

taxes and rent, and especially to pass such resolutions as they deem advisable to encourage the establishment of car and locomotive works in Toronto; and also that such inducement may be made known by advertisement." I am slow to fully appreciate anything that may tend to the prosperity of the Queen City of the West, but I can see in the above resolution the harbinger of much mischief. Why should we offer a bonus to start manufacturers? Why should we offer a special bonus to locomotive manufactures? If Belleville is a better place than Toronto for the manufacture of locomotives, then, by all means, let the proposed manufactory be started in Belleville. It is this sort of selfishness that complains that our streets are bad, our taxes high and all that sort of thing; and our streets will continue to be bad and our taxes continue to be high so long as we advocate and indulge the vicious practice of exemption from taxation and granting bonuses to every Tom, Dick or Harry who happens to have peculiar facilities for turning out some special article. If Toronto is the best place for the establishment of locomotive works, certainly let Toronto have the benefit, but grant no exemption or bonus. If Toronto ought to be the seat of the Dominion Parliament—let the seat of Dominion Parliament be located in Toronto. If the Huron and Ontario Ship Canal is better than the Trent Valley Canal and does not interfere with the Welland Canal and can be constructed economically, and be advantageous to Toronto and all interested, then let the Huron and Ontario Canal be proceeded with, but be careful that no bonus be given unwisely.

The Toronto *Globe* advertises a notice to bricklayers that the Buffalo masons are going to strike on July the 25th for \$2.50 a day, the same as Toronto bricklayers are receiving. Evidently the Buffalo men are labouring under the delusion that Toronto men are receiving but \$2.00 a day, and that there is considerable building in Toronto. The masters of Buffalo, I understand, are not likely to grant the men's request. The Toronto market will then be flooded with bricklayers, and the bricklayers wages will again come down here to \$2.00. Can any one tell me the benefit of trades' unions, either to the unionists or the public generally?

*Queen City.*

#### SUBURBAN RETREATS.

One night as Mr. Smyth (Smyth with a *y*) pondered weary and weak, a week ago, he dreamed a dream; he did not dream that he "dwelt in marble halls with vassals and serfs at his side"; he dreamt that he dwelt in a suburban retreat with the mosquitoes singing outside. Moved by a love for the country he had moved out of the city, intending to pass the summer in a truly rural manner. You will hear how, before the summer left, he left summarily.

Mr. Smyth was a very meek, gentle, kind young man, and smiled very sweetly. If you have ever seen his photograph you must have remarked the beauty of his smile—breaking across his face like a ray of sunlight and arrested by his collar at the back of his neck—it has been called a neck-straordinary smile. Well, he had the worthy desire to be a great rower, and having heard of the splendid athletes in the Suburban Retreat Rowing Club, he joined it. In this there was no difficulty, as the only requisites were to part your hair in the middle, also your beard, if you had one; to keep a stiff upper lip, even if it had a tendency to grow down; and lastly, to put President, Secretary or some title or other before your name. All the members have these titles. Mr. Smyth joined, and was elected 9th Vice-President, his duty being to smoke in the boat-house and thus develop his muscle. Some of the rowers row with spoon-oars, whilst the lady friends spoon with the rowers;—in this latter division our friend nearly always was found. He also went fishing, and had been engaged in the interesting occupation of holding a rod for two hours without getting a bite, when he heard two Frenchmen who had been out all day remark: "Anytings bite you dare?" "No, notings at all." "Vell, notings bite me too." He gave up fishing, evidently seeing that the fish were not to be hooked, as they doubtless had hooked it. His landlady had asked him before he went fishing to send up a man to do about six hours' work. Well, he looked and looked without success; finally he met a lady of uncertain age, of whom he asked: "Can you tell me where I can get a man?" "No," she replied, "I have been looking for fifteen years and have not been able to find one." Mr. Smyth gave up looking.

Of his landlady he had inquired on making terms if she could "put him up." The answer had been in the affirmative, and he had a good deal to "put up with." He would often undress by the light of a match, and would gaze in matchless wonder at his bed, which looked like the crater of a volcano. Of course the "hired cratur" had so much to do that she only succeeded in

making it up once a week. He had a piece of soap about three inches long with which to perform his daily ablutions, and so hard (perhaps Castile) that it broke a tumbler one day when he dropped it. And he was very fond of perfumery, though, strange to say, the dry weather would affect even his perfume bottles, while the servant girl would scornfully walk past him beautifully scented, and Mr. Smyth would smile humorously and kindly as he said "it was not humorous but perfumerous." However, he innocently filled one of his scent bottles with mucilage, so that the servant assumed a rather gummy appearance. Mr. Smyth had to put up with the voracious boarder who had such an appetite that he bolted a door, devoured a whole story, took down a family portrait, threw a glance around the room, and positively took in all that was left, and strange to say, though he was very ill afterward, only threw up a window—it was certainly very painful. All these things Mr. Smyth endured; but he could not endure the puddings, so he resolved to enter a complaint, which he did in the following fashion: "My dear landlady, it's the puddings, they are too mysterious and too monotonous, and a Grand Trunk prize candy package does not equal them for surprises; they are more hashtonishing than hash itself, and when you fry what is left, it is not right and is fryghtful stuff—and sometimes they are very thin and watery, and the fashion is to use forks, so that one can hardly do justice to them. You know they are very like gruel; in fact, one of the boarders grew ill after eating some. And then you give us an old pudding with a new top, and it is by no means "tip-top." You might give us a change sometimes—say once a month. It is only fair to vary your bill of fare, so that these farefully and wonderfully made puddings may be known in all their variety; and then the Spring chickens may be spring, but it is a car-spring. I must say that you have been good enough not to uscoot hash upon us very often, though I feel confident that you once gave us coal hashes, inducing one of the boarders to make a stupid hash of himself, whilst another was led to commit an ass-hashination. I wish you would ask your daughter to cease thumping on the piano—it would make a cat sick; perhaps that is why she calls it mewsic. She says she has been taught by Signora Maccaroni, or some such name, one of those 'furners' who talk so 'infurnally.' I go into the room, and she is thumping away. She turns to me and says 'Would you like to hear me sing?' 'With pleasure,' I reply, hoping that it will soon be over. 'I will sing one of the Pinafore songs,' and when, Madam, I ask your daughter if it is new, she is quite indignant, saying it must be new, as there could not have pin-a-fore the time of No-ah. She begins to sing 'Ahem! ahem! ahem!'—she never gets beyond this hemming—perhaps it makes her songs sew-sew. I will tell you, my dear landlady, as a secret that I was deeply in love with your daughter and not in the usual way, that—

"Our love was like most other loves,  
A little glow, a little shiver,  
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,  
And 'Fly not yet' upon the river."

But I loved her madly, and told her I was going to get married and settle, looking at her as impressively as I could, but she only replied that I had better settle first and marry afterwards. And last night at the dance I proposed to her, saying that I trusted my hopes would not be nipped in the bud, and she laughed heartlessly, not artlessly; this morning I found out the reason of her laughter, instead of having been understood as saying, "nipped in the bud," she had understood, "dipped in the mud." To speak of more material things—I receive my collars from your laundress without a particle of starch in them, while, on the contrary, my handkerchiefs come back as stiff as a sheet of tin. This is not proper, and the laundress knows that I cannot blow my nose. Further, I am not at all satisfied with that new-fangled drink which you give us, called K.O.K. I am perfectly willing to admit that it is K. or Poliwha, but not O.K. at all—perhaps the inventor intended it for the O.K. Indians. Why do you give us this stuff and say that it is healthier than tea and coffee? It tastes like boiled sawdust or extract of soapsuds, and—however appropriate it may sound—it is not exactly the thing to do, to wash one's food down with extract of soapsuds; you may talk of your K.O.K. as much as you please, madam, but honest tea is the best policy. Again, one of the principal reasons which led me to come here was, that I expected to get fresh and pure milk; what I have had has surely come from the bottom of a well, and I wish you would ask the milkman to leave well alone. Your children are a great nuisance, they are so numerous; you call them cherubs—they are cherubim and seraphim—as they "continually do cry." I also like to sit on the verandah and enjoy the view; I read in your advertisement that the house was surrounded with shade-trees, but all I can see is that your husband has planted a few sunflowers, and you must agree with me that sunflowers, as shade-trees, are failures. Your husband, I presume, gets his horticultural knowledge from the columns of a daily newspaper, from which I have taken the following extract:—"The first thing to do in a garden is to prepare it; after this is done it is advisable to repair the fence so as to afford a roost for chickens; Paris greens are not to be planted this year until late in the season; cow-cumbers are not profitable, therefore see that your neighbour's cow cumbers not your garden; and sow on," etc. Mr. Smyth would have said more but the landlady interrupted him, saying, that he could leave immediately. "Take your trunk and pack," she