



A PASTOR-AL SCENE ON THE ISLAND

The Island is becoming a fashionable summer resort for our citizens, who are beginning to appreciate the advantages it offers over places more remote and less economical. It is now the residence of not a few prominent people who live a blissful life, of which the rest of the world knows nothing. The ordinary denizens of the Island are believed to pass their time in boating, fishing, bathing and walking on the pebbly lake-shore, but it is hinted that there are certain extraordinary residents who practice other healthful pastimes. One of these, for example, a popular young clergyman, finds it capital exercise for the muscles—in the absence of regular gymnastic apparatus—to take his breechy old cow by the horns and hold her while Patience, the kitchen-maid, extracts from her unwilling udder the matutinal lacteal fluid. This in the vernacular of the Island, is called taking a morning horn. When that expression is hereafter heard the reader will understand that it has no connection with Hanlan's bar.

Society Idyls.

No. II.

SCENE—*Boat on the river near old Niagara town. TIME—Midnight.*

He :

Awfully glad you have come! Step on to the stern sheets, steady!
Wrap yourself well in your shawl—now steer for the Lewiston landing.
See how the lamps are gone out in the old Niagara main street—
Cold, grey court house and sombre church, like ghosts in the moonlight,
Frown over Fort St. George with its gunless, gaunt embasures.
—Starboard a point or so! let us keep to the midst of the channel.

She :

What shall I do if mamma should wake and find I am missing?
—Yet the night was so fine, I could not resist the temptation,
So when mamma had gone in, and cousins, sisters, and aunts were
Safe in bed, and you asked me to go for a pull in the river, quite "too too" it seemed to me such a novel excitement
After that stupid dance, those dreary, conventional people!

He :

Do you remember last June, when first I met you, Miss Alice?

She :

Call me "Alice," and miss the "Miss."

He :

As I entered the garden,
There in the porch you sat, a spray of clambering roses
Bent caressing above the flower-like grace of your figure?

She :

Yes, I remember. I wore a *princesse* of wine-colored satin
Trimmed with the real malleso, and a skirt of loveliest velvet.

He :

We have met often since then, at dances, parties, and pic-nics,
Yet could I never speak as now I speak to you, Alice!
'Mid that frivolous crowd, that life insane and untruthful,
Could not profane the name of love—for Alice, I love you!

She :

Since that day at the Falls I always thought that you liked me.

He :

Liked you? I loved you, thought of you always, lived for you only.

She :

Après?

He :

Be my wife. I have sufficient to live on,
Am not afraid to work, and yet will win a position!

She :

See how the dark green tide beneath us gliding unbroken,
Ever flows on the same, yet not the same for a moment!
Such am I. I like you, and yet know well that I can not
Like you long, fond youth, and kind dispenser of "taffy."
Know, had your unwise words been haply spoken to
other

Maidens whose boots parade the dusty streets of Toronto,
Straight had it there been run into the matrimonial prison!
I, more merciful, spare; but when the years shall have
taught thee

Sense, and the ways of the world, and the noble science of
flirting,

Say, "These things have I learned. I once the greenest
of chickens,

"Taught by a prudent maid, a clever girl of Toronto:
"So if hearts I have mashed while my pulsations were
normal,

"If I have played with love unsinged by the fire that is
sacred,

"I was the pupil, the teacher she, to her be the glory."
—Here is the wharf—good night. Forget my words—or
remember!

C.P.M.

The Marquis at Barrie.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—It is so long since I have written to a real editor that I feel some natural embarrassment about beginning. I think I must have been inspired by the visit of the Marquis of Lorne. I wish I could describe it all to you, but Jack says that my descriptive powers are not my strongest point. We had everything that everybody has on these occasions, arches, evergreen, flags, and flowers, to say nothing of a brass band and bagpipes. Do you feel any emotion when you hear the bagpipes? I feel several. Then we had our military out for inspection, and all our societies with their various badges on, and all our local dignitaries, full of the importance of the occasion, and many of them in wondrous attire. A great many people were presented, and had the honor of shaking his royal hand. Jack says that I am writing nonsense, because he is not royal. That boy has no logic in him. I explained to him that the husband and wife are one, so, if the Princess is royal, her husband must also be, but he can't see it. He won't even call him demi-royal. I have often thought that it was such a mistake to leave us without a court in Canada. An old gentleman, a great friend of mine, in a grandfatherly sort of way, used to say that the reason why so many Canadians failed to speak the Queen's English in its native purity, was because we had no court to keep up the standard. (He was an Englishman and had some national prejudices.) Perhaps we may have a court or resident royalty some day. I wonder whether our representatives in parliament would take advantage of their opportunities? I don't know anything about it myself because I never read speeches, and I always hated grammar, but Jack says that a great many school teachers speak better English than some of the members of parliament, though he does not want to be too severe on the members. I would not think of blaming the teachers, for I dare say they get so tired of those grammatical rules, they are so awfully dry that they really can't put their theories into every day practice. I never could learn rules myself, for if I did it would not be one bit of use, for I should be sure to get as badly mixed up about past participles, and objective cases, and all that dry stuff, as the most ungrammatical speakers in the Dominion. Of course I am not such a little goose as to think that people should not study grammar, and if I had to choose between theory and practice, I should prefer practice. Now, I have got ever so far away from the Marquis, I mean from what I was writing about him, and I have no more room on my paper to say any more.

Very truly yours,

SU SCEPTIBLE.



Letter from an Exasperated Farmer.

Mr. Grip,

Sir.—Knowing you to be the true friend of all sort of distressed persons, I write to let you know the trouble I am in at present, and to receive from you if possible the advice and assistance I require. You must know, sir, that I am a farmer—a political farmer—and at present I am endeavoring to cultivate a bit of new soil down by the sea. For several days past I have been at much pains to sow a certain valuable variety of seed which I had reason to hope would suit this soil well, and bring forth a big crop of votes at the next general reaping. Not only have I worked hard by day, but I have labored far into the night scattering this precious seed broadcast, but, sir, I have now great fear that my toil has been thrown away, to a very large extent. Sir, the occasion of this fear and painful anticipation is the appearance upon my farm of a couple of ill-favored fowls, who have set to in the most aggravating and determined manner to scratch up what I have sown. I would not entertain such a strong feeling against the invaders,—knowing it to be an instinct of their race to scrape for a living—were it not that they do not eat the seed. They simply scratch it up and leave it there. I have reason to believe, sir, that the facts and figures I have sown cannot be digested by these fowls, or else act as poison to them, for after scraping them up and leaving them in the *Sun*, they go off to commit further depredations. As I have a large quantity of the same seed still to sow, and am by no means pleased with the prospect of working in vain for several weeks to come, I implore you to tell what I had better do. Do you know anything that will kill off these rapacious fowls? I may say that they are of the N. P. species and are known to the natives of this part of the country as the Tilley and the Tupper respectively.

Yours in exasperation,

E. BLAKE,
Political Farmer.

"French Conversations."

"What *Tunis* that?" asked President Grevy as he was walking with a few friends down the *Boulevard des Italiens*.

"That," said Gambetta, laughing, "that is one of our spies from Africa amusing himself on one of his native Arab instruments."

"Well by the powers of Moll Kelly," said Marshal McMahon, in his inimitable Irish way, "we don't want any of his *Kaironan* here, for *Amena* lot of spalpeens I never saw than thim same Arabs. We don't want any music, shure its *Sfax* we're ather."

"But," said the President, "he did not attempt to give us any 'French airs' at anyrate."

And the three jolly old fellows laughed at their own little jokes.