

The Heart of the Boy.

How simple and pure is the heart of the boy,
A well-spring of truth and a fountain of joy,
His holy ideal,
So awfully real,
All after temptations can hardly destroy.

Oh how he revolts at the deeds that are done
Unblushingly ev'ry day under the sun ;
This worship of gold,
With its crimes manifold,
Makes boys revolutionists every one.

What scorners are they of injustice and pride,
And how boldly they take aye the weaker ones' side,
And how they despise
All our time-honored lies,
And how our vain glories they can not abide.

But the temples the wee laddie builds in the heart
Must all be profaned in the ev'ry day mart,—
The beauty and truth,
That glorified youth,
How sadly the man must behold them depart !

And, O ! with what sorrow he has to unlearn
The goodness God puts in the heart o' a bairn—
Yea, crush down the heart,
While he sees it depart,
As he goes through the world a' sad and forfairn.

Despite of the worship of Mammon and Might—
Our faith's in the ultimate triumph of Right,
Men are anxious to know
The right way they should go,
They're weary of darkness and long for the light.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

AFTER THE FAIR.

WELL, it's all over, and if anybody has the hardihood to say that it wasn't the biggest and best fair Canada has ever seen, that man has no sense of responsibility and couldn't even be trusted to make out his own income tax return. Look at it from any gate you please, it was a grand exhibition, and reflects much credit on its managers—as well as a good deal of cash. The glory of it ought also to be spread fairly over the two or three hundred thousand people, who by their presence, their plaudits and their quarters, assisted to make the success. While the "legitimate" departments of the fair were this year more extensive and complete than ever before, the side show element was correspondingly magnified. The business in the horse ring on the fine afternoons of the second week was equal to anything provided by the best circus companies, and in the matter of horse races as good as anything out of doors. The bombardment of Pekin and the fireworks generally were managed with consummate skill, and, in short, everything about the show was as good as the friends of our progressive, wide-awake city and province could have wished. The prospects are that the adjoining forty acres of ground will have to be added to the Exhibition Park very soon, and it would be an excellent thing if the field now occupied by the rifle-butts nuisance could also be secured. An embankment and terrace along the water edge of this lot with seats and shady summer houses, would be a fine additional attraction. People throughout the country are always interested in the statistics of the exhibition. The commonplace details of receipts, etc., we leave to the daily press, giving instead some extracts from Mr. Secretary Hill's private memoranda book :

Average number of questions answered daily, 743-428¾; average number of questions that I couldn't answer, 623,438; number of times in office when called upon, 98,764; times not in when called upon, 63,200; times went without lunch, 14; miles travelled on business around the grounds, 4,673¾; scratched head in perplexity, 3,870; times felt like swearing, 894,398½; times actually swore, 1; times nodded to acquaintances, 38,967,432; shook hands, 46,483,290; telephone messages sent, 64,987; number received, 190,480; said "You bet," in reply to observation "This is the biggest show yet," 432,974½; thought of asking for increased salary, 983,427,302 times.

FISH-CHOWDER.

DISHED UP FOR THE ANGLO-CANADIAN-AMERICAN COMMISSION.

MOTTO for Uncle Sam—"Deal gently with the herring."

It is to be hoped John A. will really attend to business at Washington, and not waste his time in mere coddling.

The High Seize—That portion of the Atlantic within the three mile limit.

We look to our representatives to exhibit great fin-esse.

Only one Gloucester fisherman made a good catch this season. He went ashore and married a Nova Scotia girl. For a wedding present he gave her a smack.

When the decision is reached we hope it will be seine that the net result is justice to all parties.

The British Minister at Washington says the relations between England and America are growing closer all the time. He is himself a warm admirer of the Republic, which is natural, seeing that he is permeated with the spirit of the *West*.

If Sir John takes the right line he can't be bait.

"LORD, 'GRANT' US A GUID CONCEIT O' OORSEL'S."

WE have all heard of the consequential Glasgow baillie to whom a fleshier's boy in trouble shouted, "Man, I say, man! come here and gie's a han' wi' the coo," and who gravely replied to the laddie, "Boy, I'm no' a man; I'm a magistrate."

So, too, have we been told about the "gallant colonel" in court, to whom the opposing barrister frequently referred as "the soldier," and who informed the man of law that he was "an officer—not a soldier," a declaration that Buzfuz used to advantage by afterwards speaking of "the defendant who is an officer, but *not* a soldier."

GRIP has heretofore regarded these as mythical stories—the products of British witlings, but he is now able to parallel both yarns by a genuine home-made article.

A certain professional person, recently knighted, on his way to Washington the other day, was addressed from time to time by his casual travelling companion and old acquaintance as "Dr. So-an-so." This was borne impatiently for a while by the bran-new-handled personage; but ennobled flesh, and freshly infused blue blood could stand it no longer than the fifth or sixth repetition, when they with one voice exclaimed, "How long is this thing going to last? There is my card, sir!" And upon said oblong, gilt-edged piece of pasteboard did the astounded interlocutor discover this legend:—"Sir Jacobus Donation, M.D.," or words to that effect.