

I must be off. I promised yesterday that if he called round I'd treat him to a lager, or something. For a Duke he has a most unquenchable thirst. Tra-la, dearest ma.  
Ever your loving son,  
Gus. Fitz-G.

P.S.—Do you know, Davin, of the Regina Leader has got hold of a little bit of Government printing!

TOPICAL TALK.



I am glad to hear that Earl Dufferin has been appointed Viceroy of India. He is a statesman, diplomatist and Irishman whom I feel proud of; and besides all this he gave to the Nor'-West that poetic, euphonious, and mighty convenient for - a - change - term "Illimitable Wilderness." I do not know, but quite likely he gave Russian newspapermen a lift of this sort in the substitution of "Unmentionable Tracklessness" for Siberia; and who knows but that India will presently be christened the "Unspeaking Jungleness" by the versatile viceroys? Lord Dufferin will scarcely require more than one Russian wolf-skin overcoat out in India; and it is hardly likely, either, that the manufacturer who supplied him with toboggans at Rideau Hall will get many more orders from him.

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"Every man his own groom," will have to be the motto of millionaires with marriageable daughters, if they wish to have anything to say about the choice of husbands the daughters make. It is rather late for Count Morisini, of New York, to adopt this rule; but there are a few more millionaires' daughters in the world besides his, and the supply of good-looking grooms is not likely to give out with the big chances there are going in the matrimonial market. The trouble seems to be in these cases that the millionaires content themselves with watching the groom, when, as a matter of fact, it is the daughter who needs the looking after. After all, however, is the mis-alliance invariably what it is made out to be? There must be good stuff in the young fellow not too proud to take a job at grooming, and at the same time not too 'umble to make a dead set on the heart of his employer's daughter and heiress.

Our American cousins are a trifle of a quarter of a million dollars short in the Bartholdi statue fund. Eternal canvassing is the price of Liberty!

What do the ratepayers of St. Matthew's Ward mean by complaining that "the city is doing nothing for them but collect their taxes?" Is not the council spending the money for them, too?

Miss Millionaire Mackay has been married to poor Prince Colonna—or was it Poor Prince Colonna who was married to Miss Millionaire Mackay? At any rate there has been a beautiful fusion of the plebeian and the patrician, the fortunate and the famous, the bonanza and the blue-blood. It was a great scheme for Miss Mackay; and wasn't it also a good thing for the Prince? In the words of Mr. Mac.: "What is home without a princess?"

Gastronomic devices are all right enough, but they must not take the shape of innovations which sweep away our most cherished traditions of *gout*. Here, for instance, is a *cuisine* iconoclast who boldly advances the theory that "boiled tripe fried to a very light brown in butter, and then sprinkled with salt and pepper, tastes precisely like mushrooms." The next move will be some food fancier challenging the world to distinguish the difference between chopped straw boiled in vinegar and a rhubarb stew, or between a bran-mash cooked in butter-milk and a corn-starch custard! This thing will have to be put a summary stop to, that's all.

RUM OR RUN.

A ONE-ACT DRAMA OF NINETEENTH CENTURY CIVILIZATION.

By SCOTT-ACT UPHOLDER, ESQ.

Chief Dramatis Personae:

*DeKing Odds*.—A clever but unscrupulous man about town, and sporting editor, who advocates the liquor traffic from pure love of notoriety, and controversial combativeness.

*Goldsmith Win*.—The proprietor of a high-class newspaper, who works for fame, and champions the liquor traffic because it is an unpopular cause.

A variety of other persons you can fill in yourself after you read the play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The editor's room in the "Weekly Standbyer." The editor (*Win*) looking over his exchanges.

Um! more taffy from the *Mail*!  
And, what! a courteous, tho' curt rejoinder from the *Globe*!  
Surely mine eyes do not me fail!  
'Tis plain! I need no scalpel nor a probe.

And still I gaze, and still the wonder grows,  
How two such little heads can carry all my blows,  
And yet collected be enough, and cool,  
To make the retort by the kindly rule.

The *Mail* and I—well, oft and oft we find  
A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.  
When I berate the Grits and talk sound stuff  
On Scott Act and kin themes, why, that's enough.

When talk is high, I know just where to start in,  
And dress up things in shape to suit Sir Martin.  
But that the *Globe* e'er deigns me courtly note!  
Ah, yes! some day I'll help the Grit craft keep afloat.

[*Enter Odds.*]

*B'jour*, Goldy, howdy do?  
How's the *By*, and how are you?  
Oh, your pen suits me as no other can—  
Your pen as an anti Scott-Act man.

Give 'em blazes, give 'em gall,  
Same as me in the backwoods Hall.  
Ain't we having heaps o' fun,  
You long, lean, shadowy—.

*Win rises, and in sepulchral tones interrupts:*

Hush! my friend, sit still and ponder,  
"Walls have ears," you've heard before;  
There's a cane set at over yonder,  
Pray don't smirch the sanctum floor.

I am pleased you've come to see me;  
Is Scott Act horizon clear?  
From my doubts I pray thee free me,  
I am haunted with anxious fear.

[*Odds sings.*]

Oh, we'll stand the storm, and it won't last very long,  
And we'll down 'em by-and-bye;  
The rum ship won't go wrong, let us sing this little song:  
"Oh, we'll anchor in the harbor of old rye!"

[*Speaks.*]

How is that, old pelican pardy?  
Does it sound too lardy-dardy?  
Think we're going to be so tardy  
That we'll all get left?  
Outlook's good. I've got the call;  
Coin is plenty, heaps for all;  
Keep your back agin the wall—  
*We'll* not lose no heft.

But I'm here for information  
On our little situation;  
Can you give me a few pointers, chummy mine?

I am going to a meeting,  
Where I'm not sure of the greeting,  
Train won't wait, and time is fleeting,  
As the poet says, "I'm thine!"

*Win.*

If you want a receipt for an anti-"Scott" sermon  
Just take of your "rights" a full horn or more;

Dwell on the "oppression," omit the "transgression,"  
And pare off the "despot's hard hoof" to the core.

Don't say that the "despot" has noble intention.

That his aim is to rule by the line of the right,

That the way how to "cure" is ahead of "prevention,"

That *laissez faire* vanquishes evil— not fight.

But shout that a man is a full free-will agent,  
Has free-will to get "full"—if you're lacking a joke;

And that in the march of our appetites' pageant  
If he can't show up well he must sink out of sight.

Be sure that you pity the stumbling parader,  
Say, "it's sad, but don't think I'm the cause of his slips;

Why, then, should I 'list as a temperance crusader?

I don't put the bottle too oft to my lips,"

Of course it won't do to evade the plain issue,  
That if your example's a bad stumbling block,

You should give up your liquor, and heartily wish you

Had done it ere others had struck on Drink Rock.

Put the thing, say, in this way: "I own I could do it—

Relinquish in *this* case a liberty dear;  
But how do I know but ere long I should rue it,  
Would fanatics have the line drawn right here?

Maybe next they'd show battle 'gainst cocoa and coffee,  
My tea, too, perhaps they'd place under the ban;

Who knows but they'd crush out my little one's toffy?

Would they stop at the food or the clothes of a man?