

Your course under those circumstances is clear. Get a meeting called to discuss the question. After adjourning twenty-seven times (for drinks) they will come to no conclusion and adjourn *sine die*, (never say die). This is a very important step. Now when the building is nearly finished and contractors and workmen are beginning to talk about pay, it will be about time to consider how much the new fangled Court House is really going to cost. But don't be in a hurry about it. Don't get flurried. Be quite calm. It will probably be discovered that it is going to cost three times as much as was voted for. But that's nothing. Look at the States. Every public building in the States costs four or five times as much as they intend when it is started. But they have the good sense to like it there. It inflates their natural pride. They once tarred and feathered an architect there, because he carried through a building for the estimated price. They never did that to an architect in Toronto. They never had the chance.

Then when every thing is over and you find the Court House is going to cost three times as much as necessary, why talk indignantly about jobbery, resign your position on the Committee and retire into private life and be happy.

MAN'S WORLD.

(From the Globe.)

It shows doubtless great presumption in the feminine mind to aspire to the suggestion of matters upon which man might deign to concentrate the mighty engine of his intelligence; but if I might be permitted—why don't you try baseball—or pocket mirrors—or the cultivation of the moustache—or the circumvention of the landlady—or the decay of the dude—or the best way to acquire the correct complexion without leaving town—or the new automatic sock-darner and button adjuster—or the proper use of spoons—why, it seems to me that matters of supreme masculine interest are positively besieging you to be discussed. Of course, coming from a column that frequently descends to the level of cockroaches and pudding recipes, this suggestion may be beneath your notice. In the meantime, it is very humbly left there.

GARTH GRAFTON.



WHEW! now I caught it! 'Aint she mad though! I can't she sting! I tell you! She hasn't left a solitary allegorical hair in my diminished head, this "Woman's World" editorial daisy hasn't. Why, I admired her so much that I got up a "Man's World" column in humble imitation of her, with the sole intention of firing a complimentary shot occasionally, and here

at the first smell of powder she catches fire, cries "Havoc!" and lets slip the dogs of war on a fellow—"suggestions" she calls them. Hut-tut, my dear, don't be a manophobe—we don't mind the clack of a manophobe any more than the evensong of a mosquito, it's just a little sing, then a little sting, and then down comes a big human paw—tut! don't run away, I'm not coming down on you, my dear. No, siree! I'm no murderer, and it would simply mean murder to the *Globe* to extinguish the only brilliant thing in it. Whisper! "Woman's World" is the only thing in it that we fellows care to read, and your interview with Pooh Bah came near extinguishing myself 'tother day. Pooh-Bah is my father-in-law.

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WHAT'S the use of getting into a fuff and stamping your foot and screaming "Why don't you try baseball?"

when the palms of a fellow's hands are as hard as the hide of a rhinoceros with "ketchin'" all summer? I call that a *base* suggestion of yours. As for the pocket mirror, well, I do feel riled about that, and I take this opportunity to inform you, madam, that I am one of those fellows who always call a spade a spade; and if I do occasionally stow away a pocket flask (containing a horn) in my pistol pocket—why, I call it a flask, not a mirror. I hold the flask, not the mirror, up to nature. The moustache suggestion I repudiate; a too great spontaneity of growth is all that troubles me this weather. My landlady being my wife, circumvention is out of the question, *there* it is beyond the range of the possibilities—she's one too many for me every time, Yes, sir! every time.

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THEN by alliteration's artful aid you wheedle in your next suggestion, the "decay of the dude," when you know very well there's no decay to him—he flourishes perennially as the wicked whom a certain Scripture *litterateur* compared to a green bay tree. The complexion business suggestion is a mean give away; however, so long as the hot weather lasts I can always explain my nasal illumination by some fishing story—out all day, fine sport, and so forth. As I said before, I am a benedict, so my sock darner and button adjuster is all O.K. But I ask you, madam, as a wife and a mother (?), what is a fellow to do when his wife leaves him at home with a teething baby, what, I say, but flee to the "proper use of spoons," which is to thrust a tea-spoon into each sprawling fist, and let it hammer for all it is worth on the table. That I have discovered to be the proper use of spoons, and alas! to such base uses do we spoons come at last.

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If you saw our cellar floor all strewn with cucumber skins you would be sorry you hurt my feelings about Mrs. Cleveland—the cockroaches I mean to say, but somehow the two get always associated with your articles in my mind. And, anyhow, I do back you up against insurance agents. Think now, if I was to lose my sock darner and button adjuster—what a comfort it would be to reflect that I had a trifle of five thousand or so coming to me to console me in the—the—the—well, interregnum, as it were! So we *are* at one after all, you see. Shake!

And there's a hand, my Graphic Garth,
And gies a *Grip* o' thine,
An' we'll tak' a richt guid willie lauch
At this rare joke o' mine.

Ed. *Man's World*.



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Toronto.....	48	39	Oswego.....	24	66