

It is Cooler.

WHAT was the happiness of mortals, what their delight, how great their enjoyment, when the weather changed. How much greater was that of GRIP, far superior in strength of joy and sorrow to ordinary beings! He had been fried, frizzled, boiled, roasted, steamed, burnt, gridironed. The sun had done him to a crisp; the hot wave of the simoon which for weeks rolled over Toronto had parched him to a shadow. It grew cool. He revived; he expanded; he lived. Once again for him the bell rang for dinner; once more it was of use to spread him breakfast in a shady spot. He had collapsed; he was useless; he could do nothing. He is swelling visibly, he is brimming over with pictures, with poems, with delightful dramas, burlesques, *jeux d'esprit*. They shall all shortly appear. Subscribe.

Dizzy to the Queen.

VICTORIA, weave no wreath for me
Or weave it of my Cypress tree.
Wait till a few brief months are past
And I have humbly given you my last.

Oh had but GLADSTONE ruled the work,
And we ourselves repressed the Turk;
Had we the Christian rescuers been,
Come Russ or Turk, we stood to win.

But ah, for us, the ones in place,
To list to Outs were blank disgrace.
No, no, the world may sink in night,
Ere we from Lib'ral learn what's right.

What have we now?—why Russia's got
What we declared still she should not.
We feared in Asia her advance,
And there we've giv'n her every chance.

Our Indian territories lay
In fear, we shouted, of her sway,
She such possessions held before.
Alas, she's doubled them and more!

The Turk, we swore, we'd keep intact.
Alas, he's all to pieces cracked!
Divided all his goods and pelf—
The om'nous Cypress for ourself.

His Cyprus Cypress now shall be,
My glory's black funeral tree—
Well if of Britain it be not
Her hatchment when she's gone to pot.

Then, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of my Cypress tree.
When some few months their course have run
You'll see what 'tis I've been and done.

The Montreal Uncommercial Traveller.

THE WEST, July 30.

Messrs. Orange, Green & Co.,
Merchants, Montreal.

DEAR BOSSES:—It's no use; it is played out; we can't do any more business in this locality; the 12th of July has done the business for us. I am strapped. I am coming home on the next freight train, having arranged to be smuggled aboard by a good Samaritan brakeman, who thus befriends me on condition that I shall take the first opportunity to assault BEAUDRY when I arrive. It is now two weeks since I bade you an affectionate farewell, and I need not assure you that I have worked hard every day since. But as I remarked in the outset, it's no use. I haven't done a cent's worth of business, and have got away with the \$700 you gave me, in treats and other necessary expenses. The first customers I struck, were BLUDGEON & Co., our old friends in Belleville. I entered their establishment in my usual genial, smiling manner—the manner which has won for me the reputation of being the best salesman on the road. Old BLUDGEON himself met me, and I was immediately struck with his changed manner. Gentlemen, he met me coldly. He saluted me with a tremendous scowl, and pointed his fat finger to the door, without saying a word. I stopped, and gazed into his face with an enquiring expression of countenance. We stood thus facing each other for perhaps an hour or so, and then the old man gave a peculiar, low whistle. A powerful looking porter instantaneously appeared, and the next thing that I remember is gathering myself and my samples together from the road in front of BLUDGEON & Co's, and hearing words to this effect, "We'll dale no more wid Monthrchall, or anny city that

wud call in the army to defend thim blaggards av Orangemin!" I was ill for a couple of days after this little fall out. Enclosed you will find a small medical account. I left Belleville, with my feelings and my back much hurt, and next arrived at Kingston. Here I felt sure of at least Christian treatment. I had only one firm to call on—that of BOYNE & DERRY, a house that has always received me with marked kindness. I made my call at a convenient hour in the forenoon, but was surprised to find no person in the office. Expecting the proprietors in shortly, I leaned comfortably against the counter and wiled away the time with a copy of the *Daily News*. I cannot say how long I had been there, for in fact I had fallen asleep, but I know I was rudely aroused by receiving a succession of the most stunning kicks from the rear. The infuriated individuals who had attacked me—it was BOYNE and DERRY themselves I afterwards discovered—gave me no time to recover myself, but ejected me clean from their premises in this humiliating and painful manner, accompanying their atrocious assaults with profane expressions, and vows that they would never more do business with any firm located in a city that "trampled on the civil and religious liberty av the loyal British subject, an was ruled be such a wretch as BEAUDRY an his mob av cut-throat jail-birds."

But why need I detail my persecutions further. Suffice it to say that my commercial experience for the entire fortnight was just a repetition of this treatment three or four times a day. And not only in my business capacity did I suffer, but in every other way. It was in vain that I placed my boots in the hall to be blacked, on retiring at night. I always found them in the morning just as I left them, for the boys got wind of the fact that I was from Montreal. The waiter-girls in the dining-room also grew cold towards me, and never noticed my smiles as they used to before the 12th of July. My private friends in the various towns cut me dead, and the young ladies—even that one in Napanee—passed me by with scorn in the public street. I never ventured out to church on Sundays, for fear the pastor should point me out to illustrate his sermon on the degeneracy of Montreal. I return home, gentlemen, broken in spirit, in pocket, and in bones; never more to go on the road as the representative of your house. And in conclusion let me say most emphatically that a Move has got to be made in this matter; somebody will have to move, either the British Constitution, Mayor BEAUDRY, or the firm of ORANGE, GREEN & Co.

YOUR WRETCHED TRAVELLER.

The Amphitheatre.

Oh, come to the wooden erection they've made
And hear them discussing the question of trade,
If JOHN A. or MACKENZIE, the Out and the In,
Are the soundest on question of making of tin.

Now, the worst of the business, as all of you see
Is, a question of trade it's got too much to be,
Not the trade of the country, however, at all
But the traffic in offices greater or small.

If the men would come forward—the men whom we know
Can't be purchased by office or salary, though
They were doubled or trebled, why Canada then
Would believe in trade questions discussed by such men.

But the worst of it is, though such men we may know,
All the grabbers around scarcely give them a show,
And the question of trade is too often, good friends,
A mere trading for office and personal ends.



A BRIGHT POLITICAL LIGHT.—T. A. R. LAFLAMME.

If you challenge NEDDY HANLAN to a friendly contest, and NEDDY gets ahead—as is his usual custom—you should take it in good part, dear WALLACE,—there is no use falling out about it.

MR. BOUITBEE talks about the people cogitating the National Policy "down in their thinking bosoms." A violent Free Trade humorist suggests that the Policy has proved too much for their heads.

THEY were going to murder HANLAN at Torryburn the other day because the water was rough and the boat-race had to be postponed. This was very unreasonably. Poor HANLAN couldn't help it. The people of New Brunswick should remember that the Grit Government exercise authority in that section as well as here; and are responsible for the weather as long as they hold the reins.