



A LONG ENGAGEMENT.

*Adolphus.*—Ah! dearest, you are so good to promise to wait for me! I have my profession to learn, and my fortune to make, and it may be a long, long time before we can marry—perhaps not until Yonge street has been put in a decent state of repair!

#### Susan on Camping Out.

I have been "camping out" for a week and have just returned. There is one great advantage from camping,—everything looks so unusually clean and comfortable when you come home. You have such a keen appreciation of things upon which you were wont to look with indifference. It seems positively luxurious to lie awake and hear the rain pattering on the roof, if you have been residing in a tent, which should have been waterproof, but simply was not, and have been roused from slumber by streams of water trickling into your face, soaking your pillows and washing all sorts of foreign substances into your eyes.

"Camping out" is enchanting in fine weather, if you choose a locality which is not patronized by the musical mosquito. Lounging under the shade of trees, reading, working, talking, or simply idly dreaming during the day, and gathering round the camp fire telling stories, or singing lively choruses, in the evening, are the delights of camp life. But if your bonfire is quenched by a drenching rain; if you lie in your tent and hear the wind roaring through the woods, whirling leaves and branches in all directions; if you are roused by a mighty crash as some mighty monarch of the forest is levelled with the ground, and you are suddenly seized with the conviction that there is no reason why a similar fate should escape the trees in your immediate neighborhood; if you hear a little scream from your nervous friend as she exclaims that she never saw such awful forked lightning before and that she is positively certain the tent will be struck; if it is, to say the least, not conducive to repose. Then, to sit in your tent during a long, rainy day, while everything seems unpleasantly moist; to find that your provisions are water soaked; and that your fire obstinately refuses to burn; is trying to the temper of the most placid individual. Do not imagine that I am deprecating the pleasure of camp life. Try it, by all means. But first consult Mr. Vennor and all the weather prophets in the Dominion, and, if possible, avoid thunderstorms; and, in case the prophets may be mistaken, take with you a portable stove and a waterproof safe for your provisions. But, however fortunate you may be in the matters of fine weather and pleasant surroundings, if you do not return serenely contented with everything you find at home, you will differ greatly from your correspondent.

SUE SCRETTLE.

#### From Our Blue-Nose Correspondent.

DEAR MR. GRIP:

Some of your politicians up there in Ontario have strayed from home and we want you to look after them. Blake is here, so is Huntington; they are both stout, hearty, rugged looking men, not very handsome, but look as if they could earn a living anywhere, if they had a mind to. The weather is wet and enthusiasm runs low. On their arrival they were met and escorted around the town by a few of our local notables in four carriages. The band played in front of "The Exchange" at 9 o'clock. And then J. S. Leighton, M. P. P., the leader and backbone of the Grit party here, addressed the crowd in the following neat and pretty speech:—"Gentlemen, this the Hon. Edward Blake. Now keep good order." And we all ordered forthwith. Then the Hon. Edward said:—"Gentlemen,—It gives me much pleasure to accept this friendly greeting. It has given me much pleasure in driving through your town and country this afternoon, to notice such strong evidences of thrift and prosperity. If this is the result of taxes, then I say give us more taxes—or if it is the result of your own hard hands and harder heads, then I say give us more hard hands and heads. I say again that I am very deeply impressed with the friendly greeting we have received. It makes me feel at home among you—no, rather, no, it doesn't make me feel at home among you, they don't treat us this well at home—but makes me wish my home was among you. How much I would like to represent you—if—but—that is—gentlemen, I expect to meet you again to-morrow, when we will discuss questions of deep and grave importance. So lest I should use up a part of my capital stock for that occasion, I bid you good night." Then we gave Hon. Edward a hip, hip, hurrah!—hip, hi! Ah ha! weather wet, enthusiasm low. Mr. Leighton then introduced Hon L. S. H., as above, who spoke as follows:—"Gentlemen, friends, and fellow-subjects of the greatest sovereign who reigns supremely over a loyal Opposition,—I ditto Blake. We all admire Blake because he is the head and brains of the great Grit party, and because he is—he is Blake. I admire your noble Province. We'd like to have it up in Ontario, but as we can't move you up then we accept your humble tribute of twenty per cent. on everything you use, and we are satisfied. Again gentlemen, I say ditto to Blake and more to-morrow."

Weather wet, enthusiasm low. The crowd—Hip, hip, hu-ah-a!

Since writing the above we have heard your great men speak, in open air, to a very large and attentive audience. (Mr. Huntington says the Tories pay them much better respect here than in Ontario.) It has only confirmed the opinion I expressed at first—they are astray. They have utterly failed to convince us that our confederation trade was anything but a very bad one for us. The Hon. Edward's speech has been read and repeated here so often, that on hearing it for the first time from the original tongue, it was very stale.

Huntington says he never felt so proud in his life as when he saw himself displayed in Grip. He says you are a perfect mirror. He also admires the appearance you reflect of John A. Our mechanics were disappointed. They had their factories and machine shops all sicked up, ready for inspection, but your great men didn't call. They're astray. They came; they saw; they are on their way back home.

I would have sent this article to one of our local papers—the St. John Sun or Telegraph—but I was afraid their readers would think I was lying.

Sir Samuel and Sir Charles and Sir Leonard are to visit us next week, and if you wish I will give you an exact account of their doings, as I

have done with these men. In the meantime I am, Yours very faithfully, VERITAS.  
Woodstock, N. B., July 23, 1881.

P. S.—If I think of any omissions in either of the addresses referred to I will fill them up. V.

STILL LATER.

I did not intend to trouble you again so soon, but your upper Province Puritans must have swarmed and lost their queen. They are showering down upon us as if they never heard of Woodstock or Carleton county before. Has our late election here had anything to do with these frequent visits? If it has, let us know, and we will never elect anybody again, in fact we didn't think we were electing anybody the last time. Or is it that the political machine has exploded and scattered so many broadcast that we must suffer a sort of politico-meteoritic shower? We have had Langovin, Blake and Huntington, and now comes Mackenzie Bowell. He is almost here. He wired your correspondent to secure for him two or three suites of rooms in each of the principal hotels, to hire all the brass bands in the town for a serenade this evening, to hire all the small boys and big ones to shout hurrah! and to buy up all the tar barrels and kerosene casks that were not used for Blake's bon fire, and charge them to the public and he'd do the same. Mr. B. compliments us very highly on our personal, political, agricultural, and commercial appearance and prospects. He says he is surprised to see what a great amount of business is done here in proportion to the amount of customs receipts; says this is surely the result of the N. P., and we think it is too. He hopes all our traders are doing a fair business, notwithstanding our proximity to the United States. We tell him we hope we are, and if he thinks there is anything unfair about it to let us know and we will see that it is all done right. Tilley comes back again. Now, Mr. Grip, if you have any more political surplussage up there won't you try and keep them there, or send them up north to look after the Indians at fifty cents a day and charge it to the public? We have always been a simple-minded, peaceful, semi-religious sort of people down here, and we don't care to have our peaceful circles broken in upon any more. But Sir Customs and Sir Railways will be here in a day or two, and then for another swell.

VERITAS.

Woodstock, N.B., July 25, 1881.

STILL LATER.

The great Liberal-Conservative gathering at this place on the 27th ult., is now an item of Canadian history. We cannot predict its influence on our future, but from the light of copious notes taken for the purpose we wish to place the chief utterances of that day on the pages of Grip as the most faithful record of our national life.

The local press is divided in opinion as to the numbers present, and amount of enthusiasm manifested at this and the Blake meetings; but from a very careful computation, having counted them several times, your correspondent is prepared to state, with confidence, that there were not present at either meeting, at any time, more than twenty-five thousand men, besides women and children, and that the enthusiasm never got beyond sky-blue, except during the address of our local M.P.

Sir Samuel said:—"Gentlemen,—I am reminded that I have not had the honor of addressing you since the days when the question of confederation was an open question; and the guarantee that the intercolonial road should follow the valley of the noble river St. John was not corroborated by the facts, gentlemen. You all remember well, gentlemen, that I told you on that occasion that if the I. C. R. did not follow the St. John valley, that I would resign my seat in the Government. And, gentlemen, I wish to say to you to-day that I then wrote out my resignation and the Government told me to keep it in my pocket until they could put a sur-