

Ursa the Bear Hunter.

A STORY OF THE WILDS OF CANADA.

"Why, Major Ursa! can this be you? You're looking as brown as a berry, where in the name of all that's wonderful have you been for this ago?"

This question was asked by Lady Brabazon de Wiggle of the Honourable Hector Bruno Ursa, a Major in H. M. Horse Guards (Blue), as she sat in the aesthetically appointed boudoir of her Belgravian mansion. "Have you been to South Africa among those dreadful Boers?"

"Well, no," replied the Mayor. "Quite the contrary, I've been to Canada bear hunting, ye know."

"Bear hunting! gracious me, how interesting! Do sit down and relate some of your thrilling exploits, for you must have had some strange adventures among the forests of that lone land."

"Yaas," said the Mayor "I had a stwange adventwah, vewy stwange indeed. Ye see, last year, Felix O'Mulligan (son of Lord Castlepochem) and I, felt owahselves wathaw bawed beah in London, and Felix pwoposed that we should go to Amewica and hunt beahs. Ye see this was wathaw an owiginal ideah. Plenty fellahs having gone to distant pwaiwics in quest of Buffaloes, and all that sort of thing, and it is now wegawded as somewhat commonplace and vulgeh, so we concluded to twy Canada, as we heard that countwy 'was vewy celebawated as a hunting ground for that peculiuh animal, in point of fact ovahwun with beahs. Accawdingly we bought an outfit for the occasion, wifes, shotguns to pwocuh pwovendah if we found it necessary on the woad, a lawge assawtment of wovolvahs and lion kuives, and about two hundwed weight of ball cawtwiges of all descriptions, and embawked on the steamah faw Quebec.

"On the passage we kept owah fellahs cleaning and polishing up owah awms and accowwements pwepawatory to owah onslawght on the wild beahs. On our awival at the wiver St. Lawwence, we had some thoughts of getting ashwah at once at a place called, if I wewollect awight, Fawthia Point, but wew westawined fwom doing so by the captain, who assawhed us that the upper countwy was the best for beahs. On weaching Montweal, I enquired of a man which wouid likely be the best diewection to find beahs, but he only replied in bad Fwench, *no compromy sacre fow*, or similah langwidge. Howewah, at the Windaah Hotel whewh we lungup, a pwetty, who do you know I wathaw think was inclined to take a wise out of us, expwessed his opinion that in the Seignowies acowss the wiver we couid not fail to encounter the animal, but when we twavelled faw miles thwough a countwy as bawen of twees as Hounslow Heath, we cwmo to the conclusion that we wew misdiwected, but wew assured by a native who fortunatly spoke the English langwidge that the Eastern Townships was just the place faw us. We then set out for Showwooko, whewh we met with some vewy fine people and enjoyed owahselves amazingly at lawn tennis and other games of that nachaw, but as we had come to the countwy to shoot beahs of caws we had to teah owahselves away, and we pwocceeded to the wemote townships in the vicinity of Lake Meguntic whewh we twavewsed the lowest fw leagues, piloted by an Indian, but wew still disappointed as to the beahs and we came to the conclusion that the beahs thwre, if any, wew vewy scarew indeed. We then made up our minds to try the Uppah Pwovinces and made our way to Towonto, whewh we passed a vewy jolly time indeed. More lawn tennis, gwawden pawties, and all that sawt of thing. This was awfully pwasant to be suah, enjoying the society of the vewy pwetty gwyls of the place, but it was not what we came to the countwy for, beahs, ye know, being our object. Yaas. It coming to our eahs that in the wilds

of Muskoka legions of beahs wew to be found, we bought a canoc, and twanspwawted it by wail to the newwest lake contiguous to Nipissing, our hunting gwounds. We engaged the sewvices of a half-bwreed of the Chippawa twibe to paddle us on our elhwent of death and mutilation. We wew almost dowved alive by the black flies and mosquitos, and aftah twavewssing about a dozen lakes, and wandewing thwough countlless cedah swamps, we saw nothing lawger than a small animal called by owah guide, a chipmunk. So we came back to Towonto, had some moah flirtations and lawn tennis with the young ladies, took the steamah for Montweal, and the Allan Linah for Livahpool, the expwess faw London—and—heah I am."

"But the beahs," said her Ladyship. "Did you see no beahs, Mayor?"

"Not a beah, Lady Brabazon, not a beah! I must say good evening—good evening."



DOES CHARITY BEGIN AT HOME?

The poet says it does; but poets are licensed to overstep the truth when rhyme or rhythm demands, and in the case of this sentiment the poet found it convenient to take out a lie-license. The movement to bring pauper children from England to Canada is a very good and commendable one; but would it not be better first to take proper care of the destitute and neglected children who are now in our midst provided for. Liberty makes criminals expert; patronage makes pauperism perpetual; and—paradoxical as it may seem—poverty thrives by neglect. Mr. W. H. Howland is shrewd as well as big-hearted, and the school which he and his associates have organized will do for the Toronto juvenile criminals and ragamuffins just what they need. There is ample scope for all benevolent and educative agencies in our very midst—for some time at least. Our undertakes to ask, in behalf of the neglected classes who have been born and bred in our own Canadian cities and towns, that they first receive attention.

A Legal Flotion.

What is the Legal Profession coming to? Here is a sad result of the new Judicature Act as we heard it. The sun was sinking into his bed of western splendour and tipping the hills of Yorkville with shades of woflen gold when two lawyers might have been seen descending the lovely valley which divides the city from the more northerly regions. "By my scarlet bag," quoth the first, a matured man of fec-vevish and perrons aspect, "this new law likes me not."

"And why, good sir," responded his companion, a youth over whose head some twenty summers had rolled.

"Good youth, the fees would have been

nothing save for our efforts, and the glory of our grand profession would have departed for ever. Don't you know it? The fame of our noble hall would have been derided and rude suitors would have mocked us." "And perchance then," responded the younger, its name would have been changed to (W) Osgoode Hall. But soft we approach the deep valley of Rosedale, and a good quarter of a mile lies between us and dinner.

Memories of the Past.

BY A MELANCHOLY SHOW GOER.

I sit in the saw-dusty circus,
The ring-master enters the ring,
I look at the flip-flap performers
And the acrobats up on the swing.

The clown in his queer suit of moly
Is telling his jokes, oh, so old!
I sigh when I think how so often
These fossilized stories he's told.

I sit in the pit of the playhouse
At the rise of the curtain—The "troupe"
Are hearing the "tambo" relating,
His story about "Shadow Soup."

And it brings me back to the misty
And far away time of the past,
And the shade of the passed-away Christy
Rises up while these old stories last.

This is why I now go the circus
And the minstrels so often of late,
They remind me of childhood's blest hours,
When I swung on the old garden gate.

When equestriennes I fancied wew fairies,
For ever adorned in pink tights,
And ma'am'selles Elise and Nola
Could never be elderly frights.

O, often I wonder the public
Don't club that old clown from the ring,
And fire that "end man" and his tambo
Or bones through a "flat" or a "wing."

When they cruelly torture an audience
With the moss-covered legends of yore,
When the puns make the toney ones tremble
And the gallery cry for their gore.

The Modern Paragrapher.

We who have been there, and speak from long, hard years of experience, know that the time was when the long, heavy, owlish-wise editorial was the prominent feature of the newspaper, and anything approaching a sensible, jolly view of things was regarded as disreputable; but, thank God and advanced ideas, that day is gone. It is numbered with the dead, and the undertaker who planted it has collected his bill and squandered the cash long, long ago. A new order of events is upon us. Newspaper men have at last learned that sensible people prefer the paragraph; they have learned that a truth can be told or a fraud branded by a joke much better than by long, solemn, meaningless sentences. A subject comes up to-day. Twenty years ago a two column article would have been written about it—an article that all men would admire and but few read, an article that was a weariness to the flesh and a laceration to the soul. Now the matter is pierced to the heart with a keenly-pointed three-line item. All men read it and appreciate it. Frauds fear it, and wise men are glad that it has gleamed through the smoke of heavy ignorance and owlish wisdom. Men may pretend to scorn it, and newspaper men—who have failed in this very department of literature—may crack heavy and threadbare jokes about the "funny-end man," but the "funny-end man" walks rapidly to the front in reputation and popularity, whilst his brainless critic is left in the magnificent distance which lends enchantment to the purple background that fringes the dim come-after-us. Such men as Shellman Bruce, Fisher, Burton, Bill Nye, Gilbert, Bob Bryar, and a score of others will be remembered and copied after, when Cobbett and his kind are forgotten.—G. B. Davis, *Morrilton State*.