

THE SCAPE COAT



AT GRIMSBY.

PHILOSOPHERS at Grimsby Park—and that is where you find Philosophers if you are looking for them—confess themselves puzzled to account for the fact that notwithstanding the hard times there are more people living in the cottages and hotels of this resort, than in any previous season, and that these people—estimated to be about 2,000 in number—are if possible a little jollier than ever before. My own opinion freely offered to the Philosophers in question, but not received by them with the seriousness it deserves, is that the hard times accounts for the phenomenon. People throughout the country have for a long time been suffering from the depression, and what more natural than that they should feel depressed? Feeling depressed they naturally desire to escape from that morbid condition, and as “in the Spring the young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,” so in the winter of their discontent the fancy of these depressed persons turns in a similarly natural way to Grimsby Park. I believe the cure is a sovereign one. To judge from the expression of the faces of the erstwhile jaded business men and fagged out mothers of families one meets all over the grounds, the depression has been effectively given the slip. For the time being at least there is a wide and very beautiful lake between the denizens of Grimsby Park and the carking cares of business. Their minds are now fully occupied with pleasanter subjects than promissory notes and lists of creditors; they are listening to instructive chalk talks, or entertaining sermons, or edifying discussions, or elevating musical performances, or they are devoting both minds and bodies to boating, bathing, quoiting or tennising, or they are cultivating under the safe chaperonage of Mother Church, the noblest faculty of human nature—the faculty of loving ones neighbor—of the opposite sex; or they are just lying on the grass under the trees overlooking blue Ontario, simply loafing and inviting their souls. It is a great place, is Grimsby Park and fills the bill to perfection for the man or woman who goes in for a summer outing tempered with enough of brain exercise to keep that organ healthy, and for the youngsters who want a playground with all the modern

appliances and plenty of playfellows. Our American friends have begun to discover Grimsby Park, and every season finds a larger number of genial people from Baltimore, New Orleans, Philadelphia, etc., etc., dwelling in its happy precincts. A catalogue of the attractive features of the Park ought by all means to include the features of good Noah Phelps, the president—who is beloved by all. The genial old gentleman is a personification of kindness, and an embodiment of quaint humor. He is a busy man from morn till dewy eve, for he permeates Grimsby and has a fatherly care over everything in general. One of his especial functions is to preface the oft recurring entertainments with an announcement of things lost or found, coupled sometimes with admonitions based on the rules of the Park for the behoof of those who may not be posted. It requires genius to make this function a positive attraction,—to, as it were, infuse dramatic interest into an advertising column, but Mr. Phelps does it every time. The greatest star of the day may be sitting on the platform waiting to begin his lecture, but nobody wants Mr. Phelps’ announcements to be cut short. Grimsby Park might be described by a poet as one of nature’s smiles, and it is therefore fitting that its present manager, Rev. Dr. Philp, should wear a perennial expression which says, “we are going to have a blessed time.” And I may say in conclusion the Doctor’s intimation is never far astray.

SCIENTIFIC.

I WAS reading in a paper the other day that kissing is apt to convey disease, because when lip meets lip bacteria are interchanged,” said she as they sat together in the dimly lighted parlor.

“It’s all nonsense,” he replied, warmly. “The only way to dispose of these scientific cranks is to disprove their theories by practical demonstration.” And then, much to her surprise and dismay he implanted an osculation square on her ruby mouth. “Now, see if you have any bacteria there that you didn’t have before.” And she confessed that she couldn’t find any.

JINKS—“I’m afraid something’s goin’ to bust if business don’t liven up some.”

BINKS—“Goin’ to bust? It’s on a bust now. I never knew money to have such a prolonged tight in my life!”



OVERHEARD ON YONGE ST.

(The dialogue was evidently on the Eastern war.)

AH SIN—“Foo choo kow shing Li Hung Chang?”
SAM LEE—“King Shung Naniwa Jap alle samee!”