

**The Rural Pic-nickers.**

SCENE.—A high-road. Enter a Pic-nicker. To him enter another Pic-nicker.

1ST PICKNICKER.—Good-morning friend,  
In whose small carpet bag and dusty clothes,  
Combined with that short-windedness which tells  
Thou hast been speechifying much of late.  
I do a brother spy. Tell now to me  
What hast thou been and done.

2ND PICKNICKER.—Frae Kingston I,  
Whaur I did a' ye're wickedness unfault;  
Disclosed ye're haill corruption; rose the ghaist  
O' ye're Pawceefic Scandal, and contraveil  
To bring the kintra loons tae sic a peetch  
O' gran' morality and purity,  
O' public speerit, honor, virtue—a',  
The total stock in trade o' sic-like things,  
Whilk do tae talk aboot—I roosed them sae,  
I'll wad ye the haill pack wad take on aith,  
I had the things I spake o'. Pair SIR JONE!  
He need gang there nae mair.

1ST PICKNICKER.—'Twere best not count  
Your chickens ere they hatch. Why, look you, I  
Have been at Markham. If you had but seen  
The people gape and shout, when I exposed  
The black recital of your dreadful deeds—  
Steel rails, mismanagement, Free Trade—the whole  
Of what we have against you—had you seen  
How thoroughly we into pieces knocked  
Your every argument, you had resigned  
Your office then and there, and ashes pitched  
And dust upon your head.

2ND PICKNICKER.—Na, na, we shall resign  
When we canna keep in. Ye suldna be  
Sae greedy for it yet; we haena had  
But half a chance tae fill the empty pocks  
We carried wi us in.

1ST PICKNICKER.—Come, come, you have done well.

2ND PICKNICKER.—A paltry twanty thousand, or at maist,  
Thretty or sae, as I'm a leevin mon  
Ilae I yet scrapit up.

1ST PICKNICKER.—Well, well, when I was in,  
I had to leave with less. But what is there?  
A comfortable looking public house.  
Come in and dine. In public though we fight  
And swear the rest are black and we are white,  
We are but strolling actors in our way,  
Abuse the villain of the piece to-day,  
To-morrow act him. In and out we go;  
The public still must pay us for the show.

**Manitoba and Ontario.**

MISS MANITOBA.—Please, will you do me a little favour?

MRS. ONTARIO.—(Who has had experience of little favours in the better terms line).—Ahem,—What is it?

MISS M.—Only build me a railroad—a small affair for you—a couple of thousand miles long. My sister, Miss Columbia, wants it too.

MRS. O.—Ah. And if I do considerable towards building it, what good will it do me?

MISS M.—Oh, give you a place for your farmers to emigrate to.

MRS. O.—Emigrate to! Why, I'm paying ever so much yearly for farmers to emigrate here; I don't want to lose them again.

MISS M.—Oh, but to help me, you know.

MRS. O.—How will you repay it? Will you trade with me? Will you come to me for all your dry goods, machinery, groceries, hardware and so on?

MISS M.—O, but you know we will get them so much cheaper and nearer from the States, from St. Paul, by Pembina, as soon as the line is connected.

MRS. O.—Well, if I am to build you a line and get nothing for it, you should make the cost a first lien on your farms, in my favour.

MISS M.—Injustice! Cruelty! Tyranny! I'll get annexed (goes into hysterics.)

**Caxton and Claxton.**

"The CAXTON celebration?" she repeated, looking over her newspaper. "Well I always did believe that a girl who has been burnt up so many times and still escaped with her life, ought to have some mark of respect shown her. But why celebrate her in Montreal? Her home's in Chicago or St. John, I believe."

**Too Much Health.**

SCENE.—A Tavern in one of the Small Villages on the Great Western Railway between Toronto and Hamilton.

TIME.—June, 1877.

LANDLORD.—Well, mister; been taking a look around?

STRANGER (gloomily).—Yes.

L.—Awful healthy place, this.

S. (fiercely).—What's that you say?

L.—I say this is an awful healthy place to live in.

S. (with a sneer).—Oh, it is, is it?

L.—Yes; dreadful healthy. Nobody dies in this village. No one ever gets sick.

S.—No consumption?—no liver-complaint?—no spinal-disease?—nothing of that kind?

L.—Bless you, no! The only disease in this place is old age, and, some how or other, nobody ever dies of that, either. Why, my dear sir, we have no less than seventeen men here, each of them claiming to be "the oldest inhabitant"—strong, hearty old sinners, every one of 'em.

S.—Don't the children get sick?—or the women.

L.—Why, bless your heart! I never heard of such a thing. There was a pair of twins born here last Saturday; and on Monday morning the mother of them took 'em around to show to her friends. We don't know what sickness means in this village.

S.—Are there no undertakers here?—no stonecutters?—no grave-diggers?

L.—Why, NO! The last undertaker that started up here had to sell the tops of his coffins at fifty-cents apiece for ironing-boards. Oh, I tell you this place whips creation for health. You just stay here a couple of weeks, and when you go back home, you'll be so strong and frisky your own wife won't know you.

S.—Are there no doctors in the village?

L.—Doctors? Good land, no! A doctor would starve in such a place as this.

S.—That's all I want to know. I guess I'll pay my bill now. (Takes out pocket-book.)

L. (surprised).—What!

S.—How much do I owe you? I'm going out on the next train.

L.—Why, what's the matter? Aint you going to give the place a trial? I tell you it's the healthiest village in Canada.

S. (savagely).—Oh! confound the health! I'm sick, sore and weary of healthy places. Why, you old fool, I'm looking for a place where they have small-pox or scarlet-fever or cerebro-spinal-meningitis in every other house. I'm a doctor!—that's the only complaint I'm suffering from. Hurry up and give me the change out of this bill. I want to catch that train, and go on to the next station.

L. (salto voce).—Sold, by George!

(curtain.)

**The Pic-nic at Markham.**

(From our Grip contributor.)

Speaking of the recent Conservative pic-nic at Markham, the *Mail* says: "an audience of five or six thousand people, 'all of them with erected ears,' listened to SIR JOHN," the august and benign chieftain, who had the "extraordinary power of identifying himself with his audience."

The secret meaning hidden in these words becomes obvious when properly dissected. What animals delight in long and erected ears? Why should the *Mail* thus basely stigmatize its party who made the Markham pic-nic a success? Oh, base ingratitude! See the kick, forsooth delivered at the venerable form of the Pacific and lamb-like Knight. "Identifying himself with his audience"—aha!—becoming like unto them, full-fledged and clad in gigantic ears, and a hyper-musical voice. The organ heartlessly concludes: "It was a pity the train left Markham so early, for the audience would have liked to listen to SIR JOHN MACDONALD for an hour more and he himself was speeding before a good oratorical breeze when time pulled him up." Have we ever beheld the festive mule flapping his wings in an oratorical breeze—noticed how his whole being was wrapped up in his frightful groans of delight, and how crest-fallen he became when the driver cut his rejoicings short? The comparison is sublime, and we all, as conscientious followers of MACKENZIE, appreciate it, but take care, PATTESON, or the scorpion which gambolled about recklessly may sting itself. "Music hath charms to smoothe the savage beast," let it also charm you into an appreciation of the crumbs which fall to faithful servants.

NOTHING, these hot days, equals the disgust of the dog-catcher, who, net in hand, has carefully stalked a canine, to see the said canine calmly lift his head and shake the hitherto hidden ticket. The catcher is pious, but otherwise his exclamation.

NOTE FROM A TOURIST'S HAND BOOK.—Mean to spend the vacation in Ontario. Must be the most picturesque part of Canada. All the leading Canadians spend the summer in picnicking there.