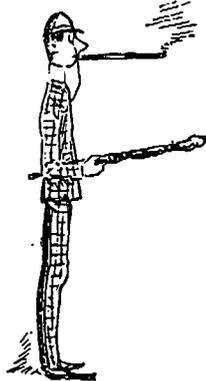


a slight resemblance to Bishop Cleary—is clipped from a church paper, and this is artistically gummed to a picture of a bath-tub, taken from a certain soap advertisement. An improvised arm stretches from the shoulder of the bishop over the edge of the tub, in the direction of an object labelled "Toronto mitre"—which we find is pasted over the original design of a cake of soap. The legend underneath is left intact, and this declares in bold chirography, "He'll never be happy till he gets it!"



OR our part we protest against the continuance of this indiscriminate depreciation of the Dude as "no good." Where would the tailoring industry of the country be without them; and how would the heads of the walking canes be kept clean? No good, indeed! That special *genus* of the species—the bank clerk—excites our special sympathy. It is all very well for preachers to be good for \$5,000 or \$10,000 per year; but most of the dudes have to be good for nothing—and so, consequently, they are.

THE composers in the *World* office marched out in a body a few days ago, and then the worthy proprietor locked the door and kept them out. According to that gentleman's account, it was all because he refused to submit to an unreasonable demand. The printers wanted to charge two prices for a certain piece of composition. The proprietor says he is a free man and insists on running his business to suit himself. But why does he teach the doctrine of Protection in his editorials, if he does not believe in it? What is Protection but the interference of the Government with the private business affairs of citizens? If Mr. McLean believes that every man should have the right to "conduct his affairs to please himself," he is simply a Free Trader in disguise.

MY HOTEL EXPERIENCES.

I ONCE boarded at an hotel, and had an elegant room on the fourth flat. The precautions in case of fire were very elaborate; you might stay in your room and slowly sizzle to death, or could gracefully jump from the fourth story window; in the latter case your chances of striking the woodpile were good, but in case you failed to connect, you would have the grimy satisfaction of knocking the symmetry out of sundry ash-barrels that were piled in one corner of the yard.

I sometimes whiled away idle moments by languidly speculating on my chances of reaching the ground in safety by sailing down through space, balloon fashion, attached to the handle of a large umbrella, but on looking at my ample feet I generally become depressed in spirits, until I struck the brilliant idea of going down head first.

The waiting girl at our hotel had a fierce, aggressive disposition. She would bear down on you from the kitchen door, and inquire in a husky sort of whisper, if you wanted "pie or pud-n." Should you meekly ask for

another small piece of roast beef, rare, she would fetch in a slab of underdone cut that would feed a small family. Mr. Mole was a dainty, dyspeptic sort of a person, and in an evil moment he jocosely remarked that "Sarah Jane ought to go out and have her voice sand-papered." The gentle creature happened to hear this facetious remark. Ha! ha! revenge is sweet; under the sickly mask of mirth we frequently hide our real feeling. The following day at dinner, this misguided young man asked for "a very small piece of roast beef, no gravy." Sarah Jane brought in two large hunks that closely resembled a pair of discarded overshoes—they were fringed around with some flabby looking fat, that swam gaily in a small pond of unhealthy looking liquid. Mr. Mole arose and went away from there.

Our chambermaid was a giddy, gushing, auburn-haired damsel, about thirty-two. She was French, and was reputed to be able to make up a bed in two different languages; you would patiently haul your trunk into one corner of the room, and she would trip in, grasp the situation and your trunk, and yank it out in the middle of the floor for you to fall over. She evidently had an iron constitution, as being of a convivial disposition, she gradually drank a large bottle of bay rum I used when shaving; my books were carefully hung up on the floor; she would glare at you, in a menacing manner, when you would meekly hint that you preferred not having your Indian clubs put in the wash basin. She swept the carpet every day with a savage sort of energy, and out of a cloud of dust her head would loom like a lighthouse in a fog. Still, with all her faults, she was very sociable, and had an off-hand manner of using my tooth-paste and Florida water, that was fascinating in the extreme.

E. A. C.



HE WASN'T HOGGISH.

JONES—"I'd lend you this umbrella, Smith, only, honest Injun, it belongs to my sister."

SMITH—"Never mind, thanks, I'm wet enough as it is!"