



### MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION.

FIRST CLERK—"How have you enjoyed your stay in the country?"

SECOND CLERK—"Immensely, my boy! I just revel in outdoor exercise, the woods, fishing and all that sort of thing. It does a man good to get away from his close office and go where there is fresh air and exercise."

FIRST CLERK—"Seems to me you do not look very sunburnt."

SECOND CLERK—"No; the card rooms were on the shady side of the hotel."

### THE STATELY HAULS OF ENGLAND.

THE stately hauls of England!  
How powerful! How grand!  
With mortgages and syndicates  
They've covered all our land,  
Our dear step-mother country,  
(Long may Victoria reign!)  
Our substance in a thousand ways  
To fat herself does drain.

The stately hauls of England!  
How steadily they pull,  
How close they shear Canadian sheep,  
To send abroad the wool!  
But, oh we love the dear old flag  
For wheresoe'er it waves,  
Men may work fourteen hours a day,  
But never shall be slaves!

The stately hauls of England!  
What reverence we should give  
To those kind-hearted usurers,  
For still they let us live!  
They let us toil and till the soil  
Nor grudge us life and breath,  
So they can bear away the spoil  
We may work on till death.

The stately hauls of England!  
How vast a field they sweep—  
Our railways, mines and prairie lands,  
Our waters broad and deep!  
Alike on farm and factory  
The Shylocks tribute lay,  
Come rain or shine, good times or bad,  
The usurer we must pay.

The stately hauls of England!  
The meshes of whose net  
For golden fish the wide earth through  
By greedy hands are set.  
In vain we prate of liberty  
Won by our fathers brave,  
Who toils while idlers reap the fruits,  
Is nothing but a slave.

### A CHANCE FOR POLITICIANS.

AMONG the numerous "special attractions" which Manager Hill, of the Industrial Exhibition, announces in connection with the great show is a "log-rolling contest" for prizes. We are not as yet informed of the precise nature of this competition, but assuredly there is no country in the world where such an exhibition could be given to better advantage or ought to excite more emulation than in Canada. Log-rolling has been reduced to a fine art both at Ottawa and in the Provincial Legislature, to say nothing of our municipal affairs, so there ought to be no lack of competitors—especially as there is money in it. No doubt the catalogue of the fair, when published, will show on the list of competitors a number of names familiar in political and civic circles. Party heelers temporarily out of employment during the off-season will no doubt eagerly embrace the opportunity.

### A DAY WITH BISMARCK.

PRINCE BISMARCK does not take kindly to a life idleness. He is morose and gloomy.—*Foreign Correspondent.*

7.00 a.m.—Gets up and proceeds to take matutinal bath. Finishes ablutionary exercises. Can't find the towel. Swears.

7.30 a.m.—Out for a walk in park to get appetite for breakfast. Tries to think what he will do to-day. Can't. Cusses.

8.00 a.m.—Breakfast. Toast and eggs. Toast overdone. Eggs slightly unfresh.

8.30 to 12.00 a.m.—Smokes. Pipe out of order, and tobacco not up to much. Lager pretty decent.

12.00 a.m.—Lunch, no appetite.

12.30 to 6.00 p.m.—Tries to snooze, but can't for flies.

6.00 a.m.—Gets up feeling meaner than when lay down. Smokes.

6.30 a.m.—Dinner. Guests want to talk politics. Don't feel like talking.

7.00 to 10.00 p.m.—Smokes.

10.00 p.m.—To bed. To sleep. Dreams of the pleasures of retiring from public life. Curtain.

### THE NEW STYLE.

BROWNSON—Ah, you haven't gone off to the country yet, McJones.

MCJONES—No, been too busy. My wife and girls are summering at Squigglechunk-in-the-Swamp. They leave there next week to stay for a few days at Podgerville-up-the-Creek, where I shall join them. Have you had your vacation yet.

BROWNSON—Oh, yes. Took a fortnight at Pokerton-near-the Hollow. The family are coming home to day from Scraggsville-on-the-Bluff.

### THEATRICAL MENU.

IT may not be generally known to lovers of the drama hereabouts that the Grand Opera House is open. It is the case, nevertheless. Probably owing to the heat of the weather the audiences are quite small, which may account for the fact not being widely known. The piece which is "on" is a serio-tragic-comedy, by O. B. Sheppard himself, entitled "The Old Homestead Redecorated." Only "morning performances" are given, and as the play is