

it the hungry man sees the joint of beef and dish of potatoes; the thirsty one beholds the schooner of foaming lager; the bawky president sees a snug fortune and a nicely furnished home in a foreign land; the municipal aspirant sees a seat in the council chamber: and our political leaders see a place of rest when their labors here are ended. How pretty the pictures! but, alas! how deceptive! As the mirage they vanish! We feel that our subject is too deep to fathom in one discourse, and as it may prove an eyesore to our readers to continue it, we will now notice our last, but certainly not the least important variety of the series, the Black eye. This is a charming extension of the eye proper, known to some as the eye gone into mourning, into night would be nearer the mark. The Black eye is sometimes the result of a too zealous contrivance of the schoolmaster's advice to always dot your "i's." After dotting their own some people make a practice of dotting other persons' optics free of charge. Any of our readers who are desirous of possessing the Black eye, and not knowing so obliging a friend, may obtain one by falling down stairs or butting against a stove pipe or other article of furniture. These are positively the only reliable ways by which a genuine-tinted Black eye can be secured. Some peculiar persons paint the eye to hide its beauty from their friends. This is too close an imitation of painting the lily, and we strongly recommend its discontinuance. Remember, "beauty unadorned is beauty adorned the most."

We now close our eyes and the subject forever and aye.

TITUS A. DRUM.

SOME CANADIAN CITIES.

BY PROF. BUDGEFEELER, M.A., MEM. CAN.

HIST. SOC.

Brantford.

I do not purpose when I commence these papers to chronicle the history of the older cities of Canada; for that field like the buck-wheat patch has been worked to such an extent in "Histories of Canada," "Travellers' Guides," etc., that it is absolutely impossible to produce a satisfactory crop of anything in the shape of novelty. Everybody knows all about the Ancient Capital with its Wolfe and Montcalm, citadel, historic gates, and so forth. Montreal the same, for its "variola" is an old story. The other old 'uns ditto.

When a man goes off to California or British Columbia or elsewhere from his native village, and after a few years returns to find the place a city, with all that the name implies, he naturally grows jubilant and "whoops her up" on his arrival, and we find that this procedure is invariably taken by the returned Brantforders. Malicious people insinuate that Brantford can produce as many of the boozing fraternity as any ten places of its size in Canada. Superficially it may appear so, but the real fact is that in the olden times the young men, then known as Grand River Roarers, not finding a suitable field for their talents at home, skipped to parts unknown, and now are returning, under the new order of things, to live and die on the banks of their native and shining river; hence, as I have stated before, the amount of conviviality so apparent every evening.

Brantford was settled, to a rather limited extent, at some prehistoric age by the Iroquois. It was afterwards very much unsettled by a Mohawk Chief, Thayendenagea, called for short "Old Joe Brant," who had a ford to cross the river there. Joe was a captain and a great warrior in 1812, his chief amusement being scalping Yankee prisoners. He was a noble specimen of the monarchs of the forest. He was a great man and a big Injun. Peace to his manes! but we're not sorry he's a dead one.

Brantford has produced a hardy race, and A. Hardy represents them now. A. Sturgess Hardy is a great improvement on Joe Brant, the old-time representative, and instead of a wampum bag he totes a portfolio. There was a doctor once that lived in the County of Elgin who declared that he didn't care an anathema for Hardy, still, in spite of the learned Doctor, I maintain that A. Sturgess Hardy is, unlike the hat he wears, no slouch.

But it is not alone the "great strides" commercially speaking that Brantford has made that will hand its name down to an admiring posterity. Brantford is indisputably the home of the poet. Whether indeed Brantford-on-Grand will ever rival Stratford-on-Avon or not remains for time to tell. A new and entirely original school of poesy has developed there. Perhaps a long contemplation of the tortuous and twining course of the Grand leads all the local bards to introduce into their measures rattlesnakes, copperheads and other repellent, though realistic, subjects which are always found wriggling through the verse. The reason why the big Injun and the noxious fire-water so often come to the front is, of course, the result of studying the idiosyncrasies of the natives, aboriginal and otherwise. I see in my mind's eye a great future for Brantford, the grassy banks of the Grand teeming with busy workers in cotton mills, saw mills, grist mills and gin mills, which beyond doubt before another decade will reach to far-off Cayuga, now itself, alas! decayed.

I will conclude, *a propos* of the mills, with an unpublished poem, said to be written by Hon. David Mills, on the future of Brantford:

"Oh, Brantford! from thy sandy hills  
I see thy pond'rous o'ershoot mills;  
Yes, when upon this spot I stand—  
Worked by the waters of the Grand,  
Their wheels go round, and round, and round,  
Till all the wheat and oats are ground.  
I see the dark form of the "drudge"  
Scoop out the sand near where the "budge"  
Is made as Nature's sweet restorer,  
Meet drink for a Grand River Roarer."

B.



A GROWL.

FROM A COSTERMONGER.

This 'ere's a bloomin' kentry  
If hever there was one,  
To-day you're halmost froze to death,  
To-morrow you've the sun;  
A pourin' down his rays so 'ot  
Upon your bloomin' 'od—  
Next day the rain's a comin' down  
Like jolly lumps of lead!

The next change that we'll likely get  
Will be a fall of snow,  
Then comes a thaw and all is wet,  
Around, above, below;  
And next you'll get an icy gale  
From north or else northwest,  
With perhaps a shower or two of hail  
That goes through coat and vest!

In course we've fogs in London,  
In course we've London fogs,  
Then we goes to a public 'ouse  
And takes our beer and grogs,  
And sings our songs and smokes our pipes  
Hull day there hat our house;  
We sometimes 'opes, ven at our swipes,  
The fog would never cease!

And rain? Vell, yes, hov course we've rain,  
But we don't mind it there,

Ye see there's sal-t-briety  
In hall our English hair.  
Our skies are not so blue in course,  
But, bless my blooming heyes,  
A man's got somethin' 'else to do  
Than gazin' hat the skies.

—B.

THE LUCKY VOLUNTEER.

At the close of the recent North-West rebellion, The Toronto Stove Manufacturing Co., of this city, offered as a present one of their celebrated "Diamond A Ranges," or a "No 14 Square Splendid High Art Self-feeding Base Burner" to the volunteer who served in the recent rebellion and was the first to get married after the 17th day of July, 1885. Applications with proof of marriage were received up to the first of October. The firm on being interviewed by our reporter, informed us that Mr. Fred J. Nixon, of "C" Company, 90th Battalion, Winnipeg Rifles, who formerly belonged to "G" Company, Queen's Own Rifles, of this city, was married in Winnipeg on the 18th day of July. The Range or Parlour Heater will be shipped to him as soon as he informs the Company which he prefers.

The "liberty of the press" is again assailed. "Peter X.," of the Berlin *News*, has been prohibited from preaching in Methodist pulpits.

BILIOUSNESS.

When the liver does not act promptly the bile accumulates to excess in the blood, causing yellow eyes, sallow skin, sick stomach, diarrhoea, etc., and the sufferer is termed bilious. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the liver, stomach, bowels and blood, curing biliousness.

The *Globe's* "Current Comment" heading is quite as deceptive as the ordinary quack advertisement, being composed mainly of such items as these: "*Globe's* Enterprise," "*Globe's* Services to Canada," "*Globe's* Exhibition," "*Globe's* Forty Years of the *Globe's* History," etc., etc.

DECIDED AT LAST.

A decision has at last been reached in regard to which is the cheapest place in the city to buy harness at. The name of the firm is the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opposite Hay Market. You can buy a set of harness \$15 cheaper of them than any other firm in the city. They have the advantage over small dealers as they manufacture in large quantities; 200 sets to choose from, all hand-stitched.

POPE RE-READ.

"Health makes the man, the want of it the fellow,  
The rest of it is all but leather or prunella;  
"Worth" makes the woman—clothes now "tailor-made,"  
"Nino tailors," each contributing his ail.

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SONS' Ordered Clothing Dept., and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

Miss Lottie Millofleurs, having noticed a newspaper reference to "Bohemian hops," writes to say that she thinks a Bohemian hop must be ever so much jollier than one of the stiff and conventional dances which form the staple of the entertainments in the society in which she is condemned to mix.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, opium, morphine, and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, and without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send 3c. stamp for full particulars and testimonials. Address—M. V. LUNN, Agency, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Canada.