

This is far from creditable to the city, more especially as the concert was well worth hearing, aside altogether from its charitable object.

I hardly know what to say of poor Webb. I will say nothing, beyond submitting a few lines "In Memoriam," written by a poetical friend:

The cruel river leaps in angry glee,
Showing white teeth, and scoffing at the dead;
"He dared to try his puny strength with me—
To battle 'gainst my rocks and rapids dread.
Ha ha, he's conquered! 'Twas a vain exploit
For fame and honor transient as my foam—
Go bear his shattered body from my sight—
Weep for the brave, and take the lesson home."

I am glad to see that the *Globe* is trying to wake up the City authorities on the subject of cleaning the lanes and cesspools. They require a good deal of sharp prodding, and I hardly venture to hope that they will thoroughly arouse until we have a few cases of unquestionable cholera. Meantime may I enquire what we are paying such heavy taxes for?

The Press Association Excursion starts on the 6th inst, to Montreal and Quebec, thence up the Saugeny. A royal good time will of course be enjoyed and I'm awfully sorry I can't go. Our editor is going, though, I understand, and no doubt he will give us his usual pictorial account of the doings of the party in the next issue after returning. *Bon voyage.*

The late rains seem to have had the effect of causing the crop of claimants to the Mercer Estate to spring up very rapidly, and now it promises well. As the Privy Council has awarded this estate to Ontario, these Merc(e)rinary individuals might save themselves the trouble of pursuing the matter any farther.

I notice with deep regret that the sea serpent has again appeared. I am sorry for this. The trouble and anxiety which this monstrous fraud has caused the human family is unparalleled in this or any other planet. For my own part I have never truly believed in the sea serpent, but now we have the story on the authority of some newspaper men, and of course skepticism is at an end.

The Khedive of some Scottish Insurance Company was in the city on Monday. For his benefit the fire brigade were called out to give an exhibition. I am disposed to question the wisdom of these free exhibitions. But if the party for whom the display is made, pays for the broken reels, I suppose I need not object.

Jay Gould began life as a cow boy. Perhaps this accounts for the extraordinary faculty he has developed for watering stock.

The steamer *City of Toronto* now runs a regular Sunday excursion to Niagara and Lewiston. I have investigated the matter and find that she carries only perishable freight.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBSCRIBER, Tonquin.—No. We know of no oarsman by the name of Courtney. At Union Springs, New York, resides one Chas. E. Courtney. This gentleman is a carpenter by profession, and enjoys an enviable and well-earned reputation for his proficiency in the use of the hand saw.

BELINDA, Bathurst-street.—If the "horrid music" you speak of resembles the report of an eighty-ton gun, it is without doubt the echo of the ice cream vendor's horn, wafted in gentle cadences from the vicinity of Jarvis-street.



IN THE "GARB OF OLD GAUL."

SCENE: The Caledonian Games.
Sandy is waiting his turn to play in the Bagpipe Competition, and thinks he might as well have a smoke. Now, Sandy has been long enough in Canada to learn how to light a match, and the consequence is . . . *Sandy loq.* "Goash! A forgot A hadna ma troosers on!"

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.

"I wish you would tell me," writes D. B., "why the antipathy to pay a tailor's bill is so universal."—We will, and it is because tailors will persist in asking money from their customers. The absurdity of this practice is so generally acknowledged that in all ages and amongst all people since the figleaf pattern went out of date, very few have been found daring enough to consider the refusal to pay a tailor's bill either a crime or a misdemeanor. Read "Sartor Resartus," by the late Thomas Carlyle. His Imperial Majesty, of Tongataboo, and his loving subjects, were never known to pay a tailor's bill. Neither did our great ancestor Adam.

LINGÆ asks whether there is any record of the last day at Babel; and if so, if we would give him some information about it.—There is, and we give it as we read it ourselves, as follows:—"Sir, what's that your perusing?" said Johnson to Boswell. "'Plutarch's Lives,' sir," replied Boswell. "Sir, you may read a fragment for me," said the lexicographer. "Consternation reigned triumphant; a universal strife ensued; the inferior peoples, on whom limited linguistic favors were conferred, gazed helplessly at their compatriots. The original Gaelic clan gathered round their leader, one Jackamaron (evidently Cameron, a very ancient sect), who addressed them thus, in the last recorded words spoken at Babel: "Ma freens, there's nuckle sair wark here th' day! Yon's a bonny heap o' stanes, but there's nae mair siller intull't. Get what ye may frae the loons about ye; bake yer bannocks; fill yer meal-pocks; gang warily, tak a taste for luck, an' noo, 'Tonal'd More, gie us 'O'er the Hills an' far Awa,' and say 'Farewell tae Babel, oh!' The tribe to which the Columbian dialect was given immediately elected a president and a committee of ways and means, annexed the goods and chattels of their neighbors under the plea of manifest destiny, canvassed and took payment in advance for a his-

tory of the work, embellished with chromo likenesses of Noah and his family: and procuring teams of horses and oxen, mules and mustangs, which were now for the first time so used, and preceded by an armed cavalcade, mounted on horses, started, under the guidance of a baldheaded eagle, for the west." "Sir, stop there," said Dr. Johnson, "Plutarch and I do not agree." "Sir," said Boswell, "Plutarch lived many centuries nearer to that period than you, sir." "Sir," said Johnson, "respect for the opinions of your seniors is not one of your virtues."—CHAOS.

"Please tell me what the Monroe doctrine is," requests HISTORICITTLE.—This characteristic document is worded to this effect: "That no foreign power shall have, or possess, or obtain, or purchase, or get, or hold any possession, land or water on the continent of North America in excess of what they now possess, or make laws or treaties, or do anything without the full concurrence and approbation of the United States in Congress assembled, as it is the manifest destiny of all such possessions to become part and parcel of those United States, and all powers, and kingdoms and empires, and grand duchies and republics are hereby notified that resistance to this declaration will necessarily lead to their total annihilation. Formulated by us, the committee. Aristophanes J. O'Connor, General U. S. A., Epaminondas Nehemiah Doolittle, General U. S. A., Ichabod Asa Bugg, Senator U. S., Washington Zebedee Fish, U. S. N., Peleg McLaughlin, Clerk of Works." This document was approved at Philadelphia during the Centennial by the Screaming Eagle branch of the Woman's Rights Association, and signed by the following representatives: Mehitabel Man-chayser, Belinda B. Bargewell, Prudelia Pngglethorpe, Vanessa Vanderscratcher, Committee; Susan B. Anthony, clerk; Tilly T. Toughun, moderator. The effect of this manifesto was astounding. Russia ceded Alaska, Britain relinquished her claim on the state of Maine, France said the U. S. might have her share of Canada, the Chinese lessened the duty on tea, and Popocatepetl exhausted itself in improvising pyrotechnical displays in honor of the event. The Monroe doctrine is a fixed fact, and the effete tyrants of Europe bend beneath the yoke, and unanimously ejaculate, "Hail, Columbia."—UNCLE SAM.

SYNTAX EXTRAORDINARY.

Lost—On June 24th, a red cow and calf, with right horn turned in two, sawn in half. Anyone finding her will be rewarded. Address A. Watson, Post Office, Winnipeg.—*Winnipeg Times.*

Here is a puzzler! Was the red cow and calf one Siamese-twin-like animal, as this advertisement makes it appear, and had that one animal the right horn turned down, or was there a red cow and a calf, with only one right horn between them, or how was it? And what was sawn in half? Was it the horn, or the cow, or the calf, or all three? and if the cow or the calf, where is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? The idea of a cow or a calf wandering about in a bisected condition! and what a set of inhuman beings must exist up yonder towards the Occident, who permit such a state of things. We can easily understand the "horn being turned down." That's all simple enough. The Winnipeg people have gained a somewhat unenviable reputation for "turning down horns" pretty freely; but we are puzzled about this weird and mystic animal. It was, probably,—and this seems the most feasible explanation— one of those hallucinations that occur to individuals who indulge in the pleasant pastime of "turning down horns," and who are said to see still more extraordinary animals than a red cow and calf, sawn in half.