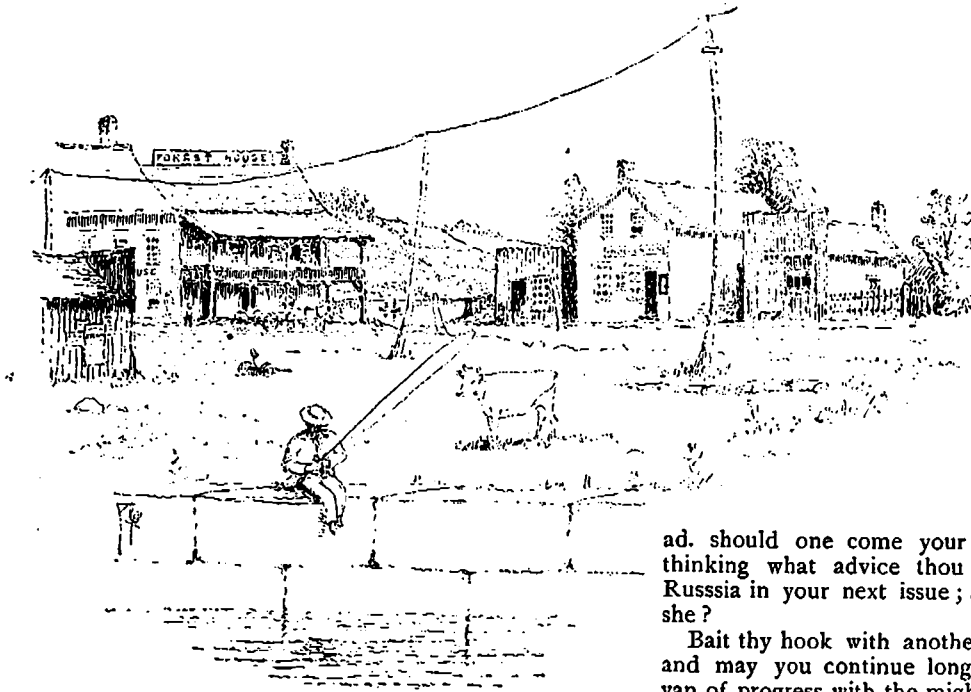


THE CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSE.



HUMAN interest ever yearns to have the actualities which surround great men put into form, so that the mind, whenever it dwells on the subject, may have something to hang itself on to. This is the reason millions of Mohamedan mortals make for Mecca. This is the reason we give the above illustration of the Home of the Journal of the Good, the True and the Beautiful. Here we see the birth-place of those great thoughts which will—some day—in the sweet come and come—revolutionize Bobcaygeon, and possibly Coboconk. The claims of Boston to be the Hub of this planet are now treated with ridicule. Bobcaygeon leads by five lengths. While there are many Bostons there is only one Bobcaygeon, thousands of Journals, but only one Bob Ind.; tens of thousands of editors, but only one Ed. Bob Ind.; hundreds of thousands of leading article writers, but only one Adolphe Smiff, Esq. This, then, is the local habitation of Canada's unique uniqueness, situated in the great square of the world's future metropolis. Notice how the telegraph wire sags with the weight of the news it has to carry to the staff. See the Bulletin Board. With a most powerful microscope you might read this notification, "Persons desirous of paying subscriptions will find the Business Manager on the Canal Bank—after Bass. Due or even over due bills can be left in the slit of the door. Persons wishing to interview the editor regarding post mortem notices, big turnips, potatoes, corns, or libels, will find him on the Canal Bank—after Bass. Persons requiring leading articles on any subject—from the evil of giving credit to the disreputable, up to the C.P.R. monopoly, will find Adolphe Smiff, Esq., the gentleman who writes our leading articles, in the back parlor of the Forest House—after Bass,—bitter.

Observe the pile of subscription cordwood lying between the butcher's shop and the Temple of the Good and the etc.—it is getting low, as winter is just slipping off the lap of spring. No doubt eggs, uncracked, will now be accepted.

On the river—the Big Bob—a peep of which is had between the Forest House and the saddlery, peacefully glides the devil, also the compositor. In the distance are the uplands from whence come Bobcaygeon's monster pumpkins. Does not the whole scene bespeak that sweet calm, that tender repose, which has ever been the environment of genius? Hail! Charles the Gentle, thou basker in the pure Bobcaygeon sunshine, thou art Independent, but not too utterly independent to sit on the coping stone of a Government canal and catch a Government maskinonge

ad. should one come your way. Thou art evidently thinking what advice thou shalt give to the Czar of Russia in your next issue; and the calf, what thinketh she?

Bait thy hook with another worm—gentle Charles—and may you continue long to keep the earth in the van of progress with the mighty lever of the Bobcaygeon Independent.

THE ELIZABETHIAN STYLE.

MR. O'DONOHUE of the Knights of Labor complains of the impertinence of the Secretary of State to a recent deputation of the horny-handed. Perhaps Mr. O'D. is not aware that the present Government is built upon the Elizabethian style of architecture. Let him make a note of the following, which we clip from the fyle of the first paper ever published in Ottawa:

MEN OF COVENTRY'S ADDRESS TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
ADDRESS.

We men of Coventry  
Are very glad to see  
Your Gracious Majesty.  
Good Lord! how fair you be!

REPLY.

Her Gracious Majesty  
Is very glad to see  
Ye men of Coventry.  
Good Lord! what fools you be!

BY THE "INTELLIGENT COMPOSITOR."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pall Mall Gazette* who has been interviewing General Boulanger describes him as having "a kindly, honest face of the bourgeois type." If this is the case an acute observer should be able to read him like a book. It is satisfactory to know that at all events he can never become a minion of despotism. Men of more sanctimonious dispositions have long primer faces, but Boulanger is not one of that kind. He has evidently succeeded in making a favorable impression. Now then come on with your stereotyped jokes about "forms," "chases," "pi" and all the rest.

A clammy feeling—bitten by a shell-fish.