

Croaks and Pecks.

Our "croaks" may be considered "good notes," issued to supply the public demand for "rich things," while it is understood that credit has been already given for our "pecks," as they are all "collected by bill."

HON. MR. LAIRD seems to be having a high old time in Manitoba. The people look up to him, and the *Free Press* asserts that if the other Ministers stand as high in their boots and the estimation of the public, the present Dominion Government need not fear a short existence. By the patience he has displayed in listening to the numerous petty petitions presented to him, Mr. LAIRD has earned the title of the "long, suffering man." There is nothing small about Mr. LAIRD. Though he has an unfortunate habit of looking down upon others, he never despises lowly merit. His thoughts are far above his pocket, and even if he does acknowledge men of more brilliancy, he cannot work for higher. From youth, yes, from infancy, he has naturally risen in the world till he has reached an elevation attainable by but few. Long may he live, for when he yields his breath his very sighs will demand attention. When he dies it will be said, "He was a great man."

THE EMIGRATION QUESTION BRIEFLY STATED.—Donkeys eat Thistles; Canada has Thistles; England has Donkeys; since the Thistles won't go to the Donkeys, the Donkeys must come to the Thistles.—Q. B. D. The Toronto Y. M. C. A. has had J. M. Briggs lecturing for it. Will not somebody now deliver a lecture to it?

MCGREGOR of Essex, McDONALD of Cornwall, NORMAN of Lincoln, McDONALD of Renfrew, and WALKER of London, have, like the lad who stole apples, acquired wisdom at the expense of their cents.

An Emigrant's Lament.

Toronto, Sept. 4.

To the Editor of the London Times:

SIR,—I left London for this blooming country, as I suppose you know, about six months ago. I am on the point of returning, a sadder, but, sir, as I am a Londoner it is unnecessary to say, not a wiser man. My sadness arises from the fact that I have been greatly disappointed. Sir, I came out to this country, like many other misguided gentlemen from Whitechapel, without a correct notion of the world at large and Canada in particular. You, sir, can easily believe me when I say that I regarded this distant land with feelings of paternal pity, and yearned toward it with a missionary's yearning. Sir, I felt a desire to visit Canada, partly, I confess, to glut my sense of the ludicrous on the crudities and ignorance I expected to find; and partly to bear an Englishman's part in the work by ameliorating the natives. I solemnly avow, Sir, that I have never yet found any think to laugh at here that I might not have found in London, and further, that my educating mission has been a failure. You will be surprised to learn that the Canadians resemble the Home English very much in form, feature and complexion; that their natural means of locomotion is precisely like our own; that they have towns and even cities, schools, colleges, and even universities. The native Canadian dialect is perhaps the crudest thing to be met with; is is peculiarly distasteful to a citizen of London whose ears are accustomed to the faultless tongue of the East End. Amongst their many eccentricities in this respect, I might mention that they uniformly misuse the asperate; putting it on and leaving it off just where we would leave it off and put it on. But as I intend, Sir, to write you again before leaving, I will not now encroach further upon your valuable space.

Yours, &c., BELGRAVIA.

Peter Expresses His Views.

PETER X, of the St. Catharines Times, has mounted his Rosinante, and organized himself into a tourney. His neighbor, the News, the Toronto Sun, and other diabolical dailies have been "a nagging of 'im," having nothing better to do these dull times; and have finally carried matters to such a pitch that even the patient PETER can't stand it. He therefore calls himself up to go for his tormentors; and in an article of a column, in which the Treaty is not referred to more than six times, and then only incidentally, Peter explains his position from pages of his private history.

He denies ever having received \$250 for his opposition to the Treaty. We always thought that was a vile slander; but upon whom we couldn't make out. However, it makes no difference to the Treaty. PETER exclaims that he "has never applied for more than one office from the Ontario Government, and one from the Dominion Government. The first he failed in getting. The second is still pending, but * * * he has very small expectations of getting it." "Pending" is good: too good for those who go back on a newspaper man. But Peter, exasperated as he is, has one consolation. His expectations this time are likely to be realized.

PETER expressly desires it to be understood that he never sold himself; but immediately after acknowledges that he was "sold," for he

promises to "show up the character of a 'gentleman who was a candidate for parliamentary honors,' and has never had the honor or manliness even to say 'Thank you,' for a larger amount of job work, advertising, and editorial support than we (that's PETER) ever gave to any man." Now we see it. PETER expectant; PETER exarantant; PETER exaucherated; PETER exasperated. And no wonder; to be so rudely dealt with after devoting his time, talents, and immense energies to the service of a candidate who was defeated despite valuable journalistic influence. We can sympathise with PETER; for "we've been thar;" but it's the old story of being kicked by the donkey you've fed, and the more you publish your misfortune the more you will be laughed at.

We would advise PETER to quietly "hide his time," instead of making himself ridiculous by his outcries. That Jack-ass will need another feed before long. When such time comes, PETER will not again be apt to part with his political provender, "on tick." Wait, PETER; then get a C. O. D. on him.

"The Complete Political Letter Writer."

A HIGHLY useful handbook bearing this title is about to be issued from the press of the London Advertiser, under the editorial supervision of a committee of the Reform Association in that city. It will contain chapters on Morality, Purity, Good Behaviour in Political Company, etc., supplemented with elegant forms for letters on every conceivable subject that a politician may have occasion to write about. As a sample of the general excellence of the work, we clip the following from the advance sheets. Of course all names of persons and places used in any of the forms are purely fictitious.

FORM A.

From an Honest Member of a Pure and Patriotic Party respectfully requesting the influence of a friend to rescue the country from the clutches of a Party which practices Bribery and Corruption.

"LONDON, January 23, 1874.

"MR. JOHN BLEWITT,

"Sir—I am requested to write you and ask you to come here on the 29th to vote for Major WALKER for representative to Parliament. I am also writing to CLIFFORD. It is Mr. ANDRUS request you should vote for WALKER and put out CARLING, because he wants to put McDONALD in power again. He guarantees your expenses and time paid if you will come and vote for WALKER. He is an Independent man, and not a Grit. If you come, write at once, and state what train, and Mr. ANDRUS and I will meet you at the station. If you have a vote there you had better vote there first and then take the train for here. The money is safe, so come along, and put down bribery and corruption.

"Yours, etc., vote for WALKER,

"JOHN F. MADDIVER, London.

"Tear this and burn it. Come along, JOHN, we have lots of money.

The volume will be embellished with a frontispiece representing the Genius Bribery in the act of not blushing, besides numerous other engravings of a typical character.

A "Small" Proceeding.

A West Darham correspondent of the Mail catches a rumor, that the grant of the Government to Port Hope of \$20,000, ostensibly for expenditure on the harbour, was made on political grounds, which would reflect credit on neither the Government nor certain local parties.

It is more than suspected that the payment by the sitting member for the journalistic influence which helped him to the seat, has been, or will be, deducted from the Government grant,—and it is well known that the local Grit editor was enabled to retire not long after the election.

These facts are known to most of the Reformers in the constituency, and Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition should promptly probe this matter to the bottom, and expose the perpetrators to general execration.

S—eek!

Disputed Honours.

SCENE—Outside the district school.

FIRST BOY—My dad shook hands with the Governor-General; I bet yours didn't!

SECOND BOY—Shook hands with the Guv'nor? What of that? My uncle Jim got spoke to by Colonel FLETCHER!

(First boy subsides. Bell rings. Tableau).

Epigram.

A late cable despatch says, on the authority of the London Times, that the Marquis of Ripon has become a Roman Catholic.

A piece of news which will, of course, make Pío Nono glad, And therefore cannot fail to make some others ripon mad.