



A turn-coat—A tailor.

Surge cloth should be good for sea bathing suits.

Is a played-out horse necessarily of a dun color?

A man of French descent comes of a racy race.

Spring-tied.—Young calves brought to market.

Adverse action—When an editor rejects spring poetry.

PAT. (leaving hotel) —I wants to see the landlord.

HOST.—Well! I am the landlord: what have you had?

PAT.—Bed, breakfast, and tay, your honor.

HOST.—Well, your bill is \$1.50.

PAT.—Well, I haven't any money wid me now, but I'll pay whin I come along agin.

HOST.—Why didn't you tell me that last night?

PAT.—Sure I thought you'd feel bad enough whin I tould ye in the mornin'.

WATER: AN ESSAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE ELEVENTH-FIRST MEETING OF THE CANADIAN ROYAL SOCIETY.

Water is not land, though it is often *terra firma*, and mostly becomes firmer *firma* as the season advances. It is not valuable as building lots in this form, its advantages being mostly of a transitory nature. The more transitory the nature becomes, however, the more is a certain kind of building proceeded with on that account, and the better does it pay.

Water is said to be a principal component of all living organisms, and this is doubly correct when, as in the case of city water, living organisms are the principal components of the water; otherwise it is otherwise. Water is an example of matter in three forms, solid, as when you buy it in chunks; liquid, as when you like it "cold without;" and gaseous, as when you prefer it "hot, with—" In the latter form, the gas has a tendency to elevation, and gather about the upper regions, where, if further heated, it will explode, doing much damage to wife, children, household goods, and, if not cooled in time, to the cells at No. 1, or whichever retreat you may be nearest to at the time.

This result may, however, be charged to the highly dangerous nature of the chemical constituency of water, which consists of eighty-eight parts of hydrogen to twelve of oxygen, and this is where the mischief comes in; eighty-eight parts of one thing, call it Old Rye or Malt, to twelve of another, say Lager or Bock Beer, is clearly an undue preponderance of something that may lead to anything, and nobody to blame but the water, that being the primary basis.

Water is remarkably useful in many ways.

Without it Hanlan would be nowhere, and Tricket and Boyd might possibly boss the championship. Thus Canada would be robbed of that *prestige* among the nations for which she pines, and would have reason for that indignation she naturally expresses when she is not placed in the front rank.

Were it not for water, all "ways" and "stretches" would be blotted from our maps. Sir Hugh Allan might shut up shop, and Mr. Mackenzie would be robbed of the chief glory of his C. P. R. speeches.

Nor would it longer be possible to enjoy the delights of "raking in the pools" at regattas and yacht races. The value of skiffs, boats, punts, and even of deal boards capable of being locomoted with an old broom and a broken oar, would greatly deteriorate; and our small boys could no longer risk their precious lives by trying to catch minnows between floating logs which have an untimely tendency to roll over. The North-west boom could not get on at all without water, the value of the unsophisticated immigrant and the absent speculator would become *nil*, and the land shark would die for want of a proper amount of nourishment.

Water is particularly useful for domestic purposes. Denied this necessary of life, we should have to boil our potatoes in the frying pan, make our tea in the milk jug, eat our mulligatawny out of the tin, and save our mock turtle for better times.

Moreover, it would be utterly impossible to do our spring house-cleaning. We should have to paint the wood-work, varnish the floors, and send for the man to put up a new dado every year: the white-wash brush would lie dormant, and the white lace curtains would have to be dyed some other color.

If we dive into this subject further, we find that water resolves itself into various interesting forms, as Hungary water, which is beneficial in the diffusion of tramps, if administered by the painful; Lavender water, so named from its employment in the olden time for doing the family wash; Eau de Cologne, a famous rival of Eau de Toronto; and Eau de Vie, a much esteemed substitute for bread and meat as a support of human life.

We find, also, that water is exceedingly necessary to the sustaining the ancient reputation and present attributes of the Queen City, since by no other agency would it be possible to provide that semi-annual overlay of mud which keeps up the demand for draught horses, though we regret to say it is found to be somewhat too expensive in the matter of oburgation and whip-lash. The *raison d'être* of the Fire Department of the city also would expire, since, without Water was in opposition, Fire would assume an autocratic attitude entirely destructive of all accepted principles of government, and the name of Toronto would soon become extinct. Nor would the small boy be long left happy in the enjoyment of those opportunities conferred on him by the possession of a few feet of garden hose and a hydrant, and thus his neighbors would soon lose their sense of his importance in the community, and his powers of making life endurable during the sultry months of school holiday would remain undeveloped.

But perhaps the most valuable attribute of water is the obligation it enforces on mankind to be particular in the form of their water-jugs. Precious as is water in itself, its demands on our artistic nature are thrice precious in that, to the cultured eye and the refined taste, it is a simple impossibility to take a drink of water—even with the thermometer at 80 deg., and ice in it—out of anything less than the Warwick vase or the lovely creation of Canova.

To the correctly thirsty, the form of the drinking vessel is of infinitely greater import-

ance than the fluid it contains, be it never so sparkling and cold. And if anybody don't believe it, let him ask Oscar Wilde.

HIGH LIFE AT OTTAWA.

RURAL DELL,
June—

MY DEAR MARIA,—Whatever will you think of my never sending you the invitation to come and stay with us at Rural Dell, that I promised before I went to Ottawa? However, I hope you will say with me, "better late than never." I want you to come to us at once and stay as long as ever you can, and if you only knew how I have been driven, you wouldn't think twice about my seeming negligence. When I last wrote to you, we were in the midst of confusion attending preparations to go to Ottawa. Well, my dear, we went, we saw, we *sarrived*. I may add for myself, thank Heaven the visit's over (this is strictly between ourselves). The fact is, before the first fortnight was over, I wanted to come home, but the girls wouldn't hear of it—Eva said it would look so queer to have me go back so much sooner than I intended, and they both insisted on my staying there to chaperone them to the parties they were asked to. So I stayed, and made a chaperone and a martyr of myself at the same time. I tell you what it is, Maria, you haven't an idea what a wearing thing this "chaperoning" is (I don't mean anything unkind by reminding you that you are not married and a mother). You see, after once getting into a room you are given a seat—ten to one next some woman you don't know—and then left there to amuse yourself the best way you can, "looking-on," which in the best of times is an exceedingly slow *divertissement*, being considered all the amusement required by the old and married. I generally found myself wishing I was at home and in bed, or with a comfortable chair and a good novel. I am sure it would be better to have some good novels scattered about rooms for people to read than the piles of views that are occasionally on hand for the ghastly amusement of unfortunate chaperones and wall-flowers. But for my personal experience, I am sure I should never have had much supper if Lucius hadn't looked after me, and he generally spoiled my appetite by asking in the most aggravating way "if I wasn't enjoying myself awfully?" or "how did doing the gay and festive seem at my time of life?" However, if the experience was not as gratifying as one would wish, there is certainly a pleasure in *speaking* of visiting Rideau and meeting the Marquis, and I suppose every acquaintance we have within a radius of five miles about Rural Dell has heard with envy how much our girls were admired. There is a report going round that June refused the brother-in-law of a second cousin of Lord Somebody-or-other in Ireland. I never heard of such a young man, but the report, I suppose, won't do Jane any harm socially. The election coming on so soon, we were pretty busy when we got home. I did all I could for Lucius, kept a supply of good things in the larder, and am certain my pies and custards got him more than one vote. If you could have seen the queer people we had to tea and dinner you would have wondered at my politeness, and however I kept the girls from giggling in their faces—but we are an M.P. family again, and happy. I've lost ever so much, and only weigh one hundred and fifty, but if my country required it, I shouldn't mind losing twenty or thirty pounds more, and be a better figure at the same time. But I must conclude, for I hope to be talking to you soon, and it is useless to waste time in writing. Come soon, and believe me,

Your affectionate friend,
ELIZA PENCHERMAN.