



### The New Dresses.

*The Mail.*—I guess you thought you were the only person who could have a new dress, but you see I've got one as well, and a nicer one than yours too! Yes, and mine is cut on the Chicago Tribune pattern, and yours isn't.

*The Globe.*—Haw! who cares for your Yankee dress? Yes, and you got it made in the States, you nasty little thing, while the Canadian dress-makers are starving, and besides, I'm going to keep mine clean!

*The Telegram.*—Shoot both of your old fashioned dresses. Mine is the proper cut to suit the people's fancy! (And so on, and so on.)

### Knowsomethingism.

*The Globe* intimates that none but "scholars," in the technical sense of that term, should presume to write upon the Classical Professorship question. *Grip* heartily endorses this idea, as it is pretty sure to put an end to the discussion of this tiresome matter in the columns of that ponderous journal.



### A Little Story.

*In Words of One Syllable.*

SAM TILL-EX has a cat in a bag, but he will not let it out. If he did let it out, that bad boy DICK who is on hand with a big stick, would give a great cry of joy and rush at it and hit it. DICK says he can tell what sort of a cat it is. He says it is a big de-fic-it cat, and when it is let out of the bag it will scare the people into fits. SAM thinks so too, we guess, for he does not care to open the bag. DICK tells him he dare not open it, but that he wants to go away on the sly and cook the cat so that it will not look so big. At this SAM feels hurt, and seems as if he would cry. But he can not keep the bag shut for many more days, and when the cat is let out there will be lots of fun and a big row a-mong the boys. Wait and see if this is not so.

### The Thousand Islands.

It was a quiet Sunday morning, exceedingly quiet, and excessively hot, as GUSTAVUS SLASH-SUSH endeavored to button on his paper collar and arrange his new blue tie, at the parlor looking glass, preparatory to his sallying forth to join the fair young MARTHA JANE MILLIGAN on her way to meeting. The clanging of the bell in the pepper-box like tower of the village church had just ceased, and GUSTAVUS knew he must be expeditious if he wanted to secure the company of his betrothed to the sacred edifice.

"Consarn it, ALMIRA," he said, "if it isn't enough to make a feller cuss; here's the button off the neck of my shirt again, and me in a hurry! It's a blessing that I'll soon have somebody that'll look after my things when I get a house of my own."

"The quicker you get one the better it'll suit me," retorted his sister ALMIRA. "Guess you think I haint got nothin' to do but sew buttons on your shirts. You needn't be so partickler showin' off your blue tie, you haint so awful handsome, and its just like you to cuss and swear on the Sabbath!"

"Well, don't get mad, ALMIRA," replied GUSTAVUS, "I'll pin it on, only I'm afraid it'll be so hot in the meeting house that the durned collar will melt clean away. I tell you what it is, ALMIRA, its an awful thing to have to sit in meetin' this weather. It ought to be arranged to have the preaching outside all July and August. Now if I was rich I'd go down to the Thousand Islands. That's the place to go to! Guess I'll take MARTHY down there on our wedding trip. I tell you I will go next summer, when I marry MARTHY. We'll fish for black bass part of the time, for amusement, and listen to all the fine preachers durin' camp meetin' time. MARTHY has often told me about BROTH-ER DONALD McLELLAN, from down the river, who is great as a Moderator, and would be a splendid preacher if he didn't put so much garlic into his discourses. But hold!" continued GUSTAVUS, meditatively. "There's some talk now of the Government selling the Islands to private individuals. I sincerely hope the rumor is unfounded. What! sell the Thousand Islands, and have grog shops and 'Bier Gartens' on all the choicest spots? To have the pure atmosphere polluted by tobacco smoke, and your poetic fancies chased away by loud voices at every bend of the channel, shouting 'Zur lager und pretzels, laudaman!' No! I think it is impossible for any Government—nay, I'll go so far as to say that no Government dare to —"

"That's MARTHA JANE now," interrupted his sister. "You'll have to get mighty sharp or you won't catch her. I see 'RIAH HEMPHILL a walkin' pretty lively in her direction."

"Gosh! Thunder! I'm off," said GUSTAVUS, and hurried away by a short cut across the fields to cut out the hated URIAH.

### Goldwin at Work.

GOLDWIN SMITH is now employed in the office of the *Evening Telegram*, where he works hard for several hours every afternoon. He is not engaged in writing funny items, as might naturally be supposed, but in the purely mechanical work of running off the papers, which duty he performs with the remarkable rapidity and elegance which are characteristic of him. Readers of the *Bystander* will no doubt feel disposed to protest against this desertion of his proper literary sphere for manual labour, however honest, and to anticipate any outburst of indignation, we may explain that we are not speaking of GOLDWIN SMITH the Professor, but of the beautiful new printing press upon which that classic name was bestowed with much ceremony the other day.

A straight tip—Not the point of a Hebrew's nose.



### Moral Result of Dr. Tanner's Experiment.

*Beggar.*—In heaven's name, sir, spare a little to help a starving man. I haven't tasted food for five days!

*Old Gent.*—Five days? Pshaw, cheer up, man! There's abundance of water hereabouts, and you have thirty-five days to spare yet!



### O, for Watermelon!!

DR. TANNER completed his famous fast on Saturday at noon, making splendid time on the home stretch. No sooner had the happy moment of release been announced than he sprang upon an inoffensive watermelon and devoured a large portion of it with voracity and a little milk. Ever since he has been working vigorously to fill the aching void in his stomach, and the public press of the Continent stands by to take note of every bite and sup, which are duly chronicled for the information and moral advancement of the world at large. The news that TANNER's fast was over must have stirred a queer feeling in the empty stomachs of the three Canadian political fasters, whose portraits we published a fortnight ago. How MR. ANOUS MORRISON, for example, must have groaned internally, to think that his long and painful abstinence was apparently no nearer its end than ever. There hangs the luscious melon right before his nose; its delicious aroma teases his nostrils, and makes his teeth water, but alas, he can't touch it until SIR JOHN gives the word. And in the meantime, to add to the painfulness of the situation, this same SIR JOHN sits in the midst of London luxury, quaffing champagne and talking about giving away his country!