

instead of being mewely in ombyo, and which nevah may weach cawly childhood. Theah are severah "Cities" on the Michigan shoabs of Jake Huwon, which yeahs ago weah mapped out in the same mannah as the pwesent ones faw sale in the "Gweat Naw-West" which aw yet undistinguishahble fwom the suwounding pwimeval fowest. Theah is no doubt that some of the of these "Cities" may awise to wespectability in time, but I should imagine the chances to be a—aw—meah lottewy; faw, except a railway station is placed at the exact spot, I don't mean neah it, faw in that case the "City" would inevitably centah around the Station house—its chances to amount to anything in the immediate fuchah, except something of a most extwaordinawy nachah should take place, would be extwemely pwoblematical. Yaas, indeed. People, of caus, with a few loose thousands of cawney to invest, and not knowing what else to do with them, might possibly do worse than wun theah chances, blindly, but faw those who embawk in these speecious and faw-off lands, without evah having seen them or even having a knowledge of theah weal situation, with a view of making a stwike with theah—aw—savings—I should certahly advise to considah befaw investing theah all in—aw—possible—aw—wild cat lands.

There are speculatahs in hundweds now in Winnipeg on the look out faw all the—aw—good snaps (if I may be allowed the expwessiou) and mattahs of this kind being these smawt fellows' business, you may west assuah'd that they will let nothing escape them if theah is—aw—any money in it. Of caus, I don't pwentend to stigmatize, by any means, all the Manitoba land sales as "plants." I would only advise the aspiwing imigwant pe'chasah to look shawp, before he entahs into the speculation, or he may find himself like ouah deah though fictitious fwend, Chuzzlewit, at Eden City, in a bad box—without a Mawk Tapley to help and console him. Faw my pawt, I don't think I'll invest in pewawie city lands—aw—just at pwesent—I think I'll wait awhile—I do indeed.

### One more Lesson.

We'll sing you a song to a tune about Noah,  
There's one more lesson to learn;  
We're sadly afraid you've not heard it before—  
There's one more lesson to learn.

Chorus—

One more lesson, there's one more lesson to cram in.  
One more lesson, there's one more lesson to cram.

The folks in Toronto are making a fuss;

There's one more lesson to learn;  
They say that "our brains will be turned into pus".  
There's one more lesson to learn.

Chorus—

"I don't care for that," says Minister Crooks—  
There's one more lesson to learn;  
"I'm bound to examine, so stick to your books"  
There's one more lesson to learn.

Chorus—

It's always examine, examine, examine—  
There's one more lesson to learn;  
And yet they keep saying that this isn't cramming—  
There's one more lesson to learn.

Chorus—

We're shut up all day in this hideous place—  
There's one more lesson to learn;  
And if you don't know it there's music to face—  
There's one more lesson to learn.

Chorus—

For us out of school there's small recreation,  
Such lessons as we have to learn;  
Comes Algebra, Latin, Greek, French and Dictation—  
There are too many lessons to learn.

Chorus—

Too many lessons, there are too many lessons to cram in;  
Too many lessons, there are too many lessons to cram.

Lightning never strikes twice in one place.  
It isn't necessary.—*Modern Argo.*



### ONE GOOD TERM DESERVES ANOTHER.

Dedicated, with Grip's compliments, to the re-elected Mayor—one of the best we have ever had.—John Barclay McMurrich.

### The Very Latest.

Have a plate of soup?

What soup?

Turtle soup.

What Turtle soup?

Green Turtle soup.

And then they step into Jewell & Clow's, amongst the caudidates who are practising for aldermen by getting up a taste for the old aldermanic dish.

### Canadian Wayside Sketches.

THE COUNTRY HOTEL (Continued).

No. 3.

The poet who propounded the query "Oh, where shall rest be found?" must have been inspired thereto by a visit to the Country Hotel, but of a surety the walls of the Dreary House in answering could echo only "where?"

You seek relief from your dismal and aforementioned surroundings in your own chamber; you prefer solitude and bed at eight o'clock to these, and you make the ascent to your room. No, there is not much choice in the way of rooms, the one is the twin counterpart of the other. We all know it, with its bare white-washed walls, its bare floor (save an oasis of a yard of carpet), its bare windows, its bare bed; with its one empty pitcher (broken), its one chair (attenuated) and its general air of most forlorn destitution.

Its windows being securely nailed against any attempt at ventilation, you commence a mental calculation as to the number of cubic feet of oxygen requisite to sustain the human system a given number of hours, and being somewhat doubtful of the result, you surreptitiously break a pane of glass and retire to bed. It is impossible, of course, to attempt any reading by the light of your dismal lamp, with its pestilential odour, and it is also equally impossible to sleep. It is true you are afforded the full benefit of the interesting conversation that is going on down stairs, owing to the invariable stove-pipe hole in the floor, which not only enables you to do this but also affords you a splendid opportunity for breaking your leg. Presently you hear the varied steps of your fellow sufferers seeking their respective rooms—there is the young dry goods clerk who comes singing snatches of

some popular song, and keeps it up entirely for his own edification; there is the man who, go where you will, always performs his ascent by falling upstairs, and whose profanity finally becomes less and less audible, as he becomes lost in the labyrinths around. There are these and all the other steps we know so well, which always haunt the passages of the Dreary House.

Weary nature seeketh rest and findeth none, and after cogitating all night on the miseries you have endured whilst here, you say, "I will arise and go unto the Commercial Travellers' Association, and will say unto them, 'Travellers, long suffering and gentlemanly travellers, how long will ye suffer these things so to be—ye have it in your own hands to bring about a reform—ye have hardships enough to contend with without continuing to endure the horrors of a Country Hotel under the present regime—arise in your might and demand a renovation of the whole institution from top to bottom; and if any leading statesman is in want of a policy offer him this for a subject, and generations yet unborn shall bless you for sweeping from the face of civilization the present Country Hotel.'"

VIATOR.

NOTE.—There are some few and laudable exceptions to the average Country Inn here portrayed and which are in every respect worthy of the highest credit, but on the whole we are about 2000 years behind the rest of the civilized Globe in this respect and it is about time we had a change.

### An Amusing Scene in Court.

HOW A WITNESS WON A POINT AND CONVULSED THE COURT WITH LAUGHTER.

It is not often that Levity raises her laughing eyes before the face of blind Justice, but when she does, the rogue, she is sure to cause more merriment than (as they say over in the States) "the laws allows." The very surroundings which are prone to give birth to any thoughts other than those of laughter, are exactly what will make anything ridiculous seem doubly so. It appears that in the course of a trial pending before one of our tribunals, one of the chief witnesses proved to be our very highly respected and well known friend, Alderman John Baxter. Mr. Baxter, on being questioned by the Crown's Attorney as to his knowledge of the defendant, &c., said, among other things:



"If your Worship pleases I called on the defendant and had an interview in private with him; I drew him to one side, and said, while I looked him fairly in the eye with a very penetrating glance, 'Did you do it, sir.' It was fully a minute before my penetrating gaze was removed from his face. He bore the look calmly, and answered: 'Mr. Baxter, I am as innocent as an unborn child.'"

Now, this was all quite commonplace, and Mr. Baxter, in the innocence of his soul, saw nothing in it. The prosecution for the Crown, however, in his argument before the court, in referring to that portion of the testimony said:

"May it please your worship, when I entered