

M. J. G.— My gentle guest,
Rely on me to do my very best;
Tell no one what you know about my history.

Mephisto.—
All shall be shrouded in the deepest mystery
If you'll assist me; falsehoods you may tell
Will cause your foes to utter lies as well,
And every lie counts one for me, old man.

M. J. G.—
All right, old fellow, I'll adopt your plan.

Mephisto.—
I'm much obliged, and when my way you
roam
I'll do my best to make you quite at home.
And now I think I'll toddle. Tra-la-la.

M. J. G.—
Good-bye, old fellow; so long; au revoir.

(Exit visitor in a flash, whilst *M. J. G.* strikes out such words as bull-pups, sluggers, tobacco-juice spitters, cads, greasy republicans, etc., etc., from an editorial in preparation.)



SCOTTY AIRLIE MOUNTS A BICYCLE.

DEAR WILLIE,—It's a wunner I'm leevin'. I'm black an' blue frae the sole o' ma' head ta the crown o' ma' fit. I'm blin' o' ae 'ee, an' canna see very weel oot o' the ither, an' it cost me a whole tally cannel to creesh ma nose wi'. There's naething like a tally cannel, its a fine thing for the nose. I dinna think ma ain mither wad ken me noo, I'm sae fou o' wounds an' braises. Ye see I got an invitation tae attend t'c Mowat demonstration—an' a demonstration it turned out to be frae a Tory point o' view. Noo, thinks I, here's a chance for me tae bring mysel into notice like. Ise gets a bicycle an' I'll pit on my McPherson tartan kilt in honor o' sir Davit, it'll a kind o' console him, for the onmercifu snubbin' he got frae Blake the ither day. Ye see I'm tryin to get a government place, an' as I dinna ken exactly which party I might be obliged tae yet, I thoct I wad haud wi' the cat an' play wi' the kilt; that's tae say, I wad figure in the Grit procession, but wi' the Phairson kilt on. Sae I got a bicycle. A bicycle is ae solitary muokle wheel, a' silver-eegeed round the rim; an' yo get astride this wheel, an' it rins awa wi' ye the minnit ye begin tae ca' yer feet up an' doon time about; an' than there's a little wheel that comes rinnin' ahint ye like a little collie doggie. The great deficiency is tae get up on the wheel, an' tae bide there when ye are up. Weel, I got ma bicycle oot intae the back yard, an' after I got mysel drest up in my new kilt, I gets out a chair an' proceeds to mount the machine. I canna understand on this day hoo it cam abo't but the first thing I kent was a fearful pain in ma nose, a' the stars o' the farmament dancin' afore ma een, an' mysel spread oot on ma face, an' the bicycle ridin' on tap o' me inste ad o' me on tap o' it. This was very humilatin' till a respectable man like me, the mair sae that giffin' hummer, my landlady's docht: was stannin' at the kitchen window just splittin' her sides at the sicht o' me in a kilt flectin' heels ower head, like that. Somehow

or ither I got up, an' after I got a' the bluid an' dirt washed off my face. I resumed the attack. I thoct on Bruce an' Bannockburn, an' tuk courage. I kent that lassie was lukin' at me, so I staps up quite brisk, an' after hoppin' about wi' ae leg up an' anither doon, for a while, I boldly threw my ither leg ower the wheel, and sat doon—on the sidewalk. It was most extro'rdner. I began tae think that either me or the bicycle was bewitched. It beat McPharson's horses. It was a most terrible settin' doon, an' I felt mair uncomf-able than I could very weel express tae ye. My nose by this time, had swelled tae sic an extent that I couldna see straught afore me; but for a' that, I was determined tae try again. There's naething like perseverance. Sae I got a hand o' the confounded thing, an' wi' some very superior engineerin' I just managed for tae first time tae get fairly set doon in 't, when flap ower it gaed sideways as flat as a flounder, an' me in the maist ondignified pose- tion imaginable, bein' there, no able tae get up, wi' a bicycle a-tween ma twa legs, an' ma head in a shallow trough o' water, that the landlady keeps there for her jacks to soom in. The twa ree minutes I lay there I began to hae a most profound respect for ta clever fellows that cud gang whirlin' awa' like the wind on ane o' tae machines; and here's me couldna even get ap on ane without gettin' doon agin' willy-nilly. However I was vera shure I wasna' gaun to let that conquer me, sae I up an' at it, an' though I cam skip doon every ither time, and had a gude skin fu' o' sair banes, faix I got the upper hand after a', an' sat up as stiff as a poker, wi' ma feet gaun paddlin' up an' doon like the fins o' a deevil- fish. The worst job was the steerin' o' it. Dae what I like it wad rin across the road an' land me intae a plate glass window, or gang careein' ower some puir body's peanut stand, an' a' sic cauptris, that not only povereezed my purse, but brocht doon on ma puir head sic horrible profanity, tae sae naething o' bein' landed in an open sewer heed first, an' left there wi' my tartan stockin's wavin' i' the air. The vera day afore the procession I was birlin' away doon the street, an' I was just thinkin' sic a wonderfu' thing perseverance was, an' had cum to a corner o' a street where they were layin' the block pavement, when I turned the crank the wrong way, an' awa' it flew intae the middle o' the street, an' whumled me clean heels ower heed among the new laid tar, whar I lay an' stuck fast, till some jaberin' French Canadians cum an' peeled off half the gravel. The half o' ma kilt I left stickin' on the pavement, but on my road hame I tuk the bicycle an' marched it in to Andrew's auction rooms, whur onybody can git it for the same money as I paid for't. Noo—if I canna afford to get a horse or a cuddy, I'll just ride on shank nag for the rest o' my days. Gude folks are scarce in this country, an' if that machine was to rin me intae the hay some day, the Government might hae some diffegulty in fillin' the vacancy I'm waitin' for, sae for the present I'll just sign mysel, yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A late number of the *Sporting Times* finds satisfaction in the fact that the effect of the women and the parsons proved too strong for King alcohol, aided by the other King, Dodds, who endeavored to regain for the people of Halton "the glorious privilege of being independent in the use of unlimited alcoholic stimulants." E. King Dodds actually accuses the ladies and the clergy of that constituency of falsehood, prevarication and illegitimate exertions.

Oh! ye gods
And little fishes!
E. King builds!
It's too delicious.

HAVE YOU

Read the big advertisement on the back page of the cover? Here is a fine chance to make money honestly in the dull season. Read it again.

TOPICAL TALK.

Naples, I observe, on account of its filthy condition, is suffering most severely from cholera. So that literally speaking all you want to do is to "see Naples and die."

There was such a brief police court session the other morning that one of the reporters bethought himself of remarking that the "police magist'ate had a walk over." In this respect fancy how much better off some of the prisoners were. They had a ride over the Don.

The purchase by the Government of gas-buoys for the St. Lawrence, suggests a reference to the gas-boys—But never mind. Any one who has heard campaign stump speeches, or seen Harry Piper carrying a "glim" at a political torch-light "hooray," will understand it all.

A would-be avenger of Custer, has been trying to transform Sitting Bull into a bull of more recumbent position. When they frustrated the man's design he wanted to know what bison-ness it was of anybody. I say this in anticipation of these American paragraphs who won't content themselves with remarking that it was a cowardly attack.

New York Aldermen, it seems, have been doing a little bribery and corruption business. Toronto city fathers needn't fancy they are going to enjoy undivided attention as active and enterprising civic engineers. By the way, did it ever occur to any of my readers that there were certain civic engineers who required the services of fire-men—with the accent on the fire?

"Mr. I—," said a young lady at a party the other evening, to a gentleman who had just split his kid glove across the palm of his hand, "Mr. I—, I am sure that glove is of poor material." "Not so," replied my friend, "it is excellent stuff; the very best in fact." "That seems strange," said the lady quizzically. "Strange, but true," affirmed the other, "for you see, Miss Julia," (pointing to the gaping rent), "this kid bares the palm."

By its late reference to the "Reform Young Men," the *Mail* seemed to be acting in a thoroughly honest and disinterested fashion. But, nevertheless, I now begin to suspect that it had an eye to the fortunes of its own party, and may possibly have fancied it can win over some Liberal adherents by its insidious flattery. I therefore warn these young Reformers, and all others on whom an influence of this nature is sought to be exercised, not to be misled by the *Mail's* blandishments.

"General Gordon's Great Feat," read aloud my old friend Bletcherby from the heading of a war article in the *World* a few days ago. "Sakes alive!" exclaimed that dear old lady, Mrs. Bletcherby, "what do they want to tell us about the man's feet for? and if he has great feet it's nob dy's business, I'm sure. That there little *World's* allers a-rummagin' up things about folks. Read on, Elkeziiah, and see what it says about Mr. Gordon's feet, for I'm kinder curious."

"As your readers may well imagine,"—writes the London correspondent of a Toronto paper—"The news of the defeat of the Canadian champion by an Australian, who has hitherto been considered invincible, created no little surprise in the Old Country." All I have got to say to this is, that the people of the Old Country must have known more about Beach than they made public. But where the "surprise" about an "invincible" beating Hanlan, comes in, must be left to the intelligent correspondent to explain.