

### ON TRIAL.

"John, we'll have to be on our good behavior hereafter."

"Why so?"

"Why, its quite evident that our new cook is a superior person."

### SCIENTIFIC.

A MEDICAL writer says it is the iron in the blood that accounts for red hair. He goes on to observe that if there was less iron, the hair would probably be brown or chestnut. Don't know, iron or no iron, red hair has for some time been pretty chestnutty amongst the "funny men." But while he was on the subject, why didn't this learned scientist tell us what accounts for the whiteness of the inevitable white horse?

### MR. BENSON INTERVIEWED.



OBSERVING that Grimsby Park had been closed for the season, our reporter took an early opportunity to seek an interview with Rev. Manly Benson, the enterprising manager thereof, who had returned to his pastoral duties in the city. The rev. gentleman was found in his study, deeply immersed in the preparation of a sermon on the trials and tribulations of Job. He received our representative with his customary geniality.

"And so you have closed your season at Grimsby, Mr. Benson," said our reporter, placing his hat on the manuscript.

"Yes, thank good——, I mean, yes, sir. We have closed a very pleasant and successful summer programme."

"How have you enjoyed the work of managing director?"

"Oh, it has been a very great delight to me. I am peculiarly constituted, you know."

"Yes? Can you give an idea of some of the delights?"

"Certainly. For example, I greatly relished the bobbery that was kicked up by the press and public at the commencement of the season on account Sir John MacDonald's non-appearance."

"But that was purely Sir John's fault, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was. That's why I so greatly enjoyed being hauled over the coals and called a 'deceiver,' etc. Then, later on, I was immensely pleased at the scorching I caught for fooling the people about Talmage."

"But Talmage publicly acknowledged that it was entirely his error."

"Of course he did; but some of the papers kept up their fire at me and thus prolonged my enjoyment. I tell you, young man, you will never know the real pleasure of life until you become manager of a summer resort like Grimsby. Besides these public outbursts, I enjoyed every day, from morning till night, a series of what I may term mosquito bites,—and you know the delicious sensation they give you when you rub them gently? By this figure of speech I refer to the nag-nagging of cottagers; the pick-picking of visitors; and the infinitude of queries, suggestions, complaints, etc., etc., which furnished me with opportunities to keep on the go, doing half a dozen things at a time, from morn to dewy eve. Yes; of course I had to take a certain amount of praise and encouragement, but I got so hardened I could stand that easily; it would have been a tough summer, though, if it hadn't been for the fault-finding. The good book says, 'if you do ill and suffer for it, what praise have ye?' That's so; and you haven't any fun either. To do your best and then catch it is what makes life really worth living to the Park manager."

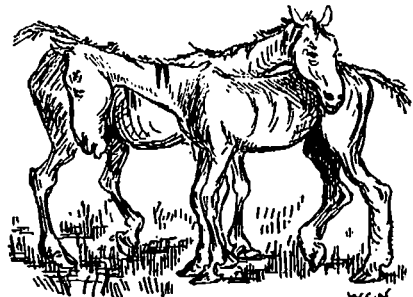
"I observe that you are preparing a discourse on Job," said the reporter as he took his hat to go.

"Yes," replied Mr. Benson, earnestly. "I am in a position to show that Job had a real easy time of it and didn't appreciate his surroundings. Come and hear me."

After promising to do so the reporter withdrew.

### VARYING THE MONOTONY.

ONE of the Ottawa civil servants has been varying the monotony of living by saving life. He rescued some persons from drowning the other day. This is a good example to the other fellows in the Departments, and any of them so disposed could spend most of their idle time in office hours in such humane service.



HORSE-CHESTNUTS