of perfume and flowers, and presents to her rural relatives the jack-knives and other things taken from her pupils during the year.—*New York Star.*

A man may go fishing and catch a handsome string of fish, and lose them out of the back of the wagon coming home, or have them grabbed by the dog at the house where he left his team, but he can never tell the story and have it believed.—*Boston Post.*

We believe L stands for fifty according to the Roman notation, and that is the reason why a young man who had just inherited a fifty-dollar legacy won the consent of his girl's father by telling the old man he had just been left a bare L of money.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

JOHN SCRAWL, of Chicago, is a shockingly poor penman. Yesterday his friend, JONAS COPPERPLATE, of this city, received a telegram from him. "It's astonishing," remarked JONAS, "how much better JOHN writes when he sends a telegram than when he sends a letter."—*Detroit Free Press.*

RICHARD GRANT WHITE wanted to say that something was "too thin," but the horrible atrocity of the expression was so shocking that a stroke of paralysis was imminent, and he compromised at twenty-five cents on the dollar by saying that it was "of the utmost tenuity of fabric."—*Ocego Record.*

At the Brighton Beach concert: "You have excellent critical taste and seem to delight in good music. Tell me, then, my friend, why have you never mastered some instrument?" "Alas, my dear fellow, my ear is so delicately strung, I shrink from the horrible prospect of hearing myself practice."—*Puck.*

The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. The locomotive, we are pained to observe, never marries.—*Phila. Chronicle.* Are you not mistaken about the locomotives never marrying? We have often heard of the locomotive "spark"-ing, and being coupled to a train—just the same as a young man, you know. When he gets coupled, the train often makes the biggest show.—*Norristown Herald.*

The musical critic of the *Commercial* doesn't like JACOUSORN'S fiddling because of his excessive use of the vibrato, or tremulous shake. He says, "at least nine out of ten tones in his solo were shaken into our ears instead of thrilled into them." But that, dear critic, depends on the size of your ears. Tones that might be thrilled into auricular appendages of ordinary dimensions have to be shaken into some ears by the bushel basket full.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night.*

"Chevaliers of the press! Down with the despotism of the dictionary!" Class in American history stand up. Read! "Wen JONAS WASHINGTON'S was at Vale Forj, liz trupsz wur in ned of fud, klotzing and liker. It wuz vere kold wether and fu of them hed shuz on ther fet. But JONAS WASHINGTON'S kurij never fald, ann at last KONGRES sent him supliz' and he chact the enome ouvr to Nu Jerze and wipt him at the batel of Treh-tun." That'll do, boys. Run out now, and play.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

**The Quebec Deadlock.**

Life is short and the Resolutions of the Legislative Assembly against JOLY are long. Mr. GRIP takes the liberty of boiling them down for the benefit of his busy readers:

That an humble address, (very humble; it is humbleness gets over 'em) be presented to our chum, Lt. Governor ROUBAILLE, forwarding the following resolutions.

1. That JOLY is getting altogether too firm a hold on the affections of the people of Quebec.

2. That he has shewn his ability to give the Province good government, and to relieve it of many of its burdens.

3. That in the meantime Tory chances for enjoying the flesh pots are growing unpleasantly thin.

4. That it is contrary to Tory custom to be in the cold shades of Opposition.

5. That our accomplice CHAPLEAU and his colleagues in the Opposition, being men of little influence and much malice, have failed to make a good impression on the people.

6. That it is evident they can never unseat JOLY if left to themselves.

7. That we feel it our duty to give them a helping hand, expecting to share the plunder.

Therefore, this Legislative Council coolly ask you to dismiss the JOLY Government, and thereby, according to Tory doctrine recently bellowed from every mouthpiece of our Party, perpetrate a constitutional outrage similar to that for which LETELLIER was decapitated.

**The Agricultural and Other Resources of Ontario.**

(From our own Special Commissioner.)

BARRIE, Aug. 26.

SIR,—You will at once perceive by the address of this communication that I am now conducting my enquiries in this vicinity. I found that the resources of Coboconk were not so extensive as I had anticipated, and therefore I deemed it expedient to extend my field of enquiry. With this object I left Coboconk early in the morning; in fact I left at day-light; and in order the better to make my enquiries, I left on foot. By a really remarkable instance of failure of memory, I forgot to return the black-cloth pants and the plug hat of my landlord, which he had so kindly lent me. This was most unfortunate, for as I travelled through the country I was sometimes mistaken for a burglar, and sometimes for a member of Parliament, and in either case my reception was not general. Indeed, at one road-side hostelry, where I was suspected of being an M. P., I was ejected in a manner extremely humiliating, I may say painfully humiliating, and was quite unable to sit down for some hours. (Those pants need resetting). However I arrived on the second day at Barrie, a beautiful town, situated in a peculiarly favoured agricultural district, and with great resources still to be developed, where I was received most favourably.

One of the most remarkable resources of Barrie,—especially in connection with the N. P.,—a resource which was largely developed at the elections last year, is Mr. DALTON MCCARTHY. In your interest, sir, I at once decided to interview that gentleman. On enquiry at his residence, a pleasant young man with an Irish accent and a slight fragrance of the sod, who holds office in the domestic arrangements of Mr. MCCARTHY, told me he was engaged.

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3

*Miss Maggie Thompson.*

4

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6

*William Arthur Crawford.*

7

*Miss Susie Wade.*

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| 50 " " " " "                         | 75 "      |
| 100 " " " " "                        | \$1.25 "  |

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Remembering the careful manner in which the *Globe* and *Mail* commissioners had obtained information respecting the Vice-Regal party when at Niagara, I thought it desirable to speak in a kindly manner to the pleasant young man, and ultimately he accompanied me to a neighboring hotel. We smiled. The P. Y. M. after the third smile, informed me that Mr. MCCARTHY's sisters and cousins and aunts were also sisters and cousins and aunts of Sir JOHN's—that Sir JOHN was very anxious that D. McC. should join his little cabinet arrangement—that D. McC.'s respectability would supply an element not too largely found in the little arrangement;—that D. McC. had deemed it undesirable to enter the little arrangement inasmuch as the stupid and preposterous farmers around this place had changed their views about the N. P., and did not wish to be protected; that in consequence there might be electoral difficulties,—and finally the P. Y. M. remarked that it was very dry weather. I summoned the waiter, fresh smiles were introduced, but owing to your having omitted to send me remittances, I found it desirable to cut our interview short. I quietly but firmly absented myself. I fear that P. Y. M. had to discharge the bill, which is a very discreditable affair to yourself. You will send me those remittances at once, won't you? I subsequently learned that the P. Y. M. used bad and unscriptural language regarding myself, after I had left him, on which I was much pained. Send the remittance without delay.

As the recent regatta formed the only subject of general conversation in this town, I thought it desirable to ascertain the popular feeling with regard to Our EDWARD. Accordingly, though the process was most repulsive to myself, I visited the bars of the various hotels, and gathered from the people in their moments of relaxation, their opinions of the late race. At each bar a different opinion prevailed. The following reasons were assigned for the Champion's loss of the race:

1. Because he was out of training.
2. Because he ate too much pudding.
3. Because he drank too much beer.
4. Because he couldn't win.
5. Because his paternal responsibilities were too much for him.
6. Because he had read a tract on the subject of gambling and racing.
7. Because he didn't want to.
8. Because—at this period of the enquiry I was taken unwell, and my mind is too confused to remember what took place.

YOUR COMMISSIONER.

**The Doctors to the Telegram.**

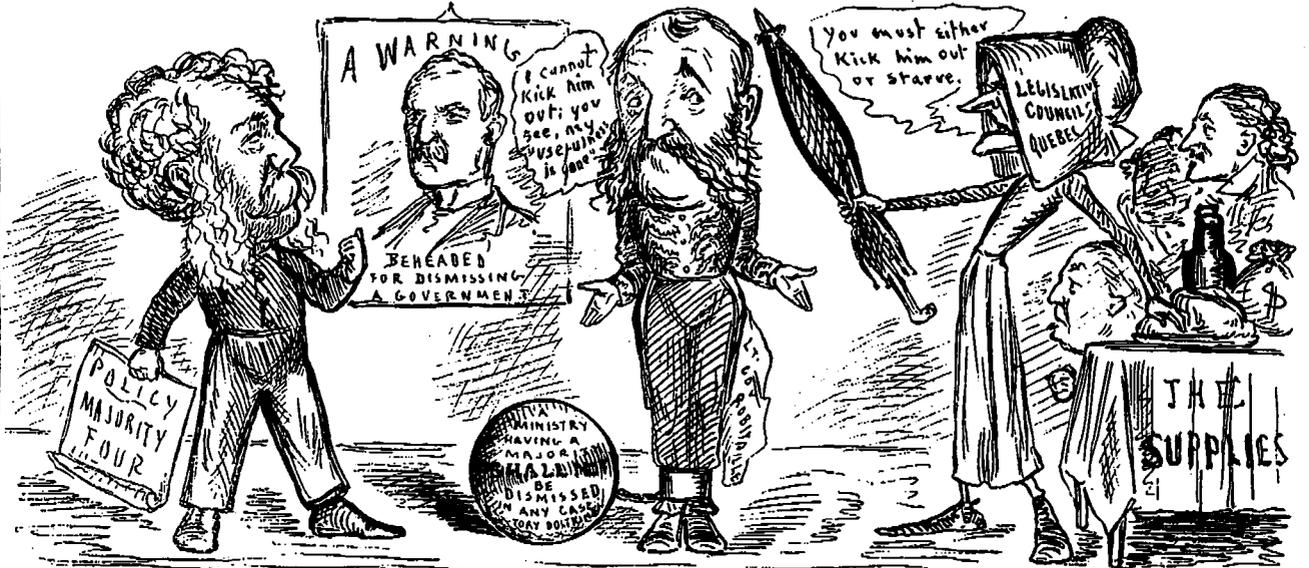
O JACK, O pray don't take away  
Our innocent percentages.  
We all go in you know for tin,  
And "casual advantages."

"Dead-lock in Quebec!" read Mrs. PARTINGTON in the morning paper. "No more'n I expected," she exclaimed, "them members has been usin' their jaws altogether too much down there a tryin' to git JOLY out. Dead-lock is incurable too, I've been told."

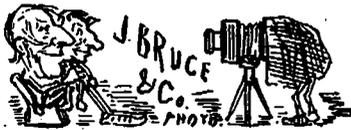
The *Mail* book reviewer startles us by saying:

"Blackwood is fairly good, and none the worse that, at this season, there is no desperate outburst of old Toryism in it."

The *Mail* evidently knows what a bad thing "old Toryism" is for the hot weather. Why don't it have more mercy on its own readers, then?



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And beauties of form, face and mind;  
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AUCTION SALE

OF THE

LEASES OF TIMBER LIMITS.

AN Auction Sale of the Leases of Nineteen Timber Limits, situate on Lake Winnipegosis and the Water-Hen River, in the North-West Territories, will be held at the Dominion Lands Office, Winnipeg, on the 1st day of September, 1879. The right of cutting timber on these limits will be sold subject to the conditions set forth in the "Consolidated Dominion Lands Act." They will be put up at a bonus of Twenty Dollars per Square Mile, and sold by competition to the highest bidder. Plans, Descriptions, Conditions of Sale and all other information will be furnished on application at the Dominion Lands Office in Ottawa, or to the Agent of Dominion Lands in Winnipeg.

By Order,  
**J. S. DENNIS,**  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Dept. of the Interior,  
Ottawa, 17th July, 1879. } xiii-10-6t