

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.

BOBCAYGEON, Aug. 22nd, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP,—

I was, to say the least, very much astonished at the defeat of the late champion in Australia by a man who found it difficult to beat Laycock and Trickett. I was almost led to think that there might have been something "crooked" about the affair, but now a great weight has been taken off my mind and I don't wonder much at the result of the last race. I saw a portrait of Beach, the victor, a few days ago in the *Daily News* published in your city, showing a being having all the appearance of an enraged gorilla, and spotted like a piebald circus pony. If that cut at all resembles the original, I wonder not that at the sight of him poor Hanlan's nerve failed, and he had to take water. Can it be, however, that the sporting editor of that "live journal" has inadvertently used one of Forepaugh's Menagerie cuts by mistake, but no—who ever saw an orang-outang in an outrigger? It has been frequently asserted that the *Globe* has a set of bass wood engravings, one of which is selected to represent Lansdowne—Jim Blaine, or a pulp tower conspirator, as occasion requires. But I can't believe that such a live paper as *The News* would condescend to such devices—No, I think it must be a gorilla that beat Hanlan.

Yours truly,
THOLEPIN H. ROWLOCK.



Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
These opium dens dark
Must no longer remain
A blot on the fame of Toronto—
Chief Draper—just mark what I'm savin'!

United Ireland O'Brien has been presented with the Freedom of Cork—presumably in the form of a cork-screw. He has long made free with the bottle.

That "growing coolness" between England and Germany—well, it's a sort of comfort to think there's a coolness anywhere in the world just now. P.S.—Since writing the above I have put on my winter guernsey and changed my mind.

People are wondering what Sir John Macdonald wants Jamaica in the Canadian Confederation for. The explanation is very patent. Jamaica ginger is a constituent of ginger beer, and Sir John, who drinks nothing but ginger beer, wants to be sure about the supply.

I am disappointed. Notwithstanding that the steamer Como has been tied up at the foot of Scott Street, on account of the partial stoppage on the harbor works, not a solitary reference has appeared in any of the city papers to the vessel being in a state of coma. What Toronto journalists most do lack is culture.

A city paper complains of the practice of Grand Trunk employees "running shunts" on the Esplanade. When a reporter of that journal goes to the Grand Trunk employees for items the employees will say, "We are not running shunts to-day, but we are shunning runs. No news for you, young fellow!"

"A complaint has been made that the young men who play baseball in the Queen's Park too frequently use blasphemous and abominable language. Stop it, boys." Yes! blasphemous and abominable language really ought not to be employed quite so frequently.

There are several ways of calling a man who won't agree with you a blank fool; and when the editor of the *Globe* declares that "every man of common sense will be satisfied that Mr. Mowat, who is always as prudent as he is firm, took the proper course" (in the Boundary business), he shows neatly that he knows one of them.

A fashionable lady at Saratoga carries a parasol which is said to be worth \$1,000. But I can boldly say that many a man out trout-fishing, with a ten cent straw dummy having three cabbage leaves tucked snugly under the crown, takes more solid comfort out of his parachute and feels less corroding anxiety about its safety.

A correspondent from the north notes the fact that a new Liberal paper has been established at Montreal, and enquires anxiously what a "Liberal paper" is? If this benighted person hadn't been living in Barrie all his days he might have known that a Liberal paper is one that "gives it" to the Tories without stint or measure.

Even if the *Mail* does not take much stock in the Boundary Award decision, it means to give the public the full benefit of the Boundary Award argument—from the Tory standpoint. And, after all, the Argument is exactly what constitutes the whole Boundary beauties—from the Tory standpoint too. I warrant, however, that there are people grovelling enough to turn with interest from the perusal of the grand phalanx of argument to the common-place record of Award.

The latest immigration intelligence is that they are going to found colonies of Russian Jews in the Canadian Northwest. It will take a lot of people to fill up the illimitable wilderness; but what a heterogeneous crowd is pouring in, to be sure! What with Russian Jews, and the Syndicate, and Mennonites, and the Farmers' Union, and Temperance Colonists, and Nicholas Flood Davin—and—but I can't begin to enumerate the list of different nationalities, and tongues, and interests, and distinguished journalists.

The papers are telling all about a new zoologic curiosity in Baltimore in the shape of an Australian fish called the goby. Just as if it was anything wonderful! Why there is not an angler you ever ran up against who has not had an experience of go-by fish when he has been out for an afternoon and did not have the right kind of bait. And frequently on such occasions he has had a second experience of go buy fish, on his way home from the river. But, talking of fish reminds me of the Irish fisherman friend of mine who declares that the biggest fish he ever caught was the one he missed on a certain day while trolling in Muskoka Lake.

For some years the necessity for a force of Frontier Police on our western border has been agitated. Ruffianly outrages of many kinds are all the time occurring along the coast between Windsor and Detroit, and the absence of special police to look after the perpetrators has been one of the proverbial "long-felt wants." Well, the Provincial authorities have at last acted in the matter, and a strong, well-equipped, vigilant and altogether satisfactory force of Frontier Police has been appointed. The force consists of one constable, named McKee, who used to act in Woodstock. People may charge Mr. Mowat with tardiness, but there is no denying that when he makes up his mind to take hold of a thing he means to grapple with it resolutely.

Gen. Grant is to receive \$10,000, or \$500 apiece, for articles on the war, for the *Century Magazine*. This will enable the biographer to write of the Saviour of His Country as "soldier, statesman and author,"—as well as "stock-broker." Five hundred dollars an article is pretty fair pay for a beginning in literary labor; and it is quite probable that if the General keep his eagle eye on the grammar and spelling, and do not produce a panic among the printers with erratic chirography, he may get advance by degrees until he will earn almost as much as an ordinary reporter. Of course, as a contributor to current literature General Grant's "best hold" is "The War." But I am of opinion that he could struggle through a few articles on "The Machine" also without tiring American people very much. In fact as between what he knows about the war and what he could tell about the machine, the choice of most of the reading public would scarcely be the late little unpleasantness.

An English physician argues that houseflies convey contagion, and that if you use fly-paper to destroy the insects you are in danger of attracting infected flies into your homes, who otherwise would stay outside long enough to wipe their feet and possibly take a bath before dropping in to see what the menu was. But he says, "if any preparation from which the slightest odour of Eucalyptol is diffused be kept in the apartment, the inmates will have a pleasant disinfectant and the flies will be kept out." This alternative is very simple. No well-constructed family but has a regular supply of Euc—Euclid—Euchre—that is to say, Eucalyptol, on hand, and any member could flavor the household hair-oil with it or use it occasionally in the dishwasher, or keep the family cat scented up with it. To be sure, if you haven't it in the house, there might be a little danger in carrying the name of the stuff around in your brain as far as the drug store. But who would not run a little risk in order to escape small-pox?

"Wanderers and Bohemians, strangers, tramps, and temporary sojourners in Canada may not be able to see or appreciate the national sentiment of Canada, but the sentiment is there," said Col. Denison at the U.E. Loyalists gala day. And the editor of the *News* jumps up in his sanctum, trails his duster along the floor, declares that the gallant Colonel means him, and yells through his paper, "you're another!" and "go there yourself!" and "I'll bet you my ancestors away back never stole sheep!" and a variety of other articles too numerous to mention. It is pretty tough to be termed a wanderer and a Bohemian, and a tramp—all of which, by the way, signify one and the same thing—and that right in the very presence of Senator Plumb and several Indians in war paint, either of whom in a body might have thereby been incited to riot and have galloped all the way to Toronto to tear the *News* office in pieces. But my perturbed friend should recollect that a U.E. Loyalist only has such a chance once a year or so, while his opportunities to destroy the U.E. Loyalists occur daily.

A new phase of the Pacific Railway question presents itself to me in the following from a *Globe* editorial:—"We have given this company enough of money to pay two or three times over for the work it has done. We shall have to pay three or four prices for the work that remains to be done, and it is becoming clearer every day that the work remaining to be done will be completely useless when done. We have beggared ourselves for years to come, in the effort to construct a work that was beyond our powers, and that was not and is not needed. Nobody believes that we shall not have to pay the cost of running the road as well as of building it. And now it seems