

The disgraceful exhibition made by some members of the Club Cartier, of Montreal, last Wednesday evening, is only to be palliated on the ground that the pugilistic gentlemen in question were French. That a rough-and-tumble fight over such a sacred thing as the flag which covered the late Sir George Cartier's bier, is very discreditable to the Club which bears his name. The origin of the row, however, was commonplace enough; several enthusiastic orators "bald the floor," and all wanted to speak at once. Where was the provincial French politeness on this occasion, or where were the police?

To Correspondents.

Foreigner, Queen's Hotel.—The London *Advertiser* is the only religious daily paper in Ontario that acknowledges the charge. The *Mail* is religious on Saturdays, but makes up for it on other days of the week. The *Globe* is somewhat pious also, but doesn't seem to know it at all.

John Livingstone, St. John.—We quite believe you find it hot just now, but what else can you expect, working on the *Sun*? 2. The real facts are, that Blake is looked upon here as a very decent sort of a fellow. The story that party told you of his having murdered a man on the island is all moonshine; don't believe it.

Baker, Halifax.—Grip is not to be swerved from the path of duty by any amount of threatening or coaxing. He will stick to facts to the end of the chapter, and if you want him to picture you hereafter with a small, insignificant nose you will have to do away with that prodigious proboscis which nature has bestowed upon you.

John A. Macdonald.—Yes, it is important that you should come home at once. The parties you mention are both off in the Maritime Provinces at present on a fishing excursion. They are not after trout, nor are they merely coddling, the game they are after is the leadership of the Conservative party. At present, Tupper is half a neck ahead. Hurry home, old boy!

S. L. Tilley.—You are right. His refusal to meet you on the platform looks bad. But then, you know, he has a big reputation as an orator to sustain, and he couldn't orate worth a cent if you sat behind him and threw in such remarks as, "Stick to facts!" "What a whopper!" "Hog wash!" etc. No; we are candidly of opinion that you are not a match for him on the platform.

Habitant, Quebec.—We are horror-stricken at your revelations. We have always regarded Mr. Gordon Brown as a quiet and a harmless gentleman, and are almost stupefied at the sudden intelligence that he is a person of Nihilistic proclivities, as he certainly is if it be true as you say that he is carrying out a plot for the extermination of the Roman Catholic religion in Quebec. We do not approve of your suggestion to assault the correspondent; you will get over him better by treating him to a little Scotch toddy, if you have such a thing in that region.

Globe Correspondent.—Strictly speaking, it was not gentlemanly and scholarly of you to refer to the editors of the *Guardian* as a "low lived set of plugs." No; we do not recognize that expression as a quotation from Tacitus, but then we graduated a long time ago.

B. L. J.—Your communication to hand. In your determination to quit the law and go into literature, you make manifest what we had already guessed after reading the poem enclosed—that you are a genius. Not one of those geniuses who can write poetry and do that alone; but a prodigy who combines rare business foresight with the divine afflatus. Law is a poor profession for money making purposes; literature is notoriously the highway to wealth. Especially that form of it which is known as journalism. A good lawyer will only get about \$500 for winning a case; a first rate newspaper poet has been known to get more than that simply for going out of a newspaper office peaceably without leaving his spring verses. But of course were money is but a small part of the rewards of poetic genius. You have the keen thrill of delight at escaping the editor's boot—a feeling which is quite unknown to the grovelling profession of the law. By all means, drop Blackstone and get a position in a newspaper office if you want to be rich and happy.



SLASHBUSH ON THE VICE-REGAL TOUR.

"So the Governor-General is off on a tour to the North-West, Almira," said Gustavus Slashbush to his sister, as he looked up from the *Globe*, which he had been attentively perusing all the evening, "and I understand that he is to 'pay the piper,' which is very creditable in him, and gives a good example to everybody, including the Ontario Government. Yes, indeed, Almira, he actually is going to 'pay the piper' himself."

"Well," retorted Almira, "so he ought to pay him. If he's a Scotchman and wants to have a screetchin' pipor with him, that's his own business. I'm sure nobody else wants to listen to the consarned things. For my part I'd jest as soon hear a pig squealin'."

"Well, Almira, I quite disagree with you as to the national pipes. They have a martial and stirring, and even at a distance off, let us say half a mile, a not unpleasant sound; but I was speaking as to 'paying the paper' in a figurative sense. I mean that he foots the bill or, in other words, he pays his own expenses, so that if the expedition can be tracked by expanded beer and wine bottles, or over-looked cork screws on its way, the papers won't have such occasion to make a fuss about it as they did a few years ago when the Ontario high joints excurted. And there's another thing that pleases me much and that is the fact that he's taken the English press with him."

"What on airth does he want of an English press? Ain't the trunks in this country good

enough for him?" asked the unsophisticated Almira, who had a vague notion that her brother was speaking of a 'clothes press.'

"Nonsense, Almira," said Gustavus, "when I say English press, I mean correspondents of the English newspapers. Now it will be possible for the people at home, ye know, to get some idea of the geographical position of the different places in Canada. They will learn that the Sarnia frontier does not adjoin the prairie land of Manitoba, and other facts of a like nature. Perhaps they will also get an idea as to our leading public men, and not mix up, let us say, the Macdonald clan as much as usual. I had at one time great hopes that the Canadian newspapers would refrain from sending their representatives, partly because they do not seem to have been invited, and partly that His Excellency might go where he pleased and do what he liked without fear of a partizan coloring being given to his actions, but no. The *Globe* has sent its man to give a Grit description of it, and doubtless the *Mail* will follow suit and send a man with a Tory eye in his head. So you see the way things go, Almira, I suppose, however, the old country swells will give the colonial fellows a stand off, on the ground that they are in the habit of shovelling in their pen-ican with a bowie knife, should the vice-regal party be reduced to such humble fare, in accordance with the prevailing notion of Canadian manners held in the old country. Perhaps, however, they may be utilized as a sort of irregular body guard to protect the Governor from the wolves, panthers, buffaloes, and bears that he no doubt will encounter on his perilous trip. It is some satisfaction, however, that we won't have to wait for an account of the trip until the English mail arrives. We can't, in these times, afford to wait for anything. No, Almira," said Gustavus, warming up, "we will not be kept waiting—"

"Waiting! Consarn ye, how long are ye goin' to keep me waitin' at this consarned gate?" roared old Slashbush, who had heard the last of the conversation through the open window. "Hurry up here you, Gus., and give that long tongue of yours a rest."



An Elogy.

BY A DISGUSTED TORONTIAN.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
As my own gait comes slowly down the street.
(My first line's stolen as you see from Gray.)
The blue and stately "copper" walks his beat.

From curfew to a few curs is not far,
'Twas for this pun I struck upon old Gray,
Upon whose nerves my jokes I fear would jar.
Yet of a few curs I will sing my lay.

That there are curs and curs can't be denied,
Some of them have four legs and some have two,
'Tis of the last I sing, and far and wide,
Around the city they offend my view.

I take my lady's arm and stroll along,
Watching the corner "mashers" as they stride
In idle blasphemy and obscene song,
The sidewalks with their vile tobacco-juice.

My girl and I walk by the Esplanade,
And gaze out on the pleasant moonlit bay,
But still the masher in flash garb arrays,
With "weed" and cigarette obstructs our way.

With evil leer he ogles the young face,
Of each and every girl who passeth by,
Each masher tries how far he can disgrace
Himself in every decent person's eye.

Is there no city law or order which
Can keep these mashers within proper bounds?
For sure the mashers, loafers, curs, 'and sich'
Should be like other curs locked up in pounds.

A mother who is fond of taking her children sailing, says she always does so when there is a spanking breeze, as it keeps them in good order.