

"COME TO THE POINT."

Hanlan can row a boat faster than Mr. Jimmy Mackie (even when the latter is trained down), but James can show Eddy many points in the art of running an Hotel. The public is this summer enjoying the practical proof in the case of the Hotel Hanlan, on the Island, which has become one of the most popular resorts of the over-heated citizen. Manager McIntyre's line of fast and commodious steamers run from Yonge, York, and Brock Street wharves, and the time table is arranged to suit everybody. When once at the point you have the music of the band, on three evenings and two afternoons of the week, in addition to all the old attractions; and if you feel like refreshing the inner man, you will find the Hotel table a vast improvement on anything the champion provided for his visitors.

NON-PATENT MEDICINE.

Bitters and other nostrums may be all well enough, but as a general rule there is no medicine like fresh air, and there is no air fresher and purer than that you enjoy on Lake Ontario. A trip by the *Chicora* to Niagara is now so cheap that there is no excuse for anybody suffering for want of a life-inspiring outing. The boat leaves Young-street wharf at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m., returning to the city early in the evening.

MARTIN'S MEDITATIONS.

Ah, me! ah me!
 'Tis weary work,
 This constant pounding with poetic pestle.
 Eh? What say'st thou,
 Ammanensis mine? "A pestilence seize it?"
 Good, fair youth!
 A thought felicitous
 Was that.
 Wert older grown and had more learning,
 A place I'd find for thee
 Among that grand galaxy who do shine
 In wondrous wit,
 Effulgent fun,
 Stupendous sarcasm,
 And drollery double distilled,
 'Neath caption "Editorial notes!"
 Aye, boy!
 Little know they—and less mayhap they reck—
 Who idly glance down the stanzas,
 That with persistent pen
 And bursting brain—
 More water on the towel? Good act!
 Most truly dost thou watch my every need,
 Thou lissome lad! I would thou wert
 In erudition steeped,
 Like unto me thy master,
 So I could pour into an ear
 Surcharged with soulful sympathy
 The story of my griefs,
 In wierdly woeful whisperings!
 Thou hast, m' lad, an ear capacious, of a truth,—
 Ha! Another scintillation of thy native genius?
 Thou sayest that "An ear capacious of a truth."
 Were out of place within this sanctuary."
 Alas! 'Tis even so!
 But know, sirrah, that my business
 Is to keep Truth crushed to earth
 That it may never
 Rise again!
 Oh, cerie youth!—see how I meet thee
 On a common level!—
 Thy ear protrudes through wearing of thy hat
 Pulled down, like to the fabled vest,
 'Tis not alert with finely-attuned feeling.
 Oh! that Josiah now were here!
 Josiah Burr, mustachoid Child of Destiny!
 Kinship we hear as ardent wooers of the muse—
 Though oftentimes methinks the cares of State
 And drawing of full pay doth wean him
 From the works he erstwhile loved—
 An' wore he here to-day I could with him
 Most sweet communion take,
 And eke a bowl or two—on his account.
 What, ho! young scribe!
 Come hither from the inner den
 And ply thy pen as I dictate.
 Aha! Paste upon thy finger!
 I warrant me at work thou'at been again,
 Transferring to thy scrap-book
 Those pertful pictures and that baneful badinage
 Contained in caustic commentator, yclept GRIP.
 Thou saucy Scrivener, wouldst laugh?
 'Sdeath, young Mr. Fresh! Some morn
 Thou'lt wake to find the fruits of thy sharp shears
 In ashes!

Oblivion should and shall enshroud
 That artist fiend's lampoons—
 At least within the precinct of my domicile;
 Oh, loathe! Limbo of Forgetfulness!
 How gladly would I plunge into thy depths
 At thoughts of sketches, squibs and skits,
 That I, the Tycoon of the Tall Tower,
 Am pelted with on every hand!
 But, come! Avaunt misanthropy!
 And let me think upon a Theme.
 What's this?
 A gust of gruesome growls anon hard times.
 Fit subject for the hour, I ween,
 And treated with calm truthfulness I must confer
 But mark the faulty composition!
 'Tis execrable English that doth mar the article.
 So here's my chance.
 The facts I shall ignore!
 The figures all contain!
 The logic heed not!
 But on the shaky syntax I shall fall,
 And rend it sore.
 The article *per se* is timely and to point,
 But, psshaw! When I have inquested the slaughtered
 Saxon
 The writer will be crushed!
 The world will laugh!
 Now, gentle Adolescent, take my talk
 As here I pace the floor and ponder and perspire.
 But hold!
 Let me my eagle eye upon this leader cast.
 An independence Seread.
 Bristling it is with stern statements
 Hard to controvert.
 The writer's style is good, his periods full, well rounded,
 I like his reasoning and his candor bold.
 But I may not too freely speak my mind,
 For walls have ears,
 E'en though I count as naught
 The aural ornaments of this, my scribbling glove.
 My job is my first thought,
 And so I'll scan this enterprising essay
 That I may find—
 'Tis here!
 One,—two,—three words misspelled,
 And, yes, a slip in punctuation!—
 Enough!
 With one full swoop of Semitar Sarcastic
 I'll cleave him clean in twain.
 The scholar's pose I'll take,
 And my keen ridicule of his lame orthography
 Will drive this Independence *doctrinaire*
 Into the nearest swamp.
 'Tis well that I have learning!
 My party oft would suffer were I, as other editors,
 A mere babbler.
 One's skill in controversy must often fall
 When all the argument's upon the other side.
 Facts that won't down—figures that will not out—
 Confront the editor at times.
 How happy then the journalist
 Who jauntily can treat his theme with sneer, and jibe
 And snub.
 Who from the lofty Pedestal of Sublimest Lore
 Can point to Lindsey Murray, and to Webster,
 And hurl the taunt at rival writer:—
 "Thou'st murdered him—his death's at thy
 door!"
 Now, boy, let's up and at them!



SCOTTY AIRLIE IN CANADA.

II.

July 10th 1884.

DEAR WILLIE,—I sent ye a letter a fortnicht syne, but gods kens if ever ye'll get it, for the toons clean upside down, flags fleelin' an' bands playin', the hot weather sets them a' clean daft. Sic' anither through-the-muir I never laid my een on; processounin', an' the meelitary oot, airches, and pictures on them, and the thoosands on thoosands o' weeldressed folk; I thoct tae mysel' 'od the Queen maun be

marrit again, or has General Gordon brocht hame a pyramid as a keepsake frae Egypt? or what on airth is a' the rejoicin' aboot. So at the risk o' bein' ca'ed inquisitive, I speerd at a man yesterday, what's a' the steer? "Oo!" says he "Dye no ken the toons just fifty year auld the day." "Is that a'?" says I "dearce me—oor kintra is twa-ree-hunner year auld, an' ye never hear a cheep aboot it." "Oh! well its good to be patriotic" says he. "Pawtriotic!" says I "thats a new kind o' pawtriotism, I dinna understand the kind o' pawtriotism, that craws sae crouse ower a kintra thats nae yer ain. Deed, I think its naething but upsettin' impidence tae be pettin' on sic airs, afore they can ca' the kintra their ain. But I'm forgettin' tae tell ye aboot the ferlies—first an' foremost, I'll never marry a Canadian lass. They're owre independent. There's a lass here, my landlady's dochter—a bonnie creatur, but a born limmer. Yestreen I tuk all my boots an' tellt her to clean them, so as no' to be breakin' the Sawbbath day the morn's mornin'. Gude sake! She luckt at me an' then she luckt at the shoos, then she up wi' her fit an' kicked the pair o' them, clear through the open door into the street, an' here I had to rin oot on my stockin' soles, an' doon three streets after a laddie that picked them up an' ran off wi' them. The neist thing I speerd her very ceevily, wad she bring me a drink o' water. Na! indeed no. She telled me there was water i' the tap an' plenty mair i' the lake. I could help mysel'. Did ever ye ken sic' a limmer—they dinna ken hoo to bring up women oot here.

I'm vera sorry to see sae mony Cawtholics here. In fact, I'm just switherin' if its no' my duty, tae gang an' warn them o' the danger o' popish doctrines—only in a new kintra gude folks are awfa' scarce, an' I'm feared if they were to pit me in an' o' the popish dungeons I micht never be heard tell o' again. Hooever, the Cawtholics I've met has been uncommon ceevil, an' I've nae doot if oor folk wad only do awa' wi' organs an' sic like, we would sune get them converted frae the error o' their ways. There was a grand show o' fireworks at the wateredge last nicht, nae end o' poother an' brimstone, a vera fine nae doot, but I've my ain private opinion of Professor Hand, I can say this much, that if he had lived in my great grannies time he wad ha' been burnt in a fat far barrel, lang-syne; for nae man, no' even a wizard, could bring sic winners out o' fire an' brimstone unless he was very familiar, an' accustomed to thae things at head-quarters. About the electric light I'm sair mistaen if thats nae the invention o' some ither deil's buckie, way that licht gangs fizin' an' snortin' is extrordinar, the very silver mune lucks as gin she had the jaundice, when she lucks doon. But I maun stop for if I pit ony wecht they'll charge me anither three bawbes for postage.

Yer brither,
 HUGH AIRLIE.

TO YE MEMBERS OF YE PRESBY- TERIAN ASSEMBLY.

BRETHREN.—Seeing your august body, but lately assembled, hath seen fit in ye faithful discharge of duty to protest and declare before all men, that ye statesmen and politicians of Canada are men withouten honor, and withouten principle, guilty of bitterness and strife, and in ye daily practice of strykinge at ye very foundations of truth, and the fundamental characteristics of Christian morality; also of seriously disturbinge the affection and goode wille that ought to prevail in a Christian land. And seeing likewise that it is ye hye-law of ye city, that every man shall take or cause to be taken one spade, and shall with ye same shovelle off ye snow, each off his' own steppe and ye streets before his door, so thereby ye streets shall be kept clean in winter, and no