

"But, sir," said he, "there are here as elsewhere envious persons, and there are men, aye, sir, and newspaper men at that who say that our government departments and even our senate are merely hospitals for very lame ducks."

"Ah!" said Yubbits, "I see; a kind of Chelsea or Greenwich for worn-out pensioners."

"Exactly so," replied O'Brallaghan. "And, sir, they do not sufficiently admire the etiquette of our government which is modelled in rule and costume on that of la grand monarque whom my ancestor, pardon me for saying it, had the high honor to serve as chief valet of the imperial chamber." The words, the attitude, the gestures were exquisite, and Yubbits experienced a higher degree of respect for the diminutive embodiment of propriety.

"In one word," said Bramley, "the buildings are superb."

Yubbits, slightly sarcastic at all times, could not let the opportunity slip.

"Oh! very fair, very fair indeed, Bramley," he said, "but I do not see any reason for being so rhapsodical; in my mind there are finer structures, even in England, and after all the country is only a colony and the people nothing but colonists. This is a colonial building; we have seen royal and imperial ones."

Bramley gravely observed, "Yubbits, do you consider yourself a judge of architecture?"

"Undoubtedly," was the reply, "but I can't climb into the clouds as you do."

"No," said Coddleby, seeing that Bramley was displeased and coming to his friend's rescue: "your forte is of the projective kind; fracturing cabin door-panels and so forth."

Yubbits took the sarcasm good-humoredly and clapping Bramley on the back said, "Never mind, old fellow: let bygones be bygones." Isn't it about time to be getting back? I'm deucedly hungry." In this all expressed their acquiescence and before long they found themselves at the hotel, where, before entering the door they were amused by the expression of a slight difference of opinion between Mr. O'Brallaghan and the Jehu on the subject of fare. As is usual with that class of gentry, the latter demanded three times the amount specified on the tariff card, but he expostulated in vain; his expletives had no effect on the well-trained suavity of Mr. O'Brallaghan, whose final threats of an interview with the magistrate subdued the loud tones into low mutterings, and a reluctant acceptance of the legal tender. In explanation the guide said, "gentlemen, the rule is in general with cabbies, deduct one-half; in Toronto two-thirds, at Hamilton never pay till there is a policeman in view; at Niagara Falls, should you visit there, tender one-eighth of the amount asked."

Thanking and liberally rewarding their escort, our friends entered the hotel and soon were engaged in the pleasing task of corroborating the universal idea that an Englishman knows how to deal with his supper.

(To be continued.)

WHAT THEY SAY IN ENGLAND.

"GRIP is better than ever," an enthusiastic Canadian remarked to me this week. And certainly, as I ran over the pages of the number just to hand, I was strongly disposed to endorse his opinion.—*Anglo-Canadian, in London Edition of Toronto Globe, Sept. 18.*

THE MODERN BARNEY BUNTLINE.



ELL, Bill, my boy, I reckon as we're going to have a storm;
Some one prophesied the coming of a gale,
So we'll get into the fo'castle and keep us snug
and warm,
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.

Sailors' dangers are just doubled since he first
began to blow,
And he blows a spout as big as any whale;
And it makes it most unpleasant when to sea you
have to go
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.

When its only in an almanac it don't do so much
harm,
'Cos they're limited to wind or rain or hail;
But a special storm prediction causes seamen much alarm
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.

Now I don't raise no objection to an earthquake shock or two,
Though it makes so many land-lubbers grow pale,
For it really doesn't bother us if niggers do turn blue
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.

Nor a cyclone doesn't matter if it blows away a town
And clears off lots of prangermen wholesale;
But it's hard to hear it prophesied your ship's agoing down
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.

I can stand them big eruptions from volcanoes not quite out,
With the lava and the gases they exhale;
But it isn't nice to read as how your boat is like to bout
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.

Though I don't believe exactly as these prophets know as much
As they pretend; predictions often fail;
But a fellow can't help thinking of his wife and kids and such
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.

Why, Bill, look out! the sky's all clear! let's get upon the deck,
Weather prophets all be hanged! fetch up a pail;
For we may as well look tidy if we're going to be a wreck
While Wiggins is a-wagging of his tail.



"STONE WIGGINS!"

JUST WHAT THE CHARLESTON DARKIES FEEL LIKE DOING.

THE WEATHER PROPHECY'S LAMENT.

If we "prophecy unto them smooth things" someone gets ruffled. When we predict a tempest (and it doesn't blow their way *that week*), they raise a storm on that score. When we send them showers, they don't hail their advent as blessings. A thunderstorm, and it had better have been *mist*. For promising sunshine we are consigned to the shades. Then we go in for something big, tornadoes,