

So Very Much Alike.

A friendly game of Euchre at Hughenden, between the two great statesmen of modern times.

SIR JOHN (log).—I wonder where all the bowers are?

EARL DIZZY.—Don't know, I'm sure. I have only three in my boot.

SIR JOHN.—And I have just one up my sleeve!

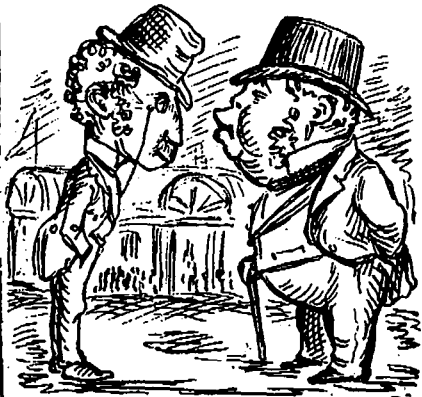
They've made HARRY PIPER Inspector of Weights and Measures. But he had to wait a long time for this measure of relief.

The illuminations were fearfully suggestive of the future state. At every house you saw a burning fiery L, and some houses had two of them.

When a day passes in New York without some one being clubbed to death, they hoist the flag on the City Hall at half-mast, mourning for the degeneracy of the age.

Being asked by a friend if the PRINCESS had been staying at the "Queen's" while in the city, our funny contributor answered No, that she had stayed at the Queen's till she married, and had then set up for herself.

Why is it that the MARQUIS puts up so graciously with any little inconveniences of travel? Can't be otherwise; part of his office. He's a Governor-general; if he made any fuss he'd only be a Governor-particular—a much inferior position.



A Sketch on the Fair Grounds.

MR. GRONTER.—It don't amount to much yet. Wait till next week, when the live stock is showed. I'm waitin' over just to see the hog.

MR. FLEECE.—And I feel particularly anxious to see the sheep!



The Hamilton Reception.

How is it that so few of our Canadian cities can set about preparing a reception for the vice-regal party without having a great and discreditable row about it? Here in Toronto we had an unseemly squabble over the reception tickets, and another over the ball as between Citizens and Scotties. There in Hamilton the welkin has been made to ring with the shouts of parties divided upon the question as to the house the Governor and Princess shall dwell in during their stay. Mr. SANFORD, a good and wealthy citizen, owns a handsome residence which he is very willing to lend to the visitors *pro tem.*, but Mr. SANFORD is a Grit. Mr. SOMEBODY ELSE owns a handsome house called Dundurn, which he is anxious to have honored with royalty, but Mr. SOMEBODY ELSE is a Tory. It is needless to say that herein are the elements of a first rate ruction, and Hamilton has been getting the benefit of it for a week past. Dundurn has been finally selected, through (it is alleged) some underhand correspondence of the Mayor with Major DEWINTON, and SANFORD's place has been rejected, although recommended by the Citizens' Committee, of which the Mayor was chairman. We take a note of these facts just to let the outside world see what a queer lot the Canadian people are. The Marquis of LORNE may be congratulated that this Hamilton squabble is settled, however; otherwise his reception at the station there might have been as demonstrative as is represented in the above little sketch.

The Ticket Sellers.

Mr. GRIP was going down the street, meditating by the way, as is his way when he feels that way. And before he was aware, in a lonely place there rushed out on him five persons, holding square pasteboards in their hands, and one said:

"Cleveland! Well-known and popular!"  
"I believe I am both, sir," said GRIP, bowing politely. "Do you wish anything of me?"

Then that man was shoved aside by the second, who waved nineteen little square pasteboards, and remarked: "Here you are! Columbus and Cincinnati!"

"No, sir," said Mr. GRIP, rather puzzled, "I am not that great discoverer, who has been dead, I regret to say, for some time. Nor am I aware of the connection between him and the ancient Roman family you mention, whose great founder, unlike our modern politicians—"

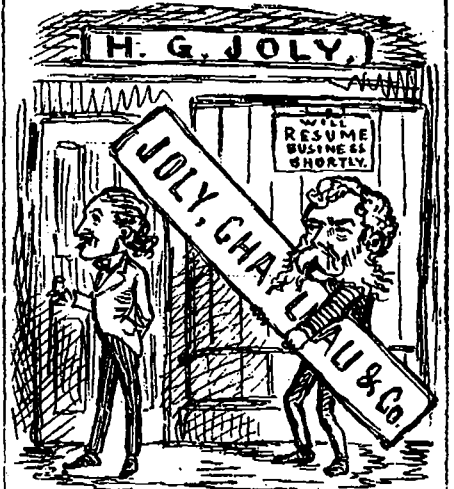
But the third person thrust the first and second right and left, and declared:

"You will arrive at Port Huron to-morrow morning, in season to enjoy a delightful ride through the cool and invigorating atmosphere of the great lakes!"

"I was not aware of it," said GRIP, "but am much obliged to you. Have you the second sight, or do you foretell the future by the Pythonian mode?"

Then the five stared, and broke out into a shout together, and all vociferated, "Minnie Soter! Burlington! Quincy! Maintwoc-Sheboygan!"

But Mr. GRIP, who was not acquainted with the parties they spoke of, and did not understand Indian, walked into a garden, shut the gate, and bolted it.



The Coming Coalition.

The old lady of the Quebec Legislative Council made that honest tradesman, JOLY, shut up shop rather suddenly a few days ago, but these are indications that the shutters are to be removed again before long. By the good pleasure of the old lady aforesaid, a placard has been nailed up announcing this news. This favour is granted only on the condition that Mr. JOLY will take in a partner, in the person of Mr. CHAPLEAU, a dapper young swell who, although he may not prove too capable or honest behind the counter, will be certain to attract the custom of all young ladies who have an eye for manly beauty.



That Sculling Match.

MR. TRAINER GRIP—Now then, COURTNEY, stir your stumps. What's all this delay about? Our boy's ready this long time.