

city guests will be disappointed, and may skip out without paying their board, or otherwise indicate their disapprobation. The farmer had better see to it that there is nothing to offend bad taste in the internal arrangements of his house. In the first place, if he happens to have any oil paintings or steel engravings on the walls, let them be removed at once, and their places supplied—if at all—with time-stained lithographs selected from the series published by Messrs. Currier & Ives of New York in the year 1648, or thereabouts. These entertaining daubs are usually in the line of portraiture, and represent typical female loveliness of the "North," "South," "East" and "West,"—each picture being destitute of beauty, and colored in the lowest style of the art. The effect upon the cultured visitor is to make him or her exceedingly tired, and thus they are well calculated to make the rest which the boarder is seeking all the more welcome. The wall paper must not under any circumstances have an attractive pattern or refreshing colors, and the carpet upon the floor—if any—should be suggestive of chaos or something equally indefinite.

As to Literature.—The farmhouse which contains a varied assortment of recently published books or standard works of literature, is a fraudulent pretender. Upon the little bed-room table (covered with a white cloth with an embroidered border), there ought to be a superannuated copy of "Ayer's Almanac," and all the other books in the house must be kept in the parlor. They will not require much space. Besides the family Bible, there must be a copy of the "Dark Continent," by Stanley; the "Life and Times of Garfield," and one or two other specimens of works "sold only by subscription," especially an atlas of the township, which should not on any account be omitted. It will readily be seen that a collection of readable books would distract the attention of the boarders which ought to be fixed upon the contemplation of the beauties of nature out of doors.

Landscape, etc.—The scenery about the farmhouse is the chief attraction to visitors, and ought to be carefully preserved in its genuine condition. Trees should be strictly prohibited within five hundred yards of the front stoop, and a potato patch should occupy the place of a lawn. The barn yard should be as close to the kitchen as possible so that the summer breezes may be tempered with the odor of new mown hay and so forth.

A great many other valuable points will, no doubt, occur to the reader of experience. But perhaps, after all, the average farmer may be trusted to steer clear of everything in the way of beauty and convenience.

PAYING THE PIPER.

"Resolved: That the thanks of this committee be tendered to the Chairman, Mr. Ald. Piper, for the successful manner in which he carried out the arrangements in connection with the reception of His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Landsdowne upon their arrival and during their stay in this city."—*Resolution of Reception Committee, City Council.*

WHEN the Aldermen, out of their fulness of thanks,
Proceeded this motion to carry,
They spoke on behalf of all classes and ranks,
The praise due to Alderman Harry.

No other could half so neatly have done
The honors to Royalty's scions,
Than the brisk little man, full of business and fun,
Who is used to the handling of lions.

And now let the Governor make him a knight—
If that title old blood presupposes,
Harry's got it, for isn't he lineally sprung
From the PIPER THAT PLAYED BEFORE MOSES?

MY LANDLORD.

I'm a poor disgusted tenant, of the easy-going class.
And my better half e'en hints to me that I'm a dotting ass
To put up with our landlord's snubs and impudent abuse,
And hints that I should tell him he may travel to the deuce.

But then I'm easy-going, and I hate to raise a row,
E'en should the old man come to me with eribustic brow,
And tell me he is bound to have my shanghai rooster's gore
Because it scratches in his yard—you know he lives next door.

Yes, that's the secret of my woe, our landlord lives too near,
And everything we do or say he's sure to see or hear.
I've found by sad experience the tenant of to-day
Is happier if his landlord lives some forty miles away.

He's always grumbling at the way his house is getting wrecked;
The wall-paper is peeling, and the plaster getting cracked;
The gate has lost a rusty hinge, the grass upon the lawn
Has been destroyed by chickens, or the front door knob is gone.

I've got to put a finer sieve within the back-door sink,
And in my study he has found the wall tattooed with ink;
He never spends a copper for repairs in any way,
And only is half civil when demanding next month's pay.

I'm a poor, disgusted tenant, and I only stay because
The rent is low. No other man on earth could stand his jaws,
And rather than an empty house he gives it to us cheap—
But grants therewith enough abuse to make an angel weep.

Yet now that wife has told me what she'd do if she were me,
I'm hanged if I don't do it, and vacate my tenancy;
I'll find one where the landlord can't live with me night and day,
But have his own headquarters fully forty miles away.

W. H. T.

MR. PUFFER'S VIEWS ON THE BRINGING UP OF CHILDREN.

RUM VALLY KORNERS,

MAY 2nd, '87.

TU MR. GRIP,—It haz offen bin remarkt that ministers & salune keepers have the wurst children in the world—and I beleave it. I understand purfekly why preecher's boys turn out bad—its the way thay air tawt & brot up. Frum the time they are knee high they are stuffed with religun and theology (no wunder thay air sikly) & tawt all manner uv narro veews & doktrines. Now I haint anything agenset religun in its own plase—its a yuseful kommodity & aught tu be enkouraged. Like everything else there air good & bad kinds uv religun & I beleave in letting every man choose his own. 'This stuffing religun into yungsters before thay know better is taking an unfare advantage uv them & ought tu be prohibited by law. Its a outrage on human libberty! "Let the boys grow up & choose a religun for theirselves" I say. I am sure if this sensible and fare method wuz adopted more peepel would choose the same religun the salune keepers have. Most ministers boys air tawt its wiked to drink alkoholik beverages—wiked to danse a jig—wiked to watch a hoss rase, and air tide up to the apron so tite that when thay get thare libberty away they go to the devel. Now my theery is what boys most want is libberty. Let a boy's mind & will power expand, evolve, devellup & then choose a religun—if he wants one. What wood yung kolts be if tide up all the time? What wood our gardens be if thare wuz no libberty? Let the boy have full swing fur the first 15 yeers if you want a strong karakter. Thats my theery.

But what bothers me MR. GRIP is to akount for the bad boys salune-keepers sumtimes have in their houses.