

very mixed population, and you must be prepared to talk almost as many languages as at the 'Tower of Babel'; and armed with a few facts and a great bundle of fiction, the whole party appeared before the committee.

"Now you know our Lady Mayoress has a strong bump of common sense, and hardly had the investigation commenced, than she insisted on definite charges. These the *Cyclone* was not prepared to make, fearing inability to prove them and consequent actions for libel. Finally it was resolved to name the guilty parties after examining three witnesses on general principles. The witnesses were called. And then and there only the poor proprietor of the *Cyclone* learned that it is easier to make an accusation than to prove it. The lawyers were disciples of Isaac Walton and wanted to go fishing for evidence, and proposed raking up the private affairs, past and present, of some of the Alderwomen; but the Mayoress said it was the 'close season' for that kind of sport, and that they'd have to stick to the question and the terms of the accusations under established rules of evidence.

"Then the witnesses, who were supposed to be yearning to divulge everything, suddenly became troubled with shocking bad memories, and after several meetings and frequent acrimonious bickerings between the Mayoress and the lawyers, the great Boodle developments seem a little further off than ever.

"People meet the chief and ask him when he's going fishing again; and I tell you he's mad clear through."

FELIX O'HARA.

#### TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

NEXT week's attraction at the Toronto will be little Corinne and her company of 50 artists. The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* says: "Corinne bounded on the stage at the Standard Theatre last night with a step light and free, a laugh hearty and contagious, and was warmly welcomed by a large audience. There were no vacant seats, and the standing room was crowded to the doors; but this state of affairs has long since become an old story; a light attendance upon a performance of Corinne, would be an occasion for surprised comment."

#### HIS EXPERIENCE.

THE following is from a letter picked up on the street in London, Ont.:

I found Mr. GRIP seated in his private office. He arose politely, but I knew from the intelligent glance with which his eye passed from the MS. in my trembling hand to the overworked waste-basket, that he divined my errand.

"Well, sir?" he said, inquiringly.

With an effort I steadied my voice sufficiently to explain my mission.

"Ah, you wish to contribute?" he said, with another glance by which he gauged the capacity of the waste-basket and the extent of my manuscript.

I replied that such was my ambition.

What was my name and place of residence? I gave him my name and stated that I hailed from London, Ontario. (As the name of our exemplary financial centre fell upon his ear, he started, and instinctively felt for his watch-guard.) As to my social standing, I explained that, as none of our family had ever displayed sufficient enterprize to rob a bank, the "best society" in London rather looked down upon us.

I went on to narrate how, impelled by the fires of genius, I had closed up several country newspaper offices

and sent the well-meaning but unsuspecting editors to an early grave, with my devastating humor. That, in my contemplated attack upon Canada's comic paper, I was not actuated by any sordid motive, and that, though in very moderate circumstances, I did not seek the opulent indolence of a journalistic life.

Mr. GRIP sighed heavily.

As to my religious leanings, I was hardshell Baptist from away back. Politically, I favored a Canada First movement, and was fully persuaded that the welfare of Canada demanded the "removal" of 'Ras Wiman, and I quite agreed with the Editor of the *World*, that the most gratifying evidence of the country's prosperity was to be found in the handsome proportions of our National debt.

Mr. GRIP looked grieved, but, probably remembering that I came from London, decided to let it pass.

What particular style of contribution did I propose to offer? I replied that I usually wrote on one side of the paper, leaving a two-inch margin on the left hand side. In apologising for the legibility of my writing, a most damaging evidence against the possession of genius, I expressed a hope that a course at one of the many Actual Business Colleges might disguise my hand satisfactorily.

The Editor explained that he referred to the *matter* of my contributions. I hastened to assure him that I dealt exclusively in prose, though I reluctantly admitted having once written a poem, but that was long ago, when I was younger.

Mr. GRIP shook his head gravely. He took my manuscript and glanced over it. Then, taking me kindly by the arm, he bestowed a look of compassion on me, and inquired if my parents were living.

I replied in the affirmative, and, as he conducted me to the door, I warned him of the grave responsibility he would assume in quenching the fires of genius. I reminded him that the primary works of all great writers had been rejected by undiscerning editors. Was this poor old world to roll on, unilluminated by the 10,000 candle power of my genius, and go out in darkness, unconscious of its loss?

These grave considerations seemed to impress him, for he told me to try it again next week when I felt rested, and with repeated admonitions to shun the "Plumber" joke, to abjure "Ice-man" and "Coal-dealer" pleasantries, and above all to give a wide berth to the "Niagara Falls Hack-driver," he opened the door.

Then, recollecting that I was from London, he added, "And let Hamilton down easy. We have two subscribers in the village."

Having wrung from me a reluctant promise to that effect, he courteously bowed me out.

MACK.

#### NOTES ON WEDDINGS.

A WEDDING usually marks the end of trouble in a novel, but this is considered wholly a novel way of arranging matters, as in real life it is more apt to denote the beginning of trouble.

There are many kinds of weddings, such as grand, gay, fashionable, golden, tin, and tearful. As it takes more than one swallow to make a summer, so it takes more than one person to make a wedding. Usually it takes two mothers-in-law, with their husbands, their children, and near relatives, a bride, and some say a bridegroom, but the latter personage is of no particular importance, and, like salt in the porridge, is never noticed unless he is missing. The enormity of his offence in ruthlessly