

## BURDETTE'S CHILLING NARRATIVE.



BOBBY BURDETTE has gone to his home across the lake with a pair of snowshoes as a trophy of his Canadian expedition, and has lost no time in putting his impressions of our country in type. The narrative is calculated to chill the blood of the American reader, who is pretty sure to overlook the statement in it of the fact that our temperature is similar to that of New York. The whole article is a beautiful grouping of snowbanks, fur coats, toboggans, snowshoes, etc., quite puzzling to the average Toronto man. The explanation is easy. Bobby Burdette is known amongst his own people as an eminently truthful humorist, and to keep up this reputation he *had* to write that way about Canada. If he hadn't piled on the snow and fur, and thrown in heaps of toboggans, the average American would have rejected the story as incredible, and relegated the truthful Robert to the category of the prevaricating Twains, Nyes, and Perkinses.

### "THERE'S MANY A SLIP."

"THE only way to get on in this world," said old Hornbuckle to young Dashaber, whose business lately had gone up the spout, as they were walking briskly down King Street, "is to let no advantage slip. Be on the alert for good bargains in your line, purchase at once; otherwise, by letting these chances slip you come to grief. The same in selling; mark down something attractive in your stock. Its cheapness is apparent—the customer will come back and buy of you something profitable. Never let a chance to sell slip. Look at me. Where did I begin? Nowhere! but I never let a chance slip, and here I am; and I say that a man who lets things slip—" Slip! slide! smash! crash! went old Hornbuckle through a milliner's window knocking the feather-adorned \$20 bonnets literally into cocked hats, after his feet flew up from the icy sidewalk.

"Well, you've let yourself slip for once," said the grinning Dashaber, as under the eye and threats of the policeman on the beat Mr. Hornbuckle paid for the damage. B.

### GOOD WORDS.

MR.—remits, etc. He congratulates the publishers for their spirit and enterprise, and trusts that they will be encouraged by an enlightened public.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Jan. 16.

\* \* \* GRIP's arrival is hailed with delight every week by all, even the little two-year-old.

Toronto, Jan. 21.

A. M.C.P.

## BOBSERVATIONS.

"Cultivate a habit o' bobservation, Sandy."—*Mrs. H. B. Stora.*

BLONNS boasts that he is a self-made man "as reads art, and has a scientific turn, you know." Lately he put a twenty-five-cent thermometer into each of the bedrooms and the kitchen, and a dollar one, got up in crimson plush, into the parlor, "to regulate the heat, you know." Summer heat's all very well, and Blood heat and Fever heat, but I take my stand on Fair'n-heat, it's a happy combination and soots me to a T.

What is the *Mail* up to now? Has it supported the Government in dealing with Riel, only to embarrass it in dealing with the Indians?

I'd like to be a candidate  
Before the crowd to stand,  
My record in the papers,  
My chances in their hand.  
And every Tom, and Dick, and Ned,  
To have his little fling,  
And make my purest action seem  
A very dirty thing.

I am glad to know that the Bishop of Durham's "White Cross League" has found a footing in some of the churches here. There seems to be every need of some pressure in the direction of purity if one may judge from the records that abound in the papers just now.

I am glad to see Mr. C. G. D. Roberts and our other Canadian poets—laureates or not—taking their places in the higher literature of the day; but though they may say a thing ever so prettily I think it would be better always to be sure of the facts. In "Canada," as given in the *Century* for January Mr. Roberts sings in no weak strain:—

"Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!  
Quebec, thy storied citadel,  
Attest in burning song and psalm  
How here thy heroes fell!"

"O thou that bor'st the battle's brunt,  
At Queenston and at Lundy's Lane;  
On whose scant rank but iron front  
The battle broke in vain,—

"Whose was the danger? whose the day?  
From whose triumphant throats the cheer?  
At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateauguay,  
Storming like clarion—bursts our ear?"

and then he proceeds to rally Canada whom he has previously addressed "O Falterer!" for not going alone, as he would have us believe she did on the Plains of Abraham, at Chateauguay, Queenston, and other battle fields. But did she? What then brought the 8th, or King's Own, the 49th (Brock's Regiment), the 104th, the 1st, together with companies of the Royal Artillery, and the Royal Engineers, and many other Imperial contingents I need not name, beside ships and men of the Royal Navy, taking part in the war of 1812? I leave the Plains of Abraham, Wolfe and Montcalm, to answer for themselves in the memories of all who have read history. Pluck is good, but boastfulness is bad, *very*.

### HOW?

How to grow fat—Feed a hog liberally on meal and milk. *But don't be a hog.*

How to lose flesh—Leave the cat in the pantry.

How to live long—Grow tall.

How to sleep soundly—Snore.

How to be wise—Don't be a fool.