

occasion was the recent picnic of the Toronto Undertakers' Association at Burlington Beach, where the visitors were royally entertained by their Hamilton brethren. All shop-talk was, of course, sternly forbidden.

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L A VERITE " says that if its editor ever received \$100 from Murphy or Larkin, Connolly & Co., it was "unbeknownst," and when the circumstance is proven, it will be glad to make restitution to the public till. The journal very truly adds: "If all the political men, journalists, members and ministers will take the same engagement, the public chest at Ottawa, as well as at Quebec, would soon receive large sums." Yes; the political doctors have been testing the public chest with the stethoscope of late, and find it in an alarming condition.

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THE Ottawa correspondent of the *Empire* should keep poetical quotations out of his letters, or else see that his editor supplies the proof-reader with the necessary dictionaries. We can faintly imagine the feelings of Brother Kribbs, when he read in his ornate epistle on Wednesday last, "They want to know if, in the *Globe's* case, 'the twilight of life gives it musical love.'" We wouldn't like to swear that he didn't swear.

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WHEN Wilfred Laurier passes away in the fulness of years and honors, some biographer will be able to find material for an anecdotal life that will be as full of interest and of wit as that of Sir John just published. And here is a neat little thing from Mr. Laurier's latest speech, which deserves a place among the *bon mots* of the collection:—

When Paul went to Ephesus to preach against the worship of idols, all the manufacturers of idols opposed him. They assembled in the red parlor of that day, and the leader of them opened the discussion by saying, "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth." (Laughter).

TIERNEY'S TRIP.

MISTHER GRIP,—Yez'll remember, I suppose, that I wrote yez a lletter lasht year about a thrip I med across the lake on the steamer *Cibola*. Well, sorr, I wint agin lasht Satherdy, an mebh yez wud loike to hear how it wint this toime. It was much the same, barrin' the differences, as wan might expect. There was the same big crowd av min an' wimmin, male and female, as before; also judes and jude girls, wid their summer clothes on, an' childer an' babies in arrums. Whin the boat wint aff from the wharf an' left it behind her, the people that wanted to sit down wint scramblin' for sates that they couldn't get, because others had them, consequently thim that cuddn't sit stud up. It was just the same thing over again, as I towld yez before—some walkin' round an' talkin, an' some sittin' round an' talkin'. I couldn't tell yez fwat they wor talkin' about, exceptin' the wimmin. Ivery time I passed a group av thim they war sayin' somethin' about "says he" an' "says him," so I concaived it was the min, as usual, was the subject av their discourse. I walked all over the boat, both down stairs and up on the roof, an' it seemed to m as if it was the same ould thrip over again. There was Johnny London in the bar up at wan end av the cellar dalin out the ginger beer an' sody wather an' cigars to the dishipated throng. He axed me to take somethin, an' I tuck plain sody, but wid a wink at him. "Cuddn't I have a dhrop av somethin good in it?" sez I in a fwishper. "Av coorse," sez he, "ye can, Mishter Tierney. Go over in

the corner beyant," sez he, "an' pour a dhrop intil it, sez he. "But fwere is the shtuff?" sez I. "Haven't yez a flask wid ye," sez he. "Nar' a wan," sez I. "O, excuse me," sez he, "in that case yez'll have to guzzle it down plain," sez he. So I had, be which yez'll see it's the same ould timperince racket at that bar. Yes, an' the same Purser, that comes around wid a squad av young gossoons in blue coats an' brass buttons an' orthers up the tickets "Yer lookin' betther an' more plazed wid yerself, Mishter Purser," sez I, "nor ye were lasht year." "D'ye think so?" sez he. "I do," sez I. "Fwwhat's the raison av it?" sez I, "have yez come intil a fortune, me boy?" "I have" sez he, an' he pinte wid his thumb to a purty young lady sittin' forninst us. "That's her" sez he. "Long life till ye," sez I, "it's a wife ye mane?" "Yes," sez he. "I wish yez much joy," sez I. "Thank ye kindly," sez he, "an' the same to you an' many av thim," sez he. Thin the captain kem along. But it's not the same captain, MISHTER GRIP. Me poor ould friend McCorquodale died lasht fall an' the new captain is another man. But a very plasin an' agreeable gintleman he is, an' well loiked be ivery wan. Yours thruly,
TERENCE TIERNEY.

P.S.—I forgot to minton that we got back safe to Toronto widout anny fatal accident.



"MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW."

THE GOVNR GINRAL.

AN ESSAY BY A CANADIAN SCHOOLBOY.

THE govnr ginral is the king of Canada an gets pade bout 100 thous \$ a yere thare is sum men wot ses he aint worth his salt an dont do nothing for the munny but he gets pade all the same if they was to stop his Wagis thare wod be war with ingland cos he is a lord an lords has got to be pade some peepke thinks the govnr ginral dont have nothin to do but he has got to go fishin an this is tuff work fish is good for branes an the govnr ginral has got to have fish he dont like the kind they sell in Ottaway so he has got to go an ketch them for hisself an so he cant be round to see wot is going on in the Parlyment hous i wou'd like to be thare to see what is going on an if i get to be govnr ginral you bet i will stay in Ottaway but i gess i cant get so fat a sit cos i aint a lord only jest a plane common Canadian so when thare is any thin for the govnr ginral to do he gets sumboddy els to do it for him an gose snooks on the salry i spose i wud like to be a lord an get 100 thou \$\$ jes for doin nothin but jest goin fishin. my pop ses its a frod an ort to be dun way with but i think its a bully thing for the govnr ginral
BOBBY.