

LATE AS USUAL.

The Exhibition buildings are not ready. The grounds are not ready. Everything is behind like a cow's tail. Exhibitors are in bad humor. Visitors are asking what there is to see. The *Star* and *Gazette* have said that all the arrangements are in apple pie order. As the wish is generally the father of the thought, we may spread the broad mantle of charity over our contemporaries. If the Board of Arts and Manufactures and the Council of Agriculture had the sprawl, the "git-up and git," of the Citizens' Committee, everything would not have been left till the last moment. But despite the lateness of the arrangements, we shall have, in the language of the circus advertisement, the "greatest Exhibition on earth." Why not? We shall have the people and the exhibits; and to the glory of the Exposition proper must be added the resplendent attractions provided by the most wide-awake Citizens' Committee ever organized. By Friday "the elephant will walk around and the band begin to play."

THE SAILORS' DIALOGUE.

"Dinna whastle the day mon," says Sandy to Pat.
As they stray'd by the light of the Moon,
"Don't you ken its the Sabbath, ye maun think o' that."
Or we'll baith o' us be bell'd through the town."
"Shure" says Pat, "there's no harm to whistle a stave"
As he broke off from Rory O'More,
"The Captain can't hear, and I won't ask his lave,
He can preach to the boys now on shore,
As for me I'll just whistle and sing as I please,
Though I know I'm a bit of a sinner.
I'm content, and thank God, for his anchors and staves,
And I'd share with a poor mate my dinner."
"But," says Sandy, "ye ken, you must aye guard yersel,
Nor gie other folk sic temptation,
It wad lead the ungodly, and point out as well,
An unscriptural road to damnation,
Forbye there's your tongue, which you maun always guard,
When ye ken ither folk are about ye,
Spier keenly at ither and geek through them hard
Nor gie them a reason to doubt ye."
"Faith" says Pat, "It's a nice little world it id be,
If we'd nothing but hypocrites in it,
You may send the whole pack to the devil for me,
For I think its near time he should thin it,
It was only last night when you swore at Joe Beef,
'Cause you thought he froth'd up your beer,
You just called him every thing short of a thief,
And the boys egg'd you on with a cheer
Now to-day you were psalm singing up in the "Home"
But the Captain was there, and 'tis Sunday,
To-morrow you'll swear, 'gainst the Church State and Rome,
And you'll call that no sin cause 'ts Monday."

[Smith]—Say Jones. If you were to see a little cur dog chasing a big cur dog why would their relative positions suggest the name of the Prussian iron clad lately wrecked. [Jones]—Can't say Smith, give it up. [Smith]—Why it would be the grosser cur first [Grosser Kur Furst] wouldn't it. Jones—Collapses.

FRAGRANT HAVANAS.—We have been informed that Havana cigars have lately been sold in this city at fancy prices, as high, indeed, as from one to two hundred dollars each. Is this advance owing to the N. P.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.—Terrible effects of the N. P. Redpath employs five hundred hands and talks of engaging more.



A Member's Exhibit.

REPORT ON PUBLIC HEALTH.—Water is one of the first essentials to health, and, consequently, a rainy day ought to be a source of great salubrity. Water in conjunction with ventilation may be regarded as the safety-valve of disease; so that a walk in a pelting shower, with a hole or two in the hat and boots, ought to be prescribed as a preventive against the chance of illness.

WEATHER OBSERVATION.—It has been remarked, that in September evenings, the reduction of temperature begins to be sensibly felt by those who expose themselves to it thinly glad. We cannot concur in the general observation that it is sensibly felt, far the more sensible thing would be to wrap one's self well up and altogether avoid feeling it.



Two men having a conversation.

A CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.—Extraction is out-and-out the best remedy for this malady.

AN UNREPORTED ECLIPSE.—The Sun will be eclipsed during the Dominion Exhibition by the brilliance of the work the reader holds in his hand. Visible to all Canada, and indeed to every country where English is understood.

THE HORTICULTURAL SHOW.

The show of flowers and fruit is very fine, and worthy of our Province. The apples are rosy and juicy, the pears mellow, the grapes intoxicating, while the plums look all the better, for the absence of Barr, of Niagara. The turnips, carrots, squashes and so forth are all squashed into a pile together, as if ready for shipment to famine-stricken Ireland. The flowers of every variety are in a blooming condition and have been arranged with much taste, while the grouping of the colours is artistically carried out in (H)e(a)ven's best style. The Exhibition is well worth paying a visit to.

VENNOR ON THE WEATHER.

OUR Canadian "Probs" tells us that if the signs don't fail, the coming winter will be the coldest experienced in this latitude since the country was discovered by a Spanish gentleman named Columbus. The bears and the squirrels are putting in their winter coal—Lehigh—the beavers are putting steam heaters in the basement of their lodges, the bees have killed off all the drones and lined their hives with sheet iron, the muskrats are travelling to the lard of the screeching eagle, wild ducks are committing suicide, the goosebone is sixteen inches deep, country editors are soliciting wood in exchange for subscriptions, poor families are buying an extra dog, and we are having a new Ulster made for coming events.

A gentleman who shall be nameless was sitting by his window in a quiet street the other evening when he casually remarked: "Thee goes the Woman that John Smith is dead gone on."

His better half, who was in a back room preparing supper, dropped the plate on the floor, stumbled over the baby and rushed to the front with: "Where? where? Tell me quick!"

"The one with the cloak—just at the corner."

"Why, that's John Smith's wife."

"Yes, exactly," coolly remarked the unfeeling husband.

Then the disappointed woman returned to her duties, but her usually sweet disposition was soured for the rest of the evening.

NOT A BED OF ROSES.—Scene in one of the leading hotels the second day of the Exhibition. Clerk (in his blandest tone) to visitor—"All full, sir; no room—not an inch." Visitor (desperately)—"My dear sir, can I induce you to let me have the top of the lightning rod for to-night."

STREET CAR CIVILITIES.—Little Boy—"What! me git up an' give my seat to that woman, when I've bin runnin' arrands all day, an' she a—rollin in luxury! Wouldn't I be sick!"

Plate says that a Ruler should have personal beauty—should John A. want a Lt.-Governor for any Province, he knows my address.

Doctors disapprove of alcohol, but they are as alive as ever to the cheering effect of "good spirits" on their patients.

A game at which "enterprising burglars" excel—Cribbage.