

tures, which need not be enumerated, were of themselves well worth the price of admission.

We congratulate the Directors of the D.G. and O.I.E. on the excellent and spirited management of this year's Exhibition, and trust they will never relax their noble efforts to promote agriculture, manufacturing industry, the arts, etc., etc., in Canada, and to cater for the amusement-loving people in legitimate and wholesome fashion.

T. T.

HOW THEY TRAVELLED.

A blue jay sat up in a tree,
And shrieked a note not sweet to hear,
The gunner fired, but off flew he,
For he was trav'ling on his ear.

The gunner met a festive bull,
Nor stopped in mute surprise to gaze,
But for the nearest fence ran full,
For he was trav'ling on his shape.

The bull then at the fence quick sped,
And caused the gunner bold to hustle;
He raised him with his bovine head,
For he was trav'ling on his muscle.

SNAX.

SANCTUM SKETCHES.

No. III.

TROUBLE WITH THE TYPES.



"SAY, William," exclaimed the editor to his able assistant, in a cold and deprecatory tone of voice, "it's a poor case I can not go off for a week's holiday without finding on my return that the labors of years to establish a reputation for accuracy on literary finish on the part of the *Hooperup* have been knocked into fourteen different

styles of cocked hat. I am pained, William. I am deeply grieved. In fact, if I were accustomed to the use of strong language, like you are, I should unhesitatingly say I'm mad as blazes."

"Last week's issue is a perfect heap of lamentable and disheartening blunders.

"For instance, here in the miller's new advertisement, you substitute 'n' for 'h' in the word 'shorts.' And this in the face of the well-known fact that our miller is a sufferer from catarrh! I expect him in at any moment to threaten my life.

"Here again, the local you gave Sugarson, the grocer, reads: 'while our popular grocer is a modest and unassuming man, yet he has lots of sand about him!' Why the thing is fairly libellous.

"And see, you put that paid local about Lakteel, the milkman, having a new pump, under the 'wit and humor' heading. Its frightful, William! Simply horrible.

"Now turn over to page two and tell me what in Caxton's name you meant by mixing up Squire Jones' marriage with the description of the new cider mill you have the agency for? When the Squire returns from his honeymoon trip and sees it stated in cold type in the *Hooperup* that 'he has married an estimable and amiable



CONSIDERATE TO A FAULT.

THE MOTHER OF HIS WIFE (at the end of a lengthened visit)—"What time does the train leave? I wouldn't like to miss it, you know."

DUTIFUL SON-IN-LAW (promptly)—"At half-past one. It is now eleven-fifteen, but I think we had better be starting for the depot to make sure."

lady, with an immense squeezing capacity and very easy to run,' will there be a whole board left in this blessed printing office?

"Look at that birth notice crowded into the same space with the Misses' Mulligan's millinery notice. Diabolically suggestive, William, and I'll be ashamed to look the ancient ladies in the face for the next six months!

"Glance at this editorial commencing: 'The editor of this paper is off on a short tour.' I can't credit that it was a mere oversight which transformed 'tour' into 'toot.' That boy has been at more of his devilish work, and if he was in I'd confront him with his fiendish job.

"Here's further proof of what I allege, William, in the article entitled 'Ready, Aye, Ready,' and if the angel Gabriel came down and exonerated that boy I'd still hold him guilty:

RED HEAD, AH, RED HEAD!

We do not heed President Cleveland's blasted airs—

"I wrote it 'blustrous air'—

He is a fool specimen of the dem old crabs—

"What I said was: 'He is a fair specimen of the Democrats'—

The public houses of a party would not scoop in such mean champagne lunatics—

"The copy read: 'The Republicans are a party who would not stoop to such mean campaign tactics.'

Let them come off, with their relations and babies. We are red-headed! We are villains! We can hold our cow—

"Heavens! what a parody on: 'Let them come on with their retaliation and invasion. We are ready! We are vigilant! We can hold our own!'

"Look at the next page, and—"

But at this moment four excited subscribers ambled in with fresh outrages discovered, and the editor's quiet conference with his able foreman was rudely terminated.

T. T.

KING MILAN forbade the celebration of Queen Natalie's birthday. No happy return for her.