



**A HINT FOR UNCLE SAM.**

*Young Canada.*—This apparatus controls the rudder of the ship; it's what we call Ministerial Responsibility, and it's just the sort of rig you ought to have on that Republican Craft of yours if you want to avoid those Conkling Rocks that we hear so much about!

*Uncle Sam.*—I believe you're about right, youngster; I'll have my man Edison look into this concern!

**In the Boudoir.**

(SCENE.—Reduced aristocrat is having her hair "done" by her maid, a cheap article whom she has imported from the Green Isle.)

*Aristocrat.*—Brush it out well, Nora, it is full of dust. Such a hurricane as it blew the other day!

*Nora.*—Glory! shure the wind near blew me petticoats clean over me head. As bad as the cold country!

*Aris.*—The old country? Oh please don't speak of it. I am perfectly sick of this horrid Canada. Dear old England!

*Nora.*—Raley, man!

*Aris.*—Well, the country its-elf is well enough, but the people, oh! the people! Those nasty working people, you know, they are so abominably independent! That first housemaid we had here, when I told her she would have to wear caps, how she stared at me. "No, indeed," said she, "I earn my money honestly, and I'll wear just what suits me." That sn specimen. And you remember Sarah when I protested against her having her dress made in the same style as my own, she told me to mind my own business and go to. Oh something dreadful! I haven't been able to get another cook since, and have had to get that old char-woman to come and cook for us. And even she has the audacity to tell me she can't always come just when I want her, because, forsooth, she might be engaged elsewhere! It's abominable, the independent manners of these people to their superiors. Why, they say "yes" and "no," instead of "yes ma'am" and "no ma'am," and the very newspaper brats, instead of curtsying or bowing, as the children of the working classes very properly do at home, they will look one straight in the eyes as coolly as if they were born in one's own set. It's sheer Nihilism. Now, for instance, yesterday, one of them, such a common looking end, came up to Master Percy as he stood at the gate and actually smiled at him. I suppose he would have spoken to him next, had I not knocked on the window and indignantly ordered Master Percy to come in immediately.

*Nora.*—Did you raley, ma'am? Well, now I ain't thim the indimpin't monkeys o' ebilder!

*Aris.*—And a gentleman, one who ought to know better too, actually proposed that we should send Master Percy to the common school! The

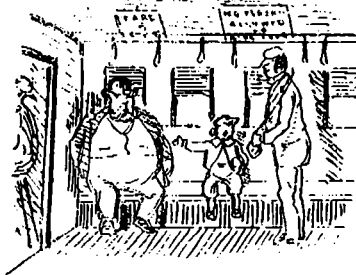
idea of such a thing! Master Percy going to the same school as these common children! Blacksmiths, carpenters, printers, and all sorts of the common people send their children there. Most horribly vulgar schools! He told me that there were even clergymen sent their boys there. Well, all the worse for the clergymen's boys. Master Percy shall go to the Upper Canada College. I believe the Nihilistic portion of the community were trying to do away with that, too, because so much of the public money was wasted (as they called it) in supporting it. Well, have not these common people a right to support aristocratic British institutions? Their insolence is insufferable! Just brush it a little back here.

*Nora.*—Yes ma'am. They do be very impudent now, praise be to goodness!

*Aris.*—Then if we wanted to go on a little trip, we can't have our own first-class carriages as we have at home. We have to travel with all sorts. Rich and poor meet together. No t disgusting it is!

*Nora.*—Saints bless us, ma'am! Shure an' its the quare country we've come to, bebad, when the loikes o' me must ride along-side o' the quality, savin' yer prudence, ma'am!

*Aris.*—There, Nora, that will do; now you may go and darn those old curtains, I suppose they will have to do this summer again, after all. (Exit Nora.)



**UNFARE.**

*Boy.*—Please sir, this gentleman hasn't paid anything for his ride.

*Conductor.*—Certainly not; members of the Corporation go free.



**HIS FAVORITE CANDIDATE.**

SCENE.—Room of the C. V. M. A. on the night of Election of Officers.

*Rev. W. S. R-usford.*—Mr. Chairman, I think we cannot do better than elect our esteemed friend the Curate of St. James our President for the ensuing year.—Carried unanimously.



**DEPUTATION FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.**

A highly respectable deputation from the neighboring Province of Newfoundland waited upon Mr. Gur the other day. Having been most courteously received by the great journalistic autoerant, the visitors were invited to state their business. Mr. Seal, who acted as spokesman, said that he and his colleague, Mr. Codfish, had been deputed by the Newfoundland Government to apprise Mr. Gur that his recent statement concerning the Island Syndicate bargain was somewhat incorrect, and the misstatement, owing to the enormous circulation and influence of Mr. Gur's journal, might have a dis-trens effect on the government.

Mr. Gur said he had merely repeated what he had read in many of his exchanges, namely, that the Island Government had made a bargain by which they had simply given away the most valuable portion of their Province to a company of New York speculators.

Mr. Seal went into a detailed statement of the affair and concluded by saying that in the opinion of a large number of well informed persons the bargain was a very good one.

Mr. Gur promised to give the Newfoundland Government the benefit of this statement, and politely dismissed the deputation with the flattering remark that if they really had made a tolerable bargain they had shown themselves better statesmen and financiers than the members of the Dominion Cabinet are.

**Mother May I go Out to Swim?**

A fantasia written for Gur in the key of that on "Home, Sweet Home" in the current Scribner.

1. Words after Swinburne. "Mother may I go out to swim?"

To the cool of the lake, oh my mother!  
From the hot rays of noon let me go,  
Where the wau waves shall clasp, each and other,  
Limbs whiter than snow!  
You may not bathe your boots, if you want to,  
Of a bath I am fain, I am fain,  
To refresh from dense-dusty Toronto,  
A young girl not plain!

2. Words after Tennyson. "Yes, my dearest daughter,"

Yes! best and brightest of Toronto girls!  
Yes; maiden lily-faced and carrot-curl'd!  
My boots I bet not, take the bath to boot!  
Go forth, thy mother smoothes it, and be  
A water-lily lolling on the lake!

3. Words after Rossetti. "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,"

Put from shadeless Sherbourne street,  
Take the street car, safe and fleet,  
Then by wharf from Yonge street's pile  
Haste by boat to Haulan's Isle.  
In some spot remote from sight,  
Loose thy Jersey's buttons bright,  
Doff ten-dollar hat so fair,  
From the garlanded gold hair:  
Then on limb of hickory  
Lay the useless garments by.

4. Words after Longfellow. "But don't go near the water."

But so slowly comes the summer;  
Should the wave my daughter hold,  
Its chill kisses might benumb her,  
Like "aunts, sisters, cousins" cold,  
In such case my way if I had,  
No wet Nafad I would be—  
Go and be the hickory's Dryad—  
Statuesque, but bathless be.

And now the swell to the seaside goes,  
To show his shape in unpaid-for clothes.