

If somebody hasn't been cruelly cranning the *Globe's* Montreal correspondent, we are on the eve of "big times." The Pacific Railway Syndicate, it would appear, have concocted a scheme vaster than ever entered the teeming brain of Col. Sellers. In short, they propose to gobble up the whole railway system of the Dominion, and control all the outlets from British Columbia to New Brunswick. In this beautiful arrangement they are to be joined by many of the leading banks and a score of prominent members of Parliament.

If this contains the elements of truth, lively work will soon be forthcoming for the idle pencil of Grip, who will hotly oppose the whole arrangement, unless he is guaranteed the position of Managing Director of the grand consolidation. The people of the Dominion are fast settling down to a feeling of satisfaction with reference to the Syndicate, and Mr. Blake is utterly mistaken in counting upon the Atrocious Bargain as an element in favor of the Opposition at next election. The people say, "Perhaps, ultimately our country will be ruined, but that is the lookout of future generations. In the meantime plenty of cash is being poured out, let us fill our individual pockets and be happy."

Mr. Phipps is to the fore again, but it is the *World* and not the *Globe* that he is honouring with his effusions. For the immediate instruction of a certain "Querist" and one "Sapientia," and through them for the benefit of the world at large, Mr. Phipps has been elucidating the principles of Protection. He writes with all his old time elegance, and puts his points forcibly. It is a thankless task endeavouring to convince Free Traders that Protection is the proper thing, but Mr. Phipps has become case-hardened at thankless tasks. He placed the present Government in office, and his only reward has been to see them pervert the glorious scheme he had at great expense of time and thought concocted for them.

"A Canine Lay."

JULY, 1881.

That pup! oh! that pup, "that horrible pup!" My measure of wrath is fully made up. The mongrel that ownerless roams round at will, A nuisance to all, the p'leace may not kill, Except in a legalized kind of way. When spirits of gas take their sp'its away; To free from the pangs of starve, 'on and cold, The lean-sided curs now from him -- grown bold; To give up a life which possesses no end To the end of their time, from the day of thea.

On the sidewalk they sprawl in the hot, glaring sun, Or in the cool shade till the daylight is done, They're off on the prow, down each alley and lane, To rake up each heap, now all sodden with rain; Till badgered and chased by the rowlies they die, And perfume the breeze as it now passes by. Disease, too, and fever it spreads all around. When the whole by affliction and sorrow is crowned; When their corpses are flung on the dark fetid tide, Of the turbulent Don, where triumphant doth ride, The spirits of fate that relentless pursue, And hold in their grasp the ill-savored crew.

They are "scooped" up anon by the wide-swinging net By the "catchers" of dogs, a most merciless set; No favor who show to the pumper'd and sleek, On the aged and bear-eyed their vengeance they wreak, For into the cart they cast them in shoals, And bundle them in like a sackful of coals. Free lodging and "board" do they get, 'tis a fact,

For they sprawl on the plank by the sunbeam that's crack'd, Till they're claimed by an owner, a tax who would pay, Of dollar one fifty, ere they speed on their way.

There came a pup of doleful mien, That capered erst upon the green, Round rustic homes, uncheck'd and free It sprawled beneath the spreading tree: All heedless of its coming fate, It swallowed up the poisoned bait. 'Twas at a time when people throw, Such potent morsel to the crew, To rid them from the howling gang, Of thieving curs of ruthless fang, So greedily, and breathed its last, No eye of pity on him cast.

He simply died and passed away; Each dog, you know, must have its day-- At least so runs the infant rhyme, And so 'twill be throughout our time.

No more could he a tail unfold, At early dawn 'twas oft unrolled, As he would sally down the lane, And cheer the sleepers with its strain, Who restlessly turned o'er and o'er, As died away the dreamy snore, And vowed they would not stand it more, But have it soon redressed by law.

Well, let it pass; a saint can't stand The ravings of that mongrel band, Which have not sense enough to stop, Their awful row, as nears the "cop," Who catches them right on the hop, And walks them off straight to the shop, That sobers down the wildest pup, And makes him all his tricks give up.

For, treated to a little gas, Its breath doth from it straightaway pass. A mournful end, no doubt, alas! That such a "cub" should go to "grass." Unmourned, unhonored, and unsung, Was this ere pup of endless tongue, So hated, emiled, and opprest. It sleeps with an unbroken rest. (Which, after all, is perhaps the best.) To others which it would not grant, However loudly they would rant, And curse the whole unseemly crew, In horrid oaths, till all was blue.

They sought a rest they could not find, In fevered frame and troubled mind, They vengeance vowed against the lot, And swore they'd make it rather hot, For any pup they chanced to meet, Upon the by-way or the street. With bludgeon thick, and cudgel armed, Their senses were most quickly charmed. For then they rolled there o'er and o'er, In common parlance were no more; The reign of terror was at end, To fate's decree they had to bend.

Let this, a moral proof to all, To every pup both great and small, To keep at home, and not consort With mongrel curs and thus be caught Within the wide, capacious net, With such a noogly, yelping set, For whom no pity e'er is felt, Whose cries the heart can never melt.

G.T.L.

SLASHBUSH ON AMUSEMENT.



It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday last. The usual quietness pervaded the Slashbush homestead. Slashbush senior was taking his *siesta* as was his wont upon the peaceful Sabbath. Gustavus was sitting on the stoop at the rear of the house and was gazing abstractedly at his sister Almira who had just returned from a walk by the margin of the trout stream. Her face was somewhat flushed and radiant as she arranged her auburn bangs before the looking-glass, which she had brought outside for the purpose.

"What a dull, monotonous life we pass here, Almira," said Gustavus with a heavy sigh. "Nothing but work, work all the week, and on Sunday hear a drowsy sermon, and then sit around the house the remainder of the day. I begin to feel tired of this endless routine, and would like a little amusement of some kind." "Well, I don't know," replied his sister. "I kinder manage to have a little fun once in a

while," as she gazed upon the reflection of her face in the mirror. "Guess we'll have lots of fun yet if the old man don't tumble."

"Almira," said Gustavus severely. "Your manners and language have changed very much of late. I fear your fishing acquaintances from Toronto are not exactly the most refined or exemplary in the world, and for that long-legged gent with the knickerbockers, if dad sees you talking to him again, he'll pack you off for Uncle Ephraim's sure."

"Don't care, he's a real nice fellow if he is a little in-de-da," said Almira firing up.

"Well, don't get angry, Almira; I suppose he's all right, only don't let dad see you with him, that's all. But what I want to say is this. Everybody wants amusement. Look at Toronto. The straight-faced folks there wanted to stop the ferries running to the Island on Sunday because the hands on the boats were obliged to work, and had the owners and captains summoned for desecrating the Sabbath. On account of the number of people living on the Island, and who are presumed to be anxious to go to church in the city, for this reason the boats are allowed to run there, but all other excursion boats are not allowed to go elsewhere. People go now in hundreds on Sundays to the Island—people who have been indoors all week, perhaps in factories and elsewhere—and the fresh air off the lake is a boon and a source of pleasure and health to them. Besides if they didn't go there, the same people would go the park or elsewhere for the same purpose. The hard working people of a city must have some recreation, and they will have it. And what can be a more innocent amusement than a small trip on the water. Another thing is that these people who frown down what they consider levity on the Sabbath, and commiserate so much with the people employed on the ferries, have their own 'slaves' at home preparing their meals and doing domestic work for them. There raise not up their voices at the rich who are driven to their respective churches in their carriages, leaving John Thomas driving slowly around the streets until service is ended, like a ship "standing off and on" outside a harbor waiting for a pilot. Neither do they pointedly rebuke those who have sufficient funds to hire a "rig" from a tivery stable, and taking their full money's worth out of the unfortunate "plug" which for the nonce is at their mercy. They do not reflect that, providing always you have the necessary cash and desire to go to the Island, any number of sail and row boats, great and small, are at the public's disposal. Yet all these situations oblige somebody to work, and much harder than some of the deck hands of an excursion boat, whose chief duties are to get out lines when the boats reach the wharf, and keep them clean, which latter they have to do week day and Sunday, running or not. No Almira, these people are all wrong; we must have some amusement for the masses."

"Yes," said Almira, as she commenced putting on her new Porcupine hat. "I reckon you're right, Gus. I'll just take a small stroll across the meadow. I think a little amusement wouldn't hurt me to-day," as she stepped down from the stoop.

But she did not go that eve. Mr. Slashbush, sr., had as she expressed it "tumbled," and from an up stairs window addressed her thus: "Almira, you git back in that house, d'ye hear me? I've been watchin' that Toronto chap who's waitin' for you half-an-hour while you've bin listenin' to that idle critter Gus. If I ever catch you along with him again I'll break his fish rod over your back, and lung him to a tree with the line. Now you git in, d'ye hear me!"

