



SERVED HIM RIGHT.

An Editor's *sanctum* is a proverbially dangerous place for a certain class of intruders. Mr. Rykert of St. Catharines belongs to this class, and he found it out when he ventured into the office of the *Journal* the other day and undertook to dictate to the Editor on the subject of introducing politics into the Mayoralty contest. The Editor of the *Journal* is a thorough-going Conservative—a better one in every sense than Mr. Rykert—but he failed to see what connection there was between the N. P. and the local Mayor's chair, he therefore declined the dictation proffered, and wrote in favour of the man he considered best fitted for the place—and who happened, as we surmise, to be a Grit. It is not related that Mr. Rykert was shown out of the *sanctum* in the exact manner indicated in the above sketch, but that is exactly the way in which Editors should handle wire-pullers of either party who presume to run their papers for them.

The Time of Year.

Now is the citizen at a premium and the alderman at a discount. Now doth the energetic citizen hunt up his grievances and lay in the balance his flooded sidewalk and his foundered horse, and hath no compunction in claiming compensation for either—all his compunction arising from the knowledge that he cannot get compensation for both. Now doth the aldermanic conscience twinge on account of unfulfilled promises made to constituents last year, and now is it quieted by sundry other promises registered until the second week in January, 1882. Now doth the voting citizen carry his head proudly and step high; and the candidate for municipal honours becomes "child-like and bland," and is very hospitable to the residents of a certain ward; moreover he is anxious about the health of the families therein residing, and asks his wife for nice receipts for the cure of whooping-cough and the mumps.

Now is the school trustee very amiable, and quite as ungrammatical and pragmatical as usual. Now doth he assure his friends that he will be down on those teachers, especially the women, if they ask for better salaries, and will see that lessons to any extent are laid upon the children of ignorant parents, who use this engine as a power for keeping their growing children from their necessary play. And to the wise he saith "Why should the little ones be bored with lessons out of school and in? I will cheer this thing an't please you."

Now doth the caddy grin because he knows who will pay his election expenditures; and the saloon-keeper painteth a door so that it looketh like a window, and he studieth transformation exercises diligently. Now do loafers hang round bar-rooms, like pearls on beauty's neck, and talk high politics and go into argument on the usefulness of the *genus loaffer* to the state, and especially to the city alderman. Now do the ladies throw out many hints to their lords about

getting "tight" on election day. Now do the lords resent the base insinuation and look fierce and straightway go into training. Now is it a pretty sure thing that they will win. Now doth the Past Grand—Alderman—declare that the streets are a disgrace to the City and that "somethin' oughter be done."

Now doth the easy citizen declare "That's so!" swear at his horse; blaspheme his wagon; and let the Board of Works off this time.

Now doth the Toronto merchant and also the city tradesman invoke the "beautiful snow" as the best contractor for roads he knows of.

(CIVIS.

The Schoolmaster to his Love.

"*Arma virumque cano.*"

When through the telescope I view
The orbs that fill the skies,
I think of their conjunction too,
And then about your eyes;
Why dost thou, like a wandering star,
Four forth a wasted light?
No more thine orbit trace afar,
Become my satellite!

When separate sentences combine,
United by conjunction,
Each part in harmony divine
Performs its special function:
A period they—may, do not pause—
We'll make; so let me be
Your Principal; oh! be a clause
Subordinate to me!

Whenever I and I we view,
We only see I,
Then let addition make us—
A number prime but even,
Two integers to be in life.

Divided by Subtraction?
No! be my better $\frac{1}{2}$, my wife,
My love, my vulgar fraction!

United thus no Gaul we'll be
Divided "in tres partes,"
To conquer in detail, you see,
A general's true art is:
But I will be your Caesar,
His Cleopatra be!
He did his best to please her,
Come do the same to me!

We'll think not of the future, then.
For present joys are perfect,
Nor say too late "It might have been,"
(Subjunctive mood, plus perfect);
One part alone of veris active
We'll choose—1st conjugation,
1st Plural of Indicative
Present—for recitation.

Then come and share my humble store,
Reversions of my pension,
My smatterings of various lore—
And, lastly, need I mention,
That never from that hour we'll part.
We'll live and love so true,
Reports that monthly vex my heart
Shall vex *thine* own heart too!!

Canadian Wayside Sketches

THE COUNTRY HOTEL (continued).

No. 2.

The average meal here is a sad affair at its best, sad enough to somehow connect it in your mind with Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy; sadder even than its hot biscuits, "without which Louie is genuine." We all know its bill of fare, and can repeat it far more glibly even than the attendant, Hebe, it is as immutable as the statutory enactments of the late lamented Medes and Persians—men may come, and men may go, but it goes on forever.

Beef is good, but if the beef hath lost its savour, wherewithal shall it be beef? Pork is good, but if the pork be swimming in its native grease, I take it there may be some objections, at all events from a digestion and a palate which have been, in days of yore, accustomed to other catering. Cucumbers are good (pickled, of course), such at least was your impression of them under the manipulations of Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell; but after three years' experience of three times a day, you have been forced to the conclusion that you cannot support home industries in every respect, especially when they

have ceased to support you. For my own part, I have somewhat of a bias against pickled cucumber since the day I saw my *vis a vis* at the table devouring them with his codfish *a la creme*, there was a sort of savage incongruity about the act that I have never quite got over. I have witnessed many and varied gastronomical performances that would somewhat startle a Savarin or a Soyer, but as an unique exhibition of a refined and cultured taste this eclipsed all—no—when cucumbers are mentioned I pass. Apple-sauce is good, but the sacredness of this time-honoured institution forbids comment, but still one cannot live by apple-sauce alone, and yet one is sometimes driven to doubt it whilst sojourning in the wilderness of the Canadian Country Hotel. Last summer's crackers are good, by way of ornament, and from a depraved artistic point of view, but despite the mandate of Johnson, from an edible standpoint one prefers to do that kind of thing as gradually as possible, though that is not saying much under present auspices. Mustard is good, it is a condiment introduced from that land of epicureanism—the East—but I am not aware that flies are to be found in the original receipt; on the whole, mustard is perhaps preferable without flies, but *chacun a son gout*. All these things I say are good, but certainly not in the way they are produced before you.

As you look round the table, the impression that time is the essence of the contract becomes convincing; constant relays of hungry guests have come and gone whilst you have been endeavouring to get your cold plate heated to the proper temperature for the reception of hot viands, and by so doing, incurred the implacable hatred and contempt of the aforesaid Hebe, and of the whole establishment of "The Drury House." "It faut vivre," and you attempt to prolong the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest as best you may; but as you rise from the table, if there is one thing more forcibly impressed on your mind than another, it is the absolute necessity for the extension of the provisions of the Act regulating the use of knives and other dangerous weapons; you have also other impressions which you propose conveying in due season.

VIA TOR.

Underground Theology.

IN THREE ACTS.—ACT 2ND.

SCENE.—A small apartment in an underground base ment, populated by people unable to pay an above-ground rent. A man with a decidedly intellectual cast of face, a face having a history behind it, sits mending shoes, a useful trade he picked up during his compulsory sojourn at Kingston. Enter a rather well-to-do individual with a pair of boots in one hand and the latest number of the "Truth Seeker" in the other. He starts in surprise to find in the cobbler an old free-thinking disciple of his, whom he had lost sight of for some time.

FREETHINKER, (offering his hand which the cobbler does not see)—

"Why, Leon, what does this mean? How do you do? It's more than three years now, where have you been?"

LEON (sternly)—

"Where have I been? to where you led me, sir!"

FREETHINKER (pompously)—

"Ah! to the goal of free, unfettered thought, where, freed from all conventional restraints, from fear of God, or worse, God-fearing men, you taste at last the sweets of liberty."

Let me congratulate you, give me your hand. You won't, eh? are you ill? have you seen ill?"

LEON (starting up fiercely)—

"Ill! yes, I have been ill! ill with an ill That comes to all who follow such as you, ill to the death,—of all in me of good So freed from all restraints, that here I stand A liberated felon! Ha! you start!"

FREETHINKER (sneeringly)—

"Why, what's the matter? have these hypocrites, These sanctimonious snivellers tackled you?"

Or has your praying wife been a henpeck—?"

LEON (clenching his fists)—

"Hold there!

Another syllable, and I will stretch you prone

As any grovelling serpent! serpent! aye,

Who stole into the Eden of my life;