



TOO FRESH!

Wife.—Well, John, is there anything particularly rich in the paper this morning?  
 John.—Eh! I should say there rather was. Why, here's a paragraph saying that the Princess is going to return to Canada, and it's under the head of *News!*



ANOTHER VILE ATTACK ON BLAKE.

MR. GRIP, SIR:—I write to ask you, as the recognized censor of the press, to denounce in the most emphatic manner the *Mail's* latest slander against Edward Blake. The atrocious attack to which I allude, sir, was contained in an article which appeared last Monday. It was the meanest sort of an attack, namely, a covert one. The writer thus adds cowardice to wickedness and doubly deserves your lash. The particular words to which I would call attention were to the effect that Mr. Blake had of late engaged in bootless meanderings through the Maritime Provinces. Sir, this is a deliberate misstatement—a calumny more vile if possible than anything the *Mail* has yet published. Even in its former villainous articles in which it described the hon. and learned gentleman as a Bad Man it did not go so far as to insinuate that he was bootless. And, sir, I know the contrary to be the case. I have had the honour of accompanying Mr. Blake throughout his tour in the humble capacity of official bottle-holder, and I can aver on my personal honour that Mr. Blake invariably appeared in public with his boots on, though I am free to confess he never went to bed with them on, as certain celebrated Conservative leaders have been known to do. I ask you, on behalf of the great Liberal party,

to see that this lie is taken back. If you don't I will simply take the law in my own hands, and the first time I meet that *Mail* Editor on King street—well, he'll not be bootless when we part.

Yours,  
 Tom Towser,

A Birdseye View of London.

DEAR GRIP:—The great aim of a city is to be a centre. London is a centre, and it is her agricultural circumference that has sent her ahead. The folks who live in this focus say she is the capital centre of Western Ontario, which is a capital thing for the peninsula.

There is a great deal of refinement here, as London is the seat of the refined oil business. On account of their ologinous enterprise, one would think that many of the business men must have a fat thing of it, and be very slippery fellows, but their slippers are no larger than No. 9 and they are all pretty well healed.

Every city is proud of its public buildings. No one who is not crazy visits London without going to see the Lunatic Asylum, and those that are crazy have to go there anyhow. It is one of the largest on the continent, but there are not as many Londoners in it as one might imagine—they keep the institution to accommodate their neighbors. The brow of the city is adorned with two imposing temples, although no one is imposed upon by them. One is the new Masonic Temple containing a fine Opera House, the other the Oddfellows' Hall, which is not quite even with the other Temple. Then there is Victoria Hall (she's a daisy) owned by the Y. M. C. A., the Mechanics' Institute, the Episcopal Cathedral, the Queen's Avenue Methodist Church, and in course of erection a Roman Catholic Cathedral and a Baptist Church. There are numbers of hay-ricks in the vicinity of London, and the city is the seat of two bishoprics. These sees are seldom ruffled by storms, the ruffles are on the bishops' gowns and vestments. The Protestant Bishop is Right Rev. Dr. Hellmuth (whose name is a terror to sinners), and the Catholic Bishop is Right Rev. Dr. Walsh. There are also a handsome Post Office, Custom House, and Court House. In fact London has as many and as fine public buildings as any other place of its size anywhere, and doesn't care who knows it.

No young Londoner need be a dunce except he is born one. The schools are many, and among the higher institutions of learning are the Hellmuth Ladies' College, the Huron Episcopal College, and next month will be inaugurated the Western University.

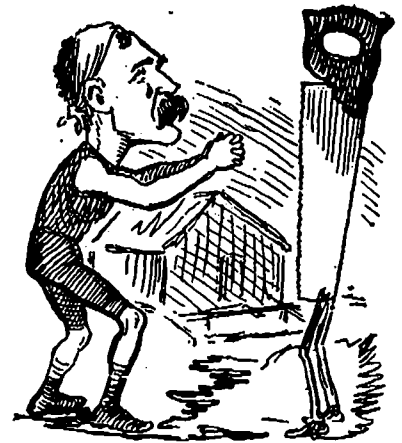
London has an excellent system of water-works. There is usually a river here called the Thames, but at this writing it is hard to find much of it except its bed, and that has but a scant sheet of water. If rain does not fall soon it is thought the City Council will have to hire E. N. MacEvoy to paint some water for them. The water-works supply the city with spring water, but the springs can't be wound up so as to send the water up town, and as the river has gone for a vacation the City Fathers are going to raise water by steam, and it is to be hoped they will have a good crop.

The streets in the eastern part of the city are praised for their wide area, but the air is no wider there than it is in the other part of the town. The streets are very wide, however, are adorned with trees, and fine residences abound, though I have not seen any of them bound yet.

The newspaper men here are said to be lynx-eyed, because, I suppose, they are smarter than chain lightning. They are a mighty good set of fellows and know how to use a man. The *Free Press*, *Advertiser*, and *Evening Herald* have each a large circulation and are ably conducted.

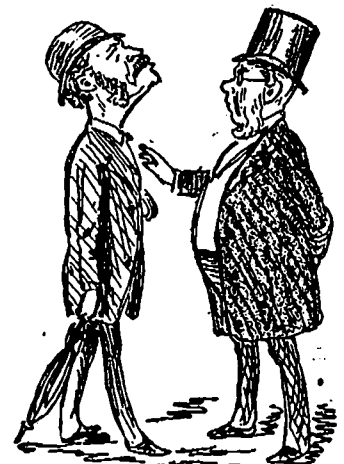
The forthcoming Provincial Exhibition is expected to exceed in excellence every fair of the kind everywhere. Everything is put off until after

the show, except marriages and funerals. I'll give you some more about London next week—perhaps.  
 JON.



COURTNEY'S ADDRESS TO HIS SAW

O, friend as true as steel,  
 To thee I make my grievous lamentation.  
 I've been cleaned out in this jumped-up Regatta,  
 Heaten by Ross, the gander-shanked Canadian,  
 And likewise Conly, youth unknown to oarsmen:  
 I feel cut up, and O, I only wish  
 My shell had felt that way before we started!  
 Had I but thought of thee, most trusty weapon,  
 And in the dead of night crept to my boat house  
 And with thy trusty blade ripped my outrigger,  
 I'd not have been so melancholy now!  
 O, why was I so fresh? Why did I start?  
 How came it that my usual cunning failed,  
 And I did not get sick before the race  
 And swager when 'twas past and tell abroad  
 The great things I would do some other day?  
 Why didn't some one at my boarding house—  
 Some pal from Silver Lake in neat disguise—  
 Administer to unsuspecting me  
 Some poison-vile in form of boarders' butter?  
 Or having started in the race, O why  
 Did I not have things fixed so that my shell  
 Should catch upon a wire, or else capsize,  
 Or why did I not break an oar or two?  
 Alas! I know not! 'Twas the hand of Fate!  
 'Tis too late now to blubber o'er spilt milk,  
 My game is up, no longer can I swell,  
 And give mysterious hints of untold speed,  
 To keep the Yankee nation at my back,  
 I've given myself away; farewell old friend,  
 A sadder day than this I never saw!



RECOGNITION AT LAST.

Personal Friend.—May I enquire, Mr. Phipps, why this self-satisfied, not to say pompous and vain, deportment on your part?  
 Mr. P.—I am astonished, sir, that you are not aware that the London *Times*, in a recent issue, stated that Canada was producing intellectual work really worthy of notice!