



Spelling Macaulay "with a 'he'" is not really so atrocious as writing of "a historical character" and "a historical insult." Will the scholarly Griffin please observe and govern himself accordingly?

Several distinguished persons, I notice, have been travelling about *incognito*. There is King Oscar of Sweden, and Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, and—and—yes, Col. Wilkinson, Major Shield and Capt. Stinson. I would like to know what reason prompted King Oscar and Mr. Vanderbilt to "keep shady."

Mr. Blake once wished the world to understand that he did not particularly care for "a Reform party which had nothing to Reform." Now it is perhaps dawning on the brain of the Great Never Make Up Your Mind that there is such a thing as a Reform Party that does not altogether fancy a leader with nothing to lead—that is, nothing in him." At all events, the *Toronto News* has got hold of this view of the situation, and is, or ought to be, sending marked copies to Mr. Blake, with polite requests for him to subscribe.

One would not think a second of time amounted to much and yet the whole sporting world is just now absorbed in the contemplation of one quarter of that period, as associated with the trotting record of the times. Maud S. boasted a record of 2.10½, which Jay-Eye-See made the even 2.10. Not to be outdone by a rival with such a nonsensical name, Maud ambled over the course in 2.09¾, casually observing, "Jay, I see you doing that—in your mind." If these two keep at it the danger will be that presently they will be able to so crowd the scorer for time that he will be obliged to use shorthand in chalking the scores. Just what difference it makes for one horse to trot a mile a quarter of a second quicker than another horse, I am not at this particular moment prepared to say, but of course I have never yet had to rush through a lot of work in a quarter of a second, and so I am not a good authority. Yet, if I owned a horse that wanted to climb over the road at a 2.09¾ gait, I think I would elect to get out and walk or else take chances of being kicked to death behind a yoke of oxen.

I was reading the other day the experiences of an auctioneer who had in an unguarded moment unbosomed himself of his professional duties and responsibilities to a sympathizing and sagacious reporter—of course I do not mean what the auctioneer experienced *after* he had unbosomed himself, and the reporter, with the aid of the funny man of the staff, had availed himself pretty fully of the narrative. Among other requisites to success in the business, which the auctioneer dwelt on, were the attributes—Patience and Forbearance. The absolute need of these virtues to a good Knight of the Knock-Down did not properly impress itself on me until I had seen the picture and biographical sketch of Auctioneer Ryan in one of your contemporaries a few days afterwards, and then I made up my mind that some auctioneers, at least, required to carry their

patience and forbearance with them in their every relation in life. Whether Mr. Ryan, as the artist sketched him, was putting up a stove or had just come back from camping out with Nicholas Murphy of Ashbridge's Bay, I am not quite sure; but I guess the full facts will be elicited when the hearing of the libel suit comes off. My private opinion is that the biography must bear its share of responsibility for the suit.

Comets are said by scientists to bear an intimate relation to plagues and pestilences, wars, crop failures and other national calamities, which they aver are always associated with some of these visitations, according to the sign of the zodiac in which the comet is located. It is satisfactory to know that comets are really good for something besides growing long but disgustingly unsubstantial tails; because the knowledge relieves one of the impression that the wood-sawing industry is being shamefully neglected in order to recruit the ranks of people who sit up on roofs at night boring holes in the sky in their anxiety to discover new comets. It is a singular thing to me that our own Astronomer Royal, Moses Blake Oates, has not before this time made some of his brand of comets tally with the Bribery Business, *Mail* editorial, new patent medicines, the bye-elections, or some other of these lately occurring Canadian catastrophes. I fear that Prof. Oates is not doing his comets, to say nothing of himself, justice, in this matter. I shall make it my business to enquire of this distinguished *savant* and weather guide if there is really anything more the matter with his comets than being a trifle off color and a little below standard size.



Even in his retirement they will not let Sir Charles Tupper alone. The Prince of Wales has actually had the audacity to ask our Commissioner to allow him to recommend him as a Royal Commissioner to the Indian Colonial Exhibition of 1886, of which His Royal Highness will be President. No doubt Sir Charles, with his easy-going nature, will accede, and yet he knows right well the trip comes on just in the middle of the fishing season and within a few days of the time that he ought to play off that game of billiards with Lord Keranoosle. I tell you the only way in which Sir Charles can get a real rest will be for him to pack up a month's provisions in a bag and take to the woods.

The *Globe* never fails to impress on its trusted readers—or rather its trusting readers, for of course no one expects credit when a beautiful watch is thrown in with a year's subscription—that it builds its editorial fabrics on the solid *substrata* of refrigerated facts. There are various theories as to the necessity, not to mention the utility, of these reiterated assurances of good faith, none of which, of course, presuppose any doubt on the part of the readers as to the perfectly good intentions of the editor. But without singling out any

particularly likely one for adoption, for fear that injustice might be done—say, to some of the readers—I beg to repeat the statement that the *Globe* will furnish satisfactory references for its opinions, or no charge; and here is a case in point: At the Kingsville political tea-party, the other day, the editor impressively says:—"In the *cortège* an intelligent man counted 2700 persons." Now any other paper would have satisfied itself with the count by its reporter, not so the *Globe*, which must have and *did* have the figures of "an intelligent man."



We are being ground down under the iron heel of the despotic butcher. The high price of meat is a problem which every one is vainly trying to solve, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of solvency—on the part of heads of families whose members eat flesh three times a day, and who consequently see gaunt ruin staring them in the face. The only publicly advanced theory is that of an *Evening News* reporter to whom "a prominent butcher" confided the awful secret that dear meat was due to the fact of there being "too many men in the business," all of whom had to get a living, which they did by buying low from the farmers and selling high to the consumers. This is a diagnosis of the case that really never occurred to me before, and probably would never have struck the reporter only for the "prominent butcher." You will notice that the theory thus presented completely annihilates Free Trade *doctrinaires*, who labor so hard to prove that over-competition reduces prices. The only remedy then for the extortion to which meat eaters are subjected seems to be to kill off some of our butchers and make it a penal offence for any more persons to embark in the business during a certain time to come. As for the theorizing butcher, some fitting testimonial ought to be made him as a recognition of his keen sagacity and disinterested concern for the public weal, so to speak. That is, of course, always supposing he is not a sausage maker who, this not being the season for stuffing sausages, was keeping his hand in on the reporter.

If Mr. Mowat is not to-day a very proud man it is because he has not been hearing news about town lately. The People of his Province are going to honor him in a public way, I may as well inform him right here. They are going to pile upon him the Pelion of a Park Demonstration on the Ossa of a Banquet, or rather it is the Ossa on the Pelion. Some public men buy and pay for their demonstrations; others have demonstrations unnecessarily thrust on them, and others deserve demonstrations. The Ontario Premier belongs to the last-named class. If he is not entitled to a banquet, you had better abolish banquets. And he can stand one. In the first place, he is a lawyer, and we all know a lawyer can stand anything. In the second place, he has tasted his digestion at political pic-nics, and it stood the strain which no ban-