

whilst the news from the province is as truthful as the statements of the Anti-Scott act crowd. From Assiniboia and Alberta her devotees appear, and Columbia contemplates a wholesale migration on arrival there of Chap-leau-Ottawa-Chinois commission; but the end is not yet, and the glories of the Semi-Centennial will be eclipsed by the Demonstration, and numerous thousands will take part in the procession, and the people are happy—for fine steamers still ply from her wharves, and the schooners of beer up town are more than half froth, but the enterprising citizen gets a free ride on the one and stands the bartender off for the other. And now the British Association of scientific anomalies, seeing the error of their ways will render their homage, and we will rejoice with exceeding joy. They have rusticated recently in the overgrown village of Montreal and the adjacent suburb of Ottawa and the village papers have grown wise and abstruse in their dissertations on evolution, substitution and abstraction. Little Dick has indelibly impressed it upon the minds of those learned men of science, that only one thing more is needed to make this country perfect, that is for Posing Tommy, P.M., to get a grip on the strings of the shekel bag of the great confederation, so that in due time he can enjoy his ten cent an acre farm at the foot of the rockies away from the hurly burly, and watch the other boys scramble for the assignats. A small contingent of the men of science, however, did not remain; they passed through our fair city like a blue-coated pill through a sick French liberal, for the C.P.R. has them in reserve and intends to try if a free ride west will have the same effect on those learned brains as a Grand Trunk pass on a Montreal Alderman. The means are the same, but the end differs. The one is to beat Canadians, but the other is to loosen the purse strings of the Britisher, for the books to be published on the return of the wise, about what we don't know about Canada, will be household words in the habitations of the unenlightened. However our joy must be restrained, for we have a sorrow. The association of science is not complete. Where is the Rev. Jasper who so forcibly illustrates the theory that the sun do move! Where is Henry Ward Beecher, the Hades Annihilator? or George Francis Train, or Sir Isaac Newton, or Charles S. Parnell, or Bradlaugh, or the Duke of Argyll or Bill Smith or John Carling, Harry Piper or Col. Denison, or the thousand other shining lights who should radiate amongst us and add their homage to our Queen. Echo answers, and a tear is shed for the absent heroes of a free trip, and long weeks of disputation on the paleozoic age and the sporadic spread of the cholera germ in the poor man's beer is forgotten whilst we acquire the long disputed territory to add to Ontario's domain. But thousands are coming to the Mowat Demonstration with millions yet unheard from, and for the next few weeks the committees will rejoice, the merchants will work off old stock, the brewer put more salt in the lager and the citizen with one hand aloft and the other tight clasped on his plug of tobacco and an empty pocket book, will feel chock full of glory, and with strong breath will Hurrah for Mowat, the Boundary Award, and the Queen City's Exhibition.

LETTERS GONE ASTRAY.

DEAR G-F-F-N,—Thanks for your editorial on the Essex addresses. Yes, Blake must have written them. You say you are quite convinced of that, and no further proof is necessary. I myself think it was he who did the shameful deed. Such a display of chronic imbecility could emanate from no other source. Blake, as you very beautifully put it, has "no literary style," or any other style, for that matter. I have often asked him to have some

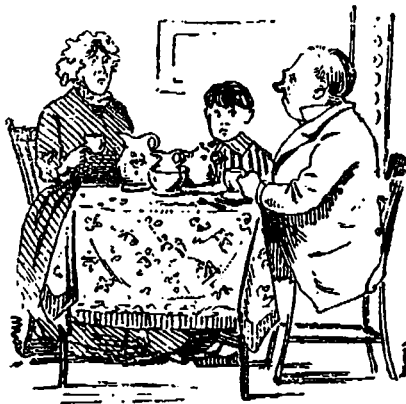
style about him, but to no purpose. The man is so hopelessly and consumingly ignorant that no person on earth can ever raise him above mediocrity. One hundred and thirty-eight words to the sentence. I couldn't make it quite so many, but as you are an expert at figures, I have no doubt your statement is perfectly correct.

But, whisper! Do you think my popularity is on the decline? I am a little anxious lest there might be some foundation for the rumors that are current to that effect. Not because the Grit papers have said it, you know. They lie knowingly and systematically, and only hit the truth by accident, as they appear to have done this time. That little tyrant, Mowat, seems to be the white-haired boy just now. It is but a little temporary breeze of popularity, however, and will soon subside. Keep the omnipotent N. P. constantly before the public and all will be well.

Yours as ever,
JOHN A.

DEAR KYLE,—I'm doing a grand and glorious work here for the cause of humanity and the Trades Benevolent Association. I'm about busted for money, though. Send me up about \$300 at once. Can't do with less. Simcoe is a big county, you know, and the people very impecunious. I was thundering mad at you for even suggesting that I was spending too much money. Spend more than the temperance people! Why, of course I do, you don't expect me to be so infernally stingy as those Scott Act fanatics, do you? Why they spend nothing, absolutely nothing. They never have to buy a man a drink; they spend nothing for bribes; they pay no \$1000 a month for orators, nor do they even offer a man a dollar for groaning at our meetings. This latter item, with us, is very important, both in its results, and in what it costs. I must have another \$300 or \$400 or surrender to the enemy. Which shall it be?

Yours sincerely,
JAYKING DODDS.



"PRESERVES."

Mr. Roundabout (who was out late last night, and wants to head off a storm by saying something nice)—We have been married twenty years, love, and you look as young as ever!

Mrs. R.—As for you, you haven't changed a particle!

Mr. R.—Not changed! how can you say that?

Mrs. R.—Because things preserved in alcohol never change!

CATARRH.—A new treatment, whereby a Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

HO! FOR THE NILE,

Major Fred. Denison's off for the Nile With a Canuck contingent for his rank and file, Thin habitans, half-breeds and brave Iroquois, Who will leave far behind them each papoose and squaw, They will show the Egyptians a very fine act, How to drag up a boat through a steep cataract, And armed with his pike-pole the raftsmen don't fear The face of an Arab or care for his spear. For have they not breasted fierce Ottawa's tides, And sang their gay songs on the St. Lawrence wide? The boys are all right and they're bound to go through If they only keep clear of the skinta-wa-boos. And when they come back from the banks of the Nile It's hoped that each voyageur has a large "pilo," And, if they succeed well perhaps Major Denison Will get wrote up in history by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

I MADE A PUN IN ENGLAND.

DEAR GRIP,—I've just returned from the Old Country—miserable old place—seems so small and poky after this "boundless continent of ours." You can't throw a stone without wounding a nobleman; the place is fairly crowded with 'em, and I was on very intimate terms with some of the aristocracy, ran short of "tin" in fact, and used to dine with His Grace Duke Humphroy pretty regularly. But the worst of those Britishers, that is, when they are on their own soil and before they get their brains oxygenated and ozoned by a trip to Canada, is their density and opaqueness in the matter of seeing a joke or a pun. As an example of this I give you a little poem descriptive of my visit to the Royal Academy, and the fearful result that ensued when I, in my effervescent manner, fired off a mild little pun. You see I hadn't time to write the pun down and put it in *italics* and explain it and introduce a column of !!!'s after it, hence the consequences.

I am very unhappy.

MY VISIT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

In my mildly contemplative way
I wandered through the picture mart,
On either side, some grave, some gay,
Hung many works of painters' art.

Full many a gem of purest ray
Serene, hung pendant from the line;
Not in dusk cavern hid away
To, unappreciated, shine.

In mildly contemplative mood
I passed along, enwrapped in thought;
Before each work I silent stood,
As contemplative critic ought.

And then methought, as backward flew
My mind to words in Holy Writ:
The men who these fair pictures drew
Have brains, indeed, with genius lit.

They are, in truth, well-favored wights,
Whose pictures hang upon these walls,
Though some in most atrocious lights
Are dimly seen within these halls.

I thought me then of scripture story,
My words outpoured I to the breeze:
"E'en Solomon in all his glory
Was not R.A.'d like one of these."

And then—

Ah! plain prose will suffice for the rest. A low-bred, contemptible, beer-muddled custodian of the place overheard me and banged me over the head with a club, and I fell to the earth, and was borne forth, and lo! D. and D. appeared against my name at Bow-street next next day.

PUSSIE'S PETITION.

TO MISS BELLE—, ST. PATRICK-STREET, TORONTO.

Most charming Miss Belle, since the Doctor my master Has told me about my dear sissie's disaster, How you fed her with milk, how you stroked her and potted her, How she ran to you mewling when anything fretted her, How a bad boy quite fit for a place that's not nice To be ever trapped down there with rats and with mice! From your guarded piazza, one terrible day, With unprincipled rudeness stole sissie away. We meet not—on earth she will purr to me never; But the Doctor—whose wife, if not good (what a pity!) Says perhaps you may keep me for your little Kittie.
C. F. M.