

A PLANK ROAD.

GRIP'S GUIDE TO THE FAIR.

MR. GRIP is convinced that many visitors to the great Industrial Fair fail to get the solid instruction it is calculated to impart, because they don't know how to go about it. Such people need an intelligent guide, and it is in a spirit of helpfulness that the following hints are given:

Of course, before you can get any good at all out of the Fair it is necessary to get into the grounds. There are several ways of doing this, the most obvious being to jump the fence. This, however, is dangerous if you are not a trained acrobat. True, the danger may be avoided by reversing the process and crawling under the fence, but this involves a lot of work in scraping away the ground, and is likely to soil your clothes. Some people seek to avoid the trouble of both these plans by paying their money and going in through the gates. There is nothing to be said against the honesty of this idea, but it is certainly not very original. The best plan of all—and the one which is perhaps adopted by the great majority—is to ask Mr. Hill for a pass. If you get it, the initial difficulty may be said to be solved.

Assuming, then, that you have got your pass—a season ticket, of course, for yourself and family, transferable, and good for meals at any of the restaurants; you might just as well have Mr. Hill make it out in this shape while you are at it—we meet you on the inside of the entrance and proceed to guide you.

First of all, it is necessary to enquire what your line of business may be, so that we may intelligently perform our part. It is presumed that your purpose in visiting the great Industrial is to get business information of a practical kind.

If you are a farmer, we advise you to make your way at once to the grand stand and secure a good seat just in front of the platform on which the acrobats and dancing girls perform. Strict attention to what goes on before you will, if you are a really intelligent farmer, give you a lot of practical hints on summer plowing and fall plowing. Be sure you take notes of what you see in a memorandum book.

If you are a lawyer, we would suggest that you make a special study of the trotting races. You will find these progressing every afternoon in what is called "the ring," entrance to which you may obtain quite easily, if you get there before anybody else.

Perhaps you are a school-teacher and have kindly taken a number of your pupils with you. In that case of course you want to see the most instructive object lessons. These, we have no hesitation in saying, you will find in the balloon ascension department of the Great Fair. The children will perhaps cry to be taken to the Art Gallery or the Main Building, but you must use your authority, and rivet their attention on what is truly scientific.

You may be a merchant. In that case the grand stand is the very place for you, for of course your main object will be to study the work of the trapeze artists, from whom you will learn a good deal about buying for the winter trade.

In short it doesn't matter much what your line of business or study may be, you will gain your purpose best by doing your observing from the grand stand. The arts, manufactures, inventions, dairy products, live stock and poultry departments are well enough, we suppose, and there will always be a few who go to see them, but for the really earnest student, who visits the Fair for purely intellectual and practical purposes, there is nothing like the variety performance as seen from the grand stand.

PINK CLOVER IN TOWN.

SOME people's city relations act mean when you come to town; mine don't. It wasn't the fault of their hearts, if I didn't have a good time on my recent five day's visit. I will say they did by me as they'd like to be done by, but I thought it a little dull of them all the same.

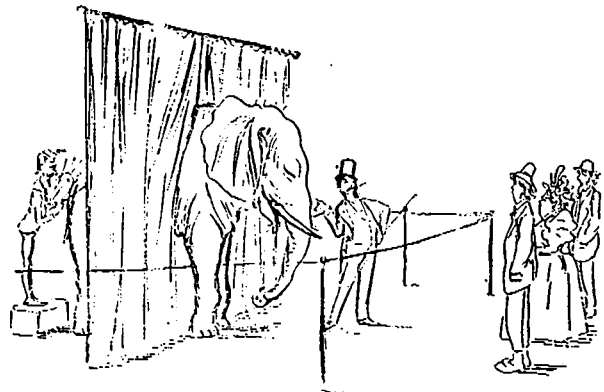
The first day they got a carriage, and took me for "a lovely country drive." It cost considerable, so I didn't like to tell them I'd a fancy to try a trolley car and city bustle and stir.

Next day, they got up a pic-nic, and rowed up the Humber, and my cousin, Araminta, and her best young man enjoyed picking golden rod, and saying "how nice it was to get away from the city," and they wanted me to press some of the yellow weed and take it home, although most every corner in the fence round the farm is in bloom.

Third day it rained, but when I put on my mackintosh to go shopping, Araminta said I'd get wet, and she'd send for a coupe, so I gave up the idea. I knew I couldn't enjoy myself shopping with a coupe at so much an hour, and me hardly knowing what I wanted to buy until I'd looked about a bit and seen the fashions and notions.

The fourth day, they took me over to the Island, said they, "couldn't let me leave the city without seeing Toronto's great natural Park."

Fifth day, they had another pic-nic. It was no use to try and get out of going to it. Araminta declared she'd "not forgotten all I did for her at the farm, and was bound to do as much for me." Somehow I felt as mean as mean, wishing all the time for King street and shops, and the theatre, and to visit the University and Parliament Buildings, and to hear a phonograph, or some good music, instead of "the melodies of nature," that Araminta and the other city girls raved about on the moonlight trip home. Nature is grand, and I admire it quite as much as anyone, but when a Pink Clover only gets five days in the year away from rural life, she wants to see shops, and arts and things, so as to get ideas for the next twelve months, and if a few nice young men are added she doesn't object, even if they don't know much about the latest inventions and



FORE AND AFT.

SHOWMAN—"Behold, ladies and gents, the great African elephant, Tippto-Tib, and now I have the honor to introduce—(aside—Got that paintin' done, Jim?)—ahem, to introduce—"