

MAC.—Aweel! you gran' being a footman! I thought he was a Duke! But you really ar a ledlyship ain't ye?

LADY D. S.—Oh! yes, my father is a marquis. But I thought you chiefs never went abroad except in paint and feathers and tomahawk.

MAC.—Hoot, missy, I calculate ye're thinking o' the Injins.

LADY D. S.—I thought you were all Indians in Canada, and scalped one another, and eat one another up!

MAC.—Eh! my little Venus, I'm fearin, ye ken but little o' oor magnificent Dominion. [*Sings*,—"Away with melancholy!"]

LADY D. S.—But I'm sure I've read, or heard of Indians. Hae they been exterminated, or emigrated?

MAC.—Weel, ye ken my pretty one, we dinna ca' it extermination. We put it that they "have faded away before the gran' march o' civilization, an' Christianity." One way the pair boddies are gane maistly—an such o' them as are left, are on what we term reservations. [*To footman with tray*]:—"Thank ye kindly sir—wi a' my heart." Your ledlyships vera gude health, an here's wishin I was single for your sake. *Sings*:—"Then merrily, merrily sing, fal, la!"

LADY D. S.—That would be jolly.

MAC.—But i' faith, my tulip, I shall enjoy myself, an' have a high old spree now I've got away from BROWN. [*Sings*]:—"Then what's the use of sighing." Do you think my dear, your mither wad object to my driving you to Richmond to-morrow?

LADY D. S.—I do not suppose she would if you can give her unimpeachable references.

MAC.—Weel, I dinna ken mony folk here [*Aside*. There's old Brown's man in Cheapside—an then there's JENKINS.] Ye ken a person by the name of Jenkins, may be?

LADY D. S.—A washerwoman?

MAC.—Nae, a man; wrote "Lord BANTAM" my dear, an' "Ginx's Baby."

LADY D. S.—Never heard of them.

MAC.—Weel my birdie—ye don't mind me callin' ye birdie?

LADY D. S.—Not at all. It sounds nice.

MAC.—Or, dearie.

LADY D. S.—That sounds nicer still.

MAC.—Ye're jist the jolliest girl I ever met. If the Cheapside man will nae do, I'll go to Ginx for a reference. Ye wad na need to bring ony sandwiches wi ye, or ony thing o' that sort, if the old woman lets you oot, as I've lots of money. [*Aside*. Charge it all to dusters in the public accounts. Ha! ha!]

LADY D. S.—Oh! delightful! I do dislike carrying sandwiches, or roly-polies in my pocket. I'm always so afraid of sitting on them. You smoke I suppose, ALICK? I do. You won't mind me calling you ALICK, old fellow?

MAC.—Mind it! It's enchatnin! I canna smoke without being puirly, but I'll try again for your sake. If the old woman says "nae," ye can just slip oot, and sa ye're gaun to the National Gallery, or to meetin. [*To footman*. "Yes, ain mair glass."]

LADY D. S.—The Gallery is closed, and we have no meetings on week days. But our cook would let me into the coal cellar, and I could come up outside, through the grid, when nobody was looking. But about Canada. As I understood you, ALICK, after the Indians had dissolved the whites took their places?

MAC.—Just so. "The earth belongeth to the saints," my dear.

LADY D. S.—And the saints in this case were St. GEORGE, St. PATRICK, and St. ANDREW!

MAC.—Ha! Ha! vera gude! [*To footman*—"Certainly—the last was only half full." I'm thinkin Briggs couldna beat that. You've may-be heard of Briggs—Jinnuel Briggs—graduate of Coboconk's great University. I wad like you to read Briggs, my rosebud, an to hear me in the Hloos. I'm vera weel worth hearin' mysel. [*Sings* "A roysterer gay I'll be." Wad ye my dearie like a waltz? I niver tried that sort of merry-go-round, but I doubt not I could do it. [*Stands up unsteadily*.]

LADY D. S.—I would like it exceedingly, but for a cramp in my foot. What do you think of London.

MAC. (*Sitting down*).—Hech! my birdie, but its an awsome bit. The streets jist like hedge-raws, an' the kirk-steeple like poplar-trees. An' then the fouk as thrang on the planetanes on a week-day as if a' the kirks were emptyin' at ance. Then the ships a' croodin on ane anither, an' the noise o' men, an' the thunder of carriages—but after a' England's ainly sma' tatties to compare wi' Canada. [*Shouts to footman*. "Hi! hi! time to set 'em up again!"] Eh, my dear, but I feel as spry as a young gobbler. Whilk, I may explain, is the name given bi these pair daft injuns to the Turkey bird. But aboot Canada, my dearie, [*Pulls out paper*,] here are some interestin' stateestics.—Nae, nae, this is Brown's "Instructions how to behave yourself at the Palace." Oh! here they are, wad ye like maist to hear aboot oor shippin' an' forests, oor labour market, rate of wages, climate, agricultural capabilities, municipal institutions, oil wells, mines an minerals, roads, canals,—

LADY D. S.—What a pity, I see my aunt is beckoning—

MAC.—Railways, public works, banks, commerce, currency, cost of clearing wild land, roughing it in the bush, and puttin' in your first crop in Muskoka.—

LADY D. S.—Yes, my aunt is certainly—

MAC.—Our lands are the most fruitfu' in the world, ["Thank ye sir, I'll na refuse."] Our forests are inexhaustible; our area is beyond computation; our coal measures are,—but in short, dearie, you may just bet on it we are destined at no distant date to absorb and support aboot 450 millions of the human race. Oor Jenkins will tell you a' aboot it, gin ye wad like to emigrate, an' gin ye have a little capital, ye ken, there's Pardee—

LADY D. S.—A thousand thanks! I think I really must come and see you in Canada.

MAC.—An ye won't mention to Mrs. — [*whispers*.]

LADY D. S.—Not a syllable! you'll bring mamma the Testimonial to-morrow.

MAC.—Without fail, my dearie.

LADY D. S.—And keep your eye on the coal-grid, ALICK.

MAC.—Like a weasel. [*Lady D. S. runs off to her aunt, and MAC. is shortly afterwards assisted into a cab by an attendant, singing "Till day-light doth appear."*]

### The Mayor Goes Out to Dinner.

Across the briny ocean, to attend a banquet rare,  
As Toronto's representative, goes her venerable Mayor.  
His little trip will prove of course expensive to the town,  
And as useful as the missions of EDGAR and of BROWN.

The *Globe* objects to send him, because his "toes is square,"  
But some one else's feet not very ornamental were.  
We hope he'll do his duty, and not come back much thinner,  
As the object of his mission is to go and eat his dinner.

Now what did BROWN and EDGAR and McDUGALL do, when they  
Were sent on foreign missions in a most expensive way?  
They nothing did; but MEDCALF may be trusted when he's there,  
To put away the turtle-soup like a real old British Mayor.

He'll hand around the loving cup with the Mayors of other towns,  
Resplendent in their gilded chains and ornamental gowns.  
They are certain to admire him, and it's pretty sure that each  
Will hammer on the table, when His Worship makes a speech.

And while he's off across the sea, for this trip of relaxation,  
He leaves our old friend BAXTER to control the Corporation.  
(A duty he's well formed to do,) but GRIP would jist remark,  
"JOHN BAXTER, if you please or not, we mean to have that Park."

### Croaks and Decks

The Mayor of Toronto's 12th of July speech in the Queen's Park, having been telegraphed to the Vatican, the POPE immediately sent in his resignation. Like Mr. C—— it has not been accepted.

An enterprising artist exhibits a photograph in IRVING'S window, entitled "A volcano from the outside." It is very picturesque, but what we would like to get is a view of one from the inside.

The new Canadian work of humor "JOE RYMAL'S Jest Book" will shortly appear. In addition to many original humorisms, some novel selections are promised by the able wielder of the *Mail* office scissors.

The rumors of Mr. JENKINS'S resignation as Agent General are due to his somewhat pardonable impatience when he heard that Messrs. MACKENZIE & BROWN were coming to London. He doesn't know that Mr. MEDCALF is on the road. Ha! Ha!

It is not given to ordinary mortals to be able to completely satisfy the demands of opposing parties. Yet the Quebec electors have done this—may more. They have given a majority to both sides. That is if our dear *Globe* and *Mail* are to be believed. Could we doubt their words? Impossible.

The *National* recommends the Canada First people, whom it has recommended, to eat grasshoppers. The *Whitby Chronicle* recommends chickens to eat potatoe bugs. But we don't hear that either of our contemporaries is disposed to set the example of insect eating, the nearest approach to it being eating their own words, of which the *National* lately made a square meal.

GRIP conveys his congratulations to the Orangeman who so nobly undertook the suppression of a vast abuse by attempting the destruction of an organ-grinder on the 12th of MACAULAY. At the same time he would point out to this patriotic and well-meaning gentleman that his zeal was somewhat misplaced. Had he entirely annihilated the grinder, the infernal instrument of torture would have remained, ready to give forth its hideous strains at the touch of another hand. What he should have done was to destroy the organ. After that, if he liked to erect a funeral pile with the pieces and roast the grinder thereat, he might have satiated his vengeance fully. As it is, the disloyal and irreligious airs of "Garryowen" and "Patrick's Day" yet remain on the barrel, ready to insult the pious, glorious, and immortal memory of KING WILLIAM a year hence.