



### THE TWIN RACE.

FOND MAMMA—"Good gracious, Johnnie, whatever are you —?"

JOHNNIE (left in charge)—"All right, mamma; don't interrupt; they're neck and neck now!"—*Pick-me-up.*



### RITZIE AT THE ISLAND.

MR. GRIP—I am on a visit here with poppa and mommer. We live in Chicago when we are home, and this is the first time I have been across the line. You will not wonder at this when I mention that I am just a little over two years old, though I am big and they say bright for my age. I want to tell you about a visit I made to Hanlan's Point the other evening in the company of my fond parents, and attended by a great squad of uncles and aunts. The latter have, I frankly admit, done their best to make the little visit pleasant for us in every way, and this trip to the Island was undertaken because it is on the regular programme provided for visitors to Toronto. It was at my particular request (I may mention that I have a remarkable command of language for one of my years) that the trip was made at night. It is a bore to go to such places in the day time, as one is pestered with babies and perambulators and all that sort of thing. As usual my preferences were respected without much argument, and so about half past eight

we found ourselves on board the *Mayflower*, which I must say is a very fine and commodious boat. There was quite a crush, and on enquiry we learned that the reason of it was the popular acrobatic performances of the Japs which were being given at Hanlan's. Nothing of any import happened on the voyage over. In fact the *Mayflower* is such a solid concern that there is no motion perceptible, so that you are actually there before you know you have started. I put in my time pleasantly, sucking my thumb as I lay on poppa's stalwart shoulder, and submitting in my usual passive way to the appreciative remarks of occasional strangers to whom I was introduced and who in a friendly manner chucked me under the chin and remarked that I was a fine child, etc. You have to put up with that sort of thing, you know; it's rather a nuisance, but they mean well, so there is no sense in crying about it as some youngsters do. I twigg'd a lot of spooning going on amongst the girls and fellows on the boat, which also is only what one must expect. I let such spectacles pass without remark as a general thing, though I may be permitted to say that in my opinion well-intentioned lovers might find a more suitable place for courting than on these public conveyances. My own tastes, I think, would run in the direction of a comfortable sofa in a not too brilliantly lighted parlor. I noticed a good many fly-looking young men, who had no girls with them and not a few fly-looking young women, unaccompanied by escorts. These juveniles, I overheard my aunts say, are as a rule "on the strike,"—which is something I very strongly disapprove of. I can't imagine the sort of parent who could allow a young daughter to go off in this way unattended of an evening. But, a truce to this moralizing.

Here we are at the landing place, and in due course safely through the cages and on to the plaza in front of the hotel Muckahoy! what a crowd. I felt quite nervous at first and clung to my poppa's coat collar in two minds whether to cry or not. A few affectionate pats on the back, accompanied by some well-timed soothing remarks from him, however, turned the scale against the tears. The band struck up just at the moment, too, and that put me at my ease. "Music hath charms," says the poet, "to soothe the savage breast." He might have added that it is an excellent thing for babies, too. I am very fond of music, and this particular band—I think I heard somebody say it was the 10th Royals—played very well indeed. The performance of the Japs was not yet due, and one of my aunties proposed that we take a promenade. So we took a walk. Of course I didn't walk myself—on such occasions I prefer to be carried. I was not a little amused on that ramble, by some quiet observations of human nature. It seemed, I thought, to run mostly to fakes. There were all sorts of five-cent snaps, games of chance and skill, giving the place quite an air of Coney Island. I've never been there, but I've heard of it. I am deeply interested in language—as most persons are at my age—and I was greatly taken with the lingo of the fakirs. The boy in charge of the Aunt Sally scheme in particular, is worth going a long way to see and hear as he gets off his set speech inviting custom. I tried in vain to memorize it or I would like to put it on record here just for fun. I didn't care for the Jap performance. It was very clever, of course, but I really couldn't stand it. The juggling with the barrel frightened me so much that I requested poppa to put me down. Thinking the trouble was over, I resumed my place in his arms, but just then they brought out the little Jap, and sent him up to do circus on the bamboo pole. Once more my nerves quite gave way and I burst out crying. I'm afraid I'm not yet