

King Kalakana, the enterprising monarch of the Sandwich Islands, is at present in England on a financial mission. It is hinted that His Majesty is in difficulties, and is negotiating for the sale of his kingdom or its annexation either to Great Britain or the United States. If the royal financier fails to come to terms with his present customers, he ought to call on our own Sir John at his hotel, and that distinguished statesman could no doubt give him a wrinkle about getting rid of troublesome territory by giving it away to a syndicate and paying them well for taking it.

The *Globe* has been devoting a good deal of space lately to descriptions of Canadian summer resorts. This is a good and public-spirited work, as it is calculated to attract summer tourists to the country. Before the writer furnishes the series we hope he will make a visit to the Point Farm, near Goderich, a resort which certainly deserves prominent mention. This establishment is already well known to a large section of the American and Canadian public, and at the present time is enjoying a liberal patronage. The manager, Mr. J. J. Wright, is extremely popular, and was evidently designed by nature to conduct just such a place.

The editor of the *San Francisco Wasp*, an excellent writer himself, thinks Mr. Godkin, now editor of the *N. Y. Post*, formerly of the *Nation*, writes the best and most idiomatic English that finds type in this country. His style is sweeter than honey and stronger than a lion. Over whatever topic engages his pen, his words flow with the tranquil and corrosive effect of a rill of nitric acid, burning out all the baseness and brightening all the good. Without sympathies, enthusiasm, prejudice, or temper, with a cold, dispassionate composure, a logic that is pitiless and an indifference that is terrible, this wrecker of reputations has for sixteen years strown the social and political field with the corpses of rascals and imposters who knew not what they died of.

We have often wondered if the intelligent citizens of Toronto adequately appreciate the *Mechanic's Institute* library and reading rooms? We are afraid not, although the excellent establishment, to all appearance, is flourishing. This, we opine, is due far more to the efforts of the capable and energetic secretary, Mr. John Davy, than to the cordial patronage of the public, but it is satisfactory anyway. There is probably no better managed institution of the kind in America, and few libraries of the size that contain a more comprehensive stock of instructive and entertaining literature. The reading room in its present form is a most pleasant and spacious room, and to the man or woman of reading habits, no more attractive place can be found wherein to pass an hour or two. It may not be generally known that non-subscribers to the *Institute* are admitted to the reading room with its vast array of newspapers and magazines at the trifling charge of five cents.

How does sound travel?—by telephone,



INSULAR AIRS.

SCENE.—*The Island.*

Florence.—Wasn't that Miss Lotus who just passed? Why, she didn't recognize you—and you're perfectly well acquainted, too; what's the matter?

Mabel.—Her incivility is due to her conceit. She cuts me because I only come to the island occasionally for a trip, whereas her papa owns a shanty and they "reside" here all summer.

SLASHBUSH ON EMIGRATION.



The setting sun diffused a yellowish tinge over the lowering clouds which, reflecting back its rays, changed the bright green of the meadow lands of the Slashbush estate into the color of an old-fashioned pumpkin pie. Almira sat by the kitchen window brushing away the skirmishing mosquitoes who had advanced from the cedar swamp, apparently feeling the way for the main body whose attack would commence in earnest when the darkness set in. Poor Almira sighed, and thought how pleasant it would be if she could but go and bear the "topical" lectures at the Grimby Camp, when suddenly her musings were interrupted by the voice of Gustavus who, flinging down the paper he was reading with—*for him—unusual petulance*, exclaimed, "Dod dash the dod dashed English Parliament, away! I vow its enough to make us all turn Yankees, or worse!"

"Good gracious! what's the matter now?" asked his sister. "You needn't cuss about it, anyhow, whatever it is."

"Well, Almira, it's enough to make any average saint use strong language to bear the way this country is discussed and the insulting slights that is put upon Canada by the English M. P.'s, when they do us the proud honor of acknowledging this colony as a possible refuge for their impoverished peasantry."

"Wall," said Almira, flaring, "let them keep away, we don't want the unfortunate citters here, do we?"

"Yes, Almira," said the patriotic and philosophical Gustavus, "we do want them, not exactly in this place of course, but to people the new country, the vast and fertile wildernesses, that's what we want them for. But just listen to what they say. In debating upon the emigration clause of the Irish Land Bill, one of them, Mr. O'Kelly, thought that the 'extremes of climate' in Manitoba would make it undesirable for the Irish to emigrate to, but that he "was quite willing that they should go to Vir-

ginia (!) or Texas (!)" Great Caesar! What did he expect the Irishmen to do in Virginia? Compete with the darkies in raising tobacco, I suppose! And Texas! What the deuce would they do as settlers there? Start ranches and raise wild cattle? It certainly would be a good place if they wish to get thoroughly accomplished in the shooting way; but as a place to settle down in, I think by all means the "extreme climate" of Manitoba is the best. Mr. Ramsay, another M.P., was good enough to say, however, 'that actually Irishmen, in large numbers, were living in Canada in comfort and contentment.' Who would have thought it! Another statesman went so far as to say that "the clause was vicious and immoral" because it sought to establish a monopoly in favor of Canada, whereas the people preferred to go to the United States!" 'Vicious and immoral' is good. As a further delicate compliment to the Dominion the objectionable word Canada, which had been the apple of discord was struck out of the clause and

ANY BRITISH COLONY

inserted, which was "approved of by Mr. W. E. Forster, and others." Now, what spite has Mr. W. E. Forster,—whoever he is—or Mr. O'Kelly, or McCullagh Torrens,—whoever they are—against Canada? One would imagine they had a personal antipathy to this unfortunate country, and that their expatriated countrymen were honoring us by coming here, the way they talk of it! However, Almira,

I don't suppose there is much love lost, and we can get along here in spite of the indifference and undisguised sneers of people whose ignorance of any subject touching this side of the water, is simply laughable! It makes me laugh—

"Gus! you Gus!" said Slashbush *per se*, opening the door, "go and drive that duration to thunder old cow out of that wheat, or I'll make you laugh on the other side of your mouth!"



Then and Now.

Then she was kind as she well could be,
And acknowledged my bows when we met,
And often she promised she would be
My adorer forever—the pet!
Her eyes had a beautiful twinkle,
Her cheek represented the rose,
On her brow there was never a wrinkle—
She was faultless, excepting—her nose!

And that was a feature so charming
That I often looked on in amazement,
And oft-times I thought of alarming
The firemen, it seemed such a blaze.
But time as you know will work changes
On beings that are not divine,
As onward it flows like the Ganges,
Or bubbles along like the Rhine,

And I to its power an exception
Was not, as you well may suppose;
With regard to this vile interjection,
Her bright, beaming, beautiful nose.
I soon by her love was enraptured,
My bosom burst out in a flame:
The heart that was free Bessie captured,
(That of course is a fictitious name!)

Her nose lost its red glaring brightness,
And became as a nose ought to be—
As graceful as was her politeness—
At least, then it seemed so to me.
Each day as it flew brought new pleasures,
And my life seemed continual bliss!
How I wished I could store up those treasures,
The kind loving look and the kiss!

Now she has left me forsaken!—
Her love has been moonshine, that's plain,
And another young fellow she's taken,
Whose head has got room to contain
Much more than the little that's in it,
Though his tongue with smooth words overflows.
'Tis the tongue, not the head, that can win it,
That beautiful sunshiny nose!

Oh! what shall I do since I've lost her!—
This beautiful maiden of mine:
(I wonder how much it will cost her
For powder, perfume and carmine.)
I love her although she's deceiving,
For love of myself is a part,
And soon shall she learn to her grieving
She has broken forever my—connection!