



AFTER THE VON BULOW CONCERT.

MISS GUSHINGTON—"Oh, goodness! isn't he a lovely player! I never want to touch the piano again!"

THE OTHER MISS GUSHINGTON—"Nor I!!"

MR. OLDBOY (*literary man, whose apartments adjoin the room in which the Misses Gushington do their daily piano practice*)—"Thank heaven and Von Billow!!"

TOUCHING THE NOBLE ART.

MUSIC is the "divine art," while pugilism is the "noble art." This is to say that while to sing is divine, to scrap is "noble." And so, while you listen as

The orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres,

you must not forget that the sound of slugging is harmonious also, because the terms "divine" and "noble" ought to rank side by side.

The *reductio ad absurdum*, eh? Well, as an eminent statesman once used to say, "what are the facts?" The facts are simply these: The "ring" department of the papers is written up quite as fully and faithfully as, if not more elaborately than, the "music" column. Take the Toronto Press—and you note Joe Popp's Academy and Paul Tattillo's College given a prominence scarcely second to Torrington's College or the city Conservatory.

Is this creditable to our boasted civilization and social refinement? Is it a tribute to our advancement in culture and progressive mentality and morality that fisticuffs should take rank with the performances of the *maestro*? Perhaps it is not really so in Canada. The surest sign of national decadence is that which indicates the elevation of the manual, the gross, the sensual, the merely physical, the brutal, over the mental and spiritual. And yet, the attention which is given to the affairs of the prize-ring in Canadian journalism would seem to say that our people were as much concerned in questions of pugilistic supremacy as in those of any other department of athletics; and more so than in matters concerning those gentler attributes, both of mind and matter, which civilized and Christian nations take pride in.

There is no need to defend Canadians against the charge of grossness and semi-savagery. Our institutions and their products speak out in protest against it. But it cannot be denied that the space which the Canadian Press devotes to the brutal prize ring news of the day is evidence that such news is relishable amongst us. If our papers wish to preserve this country as against the allegation of "toughness," let them give less countenance to "the ring," its lights and its patrons.

A FARMER'S IDEAS.

MR. GRIP, YOUR HONOR,—If your worship would mend the grammar of this here letter it would be an oblige, for our fingers is more used to handle the plowstills than pen printing. Me and some neighbors was talking over the hard way us farmers is sat upon by the Raining Powers up to Ottawa, and nothing for us but to grin and bear it. Neighbor Spuds pays \$1 per year strikly in advance for the *Eradicator* noospaper what printed Ricketts's letters. That's a bully boy that Ricketts is and he has put us up to a wrinkle that if you want to get a job out of government men you must work them and tip them the boodle. So me and a few neighbors clubbed all the spot cash on hand to see if it was worth sending to the minister, but could only make \$14.23 of it although the old woman had 85 cents egg money hoarded in an old teapot without a snout that she offered to chip in. It was aperiect that this was not enough to make a show upon, besides it would not bring one of the Tup-perses and Macdonaldses from Winnipeg or wherever they come from to work their fathers. Myself it was that purposed to make up a few cheeses for Sir John, and pack a panier with a young Shanghae rooster that I raised over three feet high and can lick his own weight in bantams as a kind of present to some of the French members, but Jim Slunk, him as has the mash farm, that knows the world because he was wonct for three whole days up to Toronto some years agone as witness in a contract case, said it would not do. So as we have heerd that all the big bugs up to Ottawy, excepting Mr. Blake, read GRIP reglar on Sundays when parliament is not a setting we take the precaution to write to your valuable columns.

Your Honor our bits of clearings nigh the line does not grow seed enuff to fill all the mouths that are gaping to hoist it in and we needs must buy flour, and does the man Forester know what it means to stick another quarter dollar more tax onto the poor man's bread. If he was half three quarters of a man he would say, "No, Sir John, I can't do it, the poor man would be needcessitated to buy an inferior article and the difference of the taxes would keep two of his childering in boots." We have good forest pastur hereaway, Your Honor, and could fatten two three steers but has to pay taxes on the feed, but the corn for brewing whiskey pays no tax but maybe Mr. Forester likes whiskey, I can't say. And if we would try to fix some homemade fanners or something we pays half the price of the cogs and teeth for taxes and has to have them whether or no for neighbor Bellus, the blacksmith, is but a botch at macheen gear although he can shoe a oss as tidy as e'er another man and not drive no nails into the frog. But—say, GRIP—the farmers is sat upon because they do not wear store clothes and has not the eddication to write letters sich as squire Ricketts. If we could all write like him we would soon get our rights, for I have heard say that there is a whole million on us in Canada as is farmers and farmer's folks that gets our living out of the sile and, as the song says, root and wool and corn and horn. Not Van Horne. This last is a joke. Your Honor will excuse me.

It was at this pint that the schoolmaster happened in and must a' heard what was saying for he is a kind of a flyaway kind of a chap with none too much wits about him, and he pulled a most extrornary face like a circus clown and roared out in a playactor kind of way

"EmBowelled will I see thee by and by—

EmBowelled! if thou emBowell me to-day I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too, Old To-morrow."

What he meant by it we are unable to say.

We remain yours turuly, A FARMER.