

never mind : offer him a quid* ; that'll make it all right."

The Princess, adding her persuasions to those of her genial husband, I was compelled to accompany the illustrious pair to Buckingham Palace, arrived at which place we alighted; Albert E. remarking as we did so :

"By Jove! this is a great event. GRIP, old chap, we'll make a night of it," and leaving me to accompany the Princess to one of the magnificent drawing-rooms, he rushed away to give his head butler some instructions. —S.

(To be continued.)



SUMMER PHENOMENA.

NO. III.—THE BOY.

This time it is the boy. I don't mean that nice, pale, spruce, and extremely proper young man in blue serge knickerbocker suit, natty felt hat, and spotless collars and cuffs, who is bathed regularly by nursemaids, and whose boots are brushed by the hired girl—oh, no! no, no! not by a long way—I could not fancy such a one among my summer phenomena. The boy I speak of is the ubiquitous, always-in-the-way, never-to-be-found-when-wanted, genuine - self-respecting - self-dependent, specimen brick of a boy.

The boy who has a knack of arranging his toilet to suit himself and his own peculiar individuality, who discards suspenders and girds up his loins with a belt after a fashion of his own, who would just like to see the girl who would attempt to wash him, who took first prize in his class at school last exams., and who has now turned himself loose to pasture, and a good time generally during the holidays. He is all over, this specimen—you will find him sitting astride a fence—or squat on some lonely sidewalk—waiting for "them other fellows." They are going for a swim, either to the bay, three miles distant, or to the adjacent creek—a perennial rivulet which they will dam up at an expense of one hour's hard labor and the sweat, not only of their brows, but of their entire bodies. Our boy will then strip and sit in a nude condition on the brink, a cow-breakfast on his head, and a halo of mosquitoes around the rim—waiting for the waters to gather and fill the dam. His shoulders freckle—his back reddens, it will be blistered—and his mother will soothe it with vaseline to-morrow, but still he waits—it is not full enough yet, no fellow could take a decent header there yet—but when his second skin is well nigh broiled, he suddenly rises, stretches himself, throws his hat on the grass, folds his palms and—splash! he disappears in the limpid pool. Gemini! ain't it cold, that spring water?

Now, according to all hygienic laws, our boy's funeral ought to take place the day after to-morrow, but it won't; the proverbial nine lives of a cat are but as nine drops in a bucket

* "Quid"—a sovereign.

compared to the all but indestructible vitality of this boy; we have known him rotate forty-five times without halting, "muscle grinding," over a hickory pole, and forthwith go in swimming five times in succession that very afternoon. No! he is danger-proof—he is like a snake, he won't die till sunset, and believe me, the sunset of life will be far advanced ere the man of whom this boy is the father will give up the ghost. So with a sob and a shiver he dashes the water out of his eyes, slaps himself all over, and comes up to the bank to perch with the intention of warming himself in the sun, but he is scarcely seated when a companion from behind tips him suddenly headlong into the pool again. Up he comes, gurgling and glancing wildly around for the author of his misfortune, and presently discerns a nude figure grinning behind a tree with eyes dancing. He gives chase—he is bound to get even with that fellow—and he does, for in an evil moment the offender takes to the plank across the edge of the pool, and from there is tipped satisfactorily into the water—where he is followed by his pursuer, and now together they swim—and race about on the grass, until they are warm once more, when they plunge in again, this being repeated till our hero suddenly becomes preternaturally grave, serious beyond his years, and conscious of a yawning abyss in his interior. A squeamishness like a shadowy hand lays hold on him, he thinks of death, and then remembers that he has forgotten to go home to dinner, realizes that it is hunger, not death that is gnawing at his vitals. How the thought of that dinner, which he knows mother has saved for him, cheers his flagging spirits—he is almost himself again, and invites his friend home with him to share it and see his "new lop-ear." For be it known this boy of ours has rabbits, white pink-eyes, and black lop-ears, pigeons, a dog, and two cats; without these his life would be incomplete. The way home is hot and dusty, but the road is wonderfully shortened by the dandelions for the bunnies they find by the wayside, the catnip over which Tom and Purry will hold no end of a picnic, and the seeds they gather for the birds. He arrives home with his arms full, and unconscious of any unusual exertion, or any inconvenience whatever until after dinner when mother asks him if there is enough wood split in the woodshed. Ah! then what a sensation of fatigue comes over him; all at once he is impressed with the extreme heat of the weather—he feels all broken up, really he is sure that ten minutes' wood-splitting would paralyze him for the remainder of his natural life. Mother has pity on his too evident exhaustion, and tells him he can do it in the cool of the evening, when, greatly relieved, he retires to the backyard to exhibit his domestic menagerie to his friend. A pleasant surprise awaits him—his pink-eyed doe sits meekly in her house keeping watch over seven little rabbits! This necessitates the building of another hutch, which he sets about making *instantly*, his mother's ears being astonished by the sound of sawing, hammering, nailing; till, looking out, she beholds her exhausted and utterly prostrate son, working with as much vim as though he had been out on strike all summer, and was making up for lost time, at piece-work. "Oh! these boys," she laughs softly to herself.

In a casual way his friend tells him the circus is coming in to-night. The circus! It was as if he had got an electric shock. The circus! with all the lions and tigers and elephants and monkeys! oh! won't his friend help him through with this hutch—well—no—never mind, the young ones won't be ready for six weeks yet anyhow—so pack away the tools and ho! for the station, on time to see the animals come in! He gets his heart's desire, sees them land, sees the tents up, and at 10 p.m. arrives home famishing for his supper,

which he gets and eats, while he relates all about the wild beasts. Shortly afterwards he retires in order to be up in time to be over at the grounds bright and early. Fatigue?—no! he is one of the summer phenomena whose intentness on some pursuit renders them oblivious as well as independent of atmospheric influences. With eye fixed on the goal they push on through all weathers, conquering and to conquer.

There are mothers who look aghast on such a boy life as this, but this boy's mother don't—she knows that here indeed the world with its formalities and conventionalities is well lost—that he is continually busy, that his life is full to overflowing with genuine healthy enjoyment, that he has not an idle moment to spare to the devil, that the energy, the perseverance, the phenomenal vigor which propels him, is but an indication of the way in which, later on, he will pursue worthy objects, and achieve nobler deeds. But what about the kindling wood—that domestic duty undone? oh! oh! now be charitable;—kindling wood! when there are lions and tigers and elephants about? go to! besides, we are not sketching a goody, goody boy, but a genuine one, whose mother, guide, counsellor, and friend—is—er—is not supposed to be capable of exercising the right of franchise—and—er—and if she did, would certainly always vote for the wrong party.

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THE SUMMER EXODUS.

REFLECTIONS OF A BOHEMIAN.

Now the Browns, who've lots of boodle,
With trunks, and maid, and pug and poodle,
All move off 'mid great commotion,
They are bound across the ocean;
Probably they'll take a tour up
Mystic Rhine, and do all Europe,
From Rome to Edinboro' town—
How I wish that I was Brown!

Now the Joneses, not so wealthy
As the Browns, say it's more healthy
To pass the summer months away
At Orchard Beach or Sagunay;
You can sit there calm and pensive—
Besides, it's not half so expensive
As your Danubes, Rhines, and Rhones.
Upon my word, I envy Jones!

Robinson, *paterfamilias*,
Fancies he is rather bilious;
He's a little cash to spare,
Thinks he'll take the cool, fresh air.
To long trips he's great abhorrence,
So he thinks the wide St. Lawrence
With Thousand Isles to gaze upon,
Is far enough for Robinson.

Now young Smith, though high in notion,
Can't afford to cross the ocean,
Can't afford e'en Sagunay,
For his bank grants him small pay;
So he dons a corsair rig
Like Sallee rover in full rig,
And stead of tramping foreign strands
Pitches tent on Island sands.

Thus we see a clear gradation,
From the wealthy in high station,
With lots of cash, and free from work,
To the lowly banker's clerk;
Yet, perhaps, young Smith now pities
From his lair filled with muskittles,
The poor man such as swires—well,
Every one can't be a swell!

—B.

Now that we are in the "heated term" a Crash Coat and Vest, or else of Alpaca Wool, will have the effect of alleviating the distress, and R. WALKER & SONS do them the best.