

An appeal to the country seems imminent as the upshot of the present English dead-lock. In that event the Conservatives anticipate good results from the agitation over the side issue of "Fair Trade." The Liberals both here and at home pooch-pooch this, but it would be better to postpone their expressions of scorn and contempt until after the event. The Englishman, as well as the Canadian, carries his heart in his pocket. If the people become convinced that "Fair Trade" will make them richer, the Conservatives will carry the day, Land Bill or no Land Bill.

The Royal Opera House will be opened for the dramatic season on Monday evening next, when Miss Ada Gray, an emotional actress, well known and highly esteemed by Toronto playgoers, will appear in *East Lynne*, supported by Mr. Geo. Darrell, a noted Australian actor, and a specially selected company. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. This attraction will be followed on Monday, 29th, by Miss Kate Glassford and her Company, who perform three evenings with one matinee, to be succeeded by a fine company in Augustin Daly's great success, "Needles and Pins."



THE CONCEIT OF TORONTO.

The inoffensive conceit, the inflated pride and intolerable "puffed upness" of Toronto is just now serving as a subject for the pens of the outside newspapers in the absence of political papulum. It is a good subject and a large one. The *Globe* has frankly admitted the truth of the allegation that Toronto is proud, and puts in a plea of justification. It mentions some of our noble institutions and asks if we have not good reason to be a trifle conceited about them; moreover, it mentions the fact that we are a self-made city, and points out the habit self-made people have of worshipping their makers. But the *Globe* passes by many interesting particulars. Toronto's aggregate of justified conceit is made up of the proper pride of her citizens as individuals; for instance:

Mr. Gordon Brown is proud because the *Globe* never tells anything but the truth, and always treats political opponents fairly and generously. Mr. Baxter is proud because he is universally looked upon as a square man, and because no other alderman can fill a chair like he can.

Mr. Bunting is proud because he has a tall tower on his building; is the proprietor of the leading newspaper in Canada, and owns an editor that will write anything he is asked to.

Mr. Boustead feels conceited because whenever he acts as proxy for the Police Magistrate,

Doc. Sheppard doesn't dare show his ebony countenance in the dock.

Mr. Gzowski is a trifle puffed up because they can't do anything in the city, financially, theatrically, musically, religiously or otherwise without putting his name on the bills.

Mr. Wm. McMaster is exorbitantly vain because he keeps an open purse and never grows weary in well-doing.

Mayor McMurrich is proud because he is the handsomest Chief Magistrate in the Dominion, and rules over a city which manages its water and gas pipes worse than any other in the World.

Mr. George Laidlaw is conceited because he regards himself as a sort of Colossus of Roads, because he fought and conquered the Grand Trunk single handed, and because the Credit Valley is turning out to be a valley of cash.

Deen Grassett is proud because the funds connected with the Dennerly have reached magnificent proportions, and because, under the maternal care of St. James' Cathedral, Stanley at., has become a most savoury thoroughfare.

Mr. J. Ross Robertson is vain because he is growing rich on the pirated productions of other men's brains, and because his paper is edited by a Young Man with a Powerful Mind.

Rev. Dr. Wild is stuck up because he has lifted Bond Street Church out of the slough of despond, and because he knows just what is going to happen in the political and religious world from now to the crack of doom. Several other city pastors are conceited because they don't have to preach to crowds like those that flock to Bond street.

Mr. Sheppard is conceited enough to think that the interests of the Grand Opera House can be promoted by neglecting due courtesies to writers on the press. This is the solitary instance of unjustifiable vanity.

Besides, Toronto is the only city that has a Yonge street and a Grip!

The Parliament of the Cats.

It was a lovely summer night,
A summer night in June;
I leaned against the window-sill,
And gazed upon the moon.
That orb was shining overhead,
With pale and modest light,
Its mimic picture on the lake,
Was traced in moonbeams bright.

Now everything had settled down,
And everything was still,
Save for the rustling of the leaves;
The murmuring of the rill.
When suddenly from earth arose,
A melancholy cry,
And, by the moonlight, on the fence,
Gramalkin's form I spy.

I watched his movements carefully,
To see what he would do.
He calls again; and now I see,
Gramalkin number Two.
And now the cats from far and near,
Are gathering at the call,
And each one as he takes his seat,
Gives forth a "cakerwall."

They watch each other stealthily,
Maintaining all the while,
A kind of "armed neutrality,"
Quite of the "jingo" style.
The members of the Government,
Are there in force to-night;
The Opposition number strong—
—A most imposing sight.

There you behold the Speaker grim,
Sedatest of the cats,
Sitting on a flower pot,
And thinking—well—of rats.
There is the cat that always speaks,
An hour or so too long;
There is the one, who, like our "Joe,"
Indulges in a song. (?)

The leader of the royal Op-
Position now begins,
And reads a long indictment,
Of Governmental sins.
A member of the Government,
Upriseth to reply,
And quoteth facts and figures,
With statistics dull and dry.

The leader of the Government,
Is called on to respond,
And calls the *other* leader,
By pet names, far from fond.
A fery cat gets up to speak,
With direful intent,
But finds, after an hour or so,
His energy mis-spent.

For now the fight commences,
In true Canadian style;
With "parliamentary language,"
Each other they revile.
They mind not cries of "order,"
Nor heed the Speaker's call;
With eyes aflame, and tails erect,
On one another fall.

The Speaker sits in silence,
Regardless of the fray;
But, in a pause of battle,
These words I heard him say:—
"Ye members of the Government,
"Why fight ye so to-night?
"Ye loyal Oppositionists,
"What do ye want? More light?"

"If so, ye must not seek it,
By force of jaw—absurd!
"Such actions and such language,
"At Ottawa are heard!
"Would ye descend to imitate,
"Those legislators' tricks?
"And try to force your measures,
"By scratches and by kicks?"

"Such actions are unworthy,
"Of minds so vast as yours,
"Such pranks as you have played to-night,
"Just ridicule insures."

And now a silence settles,
On the assembly of the cats,
They all sink off disgusted,
Helped on by dark "brick-bats,"

For the neighborhood ariseth,
Ariseh as one man,
They pelt that cat's assembly,
With stick, and stone, and can.
And now no more at sunset,
Meets that Parliament of Cats,
For a div's lution's taken place,
And the Speaker's after rats.

F.R.H.



A VOICE FROM HOME.

D-ke of Arg-ll.—Hi, there! John Douglass Sutherland! You come home at once, I won't have you playing with that common Gladstone boy!

Probably the boy never lived who, having a drum, did not burst it to see what made the music. But Vermont has the champion boy. He broke his drum because he wanted to see the drum core his father spoke of.