

us. In any case, however, his manly address and fine physique will strike us favorably; in fact he is a very striking personage. His manly address may be heard at the opening of Parliament when he appears in full fig. (not Figg, the prize-fighter, as that gentleman died a year or two ago, and now lies buried in a quiet English churchyard, beneath his own yew or Figg tree), the official costume of a Lieut.-Gov. being about as manly a dress as can be seen anywhere.

There is not much to be seen about the house, which is a square building of a roseate hue (and, by the way, when we see His Honor's countenance, we shall perceive that that is somewhat roseate, too), with a lawn in front (just like a bishop), and a yard behind (just like a lady with a fashionable train), but it is the correct thing to go and look at it, or, as a Scotchman would say, "luik" at it, thus contradicting the assertion of the old song that there is "Nae look about the hoose."

One of the great sights of Government House is His Honor's aide-de-kong, Capt. Geds, baby Jowve! and when he appears, as he does at times, in kilts, he is a sight to strike terror into the smallest newsboy in Toronto. His form, like the late lamented Mr. Bowling's, is of the ma-a-nliest beau-ooty, his head—no, his heart—is pure and soft. He is said to be an excellent A. D. C., and performs his duties to perfection, having all the necessary qualifications for the performance of them. As the duty of an aide-de-camp is to do nothing, it will at once be allowed that the gallant Capting is the right man in the right place. In similar words to those of the song in "Iolanthe":

"Our A. D. C. when there's no war
Does nothing in particular,
And does it very well."

Having said "How-de-do" to His Honor, we may as well shove ahead somewhere else. If we shove a head it will help this tale, which, being heads and tales, will be something like "shoving the queer." Will it? Queery? Let us put our best foot forward, then, and, as that foot will be clothed in leather, this will be another instance of shoving the cuir. Whither shall our footsteps tend? Where but to

OSGOODE HALL.

This really fine building will be found on Queen Street West. It is so large and fine that no one will have any difficulty in finding it. It is surrounded by a highly ornamental iron fence, emblematical, it is said, of the defence of of-fence that goes on almost daily—Sundays excepted—within the building, inside of which are four courts where Justice and Truth reign supreme—the latter especially, as lawyers are as thick as the leaves that do something or other in Vallambrosa. Of course these courts are inside; no one likes to be "caught out." Judges sit here almost constantly, and as their offices are permanent, the position may be termed a permanent "sit." These judges, as is customary in this country, do not dress in the regulation costume of an English judge, and wear no wigs; they are, however, said to be capable of giving terrible wiggings to anyone brought before them.

Osgoode Hall is built of grey stone, though it would seem that Blackstone would have been a more appropriate color; but black stone is hard to find; in fact coal is about the nearest approach to it, but who ever saw an erection of coal? Coke would be better, especially for an edifice sacred to the business transacted in Osgoode Hall.

Not being an architect, the writer is unable to say just exactly what style of architecture that of Osgoode Hall is, but as there is an entrance in front and another at the rear, it is probably the Twodor kind; it may, however, be of another style, as the lawyers and students go thick there. Yet another sugges-

tion: it is built of large rough stones; may not this hint at the Elizabethan architecture, as it is well known that her Virgin Majesty much affected the style of the large ruff?

Abler writers than the present chronicler must settle these questions; space in these columns will not permit of further discussion here, so, bidding adieu to Osgoode Hall, we will make for the Post Office.

—S.



"IT'S A POOR RULE," ETC.

Scene.—Vestry meeting in parish not far from Ottawa.

The Chairman.—If we understand it, sir, your reason for slighting Canon Farrar was that he accepted pay for his lectures.

The Clergyman.—Precisely. A clergyman should be above mercenary considerations.

The Chairman.—You will be pleased to learn, then, of the action we have taken. Out of consideration for your scruples, we have resolved to refrain from paying you for your preaching, which is still more sacred than lecturing.

(But his reverence isn't very highly "pleased" after all.)

A SURE INDICATION.

Whenever there are festering sores, blotches, pimples and boils appearing, it indicates an extremely bad condition of the blood, which should be speedily cleansed by that best of all medicines, Burdock Blood Bitters.

MR. NYE TO HER MAJESTY.

Nye, the American humorist, has been writing to the Queen, inviting her to come over and give readings from her own works. Here is the conclusion of his letter:

"I would assure your most gracious majesty that your reception here as an authoress will in no way suffer because you are an unnaturalized foreigner. Any alien who feels a fraternal interest in the international advancement of thought and the universal encouragement of the good, the true and the beautiful in literature, will be welcome on these shores.

"This is a broad land, and we aim to be a broad and cosmopolitan people. Literature and free, willing genius are not hemmed in by State or national lines. They sprout up and blossom under tropical skies no less than beneath the frigid aurora borealis of the frozen North. We hail true merit just as heartily and uproariously on a throne as we would anywhere else. In fact, it is more deserving, if possible, for one who has never

tried it little knows how difficult it is to sit on a hard throne all day and write well. We are to recognize struggling genius wherever it may crop out. It is no small matter for an almost unknown monarch to reign all day, and then write an article for the press, or a chapter for a serial story, only, perhaps, to have it returned by the publishers. All these things are drawbacks to a literary life which we here in America know little of.

"I hope your most gracious majesty will decide to come, and that you will pardon this long letter. It will do you good to get out this way for a few weeks, and I earnestly hope that you will decide to lock up the house and come prepared to make quite a visit. We have some real good authors here now in America, and we are not ashamed to show them to any one. They are not only smart, but they are well-behaved, and know how to appear in company. We generally read selections from our own works, and can have a brass band to play between the selections if thought best. For myself, I prefer to have a brass band accompany me while I read. The audience also approves of this plan.

"We have been having some very hot weather here the past week, but it is now cooler. Farmers are getting in their crops in good shape, but wheat is still low in price, and cranberries are souring on the vines. All of our canned red raspberries worked last week, and we had to can them over again. Mr. Riel, who went into the rebellion business in Canada last winter, will be hanged in September if it don't rain. It will be his first appearance on the gallows, and quite a number of our leading American criminals are going over to see him debut.

"Hoping to hear from you by return mail or prepaid cablegram, I beg leave to remain, your most gracious and indulgent majesty's humble and obedient servant."—Boston Globe.



JUSTIFIED BY THE FACTS.

Old Lady.—And so you go to the kindergarten, my dear. I hope you are all very good there, and never hear any naughty words?

Little Girl.—Yeth, ma'am, only Jimmy Jones called Bobby Smith a darn fool.

Old Lady.—Dear me! Shocking!

Little Girl.—O, but he is!

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