

breathlessly watched him go by. Toward sunset, when he had now gone by three hundred and seventeen and a half times, they sent out a messenger to him inviting him to call. They held that the circumstances were so extraordinary as to render consultation expedient. When the Benefactor stood in pride and perspiration before them, they said "Are you not very tired?" And he replied, "On the whole, not so much so as I expected to be." Then said they, "There have now gone by three hundred and seventeen and a half of you already. Is there any more of you to come?" And he answered them, "Two score and ten and a half, counting the rest of this trip. And then," said he, "my brother will go by." At these words the whole assembly was moved, and enquired, "Your brother—are there as many of him as of you, or is he a single man?" And he perceived their fear and answered, "He is indeed younger than I, but he is almost as numerous." Then the younger warriors went out by stealth and began to pack up their trunks. But the chiefs asked courteously, "And have you any fathers?" "I have a father," the Benefactor replied, "and he is more numerous than I, because he is older." And they asked again, "Have you sons, and are there many of them also?" And he replied quietly, "I have sons, and some of them very numerous." Then a warrior who was ancient and wise stood up and spoke: "It seems good that we return to our homes, and leave the tribes of the Oke-nechokwech-bees in peace. We are but five hundred men, with neither women nor children to help us. While of this man and his brother alone there are six hundred and ninety six, not to mention the old man and the sons. If now the rest of the tribe be in like proportions, we may prove to have undertaken too heavy a contract. Let us even wait till some of the people die. Then may success, perchance, await us, and not disastrous failure." And his words seemed good, and indeed they were. And the whole tribe made ready to depart. But one said, "Let us take a portion of this man with us. Out of so much a little will not be missed." So the Benefactor found that he had indeed saved his people, but was himself a captive among the Blowchalks.

(To be continued.)

TOPICAL TALK.

London, last week, was beaten at its own game by Strathroy. It was called football, and it would be supposed (by any one who read the reports of baseball matches during the summer) that the cockneys would have held their own, at least at kicking.



That Henry Irving is a great actor I fancy no one will deny, but that he is not yet at the top of the tree is evident from the critiques on his performances in the city papers, and those of Hamilton and Dundas. If Mr. Irving would but pay attention to the advice offered in these papers, especially the *Banner*, he might be a first-chop actor in a short time.



Literary men have long been puzzled as to the meaning of a certain passage in Shakespeare, I think in *Hamlet*, and many sagacious and profound explanations have been given concerning it. To me it appears as plain as a pike-staff. The passage is "I have that within which passeth show." The word "within" evidently refers to "pocket," and that which "passeth show" can be nothing else but a dead-head theatre ticket.



Merchants will feel a thrill of relief when they hear a recent decision of the Recorder of Montreal, which was that a store-keeper has a perfect right to take hold of a drummer by the ear and bounce him off his premises if the pertinacious bag-man refuses to vacate the store after being told once. M. Painchaud, a commercial traveller, has found this to his cost. It seems he insisted on holding the fort,—in other words refused to "git" when M. Moiseau, a merchant, told him to do so. The irate store-keeper assisted him to the door, and exemplified the eternal fitness of things, at any rate of names, by giving M. Painchaud a "hot roll" on the sidewalk. The Recorder before whom the case came up, said that M. Moiseau had been quite justified in acting as had done. N. B.—Book-agents and all that class of itinerant vendors of goods may be treated in like manner; all except canvassing agents for GRIP.



In spite of the numerous "victories" gained, or rather claimed to be gained, by the French, they seem to be making surprisingly slow progress towards anything decisive. Killing Chinamen, that is in China, is like killing flies. As the old saying is "twenty come to each funeral." Moreover, the French don't have things all their own way by any means, and are losing an immense number of men. Let

the Gaelic cock crow as he pleases, there is little doubt but that he doesn't feel as comfortable as he would have one think. Besides all this, it is very difficult to know for certain whether the reported French victories are victories or defeats. This appears to be well understood by the French at home themselves, for *Le Charivari* makes fun of the "despatches," as will be seen by the following from that paper: "Enter to the redacteur of *Le Temps*, a messenger. 'Behold here,' he cries, 'hundreds of despatches of victories in China.' 'Useless,' replies himself the redacteur, 'I have already written them myself in advance.'" This looks as if the "redacteurs" and others smelt a rat somewhere.



I was rather amused at something I saw in the *Hamilton Spectator* not long ago. That paper was poking fun at the *London Advertiser* for asserting that the weather was cold up there in the woods. The *Spect* declaring that at that very time the heat was so great that the people were "sleeping with their legs out of the windows." I always thought that the people of the Ambitious City a strange lot, but I never knew that they adopted the extremely novel position described during their sleeping hours. How weird and awe-inspiring a sight it must be to pass through that city during a hot midsummer night! The pendant legs of the sleeping inhabitants swaying backwards and forwards from the windows in the nocturnal zephyrs, would give one the idea that he was in a city of mourning draped with funeral banners. Peradventure the proclivities of the good folk of Hamilton for acquiring shin-plasters has something to do with this queer sleeping posture. The fact that the people, presumed feminine as well as masculine, put their feet through the windows, says a great deal for the size of the casements of Hamilton.

In the latest copy of the French *Charivari* is a small cartoon representing the interior of a police station, the human figures being those of a prefect of police, a prisoner and a man on a stretcher. "You are accused," says the prefect to the incarcerated one, "of having attempted to poison your comrade here." "What I!" says the other; "I I he was thirsty and I only gave him a glass of Seine water to drink." "Precisely," is the remark of the officer. I was thinking that if the word "Don" were substituted for Seine, the cartoon might be used with very good effect nearer home.

Now that it is settled that Sir John A. Macdonald is to be made a peer—for such must be the case, as the *Regina Leader*, I see, says there is no doubt about the matter—the next thing will be the consideration of a title for him. Lord Gerymandero della Policio Nationale has a Spanish grandee, dignified sound, but is, perhaps, too long. Let me see: the Baron Slaphishops, smacks of medievalism, but is not, possibly very dignified. How would—, but let me pause. It is just possible that the Premier is not to be peered at all, in which case the selection of a title is premature. I will wait to see what the next issue of the *Leader* says.