



SIC TRANSIT GLORIA!

Sad reflections of a certain eminent personage in front of the Reform Club after the auction sale.

THE CHIPPAWA TRIP.

WHAT WE HEAR ON BOARD.

SCENE—(Wharf at foot of Yonge St. Time, a little before 2 p.m. any Saturday in August. Crowd of good-humored but perspiring people making their way to the "Chippawa," whose broad decks are already swarming with excited people in search of good places.)

(A fat lady, with boy of ten in the act of crossing gang-plank.)

FAT LADY (affably, to officer in uniform)—"Good afternoon, Captain. Lovely afternoon, isn't it?"
Officer looks puzzled.

BOY OF TEN—"That isn't the Captain, Mother; that's the man that takes the baggage. Here's the Captain now."

F. L. (going up to Captain)—"Oh, Captain, I made such an awkward error just now. Spoke to the baggage-master for you. Won't you please give him my apologies?"

CAPTAIN—"Oh, that's all right, madam. I don't suppose he will feel particularly hurt about it."

A FAMILY MAN (with a silk hat and a very red face)—"I beg pardon, Captain, but what's the reason we can't have chairs? Surely we're not expected to stand up all through the trip? I've got my wife and seven children along."

CAPT.—"Any number of chairs, Sir. What's the matter with sitting on those over there?" (indicating a row of comfortable chairs in the covered promenade).

FAMILY MAN—"But they won't let us take those out on deck. He says its against the rules."

CAPT.—"Then in that case I should advise you to use them where they are."

[Family Man seems to take this sensible reply as an offense and goes off.]

SUMMER GIRL (to her companion, another summer girl)—"Hello, here's that hateful thing, Kate Snapper. Don't speak to her!"

MISS SNAPPER (catching her eye)—"Why, Maudie, how well you're looking. I'm so pleased to see you."

[They kiss effusively.]

SUMMER GIRL—"Not half so much as I am to see you! And as for looking well, I only wish I was looking half so well as you are."

MISS SNAPPER—"Oh, thanks. I'm looking for Momma—she's on board somewhere. Hope to see you and have a chat on the way over."

[She goes.]

SUMMER GIRL—"Not if I know it. Isn't she getting positively ugly, and her hair has had another dip, I see!"

[The whistle having sounded, lines are cast off and the Chippawa moves away from wharf.]

DUDE (just arrived at top of main stairway, meeting an acquaintance)—"Aw, Cholly, going ovaw?"

CHOLLY—"Hello, Benks. One moment, please. (Leads him to one side out of the path of the crowd.) You ask if I'm going over? I suppose the question is asked with all the seriousness of which you are capable, so it deserves a reply, and by way of reply I want to ask you what you suppose I came on board for, or remained on board for after the steamer left the wharf? It is my intention to go over; I should think my very presense here would sufficiently attest that."

BENKS—"Dear me, why, of course. But it takes a lot of thinking to reason it out like that, don't you know, and it's too hot to think."

[They drift apart.]

SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY (to her escort)—"What an enchanting view of the City and Island. Could anything be more lovely than Toronto Bay!"

HER ESCORT (a rather prosaic young man)—"It is well enough as scenery, but it's not up to much as drink, and we're getting a bit too much of it at present in our water



RETURNING FROM THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

MRS. BENEDICT—"Put away your paper, dear, and let us talk."

MR. BENEDICT—"Yes, my love, as soon as we reach the tunnel."