



A FASHIONABLE EPIDEMIC.

DUNNEM—"When will you be able to settle that little account, sir?"

MR. SPECELING—"Well, to tell you the truth, I've had the influenza so bad that I've not been able to sign any cheques, but I'll be all right soon."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

THE advocates of Unrestricted Reciprocity are commonly charged with being Annexationists. They deny the soft impeachment, but supposing they *did* favor such a scheme, it is worth while enquiring whether they could possibly carry it out if they were in office and had the unanimous support of the country behind them. The consent of Great Britain would be the first essential thing. Could that be got? This is a matter of opinion, but some of the leaders highest in the Grit ranks, as we happen to know, are ready with the reply "No, certainly not; Great Britain would not consent under any possible circumstances." It might be as well for Mr. Sol White and his coadjutors in the west to make a note of this.

THE city authorities have foolishly granted permission to the butchers to use bay ice for refrigerator purpose, against the protest of the Medical Health Officer. It now only remains for the citizen to protect themselves either by abstaining from meat altogether, or by patronizing only those dealers who do not use bay ice. And apropos of this, it is in order to enquire, what is the use of employing a Medical Health Officer—presumably an expert in sanitary matters—at a high salary, if his opinion on a vital point like this is to be ruthlessly set aside?

A LITTLE trip into the adjoining Republic is interesting and instructive to the man who has his eyes and ears open, even if he goes no further than a few miles below the boundary line. The first thing that strikes him is the marked difference between the Canadian and

American people. This is quite remarkable, considering that we are of the same blood and lineage. No sooner does he cross the line than he hears the universal nasal tone, and the peculiar pronunciation with which we connect the personality of Sam Slick. Well, it is hardly universal, for he is sure to run across Canadians very frequently, and then he hears English undefiled, of course. There is a difference also, quite as marked, between Canadian and American towns and villages. The smallest places on the other side aspire, as a rule, to city fashions. In the hotel, for example, you are apt to find a telegraphic call, by which you can summon a messenger—a thing which you will look for in vain here outside the cities. The average village also has its opera house, park and band-stand, and there is everywhere noticeable the effort to be a big place.

AS to the ever-recurring Canadian ever there, he is pretty sure to express himself in favor of Annexation if you bring up the subject of political relations. He tells you that he can see no other probable destiny for Canada, if it is granted that she cannot remain for ever in her present colonial position. This is, of course, very unpatriotic sort of talk, but what else can be expected of citizens who have already accomplished Annexation for themselves, and find it a good thing?

ANOTHER "institution" which flourishes in the States perhaps more generally than in Canada is the 'cute youngster—the little boy or girl of about five, who has all the maturity of thought and expression of an adult,—who is in an extreme sense "old fashioned." Children of this sort are usually classed as "unsufferable little prigs," by admirers of genuine childhood. But it is rash to assert that they are always forward and "spoiled." On a recent ramble of a few days in N.Y. State (which is the occasion of these reflections) we were brought in contact with some good specimens of advanced Young America, who were at the same time delightfully well behaved; quite models of propriety, in fact.

THE ART OF RECREATION.

What would'st thou have for casement after grief,
When the rude world hath used thee with despite,
And care sits at thy elbow day and night,
Filching thy pleasures like a subtle thief?

—A. Lamphman.

THUS Lamphman queries, and it seems to me
The answer much depends upon one's taste:
Some find that howls of whiskey two or three
Have oft the tired spirit much up-braced;
Others again will go to see a play,
And greet with plaudits loud their favorite actor;
It is conceivable that people may
Drive away care by studying the *Factor*.

There's quite a lot of sport in killing flies,
Some housewives think the bed-bug is more gamey,
Some go in for GRIP'S competition prize,
While others meet as followers of Bell-ammy.
To deftly build conundrums gives delight;
There's solace found in canvassing for votes;
There's fun in ringing door-bells on dark nights,
And balsam for the soul in rearing goats.

Music of hand organs distracts the mind
Betwixt the intervals of dodging duns;
More satisfaction waits the more refined
In listening to Samjones emitting puns.
In short, so various are the modes men choose
To rest and recreate the tired frame
From bigamy to bicycling—that who's
I wonder, going half of them to name?