

A PRETTY, talented girl who has just completed her school course with credit, and by reason of rather special talents has received more attention and admiration than falls to the lot of most girls, was asked the other day how she enjoyed her vacation. "Oh, I'm enjoying it very much," she answered brightly, "I'm doing the housework now, and letting mother have a little rest." "Your mother is away on a vacation, then?" was the natural question. "Oh, no, she's at home, but I'm giving her a chance to rest in the morning and to dress up and sit out on the piazza when she feels like it. I think it will do her good to have a little change."—*Oil City Blizzard*.

Young man, this pretty girl's address is Springfield, Mass., and we would advise you to hustle right smart if you want to get her. Girls of her peculiar variety are mighty scarce now-a-days, and are worth considerably more than their weight in gold.

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ARRANGEMENTS having been made by the Government to visit with condign punishment every man who doesn't vote for Dewdney at the approaching Assiniboia election, that popular gentleman feels pretty certain of being returned. It is very fortunate for him that the people of the Territories are deemed too savage to be trusted as yet with the ballot-box.

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WILL the Genius of Civilization please cast her eye over this news item:—

DETROIT, Aug. 16.—A despatch received here last night from Cleveland gives the following account of the misfortune of a Windsor steamer in that city yesterday:—Captain N. J. Wigle, of the propeller "Lakeside," of Windsor, was fined \$262 by Custom Inspector Kane to-day. The "Lakeside" advertised an excursion from Windsor, and left on Saturday night. She picked up at Detroit 131 passengers and took them to Windsor, and from there came to Cleveland. This is a direct violation of the Act to prevent Canadian vessels trading between American ports, and the Custom inspector has a right to fine the captain for each passenger carried in violation of the Act. There was strenuous objection made by the captain to paying the fine, but as he was refused his clearance papers until it was paid, he settled about 10 o'clock this morning and left.

We simply want to ask the calm-eyed Goddess if she ever heard of anything more barbarous than that amongst the neighboring tribes of the Cannibal Islands? And yet such a law is just what might be expected of two nations who are stupid and childish enough to believe in and practice "Protection" as a national policy.

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IT is refreshing to turn to Senator Blair's resolution now before the Foreign Relations Committee in Congress, in which he proposes the opening of negotiations for the political union of Canada and the United States. This suggestion would have made our woods echo with war-whoops a few years ago, but not an angry word has been said on the subject so far as we have seen. Such a union is not likely to be a popular idea in Canada, but it is certainly high time that some steps were taken to realize a measure of practical Christian intercourse between the two professedly Christian communities of the same blood and language and separated only by an imaginary line.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

MR. POWDERLY's paper lately announced with flaring headlines the good news that the Bishop of London had thrown up his seat in the House of Lords and his salary

of \$50,000 per annum, and had declared himself henceforth the champion of downtrodden labor. The basis for this bit of news was a sermon by the Bishop which was reported *verbatim* in an English Radical paper. It now turns out that the sermon was a mere satire, put in the mouth of the great churchman by some irresponsible writer, and a great many people are laughing at Powderly for his blunder. It is clear, however, that the person who has cause to blush is the Bishop; Powderly's only error was in supposing that a well-fed dignitary of the Establishment might possibly be a practical Christian, and carry into action the gospel he is supposed to preach.

A FEW MINUTES IN GOTHAM.



REMARKING that Grits and Tories go to the sea-side or the backwoods for their summer holidays, GRIP felt in duty bound to emphasize his separateness from both parties when, a few days ago, he saw his opportunity for a very brief outing. He accordingly headed straight for New York. This was an idea which your Tory would declare to be madness, and your Grit would denounce as folly. It was contrary to the traditions of the fathers, you know, and *must* be wrong. That is the way both

these wings of Fossilism reason in politics and everything else. GRIP proved that it was the exactly right thing to do; and he says here emphatically that for a change of air, and the exhilaration which a study of human nature in all its cosmopolitan diversity affords to the dweller in quiet Canada, the great American capital and its environs is the most charming place within easy reach for a mid-summer holiday. GRIP's flying visit is not to be dignified with such a title, however. It was just a few minutes in Gotham, when you come to consider the thousands of attractive things he didn't see for want of time. But wasn't it scorching hot? Not to a Toronto bird. The New Yorkers were calling it torrid, and their papers were printing such headlines as "Business suspended," "Everybody prostrated with the heat," etc. To GRIP it seemed very decent weather, indeed; not so bad as we have "enjoyed" here in many a July and August. That was right in the city, but you don't have to stay there if it isn't perfectly agreeable. With two or three hundred pretty rural villages and harbors on Long Island within an hour's run; with Staten Island, Manhattan Beach, Brighton Beach, and West Brighton still nearer, and with that glorious spot, Central Park, right beside you, you are not compelled to get all your sport out of the town itself. Though, for GRIP's own special taste, the town is the big attraction—and especially just now, when the streets are bright with Cleveland and Thurman, and Harrison and Morton banners, and every man you meet is willing to go somewhere in the shade with you and discuss the tariff issue. Coney Island, with its multitudinous fakirs and fakes, and Manhattan Beach with its languid swells, both of hotel and ocean, are refreshing studies; so also is Staten Island, with its Rapid-Transit Wiman, its Wild West and its Fall of Rome; but what, after all, can delight the rural soul like the rush of Broadway, the roar of elevated