



ECONOMY vs. HUMANITY.

GAMIN.—"Please, sir, me and a lot more boys would like to go to the Industrial School at Mimico, to get eddicated and learn a trade, but they ain't got no room for us, and they ain't got no money to make more room. Won't you give 'em some help, sir, out of your big bag?"

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.—"My boy, I would be sorry to see you and your unfortunate companions go to the bad for want of a little Government assistance, but we must practise economy, you know. Surely, you wouldn't have us squander some of our surplus just to make good citizens out of a lot of poor little gutter-snipes!"

A STOUFFVILLE EPISODE.

(BY A STUFFER.)

HENRY SCHILINGBURGER dropped anchor in Stouffville one dewy morning, when the birds were trilling glibly, and the rippling brooks laughed a stream of soulful melody. He was anxious to soothe his mind, and began to soothe it at the first hotel. By the time he had pedestrianized over the mile and a half of street which comprises Stouffville, he was yearning for a lodge in some vast wilderness. An adjacent orchard offered such infinite possibilities in the way of peaceful slumber, that Henry climbed over the fence to seek a sequestered spot.

It was just about this stage of the game that Henry's proceedings attracted the earnest attention of Farmer Green's bull-dog. Farmer Green's bull-dog had been turned out in the orchard with a roving commission. He had been given general instructions to keep that orchard free from tramps, and he did it with cheerfulness.

When Henry saw that dog the thought suggested itself to him that the animal might not want him there. He didn't stop to argue about it, or anything of that sort. He just prepared to retire right off. He was willing to concede his dignity and some of his clothes to the occasion and the bull-dog. So he started for an adjacent tree. He started quite rapidly, and increased his speed, but the dog came after him at a gait that would have tired Maud S. in ten yards.

Henry didn't reach the tree a moment too soon for his own safety. As he grasped the low-hanging branches and swung himself quickly up, he heard the vicious snapping of mighty jaws behind him, and a large section of striped trouser disappeared from view. The bull-dog pawed around for awhile, and muttered various reflections

in an audible voice, but he couldn't get up the tree and Henry wouldn't come down.

The minutes lengthened into hours, and the dog showed no inclination to leave. Henry lifted up his voice for help more than once, but none heard his agonized calls. The day bent westward, the gloaming came, the night fell, and Henry at last, worn out with his adventure and other things, dropped off into a restless sleep.

The bull-dog turned one eye on him, put his nose between his paws, and had a snooze himself.

When Henry woke, the morning sun was lighting up the distant horizon. The bull-dog was still there, as if someone had planted him there and he had taken root. His features wore a joyous smile and a slight expression of *ennui*.

Thus the day wore away.

Henry stayed right there in the tree. Once or twice he ventured to remark, "Doggie, doggie, does 'oo 'uv' oo own Hanky-panky?" but the dog turned a deaf ear to his endearments and blandishments.

The second day passed.

So did the third.

Likewise the fourth.

The days succeeded the nights and the nights succeeded the days. The flush of morning melted into the glow of evening, the dews fell, the birds sang, the chipmonks played hide-and-seek among the verdant trees. And still Henry clung grimly to the branch, and still the dog sat patiently upon the grassy ground.

This was last summer.

The other day Farmer Green had occasion to go through his orchard. In a far corner he saw the bleached frame of a bull-dog with head turned towards the branches of a tree, in which was the bleached frame of a man. The clothes were Henry's. W.C.N.

OUR SPECIAL AT OTTAWA.

LETTER NO. I.

OTTAWA, Session of 1889.

MY DEAR GRIP,—The first thing I did, after securing a nice boarding-house and putting up my hair, was to find out all about the rumored early dissolution of the present Parliament.

Instead of my sex being an aid to me, I fear it was rather the other way on. Everywhere ministers, members, and those hard-worked civil service gentlemen, treated me with every courtesy and studied reticence.

I took a couple of the Press men into my embrasive confidence, but the scheme was vain. I might have known this, since most men are so.

One of my confidantes assured me there was only one simple thing which prevented him giving me the completest information on the point—he didn't know. My answer was that there certainly was one simple thing associated with the difficulty—and as I laid the accent on "simple thing"—I looked him square in the face. Then the young man frankly apologized and proceeded to inform me that there was no earthly use in my "nosing around for ticker stuff" of this nature. They would just "stand me off;" he was mortally certain I would "get the grand shoot" in some quarters, and he, therefore, advised me not to "razzle-dazzle" myself in quest of news about whether Sir John was soon going to the country.