

paper; to grip, to grasp; d'ye see: ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! better a friendly Grip than an unfriendly Punch, eh? Ha, ha, ho, ho, he! D'ye see it? Grip and Punch; your paper and my paper; good, ch?"

"This is a fine city of yours, Mr. Burnand," I said, after he had somewhat cooled down.

He looked grave and puzzled for fully five minutes and then remarked:—

"That's not a joke, is it? You know it isn't really my city; it doesn't belong to me; I needn't laugh, need I?"



"Oh, dear! no; I'll tell you when I make a joke; I believe it is necessary to explain such things in this country. Ha!" I exclaimed, as I looked out of the window and saw a load of hay proceeding down the street, followed by several donkeys (these animals are very common here; the donkey, it is well known being a common beast) which were vigorously eating it from the wagon, "Ha! look yonder; now, here is a patent, copper-bottomed, boiler-riveted, Al, Grip conundrum for you: Why is that hay-cock like an ingredient for a pleasant summer drink; one that would go well now, for instance, for it's deuced hot?"

Mr. Burnand pondered for a long while, much perplexed: at length he said:—

"Because it's Hay, I; is that the answer?"

"No, sirree," I replied, "I'll tell you the response: Because it is a City rick ass-ed: d'ye see?"

He evidently didn't.

"Well, but," he remarked, "hay isn't citric acid."

"Oh! come off," I said, impatiently, "here, I'll write it down for you, all ready for publication in *Punch*. There, 'Because it's a City rick ass-ed!!' (*Citric acid!!!!!!*)"

"Thanks, thanks," cried the other, "I see it quite plainly now; but you didn't make that on the spur of the moment, now, did you?"

"Well, you just bet I did," I replied, "What'll you have to drink?"

"Half and half," replied F. C., and at once the beverage was produced.



I merely mention this to let you see that these Britishers don't all leave out their H's, as many Canadians and all untravelled Americans suppose; it is only the lower classes, costermongers, small drapers, haberdashers and petty tradesmen that do so, and you will know, after this, that any Englishman you meet in Canada who tries to pass himself off as "somebody at home," and yet drops his aspirates, is nothing but a low-bred, vulgar "cad," and a member of some one of the classes mentioned.

"Let me see," said Mr. Burnand, as his genial visage emerged from the vast half-gallon pewter in which it was served, "your office is in Winnipeg, isn't it?"

"No, sir," I replied, "the office of *Grip* is in Toronto."

"Yes, yes; to be sure, so it is; excuse me; well, but Winnipeg's not far from Toronto and Quebec and Halifax and those places, is it?" enquired my guest.

"Oh, dear! no," I replied with, I fear, ill-concealed sarcasm in my tones, though Mr. Burnand's ignorance of Canadian geography was merely a sample of the generality of the upper-ten Britisher's knowledge in this respect, "oh, dear! no; the places you mention are quite close; a stone's throw; why, Toronto is only 1,500 miles or so from Winnipeg, and the few thousands of miles between Halifax and Toronto are a mere bagatelle."

"Why, Canada must be quite large," said Mr. Burnand, in astonishment, "it must be larger than England, but I'd rather live here than have to go about in furs and on snow-shoes all the year round. But, excuse me; I have stayed too long, already," as he finished the half and half, "if you like to drop round at my office—you can take a tram-car all the way—in the afternoon I shall be proud to show you something of London, and I'll introduce you to some of the *Punch* staff."

"Mr. Burnand," I replied, impressively, "I don't wish to seem rude, but let me tell you, I attended two funeral services during the week before I left Canada, and I don't like them: if you will promise to keep your humorists out of the way this afternoon I'll drop round, but I am weak after my sea-voyage and I had rather not meet the boisterous, rollicking roysterers of the *Punch* staff, for such I know them to be from their writings."

Mr. Burnand evidently took what I said as a compliment and failed to detect any sarcasm in my speech, for he replied:—

"Yes, I'm proud to think I have some pretty funny fellows about me; however, you'll come, won't you? Yes; thanks; drop round about 4 p.m. and I'll show you the Toms; that'll rather surprise your Canadian eyes, I fancy; something like a river that; and there's the Serpentine, too, I think will rather astonish you; I suppose you never saw a river that wasn't frozen six feet thick, did you? Then we'll "do" Hyde Park and the Row. Well, good morning; be sure and come; take the "tram" and when you get to the office in Fleet Street go up on the "lift." Such are the English terms for "street-car" and "elevator." Benighted people!

—S.

(To be continued.)

The legal firm of Hall, Fullerton & Cook has been dissolved by mutual consent, and Mr. Wm. M. Hall has removed his office to 30 King Street East, first door east of *Globe* office.

TORONTO INDUSTRIAL FAIR.

It is now generally conceded that the great Industrial Fair which is held annually at Toronto takes rank as the largest and most important one held in Canada, offering as it does the largest prize list in all departments and drawing its visitors from all classes of the community throughout the Dominion as well as the adjoining States, and this has been accomplished without the aid of a dollar of Government money. The attendance last year was over 150,000, and already the appearances are that this number will be far exceeded at the coming Fair to be held at Toronto from the 9th to the 19th of September next, for which unusual preparations are being made. Prize lists and any other information can be procured by dropping a post card to Mr. Hill, the Secretary, at Toronto.

BROWN OF CUT-KNIFE CREEK.

A BALLAD.

Beverly Brown was a tall and dashin'
Youth, and a bright partic'lar star
In the world of wealth and fashion,
And he had the name of mashin'
All the ladies near and far.

Beverly Brown lived in Toronto,
Where he had been born and bred;
He could get all cash he'd want to,
Rig himself up all afloat,
And followed by his red dog Ponto
He would King Street lightly tread.

Beverly Brown was a high private
In the gallant Q. O. L.;
And good sooth he was a boy fit
To fix bayonet and to drive it;
He could likewise "scrap" and spar.

When the western war-cloud busted,
And roused the country with its frown,
Bey took down his rifle trusted,
Belts and sword he soon adjusted,
And answered "here!" to Beverly Brown.

All the ladies flocked around him
When he stepped on board the cars;
His plumed busby fairly downed 'em,
In their tears they almost drowned him—
Weeping maidens, tearful "mars."

One there was among that weeping
Galaxy of ladies bright,
Her handkerchief was fairly steeping,
A crop of sorrow she seemed reaping,
It was Maud Mirandy White.

Many a night she'd skinned the roller
Rink with Bey, who called her "lamb,"
As round and round the rink he'd bowl her,
And he, the one who could console her,
Was under dread Pat Cunningham.

Cunningham, the sergeant-major,
Terror of the raw recruit,
Whom, no matter what his age or
Size, you might your duets wager
Pat would shortly teach to shoot.

When Brown moved up with the column
He thought he'd be in the van;
But he suddenly grew solemn
When Color-Sergeant What-d'ye Call'em
Put into his hand a pan.

Saying, Private Brown, your duty 's
To fall in as second cook;
Which order did by no means suit his
Martial tastes; but unlike Brutus,
He dare not speak or "give a look."

And through the whole campaign our hero
Boiled the pork for Company Q;
Time and oft he cried "Oh dear, oh!"
When 'twas 45 "neath zero,
While he the kindling mess-fire blew.

Alas! alas! his martial ardor
Went up with the camp-fire's smoke.
Said he "my lines could scarce be harder,
Worse than sentry go, or guard, or
Fatigue party! It's no joke."

Never did he hold his rifle,
Never did he fire a shot;
And when of surreptitious rye full,
Swore that he would for a trifle
Cook Big Bear or Pi-a-pot.

But when safe home his Maud Mirandy
Clasped him to her heart so true,
And looking sweet as sugar candy;
Then Bey felt he was a dandy,
Though he'd cooked for Company Q.

When Maud asked how many red men,
Cree, and Chippeway, and Sioux,
He had left behind as dead men,
Bey blushed, and stammered, and then said "Ten
Dozen, p'raps, and Irish stow."

L'ENVOI.

St. James' chimes will soon be ringing,
P'raps indeed to-morrow week,
Bey and Maud together bringing;
While the crowd outside are singing
"Hah! for Brown of Cut Knife Creek."

—B.

WE WONDER WHY!

The newspapers inform us that Princess Beatrice's eldest sister wouldn't eat any of the bride's cake. And Beaty didn't bake it herself, either.