



IMMOLATION.

MR. BROWNSTONE—"Why, good gracious, De Hass, you'll be sunstuck lying there. Why don't you get in the shade?"

MR. DE HASS—"Oh, no, thanks; I wather like it, don't you know."

(The fact was, of course, that De Hass only had two days in Muskoka, and felt bound to sacrifice himself somewhat in order to return to town with a fortnight's tan.)

TYRANNY AT OTTAWA.

DEAR GRIP.—I feel sure that, from your known humanity, you must intensely sympathise with those poor oppressed slaves—the junior officials in the Civil Service. What do you think they have done in our office, which used to be such a nice, respectable, sleepy old place—you know it—the Office for Confusing the Public Accounts? You will hardly believe it; but some horrible new blood, as they call it, has been at work upsetting our old constitution, and we juniors are actually obliged to keep a sort of diary or journal showing how we employ every hour from ten to four! Did you ever hear anything so infamous?

I send you a copy of my first day's journal, which our chief, a most cantankerous old fellow (in fact, my mind is quite soured by his disappointment), absolutely calls highly unsatisfactory. I have serious thoughts of prosecuting him for libel. I appeal to you whether it does not evince, as an accurate account of my day's work, an intelligent and liberal mind:

10.25.—Got to the office—took my coat off. Why don't they let us come when we like? Brushed my hair.

10.45.—Looked out of window; think it a great shame we don't have leave of absence every fine day.

11.00.—Washed my hands; took the *Mail* from Thomson. Thomson is always reading the *Mail*.

11.15.—No news in the *Mail*; never is. Why don't the Government provide news? I'm sure they might. Combed my moustache.

11.30.—Wondered whether it was twelve o'clock yet. Answered Lady Caron's invite to dinner. Can't go—it's too hot.

11.45.—Wondered what there was for luncheon; took my new boots off; I knew they would be tight; shan't pay for them.

12.00.—Asked old Priggins what the time was. Why does Priggins wear gaiters? Brushed my whiskers. Wonder where all the dust comes from; shall complain about it. Dust interferes with one's work so.

12.15. Got out my work. Why don't they engage a supernumerary staff to do all this drudgery?

12.30.—Could not find my pen—took Priggins' favorite hard-nibbed one. Wish Priggins would not bite his pens.

12.40.—PRIGGINS can't find his pen. Wonder how many times 9 goes into 43; asked Priggins—he don't know. (Priggins is an ass. Why don't they superannuate him?)

12.45.—Went out to luncheon.

1.00.—How many times *does* 9 go into 43? Sat down to luncheon.

1.15.—I knew the potatoes would not be done properly. Why don't they get a new cook?

1.30.—Back to office. Went out to get some ice. Can't do any work without ice this weather.

2.00.—Came back with the ice. Rung the bell for a spoon. N.B.—They never will answer the bell here.

2.15.—Got the spoon. Asked Priggins if he had got a lemon—of course he hadn't. It's my opinion that Priggins is very incapable, and horribly idle. I can't make out why they promoted such a fellow.

2.25.—Asked Thomson whether he'd have any sherry cobbler. Thomson is not a bad fellow—if he was not so lazy.

2.30.—Wondered whether it was four o'clock yet. Found it was not; resumed work. How many times does 19 go into—No, that's wrong.

2.35.—Overpowered by the heat and hard work, I went to sleep.

3.15.—That brute Priggins awoke me because he wanted me to copy a minute. I call this tyranny. I think a man who works as hard as I do might be allowed a *siesta* this hot weather.

3.30.—Began to copy the minute. Told Priggins he must not expect me to do it in a second. He did not laugh. Priggins is a fool. I'm sure I don't know what use he is.

3.40.—Good gracious, it's time to dress. Shall finish the minute to-morrow.

There my dear GRIP, don't you think that reflects great credit on my industry?—to say nothing of the immense fund of information and valuable hints contained in it. However, my brain really won't stand all this labor every day.

I fear I shall have to resign—and then Heaven knows what will become of the country. We never know the value of a jewel till we have lost it.—Yours exhausted.

OTTAWA, Aug. 10.

R. DILLY-DALLY.

THE TALKLESS POOR.

IT is scarcely credible, but it is nevertheless the fact, that in this opulent intellectual centre there exists an unhappy and miserable class of creatures who are unable to support themselves in the merest necessaries of conversation. They hang about our clubs and infest the Island and parks in rags of wit and tatters of old anecdotes, which are a disgrace to our social police, when we consider that they have no audible means of existence.

Efforts have been made to provide them with work, but even reputation picking has been found too hard for them.

Great complaints have been made of these ragged creatures by the respectable young shop girls who are engaged in the endeavor to earn an honest livelihood. It appears that they hang about the various dry goods stores ostensibly for the purpose of lending a hand to put up the shutters, but really in order to beg food and drink.

For the most part these wretched beings have no means of existence beyond what they derive from charity, eked out by what they can get from such benevolent institutions as the weather. One of them is known to have lived on a crumbcloth, with a hole in it, seasoned with