



THE CHARMS OF SOLITUDE.

BILKINS—"After all, the country is the place. How different from the city! No dust, no noises, no everlasting grind of business."

JILKINS—"Yaas; but above all, no *duns*."

A PALPABLE IMPOSTOR.

MR. HARVARD (of Boston)—"My family are Americans of the old stock. Our ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*."

JIGGERSNOOT (*aside*)—"Gosh but he's givin' 'em a stiff—ain't he? Why, the *Mayflower* ain't been runnin' more'n two or three summers, and she never made no ocean trips anyway."

SOCIETY NOTE.

A JOLLY party, consisting of Messrs. Barron, Somerville, Lister, Mulock, Cameron, McMullen, and Davies, members of Parliament, have gone on a fishing excursion to the Committee Waters, Ottawa. They expect to catch a lot of eels.

We don't want to pre-judge the Tarte case in the slightest degree, but surely we may be permitted to remark that there has been some able-bodied lying done by the witnesses.

FARMER BROWN'S CITY VISITORS

At last them folks from the city
Who come here to stop a week,
Has gone after stayin' a fortnight.
Well, durn it, I like their cheek,
To come in the middle of summer
When we're busy ez we kin be,
An' put us out in this fashion,
I swear it gits over me!

They'd chin all day with the hired man,
An' start him a-loafin' round,
Till he didn't work more'n half the day
For his twenty a month an' found.
The kids run wild an' ate the fruit
An' tore the fences down.
An' plugged the hens with a calapult
Ez they brought with 'em from town.

They ate all the eggs an' poultry
Ez we could have sold fur cash.
An' that brainless dude kep' tryin' his best
Lucindy Jane to mash;
He set the girl nigh crazy
With his finickin' city ways,
An' she's all broke up and goes about
In a regular sort of daze.

An' Joe, as stiddy an' clever
A boy as ever you see,
Has now got a blame fool notion
That farmin' don't agree
No more with his constitution,
He says it's too hard work,
An' wants to go to Toronto
An' learn to be a clerk.

Well, now, they've gone, thar-k goodness!
We're rid of the blessed kit,
But durn my skin of Hiram Brown
Ain't even with 'em yit!
Next month at Exhibition time
We'll pack right up an' go
An' board with 'em a week in town,
When we takes in the show.

JUST THREE.

THAT interesting youngster, the *Hamilton Herald*, has just celebrated its third birthday. It is a bright and promising little journal, chiefly because it has a bright young man behind its editorial quill, to wit, Sig. Nicolini, known in private life as Nick. GRIP wishes the *Herald* continued prosperity.

AN ANCIENT ADAGE VERIFIED.

SIMKINS—"Hello, Timkins, old man, I hear you got the bounce."

TIMKINS—"Yes, the boss caught me smoking in business hours last week and fired me."

SIMKINS—"Too bad, but it proves the truth of the proverb—where there's so much smoke there must be some fire, you know."

THE Stationary Engineers met last night in Shaftesbury hall, with Mr. A. E. Edkins in the chair. There was a large attendance, and three new candidates were proposed for membership. A general discussion took place on pumps and rivets.—*Mail*.

A discussion on such a subject could hardly have been a dry one, and no doubt the speakers succeeded in riveting the attention of their auditors.

We glean from the papers that *Mr. Boaz* is on the stump, *Ruth*-lessly attacking the great N.P.