



ROUGH ON RATS!

"EDINBURGH, Apl. 4th, 1890.—Sir,—With reference to the correspondence in your columns as to rats, I beg to inform you that I have known an invasion of rats effectually overcome by the playing of the bagpipes within their distinct hearing.—I am, etc., AN OLD HIGHLAND MINISTER."—*English Paper*. Comment is needless!!

order of the barbarian who acts as Emperor of China, white men have been prohibited from entering the Province of Tsang-Tsung, and a similar edict is in force in the adjoining Russian territory of Koskovitski. A bridge spans the turbulent river which separates these countries, and upon that bridge there is now imprisoned one of our unfortunate countrymen, who had for years been a resident of Tsang-Tsung, having gone there before the law was enacted. Having some business to transact in Koskovitski, he undertook to go there, but was refused admittance; and on his return he was similarly refused admittance to Tsang-Tsung; hence his present plight. The despatch mentions that there are no eatables nor sleeping accommodation on the bridge, and that the weather is chilly. Our Governments, if they have any self-respect, and any regard for the rights of their citizens, will rise in their dignity and—

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SINCE the above was put in type we have discovered that there is a slight geographical inaccuracy in the account. The bridge in question is between Canada and the United States, over the Niagara River, and the person who is the victim of the international barbarity is a Chinaman named Lem Sing, whose former home was at 405 Yonge Street, Toronto. Of course this makes quite a difference, and we refrain from the scorching words of protest and indignation we would otherwise have felt it our duty to write.

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MR. D. E. THOMSON has replied effectively to Mr. Wells' letter on the Viaduct, in which Mr. Van Horne's bugaboo about the costliness of the proposed structure was amplified with legal ingenuity. Mr. Wells is no doubt a very respectable and level-headed citizen of Toronto, but he is also the solicitor of the C.P.R. Co., and that important client does not want the Viaduct if the same is to be under the control of the city. Without this condition no doubt either of the railway companies would jump at the chance of building and paying for it. But why should the defence of the city's interests in this

great matter be left to Mr. Thomson and a few other private citizens, requiring as it does a great deal of valuable time and not a little expense? Every ratepayer of the city has precisely the same interests at stake as the members of the Citizens' Association, and a general exhibition of enthusiasm would decide the question at once.

SPARKS FROM MARY-ANNEVILLE.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO "THE WEEK.")

SPARKS from Mary-Anneville! Sunshades hide the plain!
Gentiles! The Tinker is tinkering again.

Sing a song of sixpence—a fellow full of rye
Will oft look blue when black appears his eye.

"I love you, Tom, let nothing come between us."
Next night she met a million—Transit of Venus!

"I'll drown myself to-night—the river's handy."
He kept his word; but managed it with brandy.

"They say you read Philosophy, Miss Power?"
"Yes! every day I go to *shop-an-hour!*"

"Brief life is here our portion," says the hymn.
The lawyer says it's good enough for him.

The lady of the boarding-house did smile
As she began her nightly jest to utter,
"Oh, give us something fresh once in a while,
We care not always for stale jokes—or butter."

We could continue in this strain most solemn;
But GRIP remarks he pays it by the column.

Silent Mary-Anneville! you know it's all mihi.
Gentiles! *Bon soir!* We meet at Philippi.

THE TINKER.



ERIN GO BRAGH!

"Ah, now! won't ye give us a copper, Miss? Div'l a bit have Oi had to ate this blessed day, savin' a dhrink o' wather, an' that's the truth!"