



ANOTHER TOWN.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A SAUNTERER IN CANADA.

Have at ye now, ye of Nodville, for since I wrote of ye, I have seen other places.

My erratic footsteps led me to a village of high degree. It was almost as high as its hotel prices: yet, paradoxically, its site was low. It looked well,—as you went away from it, and looked much better when you were out of sight, and yet I had quite an enjoyable time in the place, all things considered.

I find a man can never be too careful as to what he says about places in Canada. That is my experience since I wrote about Cay—no, Nodville; however, as a truthful correspondent I must say something about this village by the lake.

It boasts of several inhabitants: what I mean is that it does not really boast because of the character of several of its inhabitants, but because it has quite a number of residents within its gates, and on the first day of my sojourn in the spot, I met one of them. He was a wild, careworn-looking individual, and I felt somewhat alarmed on account of the weird expression of his eyes: he glared at me as I alighted from the train, and apparently detecting something in the expression of my eyes that encouraged him, became emboldened to address me. "Anything fresh?" he enquired after saluting me, "Anything fresh up your way?"

"Nothing," I responded, "and if there were anything this would be the last place I would bring it to? Phew! but it's warm."

By this time the individual of whom I have been speaking had produced several sheets of

say nothing of the one we both ignore: did you see no early wheat 'nipped in the bud?" "No sir," I responded, "and I should think that ought to be the last question you should ask in this weather. Is this hot enough for you?"

It seemed that these words exerted some powerful influence on the gentleman, for, with a despairing glance he fled.

I then strolled away "up town," and was delightfully impressed with the magnificent system of sidewalks. I only fell five times, but as I invariably fell clear of the 'pave' and tumbled into the gutter in which was contained all the mud scraped up the day before, I did not hurt myself much.

At my last fall, however, I sprained my kneecap, and had to be assisted into a drug store for temporary rest: recovering after a short stay, I enquired the name of the proprietor, saying that I was obliged to him for the attention he had bestowed upon me and felt grateful.

"My name, sir" he responded, is Cameron, o' Lochiel, an' I'm prood that it is sae, an' ony sma' effort o' mine is naething, an' ye're welcome."

"Bide a wee," said I, dropping unconsciously into the language spoken ayont the Tweed, "bide a wee an' dinna fash, but wad you mention the names o' a few o' yer prencipal ceetizens, as I hae beeziNESS o' impotence to transact?"

"Aye," replied Cameron o' Lochiel, "wi' pleasure. There's Broom, an' there's Hope o' Hopetoon, an' McGillienddy o' the Reeks, an' there's Poorie o' Raiswallie, an' Macphairson frae the far north, an' Hamilton o' that ilk, an' the MacTavishes frae the Mull o' Kintyre, — Hold on sir," I said, "Why these are all Scotch names." (It will be perceived that I had dropped the accent of the lingo of the Land o' Cakes).

"And what for no?" queried the Cameron o' Lochiel, "Whaur wad ye fin' better?"

"No where," I replied, anxious to mollify the chemist, "but being an Englishman myself I could have wished to interview a few members of that nationality. Have you no English in this village?"

"Well, we hae, answered the gallant Cameron, "but they're baith oot o' toon."

I shook the dust of my feet from off me and left, but not before I had visited the spots selected for public swimming baths (not to be used, gentle reader, after seven in the morning), and which were about as black, grimy and gritty as if all the Macs in the village had taken their annual bath there immediately before I beheld it.

Reader, I was glad to leave the place; and unless you are vera Scotch, so would you be, but I really dare not mention its name.

HUMORISTS.

NOT A FANCY SKETCH.

A newspaper humorist is the happiest, jolliest fellow in existence; I refer to those funny fellows who must have so much humorous, side-splitting matter handed in every day or week as the case may be on pain of being cast on the mercies of this cold, harsh world. Of course they never know trouble; not they; all is bright and rosy golden with them. When So-and-so's (that quaint genius) sister had just died, (a favorite sister who was all in all to her brother, and was not yet buried) didn't the office boy come rushing round to So-and-so's house and told him that some funny copy must be sent in at once, or that his connection with the Joe Miller must cease at once, as that was the boss' message? And what did So-and-So do? Why, knowing that his bread depended on that 'copy,' he sat down with tears in his eyes and wrote some, and that

paper was very wet some how before it was handed to the boy.

Then there was Whatdy'ecallhim, another excruciatingly funny writer. Everybody used to read his productions and laugh and roar and wonder who the writer was and wish they knew him, as he must be such a jovial companion, and the very man to drive away the 'blues.' And so he was to the outside world, just as the clown in the pantomime must jost, though his heart be breaking. But Whatdy'ecallhim had a sick mother and a lame child, whose only support he was, but of course, he never thought of them except as provocatives of mirth, did he? Of course as he saw his dear mother gradually fading away, it made him feel awfully good, and just in the humor for being funny. And of course, as his lame little boy, whom he has to carry about, grew perceptibly lighter and lighter in his arms every day, it made him feel as if he would burst with laughter, and like to convulse the reading public with jokes. But this is no imaginary picture, and there are many So-and-so's and Whatdy'ecallhim's.

The reader will ask why these men did not do something else other than write funny paragraphs and so forth. The answer is very simple. They were naturally humorous men, and humorous writing was what Nature made them for, and if they had tried to turn their hands to anything else, they would have starved.

Readers of humorous papers, then, be lenient when you sometimes take up your sheet and throw it aside with a scornful "Pshaw! this fellow's no good, and ought to be a gravedigger," just because you happen to see that the fun is not so racy as usual.

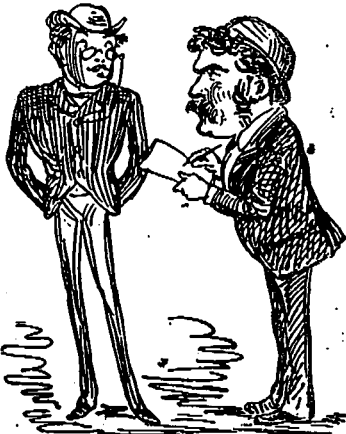
Think that, sometimes, behind the laughing mask of Momus, there may be a very, very gloomy face, and that a heart that seems, to the world, to be light as a feather, may be, to its owner, as heavy as the nethermost millstone.



THE ZOO.

A popular impression had got abroad that Old Uncle Tom was dead, but it would appear that such was an erroneous one, as the old gentleman has turned up at the ever-popular Zoo, this time in an opera by Harrison Millard. Performances have taken place every night this week, so far, and there will be special matinees on Friday and Saturday for children in addition to the usual evening entertainment. As has been the case since the advent of the Holmans to the Zoo this summer, the houses have been nightly packed with highly respectable audiences, and this is due as much to the enterprise and courtesy of Messrs. W. G. Davis, Manager, and E. Blanchard, Treasurer, as to the excellence of the well-known Holman troupe. Uncle Tom deserves to be liberally patronized in his new role. The Holmans are too well-known to need further recommendation.

If your lungs are almost wasted by consumption, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure you, yet, as a remedy for severe coughs, and all curable bronchial, throat, and lung affections, it is unsurpassed. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's large pamphlet treatise on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.



inferior-looking paper, together with a pencil, and by these tokens I knew he must be a "journalist." "Surely sir," he continued, "you must have seen something that would give my paper the bulge on the other one, to