

of making Bologna sausages and Limburger cheese, I took a run up as far as Berlin. After taking a stroll *unter der Linen*, I thought it would behoove me to call on the Chancellor, the man of blood and iron, the bald-headed old snipe of the valley, Prince Bismarck. I had some difficulty in gaining access to the great Chancellor's presence, one of the fifty sentries around his office dropping the butt of his rifle on my toes, while another beer-swilling, saurkraut-devouring son of a low Dutch Teuton made a prod at me with his bayonet. However, after telling a chamberlain who appeared on the scene, that I was a Canadian from Toronto, and agreed with the old man in his Yankee hog policy, and moreover that I had come 4,000 miles to see him (I admired and revered the good Prince so much) I was eventually ushered into his presence. I found him seated at table in full uniform, brass helmet, sword, sabretashe, boots and all, and buttoned up so that his naturally goggle eyes seemed to grow gogger and gogger, as after motioning me to a chair, he continued eating his lunch. The lunch was his usual one, though rather lighter than usual (so the chamberlain informed me later). Merely a boar's head boiled in vinegar, beer and molasses, swine fleich stewed in schnapps with garlick and cabbage, potted herrings and cavaire, with a gallon or two of Bock beer was the simple menu. "Vell mine freund, vot schall I do mit you?" said the Prince, as he laid down his knife and fork, and hung up his helmet by sticking its spiked top into a convenient door.

"Biz," said I, "I come to interview you in the first place, and secondly to give you a little advice. I'm from Canada, I am, and I want to let a little light into that chump of yours. You know a Dutchman can't reasonably be expected to know as much as a free Canadian, now can he?"

"So?" was all he said, as he appeared to gaze vacantly at the ceiling.

"See here Biz," said I "I don't like your form of Government; you ought to reform it."

"So?"

"And look here Biz, I'll give you a pointer. You know your richstadt or whatever you call your parliament is a mere farce; you're boss, you old sardine you, and you know it. Now why not have a regular parliament with a senate?—don't forget the senate. You're getting along in years, and you ought to let up on work and give yourself a rest. We, the people of Canada, would like to see it."

"Vere in der Tuifful was Kanata?"

"Why in America, near the States."

"Den you vas a Yankee, don't it?" said the old man, coloring up, while the four hairs on his head stood erect. "I don't haf to haf some doo-legged American hogs around me, I tote you!"

"But your Highness, I'm not a Yankee."

"Vell by Jeminy Gripes, you vas next door to von, so you out of mine house git, you hears me!" and the old pelican reached for his sword. "Here Baron Von Pantztansansuits-drunk!" he roared to the trembling chamberlain, "put dis tem looniace mine house out, and dond let him here some more come, or py Jiminy I vill his ears cut off."

I lit out for Bremen on the next train. My first impressions formed of Prince Bismarck were not favorable.

I called up at the Observatory last week, and interviewed Lieut. Gordon, R.N., who controls the weather and things up there. Mr. Gordon being a sailor, I thought it would be as well to get up a sort of Johnny Warsman style, and modelled myself as nearly as possible, consistent with a rational being, after the make up of a "Pinafore" topman. I entered the officer's room with a bob and scrape of my right foot, at the same time hitching up my trousers and depositing a quid of tobacco in

my hat, in the most approved stago sailor fashion.

"Come on board, sir," said I, drawing my right forefinger up to my intellectual brow.

"Who are you, and what in thunder do you want with me?" was the somewhat abrupt question of the man of science, who appeared somewhat annoyed and astonished at my call.

"I came, your honor," said I, "for a little information, as to what sort of weather we are going to have during the semi-centennial festival. I have to go around a good deal taking notes for that great paper GRIP, and am in doubts whether to buy a waterproof overcoat or not. If it's going to be fine, why then I won't want it—see? Now couldn't you find out by the parallax of Jupiter's satellites or a moon culminating star or something, whether it will be light winds and variable, or heavy gales and durable?"

"Sir," was the reply of the executive officer, "I am not here exactly for the purpose of determining whether people should buy overcoats or not. The moon, I perceive, is at the full now, and I would adjudge you either a lunatic or drunk, probably both, and I think that a straight jacket would be a more suitable garment for you than an overcoat. However, for your satisfaction I can tell you that from the number of blatant orators who are expected here, and the character they have for blowing, I am of opinion that even if it don't rain we will have a very windy time of it."

"Thank'ee sir," said I, "I'll top my boom and sail large."

"Git!" said he, and I got.

#### LYRICS OF THE OPERA HOUSE.

IN THE AUDITORIUM.

The play is almost over and the curtain soon will fall. What's the matter with that stupid flat—the one so slim and tall?

He's wrestling with his overcoat as if he had some doubt That if he don't get home in time, he'll likely get looked out;

Of all the bores in Christendom (this is a solid fact) Is the duffer who can't wait until the close of the last act.

THE GIGGLER.

Giggle, giggle, giggle,  
In the most affecting scenes;  
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle,  
As she back and forward leans.  
Why don't her missus keep her home  
And make her do some stitchin'?  
She never should be left alone,  
Except down in the kitchen.



"Peck's Bad Boy," a disgusting farrago of juvenile impudence, dramatized from the vulgarities of the alleged humorist of Milwaukee, was played at the Grand the first three days of the week. Callender's minstrels, an infinitely more intellectual show, now holds the boards.

Of Madam Trebelli, who is to sing in this city on Monday evening, 19th inst., the New York *Mail* and *Express* speak as follows:—

"Mme. Trebelli fully confirmed her splendid European reputation, and demonstrated to her new public that she is eminently worthy of the praise which has been lavished on her abroad. Mme. Trebelli's voice possesses that freshness which fascinated every audience before, which she appeared, her admirable school, her superb art, her powerful dramatic action, still entitle her to a place among the greatest artists of the world."



Lord Lorne has written a magazine solution of the Irish Question. There now, Parnell, will that satisfy you?

What trivial things press agents do telegraph! A day or two ago all the papers contained the extraordinary intelligence that "the Picton Police Magistrate was struck by a fender." Why, every day of his life, I warrant, our Toronto Police Magistrate is struck by offenders'—appearances.

Mr. J. C. Robinson writes in the London *Times* his conclusion that "America is a pauper in art." But I think it ought to relieve Mr. Robinson's grief to reflect that America is not also a pauper in means; and that so long as Europe produces the art, America can furnish the money to buy it.

Some one has been noting the increased cordiality of the relations between the Grand Trunk and the Canada Pacific. Is it not an augury of the time coming when the friendliness of the Syndicate for the Trunk will have waxed so intense that nothing short of eating the other up will satisfy the love of the monopoly?

When I notice that a Madrid comic editor has been sent to prison for lampooning the King, it occurs to me what a number of American comic editors could take his place and never see the inside of the Bastille—for more than a week or so at a stretch, anyway. That is, of course, if the imprisonment were proportionate to the comicality. I believe they say this Madrid fellow was a frightfully flat humorist.

The latest charge against Senator Macpherson which the *Globe* has fastened on him in the most satisfactory fashion is that he travels, when on the public service, with a valet! A very serious offence, no doubt, or the *Globe* would not be so much concerned about establishing it by unimpeachable testimony, after it came from the Ottawa correspondent. Yes, travelling with a valet is really pretty rough on Senator Macpherson. But is there not another side to the picture? Must not having to travel with Senator Macpherson be pretty rough on the valet?

If the editor of the *Mail* has any sense—I mean sense of humor, if you will only allow me to complete the sentence—or a grain of pity for the thousands of poor but deserving persons who are eaten up with feverish curiosity to know what all the asterisks in Mr. Higgins' letter as it appeared in the *Globe* stand for, he will hasten to print the production in its only and original state. Not only would it afford the people of Canada heaps of fun, but it would also, I verily believe, be gall to the *Globe* and make the O'Higgins hopping mad.

"No, Sir!" exclaimed the young man, his eyes flashing, his cheeks coloring and his