

Have forwarded you a large order. Stir it up thick.
 Every family should have a bucketful in the House.
 The virtues of your whitewash fill many pages of my scrap-book.
 Life would have few charms without it.
 It cured my child of home rule.
 The blessings of a father on the C. C. C.

Louis RUEL, Provencher.
 O. MOWAT, Toronto.
 C. J. RYKERT, St. Catharines.
 Ginn's Baby is himself again.
 A. MACKENZIE, Ottawa.
 Without it, consolidation of the Empire would be a hollow mockery.
 I may provoke criticism by this bold utterance, but I am prepared to stand by the result or fall into the bucket.

EDWARD BLAKE, Toronto.
 Would rather not speak now.
 E. B. WOOD, Fort Garry.
 My husband is a different man by the help of your compound.
 Taken inwardly or outwardly, it is a veritable balm of Gilead.
 To emigration agents it is simply indispensable. It has prevented the blasting of my young life. Forward a fresh bucketful.
 C. J. WHEELER, Scotland Yard.
 Can feel it in the atmosphere.
 E. HARRIS, London.
 We yearn for the brush.
 No need for it at present, but will keep it in our eye.
 I cries for it night and day.

TORONTO HUNT CLUB.
 CANADA FIRST.
 CHILD MORTARA, Toronto.
 Come along JOHN and put down bribery and corruption. We have lots of whitewash.
 JOHN MADIVER, London.
 Recommend it strongly on the sliding scale.
 GEORGE BROWN, Toronto.
 Have heard its virtues extolled from St. Ignace to wild Cape Race; from wild Cape Race to St. Ignace—if not more so.
 Valuable aid to "the boys." They devour it. I had the last Quart-ette.
 M. C. CAMERON, Toronto.
 Worthy of a Nation's homage.
 GOLDWIN SMITH, Toronto.
 Why do summer roses fade?—
 In whitewash they are not arrayed.
 DAVID EDWARDS, Yorkville.
 Your compound is a faithless jade. Still I had 'er.
 A. W. LAUDER, Toronto.
 Too thin.
 ARCHIBALD MCKELLAR, Toronto.
 Be sure you get the best. Ask your grocer for the Canada Charity Company's Compound, and see that you take no other. All communications strictly confidential. Infringements on our patent will be rigorously prosecuted.
 While the lime holds out to churn,
 The vilest sinner may return.

Croaks and Yecks.

THE people of St. Catharines, not satisfied with an election campaign, have actually formed a debating club.
 THE Ottawa Cabinet surely had some consideration for the eternal fitness of things when they called COFFIN Receiver General.
 Now comes "the fall of the leaves" into the waste-paper basket, in consequence of the army of poetasters perpetrating "Lines on Autumn."
 A CORRESPONDENT of the *Nation* hopes that now there are to be several new brooms at the Militia Department, they will sweep clean the old flags that were in service in 1812, and make them fit for public presentation and preservation.
 A FOP expressed surprise on learning the small size of a certain lady's glove, and wondered how she could wear it. "Why, because my hand is very soft," she replied, "What a little hat you wear, to be sure!"
 THE other night a young lady who felt bound to attend a party the next day had some sewing to do in consequence. Expecting her beau, she expressed her desire to have him in the room where she was at work. Her maternal parent showing some surprise at this, Miss explained that she wanted him to "press the plaits." This being accepted in a sort of half-convinced way, all was well; but the artful damsel spoke with mental reservation, meaning all the while that the work she indicated should be done after the dress was fitted on.
 IN A rural school a lad reading the passage in which occur the words "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," rendered them, "strain

at a gate and swallow a saw-mill." If the orthography be examined, it will be perceived that his blunders were not altogether unnatural, while he succeeded in preserving a comparison as absurd, if not quite so wise, as that made in the original. This boy was not laughed at any more heartily than the fellow who seeing a placard in a shop window with the words "Plantagauet Water," entered and made application, having read it "Plant agent Wanted."

Papoose Winter.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO P.C.L., A POET OF THE "CANADIAN MONTHLY."

O! these days,
 Autumn days!
 When the sappy earth lies streaming
 Under damp and drizzling haze;
 When amidst the leafless woodlands
 Stand the maples in our gaze;
 Bare and bony, gaunt and grisly.
 How they rise,
 Chilling skeletons of timber,
 To the skies.
 When the summer sunshine's done,
 And the dreariness begun,
 And a sound
 Stirs the dripping, noisy forest,
 As when, everywhere and often,
 The huge rain-drop strikes the ground;
 Or when leaves
 With a harsh and angry rustle,
 All upstirred by this rude breeze,
 Circling upwards 'mong the trees,
 Cast around
 A wet nuisance more infernal
 Than the cursed spider weaves.
 Oh! these days,
 Autumn days!
 Who can tell the damp depression
 Of these humid Autumn days?

Origin of Parties.

A NEW SPECIES OF DARWINIAN DEVELOPMENT.

"IN ALL recorded cases a great thought rang and boomed through the corridors of the nation, awaking echoes in a thousand hearts to which it sounded like the bugle call to the soldier."—*Toronto Globe*.
 "AS hollow vessels produce a far more musical sound in falling than those which are substantial, so it will oftentimes be found that sentiments which have nothing in them make the loudest ringing in the world, and are the most relished."—*Charles Dickens*.
 Above are two heads: our readers can readily make the application.

Political Recipes.

TO CULTIVATE a Canadian National spirit.—Grow barley.
 TO secure Imperial union.—Compel men and women alike to grow tufts on the chin.
 TO reconstruct the Senate.—"Put a head on" every one of its members.
 TO insure compulsory voting.—Abolish the ballot and return to the old order of things, when the electors were forced to vote as personal influence dictated.
 TO provide for a minority representation.—Adopt the aboriginal plan of a general council of the people: the majority will be sure to turn up missing, and the minority can run the machine.

Grip on Gripes.

HERE is the first item under the head of "Town and County News" in the last number of the *Guelph Weekly Mercury*:
 "A SURE CURE FOR A SITTING HEN.—Put her on live clams instead of eggs. As the clams begin to get warm they open their shells, and the hen don't go on that nest the second time."
 Grip was for some time puzzled to see what local item was hidden in this allegory, but it is plain enough now that it is but a fanciful way of serving up something like the following:
 "PERSONAL.—Last night the reporter of the *Mercury* attended a clam supper. The unhappy young man says clams are not as digestible as they are cracked up to be, and he would like to know a good cure for cramps in the stomach."