

MR. MOWAT, "Assistant of the Assistant City Solicitor," has received a neat and pointed snub in an open letter from the "Baron of Bedlamy," as the *World* calls E. A. Macdonald. And Mr. Mowat deserved it, too. In a statement to the city authorities he had said that he would "endeavor" to collect the costs in the withdrawn suit, whereupon Mac. rejoins: "all the 'endeavor' that will be required of you is that you present a properly taxed bill of costs to my solicitors, and you will receive immediate payment, and when you make any reference to me again, either directly or indirectly, kindly assume good faith on my part until you have good reason to assume bad faith."

A SUB-COMMITTEE of the Committee on Salaries has been appointed to formulate some tangible scheme by which the expenses of running the city departments can be reduced. May we venture to suggest to this sub-committee that they might find what they are looking for in the direction of fewer employees and less pay to those retained in office? No charge for this.

A CORRESPONDENT of one city papers thinks "it might be well so to amend the by-law as to render any person liable to arrest who may be seen with a stone or club in his hand" in the Queen's Park on Sundays. This is a valuable suggestion, but if it is acted upon we hope care will be taken to conserve the rights of the chappies to carry their canes, which are often of a size and character to be mistaken by zealous policemen for clubs. There is no more harmless animal at large than your chappie, and it would be shocking to mix him up with the hoodlum element.

"DO many of your people go away to the summer resorts?" asked one of the New York School Inspectors who was here at the Teachers' Association meeting. Being answered in the affirmative, he expressed his surprise. "Why," said he, "Toronto is a summer resort itself!" He was right, but it may well be doubted if more than a fraction of our residents have any idea of the charming places for summer outings we have within a few minutes' distance of our doors. How many of our city readers, for example, have ever spent an afternoon at Island Park? It is worth the ratepayers' while to do so, if only to learn that there are some things our city Council can do in first class style, and one of these is laying out and fixing up pleasure parks.

NIAGARA FALLS.

(International Park, July 29, '91.)

O, ROARING, rushing Rapids,
O swiftly swirling stream,
Thou frothing, foaming vision,
Thou crazy poet's dream!
From Eric's placid waters
Thy mute beginnings flow,
And on toward thy fearful plunge
Wildier and wildier grow.
But O, that plunge thou givest,
In mazy, misty mass!
It beggareth description—
I gaze, and say "I pass."
Poets have tried before me
To find the fitting word,
But thou dost roar with laughter,
The thing is so absurd.
Adown in power and splendor
Before our ravished eyes,
Thou plungest—yet thou couldn't—
Couldn't do otherwise!

IN AFTER YEARS.

WHEN I was but a callow youth
And Bingtoun seemed the world to me,
I thought Miss Dollie Hennessy
A paragon of girls—in truth
A being who would take the prize
'Mong winged hosts of Paradise:
And when she spurned my proffered hand
And took Jim Robinson instead,
I vowed that ne'er in all the land
Could Hope for me its radiance shed.
But when some years had passed and I—
Meanwhile a wanderer—returned
To Bingtoun and, in passing by
A cottage, suddenly discerned
A freckled slattern, grossly stout,
From dingy porch rush wildly out,
Snatch up an urchin by the ears
And toss him thro' the open door,
Chase from the lot a yoke of steers.
Jump a rail fence and hurl a score
Of cobbles at a passing tramp,
Kick a Newfoundland dog and stamp
Two snakes to bits, then to the cot
Swoop back and yell, in accents hot,
"You Jim! Come here, you lazy lout,
And sweep this measly kitchen out!"
When this I saw and heard, then learned—
As from my ramble I returned—
The dame was Mrs. Robinson.
This comment through my mind did run,
"The saddest words of tongue or pen"
Are surely not: "It might have been!"

—ANON.

THE word "Sheeney" has found a place in the new "Century Dictionary," where it is defined as follows: "Sheeney—a shrewd fellow, hence, a Jew" To this the editor of the *American Hebrew* very properly takes exception, as an exhibition of prejudice against the race he represents. He pertinently inquires why, if the word "Sheeney" was necessary to cover the scope of the work, the word "Mick" was left out? The point is well taken, though there is little prospect that in the next edition of the Dictionary the definition suggested will appear, viz.: "Mick—a low fellow, hence an Irishman."



QUEBEC.

Our friend, the Mayor, has been going in strong for Orange business of late. What does it mean? A Fifth Term in the wind?