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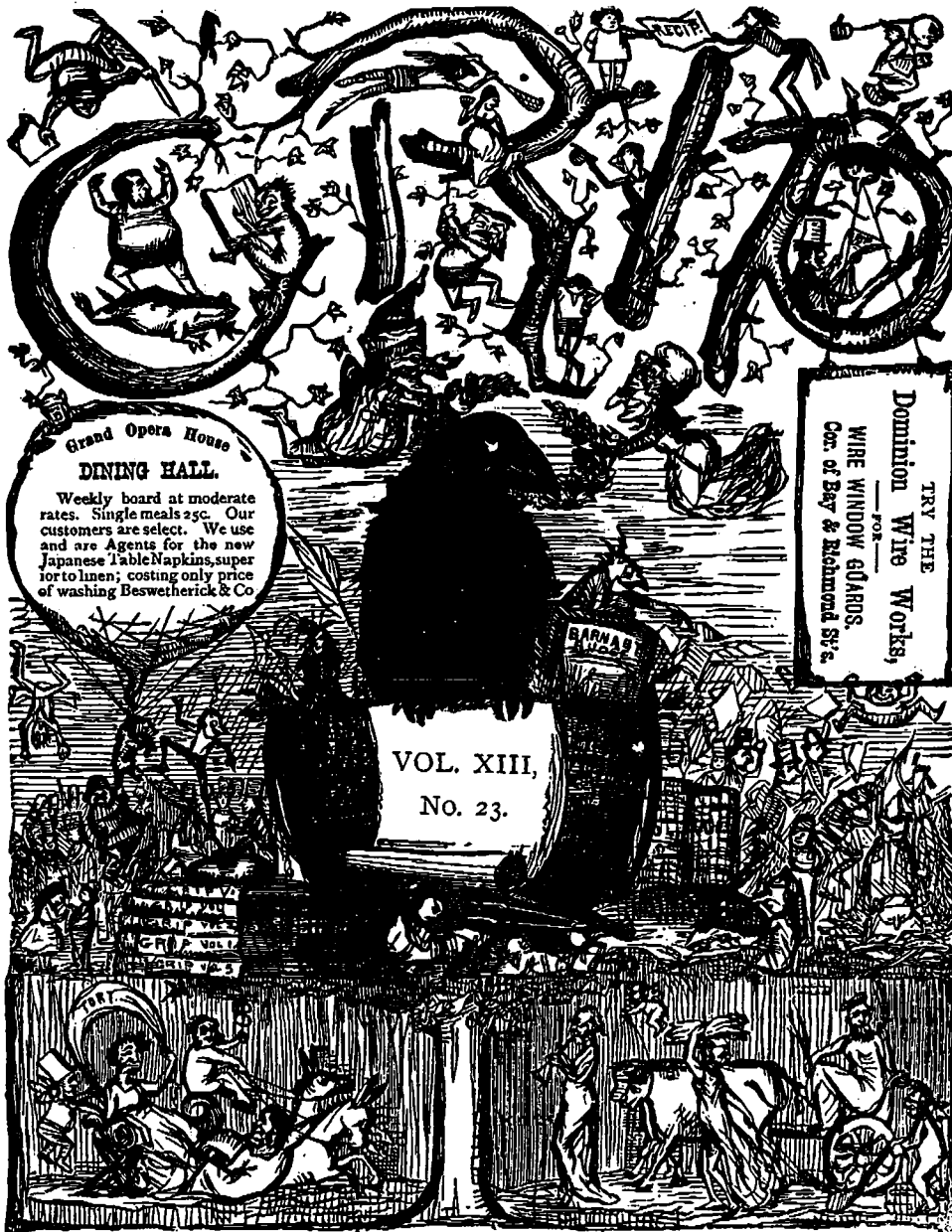
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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 *Saturday Review* having advised JULIAN HAWTHORNE to study his father, a great many American journals have repeated the advice. The fact is that JULIAN HAWTHORNE studies his father a great deal, but he isn't NATANIEL HAWTHORNE—that's all.

Messrs NORDHEIMER have just published another pretty waltz entitled *La Belle Florentine*, by our talented young local composer Mr. W. BRAYBROOK BAILEY, whose former effort, *La Belle Canadienne*, achieved a great success, running through a larger edition than any similar piece ever issued by this firm. The present composition is highly praised by competent critics. Mr. BAILEY has GRIP's hearty good wishes for his future, which he ventures to prognosticate will be brilliant.

The *Saturday Review*, in writing of Mme. Prozzi's journey through France, Italy and Germany, says that like other travellers of the last century, she writes of the art treasures that she saw, but that "not once does she call a picture tender, subtle or emotional. She knew nothing, we fear, about the ideal and the real, and never once does she mention the subjectivity and the objectivity of a single work of art. Her language, therefore, is scarcely intelligible at the present day." *Cruel Saturday.*

The Ontario School of Art is now in session, classes meeting on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, morning, afternoon and evening. The staff of teachers embraces Mr. JOHN A. FRASER, Mr. MATTHEWS, Mr. BAIGENT, Mr. RAYELL, Mr. O'BRIEN, Mrs. SHREIBER, and others—all of whom Mr. GRIP can personally commend as accomplished and kindly teachers. The attendance is very fair this quarter. The next session begins about the middle of January. The terms are very reasonable, namely \$3 for the evening class and \$5 for the day classes.

Mr. RANDOLPH ROGERS, the sculptor, is so cheery a man that he is described as "the great American joker of Italy." He is about fifty-eight years old, and is stout; he has merry blue eyes a full white beard and mustache, a ruddy complexion and very handsome hands. He wears in his study a picturesque velvet cap, and a quaint garment of light colored cloth, with a straight body and voluminously plaited skirt. "Thirty years have I lived in Italy, eighteen times have I crossed the Atlantic," says Mr. ROGERS, "and still I read the United States newspapers daily with as much interest as ever I did, and the Roman papers with as little."

Prominent among the works in the Munich exhibition is *The Birth of Venus* by BOUQUEREAU. As a piece of draughtsmanship it so far eclipses other similar productions that what seemed good before, now appears weak or stiff and awkward. The goddess, just risen from the sea, into which she gazes with a vague, wondering air, is represented as standing on a shell drawn by dolphins. She raises her hands above her head and grasps her tresses, still dripping with the foam from which she sprang. Sea-gods and nymphs are grouped about, lost in admiration at their new companion, while cupids dance around or soar aloft, as if to announce the event in the home of the gods. The composition is, of course, rather conventional, the color is weak, though good and clean as far as it goes, and the expression rather that of good French models than goddesses of Olympia. But as an example of absolute drawing, for delicacy of outline, for perfection of modeling and naturalness of action, it is a work upon which it is hard to believe that improvement could be made.



Canadian Pacific Railway.

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

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

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M. IVAN TURGENEFF proposes to spend the winter in Russia, in order to see for himself the course of the Northern Empire. During his visit there in the spring he was enthusiastically received by Young Russia. It is hoped that he will gather material for another book.

Stage Whispers.

Miss MARY ANDERSON is about to start out once more as a star. There will be many gazers.

SARAH BERNHARDT has written to the *N. Y. Herald* that she is not coming to this country.

CHARLES LAMB is now upon the eve of making his appearance at Paris the first time in a French translation.

Little CHARLEY DREW, what there is of him, will go with Miss ALICE MANN TRACY TITUS OATES WATKINS this season.

The stage of the Royal this week is occupied by a company of bashful young ladies of the blonde persuasion, who are assisted by a number of young men of the burnt-cork calling. The young women are wearing a *Pinaflore* of their own make.

LUCY HOOPER describes Madame FECTER as a peculiarly intellectual-looking, dignified lady, showing traces of beauty that must once have been very striking and of a very elevated type, despite the disfiguring influence of her grief and deep mourning.

Forget-Me-Not, the new play by HERMAN MERIVALE, in which Miss GENEVIEVE WARD has made her only theatrical success, is one of the many clever works which has been knocking about for years in the dust-holes of the desks of London managers.

Still another *Pinaflore* at the Grand, but Mr. FROU need make no apology. The opera is one that will never wear out so long as it is well acted, and they say it was never acted better than it is acted by HAVERLY'S Chicago Church Choir Company. A matinee will be given as usual on Saturday afternoon. We must congratulate the manager of the Grand on the uniform merit of the attractions he has brought to that house this season.

Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY has now again the parlor theatre of America. Everything is quiet, refined, luxurious. The walls are hung with tapestry paper; the doors with heavy curtains; the ceiling is panelled with white and gold; the auditorium is illuminated by a single crystal sunlight. The stage is literally enclosed, like a picture, in a frame of dead gold, with a mat of maroon velvet. The floor is covered with a Persian carpet, and the broad seats are painted a light blue and upholstered in ruby velvet. On each side of the auditorium is a fire-place, lined with tiles, and over these are trophies of armour. There are no mirrors, except in a lobby. Herr STIEFVETCH has painted two frescoes to fill the space over the reconstructed private boxes. On the right hand is PLAUTUS reading his comedies; on the left is the *Triumph of Comedy*. A new act-drop, the *Crowning of Comedy*, painted by WILLIAM, hangs between these decorations. There are ample lobbies, with parlors for ladies and gentlemen, on each of the three floors of the theatre. The windows are fitted with cathedral glasses. The colors of the wood work are cherry and walnut. The size of the auditorium is 60x63 feet, and will seat 1,400 persons. The size of the new stage is 63x43 feet, and it is fitted with sinks, bridges, and all other modern improvements. There are four new private boxes, the largest in the city, 23 feet high, and framed in dead gold relieved by a charming frieze of flowers. The new portico, painted in green and bronze, leads into the lobby by steps of Italian dove marble. The lamps are of plate glass. Two sets of storm-doors protect the entrance.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUH.

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.

E. B. C. *Thuro*.—Have written you.

Geographer.—No. The Andies are not in Ireland. The sound of the name has no doubt misled you.

E. J. W. *City*.—You send us *Hamlet's* soliloquy. We don't dare to publish it. It isn't even as good as the one SHAKESPEARE wrote. Try something fresher. The other piece is hardly up to the mark.

A Lament.

Hop Bitter is my fate!
Hop Bitter is my luck!
Alas, in "awful state"
Goes home the young Canuck,
A conquerer again,
And I, alas, must suffer,
And bear the lasting name,
OF COURTNEY, THE BIG DUFFER.

My dream of life is oar,
Shall I, shall I subside,
And never nevermore
Disport upon the tide?
My sea of life is rough,
It hardly can be rougher.
I tell you boys it's tough,
To bear the name of Duffer.

The Great Quebec Speech.

"The most magnetic speaker in Canada, the shrewdest politician, the ablest statesman, the wittiest man,"—*vide Monday's Mail*—has spoken, and this is about what he said:

Gentlemen:—I feel almost too full for utterance (*Cheers*). I feel overpowered by this magnificent ovation—this spontaneous outburst of your devotion. Gentlemen, I appreciate the great honor of this banquet, for I have some idea what trouble you had in getting it up. (*Hear, hear*). And only to think that I am alive yet! Gentlemen, I feel decidedly queer just now. I have been in existence several years, but who would ever have thought that I would have lived till the present moment? Grant me a moment for my emotions. (*Intermission for refreshments*). Gentlemen, I believe this is Quebec. Dear old Quebec, what memories does it not revive! Here is where WOLFE and MONTALZU fought (*Great applause*), yes, gentlemen, and I have fought here too.

There is where I killed HINCKS. (*Fleeting glee*). Glorious old Quebec, where FRONTENAC spurned the demand to surrender to PHILIPS. I also, gentlemen, have spurned PHILIPS! (*Great cheers*). Here also the traitor LETELLIER—but I will carefully avoid all allusion to that subject. In this classic atmosphere, gentlemen, I drink in (*varice for refreshments*) the inspiration of by-gone times. I think of CARTIER, and I say that a greater, nobler, purer, grander patriot never lived. We were like brothers—we were as one man. They say he was my master, and I was his slave. Gentlemen, I am proud to confess it, I was bound to him by chains of gold, to wit, \$8,000 per annum. (*Applause*). Gentlemen, French Canadian gentlemen, believe me I feel just like a Frenchman to night; I feel in the humour of putting the whole of the Dominion under the heel of Quebec, as in the good old days. (*Loud applause*). But you musn't mind what I say on such an occasion as this. Gentlemen, I look around at the mottoes on this wall, and I see one—or is it two or three? It seems to wobble—which says "Canada's Greatest Statesman." Gentlemen, I thank you; you are correct. I am sure you will congratulate me on the result of our mission. We have—that is we shall—yes, I am convinced—I might say I am almost sure—I might even say I think—yes, I may say I hope to get money from England (*Loud cheers*) to build the Pacific Railway (*Murmurs of disapprobation*) which will leave us cash on hand for all other purposes (*Tremendous applause*). But, gentlemen, suppose we didn't. Or suppose we did. My colleagues will tell you about finance. I will tell you what I did. The Grits talked of driving us from power with whirlwinds, because we Pacific Scandalized a little to keep our places. Ask us why we did it. Now, we don't answer impertinent questions, but we had each eight thousand good reasons, and expected to have as many more annually. Well, they said we darsen't go home and be Privy Counsellors. Darsen't we? I brought back to power every man who'd been in it. Parliamentary majority didn't say a word—tell you what, the fellows who had needn't look for any pickings. Then went to London, what were they to do? I showed 'em my majority; they couldn't oppose general opinion of Colony, so, consider Pacific Scandals correct things here, and let me in. I take oath, dine with Queen; all lovely and serene. Result, reputation of Canada lowered; don't care a straw; myself all square. Grits floored; do care very much. Gentlemen, was it a success? (*Great cries of "splendid!" "Clever old fellow!" "Canada's Greatest Statesman!"*) Then, I appeal to one other point, and on it I wish to stand or fall. I have been called Canada's Greatest Statesman, I don't say correctly; but I ask you this—? I never was any good at legislation, settlement, tariffs, or such things—if others went ahead there. I ask you to read BEACONFIELD'S speech, and tell me if BALDWIN, or MACKENZIE, or CARTIER, or BLAKE could have so skillfully thrown such bushels of dust in the eyes of the English Premier. It was the crowning achievement of my life. I pause for a reply. (*Immense vociferations of "Grand!" "Wonderful!" "Diplomatic!" "Statesmanlike!"*) Gentlemen, I will now take my seat! (*Unusual cheers*).

We learn from the newspapers that the house of Mr. H. E. SMALLPIECE, Guelph, was the other night entered by burglars, "who retreated after a fruitless search for money." It is unnecessary to remark that Mr. SMALLPIECE is an editor.

The Fair Canadian Wilderness.

Talk not to me of Southern climes,
Of green banana and orange groves,
Where mocking bird among the limes
Enchanting sings where'er he roves.
Speak not of Persia's rosy bowers, [presses,
Where perfumed breeze stirs the maiden's
What are these all to this land of ours?
Our own Canadian Wildernesses!

Who sings row of fam'd Araby,
The fields of France, Italia's scenes,
Or Down East States, where by the sea
The Yank still clings to pork and beans?
What is the theme at festive board
Where haughty Albion's lord expresses
His thoughts in eloquence high soared?
'Tis our vast fertile Wildernesses.

Though yet the buffler and the bar,
And Sioux are seen in the mountain range,
They'll disappear when the C. P. R.
And the engine comes with its noises strange.
Tho' the festive fly and the mosquito
Too lively may be with their light caresses,
Let myriads shout out Westward ho!
And pack their bags for the Wildernesses.

King RICHARD I. was, on account of physical deformity, surnamed Crook-Back. On account of moral deformity certain of HANLAN'S friends at Chatauga deserves to be hereafter known as Crooked-Backers.

City Nuisances.

Grip rejoices that his big brothers, the *Globe* and *Mail*, have come out strong on the line of virtue and good order. The Conservative organ has often before provoked its contemporary, but not always to good works, as in the present instance. The assault of the *Mail* on the York street dens has incited the *Globe* to attack the Sunday night strollers on King and Yonge streets, and Mr. Grip rushes forth to bear a hand in both of these highly commendable enterprises, wielding his pencil to assist the editors' pens. The supineness of the civic authorities on the subject of the dens deserves the severe comment which has been made upon it both by press and pulpit. Up to the present, however, these strictures have failed to arouse his Worship the Mayor, who calmly sleeps in his easy seat just as if this very offensive matter had not been laid before him at all. Mr. Grip pictures the situation in order that the Chief Magistrate may see himself as others see him, and it is to be hoped this will fetch him to his senses—at least to his sense of smell. Let him wake up, and go and get his fellow Commissioners, the ornamental Chief of Police and the truly good County Judge, and let them put their heads together and do something. If the mere consideration of the city's reputation be not enough to excite the Mayor's zeal, let us remind him that—the civic election comes on shortly.

As to the strolling nuisance, Mr. Grip comes to the *Globe's* assistance by sketching a section of the throng that monopolizes the principal thoroughfares every Sunday night. The reader may in his mind magnify this section almost *ad infinitum*, stretch it out at least a mile, and add all the *et cetera* of bad language, bad tobacco smoke and unbecoming conduct. It certainly is a nuisance, but how it is to be dealt with in the present state of the law concerning liberty of the subject is quite beyond GRIP'S apprehension, unless we consent to make GEORGE BROWN civic Dictator, and let him prescribe just where and when and in what numbers promenaders may indulge their propensities. Mr. Grip consents, but alas! Mr. Grip isn't everybody.



The Bute Terminus.

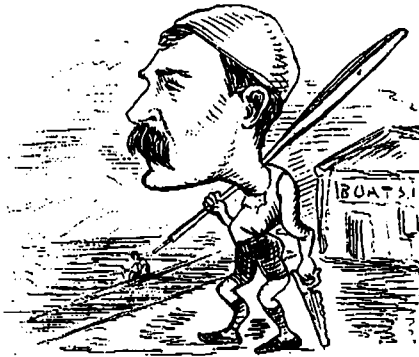
Sir CHARLES TUPPER led his friend DE COSMOS to believe that he was going to give the Vancouver Islanders the Bute Terminus, and he has kept his promise. Of course they haven't got the Bute exactly in the way they had expected, but nevertheless they have got it, and very much with a vengeance, in the manner represented above. It doesn't give us any real pleasure to see the amiable DE COSMOS figuratively kicked out of governmental confidence in this style, but, as the selection of the Burrard Inlet route instead of the Bute ditto, will save us several millions of money, we must try and feel reconciled to it.



Looking and Listening for It.

Our eminently practical Finance Minister is abroad in the land with eyes and ears wide open, bent on discovering the evidences of prosperity he has been hearing so much about. This is highly commendable on his part, and forms a striking contrast to the conduct of his predecessor Sir CARTWRIGHT, who used to sit in his office at Ottawa and let the hum of prosperity take care of itself. GRIP hopes Sir SAMUEL may find what he is looking and listening for. There is only one painful circumstance in connection with this ministerial tour. The *Globe* says that Sir SAM is shown about by a *couvreur* of *gobemouchees*. If true, this is very sad. We have always entertained a high respect for the Finance Minister, and are deeply grieved to think that he should so far forget himself as to go around with *gobemouchees*. He had better stop it if he wants to keep GRIP's favour.

Courtney the Crooked.



THESE WAS A CROOKED MAN



WHO A CROOKED MATCH DID MAKE,



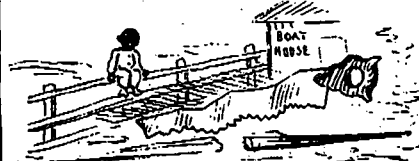
WHICH BROUGHT HIS CROOKED FRIENDS



TO A LITTLE CROOKED LAKE.



THEN THE CROOKED BACKERS ALL GOT THE CROOKED SCHEMES AFLOAT



WHEN A LITTLE CROOKED SAW CUT THE CROOKED SCULLER'S BOAT!

WHO THE CROOKED CUTTER WAS WE DON'T KNOW, WE'RE IN SUSPENSE, BUT, AS FRENCHY JOHNSON SAYS, "DAP'S A NIGGER ON DE FENCE."

Receipt for Making a Great Speech.

Take a lot of verbs, pronouns, prepositions, interjections, adjectives, adverbs, conjunctions, etc. Mix thoroughly. Add equal parts of bombast, egotism, maudlin sentimentality, bathos and wit. Flavour with eccentric gesticulation. A few hiccoughs may be thrown in according to taste. Serve up in your cups, before an audience composed exclusively of those who always swear by your cookery. It will be pronounced great a success as "Paradise Regained."



Premature Tears.

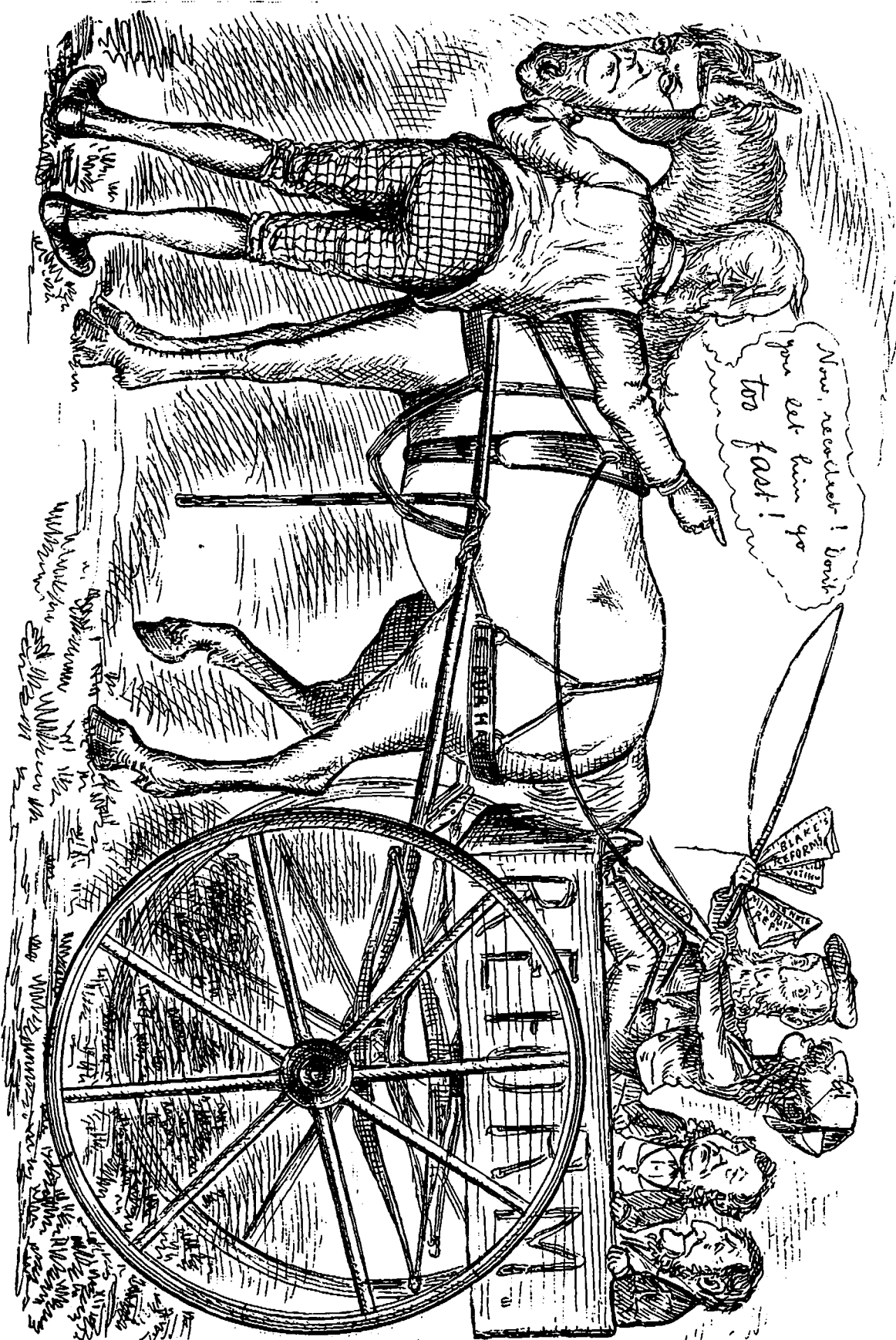
OLIVER MOWAT is breaking his little heart crying. At Tilsonburg lately he drowned the stage with tears and cleft the general ear with horrid speech. Here is a bit of it:

"Our friends are under the expectation that the gentleman to be appointed (Lieut.-Governor of Ontario) next June will be a man who will enter that office to do his best to aid the Government at Ottawa, and to embarrass and overturn the Reform Government of Ontario."

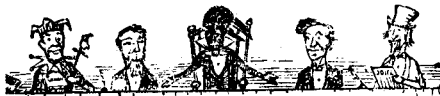
This is the cause of his grief. He should have carefully kept it to himself, because then the public might have been moved by his emotion, not knowing the cause of it. Now they will probably laugh at him, and every little boy knows how terribly aggravating it is to be laughed at when he is crying. Mr. GRIP isn't so cruel as to actually laugh at the fears of the poor, apprehensive little Premier, no; he strokes him soothingly on the head and says: "OLIVER, my dear, be a man; wipe those streaming eyes and that lacrymose nose, and don't cry until you are hurt."

The Popular Tribune.

Sir CHARLES TUPPER, in the course of his speech at the Quebec banquet, wanted to make a good point, and, as all well regulated Canadian statesmen do, he drew from that inexhaustible source of inspiration—GRIP. He referred gracefully to "one of GRIP's inimitable cartoons," which, he supposed, "most of his hearers had seen." And of course they had; for it is specifically stated that the company was made up of intelligent and brilliant people. Was there one present whose name isn't on GRIP's subscription list? If so, let him send it along at once, enclosing \$2 and be like other people.



IN THE HARNESS AGAIN!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Important if true—A wife.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A stag is frequently obliged to run for deer life.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

We are all on our last legs, but all of us hope they will last us for some time to come.—*N. Y. News*.

The woman who does fancy work very often don't fancy work at other times.—*Marathon Independent*.

"That smacks of familiarity, sir" said the blushing girl, after being surprised by her lover's kiss.—*N. Y. News*.

Betting is about the same thing whether on horses or cards. They win who get their aces.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

About the prettiest pedestrian match to look at is a young couple walking up to the preacher to get married.—*Cin. Commercial*.

The jelly-making season, just passed, was an unusually severe one on fruit. The crop has undergone a great strain.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A Meriden man has a mule called "Confusion." And every time he licks it, it only makes confusion worse, confound it.—*Riggs & Crushman*.

The button on the back of a man's shirt collar probably needs talking to as much as any other inanimate thing in this world.—*Foed du Lac Reporter*.

None of the great writers of earth have obtained a wider, more justly deserved reputation as successful quill-divers than the porcupine.—*Glasgow Times*.

Thirty persons in a small town in Michigan were recently poisoned by eating sausage. This comes from leaving brass collars on dogs.—*Waterloo Observer*.

Every creature knoweth its capacities, and the nice young man who patronizes church sociables, shrewdly courts the girl who don't like oysters.—*Owego Record*.

"See here, JONES, why don't you fence in your premises?" "Oh, there's no need of it, so long as my wife's always a-railing around the house, is there?"—*Yonkers Gazette*.

A mustard plaster is a good thing in its place, but the best place, as far as our experience goes, is to have the mustard plastered on a ham sandwich.—*John McCormick*.

There's a school teacher up town who is so precise that when she wishes to say any one has made a keen sally of wit, always refers to it as a "sarah of wit."—*Steubenville Herald*.

A correspondent wants to know what is an affinity. An affinity, my dear sir, is something that exists between a small boy and his neighbor's grape-vines.—*Marathon Independent*.

A man who took the affirmative in a bar-room debate, the other night, on the question, "Resolved, that home is women's proper sphere," went home a few hours later and turned his wife out into the street. Some men are just that whimsical!—*Binghampton Republican*.

A man has no right to occupy such high moral grounds that he is constantly so far above his fellows that he can be of no earthly assistance to them.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

Here is a beautiful reflection: The pretty women see the prettiest things in the shop windows. You can't blame them for casting their eyes in that way; now, can you?—*Boston Transcript*.

A man noticing a placard, "Room to Rent," went in and found the room in a shabby condition, whereupon he remarked that he didn't desire to rent a "room for improvement."—*Buffalo Sunday Times*.

Prof. PETERS has promised his wife a brand new planet for a Christmas present, and if there is no falling off in the business he may put a new comet in each of his children's stockings on Christmas eve.

"The melancholy days have come"—beg pardon, "the sawdust of the year"—to the school-boy who has to tackle the woodpile when all the rest of the fellows are playing marbles "for keeps."—*New Haven Register*.

The interim between the parasol and the muff season is a very trying one to the ladies. They know not what to do with their hands. An appropriate time to give them away, with heart accompaniment.—*New Haven Register*.

When we consider that most of the League nines intend to play ball in California during the winter season, we are inclined to murmur with Bishop BERKLEY: "Westward the course of umpire takes its way."—*Utica Observer*.

"I am not under arrest," remarked the thief when in the clutches of an officer; "I am simply in the hands of my friends." Thus does the jargon of politics pollute the current of all lives and industries.—*Boston Transcript*.

Young man, in a walking match you "go as you please," but in a courting match you please as you go.—*Norristown Herald*. We don't know how it is in Pennsylvania, but in Ohio you please as you stay.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Our exchanges have recorded within a week or two, several cases of persons nearly losing their lives by getting a chicken bone fast in their throats. Not one of the unfortunates was an editor. Editors prefer quail on toast.—*Norristown Herald*.

English writers say that while American girls are exquisite in everything, our men are ungallant boors. This must be a mistake! Any one can see, when a church or a theatre lets out, long strings of young men gathered on the curbs—to say pretty things upon the faces and garments of the ladies going by.—*St. Louis Spirit*.

A man from New Jersey, recently on a visit to this country, while strolling through the government's grounds at West Point, was attracted by a number of cannons, the muzzle ends of which were embedded in the earth. "What are these guns placed in this position for?" inquired he of a cadet who chanced to pass. "In case of war with China!" was the young soldier's prompt reply. The foreigner lapsed into deep meditation.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

When Mrs. SHODDEIGH read in the paper that the government had expended \$181,000,000 on its Indian service, she urged Mr. SHODDEIGH to write immediately and ascertain where it was purchased. She said her China service cost only \$3,500, and she could never be happy again until she was the owner of an Indian service.—*Norristown Herald*.

"There is something inexpressibly touching in the fallen leaves," sighs an esteemed author. There is, there is! It's when you slip on one of the articles of a wet morning, and touch the unsympathetic pavement with the end of yourself.—*Rockland Courier*.

This is the age of benevolence. An investigation has shown that the paupers in the Franklin county, Ohio, poor-house, have been supplied with \$600 worth of whiskey and tobacco since January 1st. The prospects of the aged and retired editor are improving.—*Ottawa Republican*.

The Sea Serpent.

The sea serpent is classed by some naturalists as a reptile, and by others as an animal, but this trifling disagreement has no effect on the general health of the monster. He is always in a jolly mood and the best of spirits. He is not quite as domestic in his nature as an old tom cat or a boy with three stone-bruises on each foot, but he is seldom met with any great distance from home. There is abundant evidence to prove that he knew all about this country before COLUMBUS did. At least, the first one seen in America by white men acted as much at home as a hired man in the pantry, and at no time during the last 400 years has the market been short of a full supply.

Sea serpents have been met with only 150 feet long, but the majority of them are at least double that length. A sea captain who would come into port and make oath that he had seen one less than 200 feet long would be laughed to scorn and advised to go west and become a BUFFALO BILL. There is no doubt that one of the monsters can keep right on growing as long as he wants to, and of course each one is ambitious to spin out as far as he can. During fly-time a sea serpent 300 feet long has a great advantage over a cow or a mule—a fact which naturalists seem to have overlooked entirely.

While these monsters are no doubt somewhat given to roaming around, they are seldom found curled up under favorite cherry trees or in arbors resorted to by moon-struck lovers.

While other snakes go to heaps of trouble to get into a house and curl up in an old straw hat on the top-shelf of a bedroom closet, the sea serpent keeps himself modestly in the back-ground.

This animal is not gregarious in its habits. Two sea serpents are never seen together, and it is seldom that two are seen the same week.

Their plan seems to be to go it alone. Each one then secures all the glory and all the plunder, and there is no give away about it. Their principal food consists of tough old ships—the older and tougher the better, and if any red-nosed sea captain or swaggering mates happen to slip into the monster's mouth along with topsail yards, bowsprits, capstans, etc., the serpent is not to blame for it.

While children may cry for this reptile, they hadn't better fool with it, as it is plain that he is very whimsical in his nature. Captains have taken one stiff glass of grog and gone on deck to behold a sea serpent humping away from the ship as fast as he could go. Other captains, belonging to the same Sunday school and wearing the same sized boots, have taken two glasses of grog and seen the serpent swim all around the ship and lift his head thirty feet in the air and open his jaws as if he scented roast chicken. It may all be in the grog, or it may be the variable nature of the serpent. Until the real truth is known the tow-headed boys of the land had better not run after this marine novelty.—*Detroit F. P.*

TORONTO
MECHANICALS

My Mother.
(NEW EDITION).

I.
Who on a stool me firmly held,
And vermin from my head expelled,
Whilst I resisting, kicked and yelled?
My mother.

II.
When from the school I'd stray away
To swim, or fish, or base-ball play,
On my return who waxed me? Say!
My mother.

III.
When brother JOE my blood had shed,
Who made me, ere I went to bed,
Ask Heav'n to bless his ugly head?
My mother.

IV.
When home I brought my chosen wife,
My joy, my precious spice of life,
Who filled that home with howling strife?
My mother.

V.
Who yanked and bored my children's ears,
And made their life a vale of tears?
Whom did they hate beyond their years?
My mother.

VI.
When late from lodge I homeward hied,
And swore the goat was hard to ride,
As an excuse, who said I lied?
My mother.

VII.
"Where is she now?" You ask me where?
I dare not say, but say I dare
Where'er she is, there's trouble there.
My mother.

S3

Canadian Celebrities.
BY ASPER.

No. 8. SIR RICHARD JOHN CARTWRIGHT.

The honourable Knight who forms the subject of the present sketch was, when our Reporter approached him, on the point of starting on one of those brilliant electioneering campaigns in which he has lately so greatly distinguished himself.

The political character of Sir RICHARD is one which stands far above that of any other statesman who has ever lived in Canada. It is great in many respects, but especially for the manifold and wonderful contradictions of which it is composed.—Sublime because having bravely withstood the onslaughts of journals that in former years attacked him as "an old foggy Tory" and a "mixer and muddler," it still, like a mighty oak that has braved the storms of centuries, stands erect and receives in stern silence and as its just due the adulations and praises of those very newspapers, and of the very same party that formerly could not say anything bad enough for him. It is a thing which is interesting because of its uncommon occurrence,—instructive because it shows how a great mind can overcome the prejudices aroused by an early education in a bad school—to hear one who was born, bred and brought up as a Tory of the deepest dye, rejoicing that "Ontario is Reform to the core."

"I am just about setting out," said Sir RICHARD, in answer to a question, "on an expedition in the course of which I propose to irrefutably demonstrate to the people of Canada that they are suffering more from poverty and destitution than the inhabitants of any other country in the world,—in fact that unless a change is made very soon—unless they return to power a government that knows that legislation cannot do a

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country any good—they will be utterly and irretrievably ruined. I shall cause the electors to perceive that a cabinet that is always trying to better the country that it governs is in reality only sinking it into more deplorable depths. The buzz of flies on the wheel is better than the hum of the N. P., and the free and independent voters must be made to see it."

"But, Sir RICHARD," said our Reporter, "with the price of wheat going up and a general prospect of better times, will it not be difficult to convince the farmers of all this?"

"The farmers," said he, "will see that if the N. P. sends up the price of wheat, it will make bread expensive for the English consumers, therefore it will be disloyal to charge the increased price. If the N. P. does not send up the price of wheat it is no good. Ergo the tariff is not a benefit. If, on the other hand, it brings down the price of manufactures it will ruin the manufacturers, and our farmers will thus have no home market, as the former will be obliged to shut up their factories and leave the country. If it on the contrary causes the price of manufactures to rise, it is an outrage on the farmers and a drain on their pockets. Thus you see that under any circumstances it is a thing that will do infinite harm. The best trade policy and the soundest doctrines of political economy are based on the principle that it is best to let things take their course and trust to a kind Providence to fix the price list of everything on a proper scale. But you have seen all this in the reports of my speeches in the Globe, so there is no use in repeating it."

"Excuse me, but does this not appear to be a little inconsistent?"

"Not at all—to a deep thinker. Everything seems inconsistent at first to a man who does not look into the bottom of it. Some people think it is inconsistent in me to be a Reformer when in reality I am a Tory, but it is not so. Of course it would not do to present only one view of the effect of the so called National Policy to all classes of men. The manufacturers must be made to believe that goods will be so cheap on account of the competition that there will be no profit for them. The yeomanry must be led to think that goods will be so dear (except grain) that they will not be able to buy them. When in power or in a foreign country it is sometimes advisable to show the silver side of the shield, but when in opposition and when talking to the electors of one's own country, it must be the brazen side that is presented to their view. But I must be off as it is nearly time for the train to go.—Good bye."

Our Reporter walked slowly home musing on the many strange features which are found in the general cast of mind of a politician, and wondering if statesmen really always believe what they say when talking politics.

COURTNEY says he don't know anything about the disaster to his boat. It was cut when he was in it.

"Handsome is as PRETTIE does," as the Manitoba excursionist observed on landing safely in Winnipeg with a certain party.

Our funny contributor recommends the following books, but hasn't he got the author's names mixed up with the titles?

How Plants Grow GRAY. *The Complete Arithmetic* FISL. *How to Read* LEWIS. *The Coward* HENRY MORRISON. *The* ... *ness* EDWARD YATES. *A Simpleton* CHARLES READE. *The Spendthrift* HARRISON AINSWORTH.



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

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To ring a dirge eternal.

We have seen them on the map
O'er all the sheet extending,
Different tracks of railway routes,
Hither, thither wending.

We quite forget now which is which,
Or which declared the finer,
For ships assailing down the ests,
To bring the trade of *Chiner*.

We're in a haze, we're in a maze,
We'll never, never leave 'em—
Burrard Inlet, Inlet Bute,
Requiescant in eternum!

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PRESS OPINIONS.

GRIP'S POLITICS.—It would require a SAM WELLS with his double magnifying glass to find out the political casts of the talented artists that "run" Grip. One issue tells of the wonders of MCKENZIE or a GEORGE BROWN; the next cruelly caricatures both. Sir JOHN to day is dubbed the "white-headed" boy, on the morrow he is garroted by the only Canadian comic paper, worthy of the strength of such, that we have ever had. We winced under the merciless "cartooning" of our noble Tory knights, but we find sweet revenge in the next issue, when a MCKENZIE, a CARTWRIGHT, or a BROWN, is taken off in good style. We would suggest to friend Grip that he has of late somewhat leaned in his skilful delineations to the Grit crowd.—*Truro (N. S.) Sun.*