



WEEFLECTIONS OF THE HON. C. BUFFER.

D'ye know I think it is high time faw—aw—somebody who has cntwof of such undehtakings, to pwoceed at onco to seouah the pehmenancy of the—aw—Island in fwont of Towonto. A few moah bweezes like that of last week, and the "eastewen gap" will be enlawged to such an extent that the hawbeh will be—aw—in point of fact, no hawbeh; and, moahoveh, it is evident if some pweasoution be not taken, it will be only a mattah of time, and a vewy shaut time, indeed, to wash the whole—aw—sand bank, up to—aw—say Mimico. It is a most extwao'dinary thing to me that the citizens of this place should faw yeahs coolly stand and contemphate the destwuction by the wolling billows of Ontawio of the only safe gawd, and defence of the hawbeh, without which Towonto would no longer be Towonto. If some the'ty odd ye'as ago pwopeh cwiba or bweakwateh had been placed along the line of the eastewen paution of the then peninsula, theah would not be the eweh-widening "gap" so indicatife of its ultimate destwuction, nor in fact would theah likely be any gap at all, except dug out faw the accommodation of ma'wnehs. If a bweakwateh had been built at wight angles to the line of the Island, say from the mat'ah west of Ashbewige's Bay, it would obstwuct and hold all the *debutis* sand, et cetera, swept from the shoah by the eastewy gales, and, at the same time, pwoctect the wateh unsteady and wandewing soil of the—aw—Island. Ya'as—I he'ah that the apwoximate oost of the pwojected awangements faw the hawbeh is set down at five hundred thousand dollahs, of which the City is to pay pant and the Genewal Gov'ment pant, which is a—aw—vewy wighteous awangement; but the payment of twice five hundred thousand dollahs, even if it came out of the City Tweasuwry, should not pwevent the people of Towonto from insisting that the desiwed we'ek should be gone on with fawthwith, and, at least as soon as the weathaw will peh'mit in the spring—ya'as, indeed, I would e'ghe upon owah good people—"without wegawd to cweed an cullah," as they say wegawding political mattahs, the great necessity of immediate action in this—aw—much wequihed unde'htaking, faw look at the di'ah consequences inevitably following the destwuction au part destwuction of the Island, and it does not appeaw to me to be a vewy wemote contingency! The—aw—Island goes fi'rst, then the whawfs and esplanade with the elevatohs, railway twacks, depots, stations, and, in fact, in a shaut time the wateh line of the city will be as faw inland and wepwezent the gwaceful seh'pentine outline, which so delighted the autistically-inclined seh'jo'hnehs heah, in the beginning of the centuwry, as shown in the sketches and wateh coll'ehs, in possession of that vewy respectable and intewesting society the—aw—Yank Pione'ahs. I wewally think that something should be done at onco au the above dweadful condition of affairs may be awived at. Ya'as, I do, indeed.

"Were you ever a lawyer?" said a friend to our Funny Contributor. "No," replied Our Contributor, "but I have often been called to the bar." Our Contributor adds that "Theodore Hook made this reply many years ago, the joke was *hooked* from him."

The Yarn of the Lake

BY MATELOT.

["Ottawa, March 27.—Mr. Guillet introduced a bill to extend certain provisions of the Seamen's Act of 1873 . . . and to provide for the collection of the wages of seamen and other persons employed on board vessels trading on the inland waters of Canada, in a summary manner.—*Daily Paper, Dom. Parliament Report.*"]

We thank ye, Mr. Guillet, for your good and timely bill, it is just the thing we wanted here, our wages for to get, The way it stands to-day, sir, regardin' of our pay, sir, Is hard upon us sailors who've to face the cold and wet.

The law that we are under must be a lawful blunder, The Master and the Servants' hact on shore may be all right, But with us upon the water—I'm sure it hadn't orter Apply to us at all, I think. In fact I'm sure I'm right.

For a long time we've been grievin', and I'll tell ye now the reason Why the M. S. Act won't work with us, as with those on the shore, And I'm sure that Grit or Tory, if they listen to my story, Will not leave poor Jack in such a fix as he's been heretofore.

If I ship on board a schooner in the month of March or June, or Any time you like between the spring and fall, I dumps my bag in the *fo-castle* and with the work I 'ra's'le, But do I know who owns the craft? Why, blow me, not at all.

If in the fall we "strip" her, perhaps the noble skipper Just "tops his boom," and takes the train away for foreign parts, It was he who did engage us, but he hasn't paid our wages, And who are we to look to? It's enough to break our hearts!

And often the intent is, of him *non est inventus*, (As the lawyers say), to leave us in strange place without a dime, And the owner of the craft, sir, whom we may be looking after, May be spekulating in town lots on the Assinaboine!

If a mortgage there is on her, then our wages is a "goner," Unless we've cash and time to stay and "carry on a suit Against the mortgagee, sir, but for lack of lawyer's fee, sir, We have to leave our pay behind, when off to sea we "scoot."

Where "marine" laws are in force, sir, we takes a different course, sir, We seizes of the vessel, or at least part of her gear, Some times we rises rancour by takin' of an anchor, We sells it and we get out pay, and then the vessel's clear.

Why, folks they must be dreamin', to think that us poor seamen Can tell the proper owner of the craft wherein we ship! Or that we'd be foreseenin', that on her was a "lien," It's the vessel we've to look to after we have made our trip.

So good luck to Mr. Guillet! let's take each glass and fill it, And drink success unto his bill, likewise his own good health, And we'll have another glass, men, when our wages bill will pass, men, A hopin' he'll be happy with a bucket full of wealth.

Unhappy Thoughts.

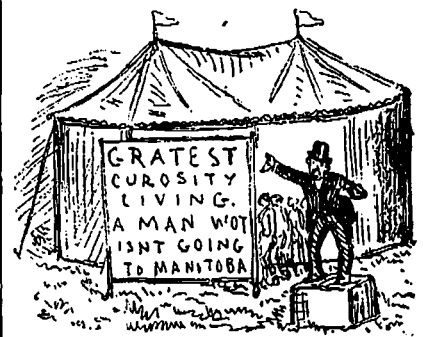
CHAP. IV.

THE *Antigone* AT THE UNIVERSITY, AND THE "RIVALS" AT ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL.

To the truly primitive philosopher it is before all things gratifying to see how completely Mr. Crooks' ideas as to the way in which educational matters should be arranged, are carried out by the *English* young gentlemen whom he from time to time selects to teach Oxford ideas, to our "raw, rough, and democratic" University students. The University of Toronto, as everybody knows, needs funds in the worst way for the most necessary purposes. She has to run her chariot on the highway of learning, with, so to speak, the most botailed arrangement of professional steeds. Each Professor combines several subjects, to teach each of which adequately, would exhaust one competent lecturer's abilities; for instance, the Reverend Principal, as everybody knows, combines the chairs of cookery and education! Well qualified as he is to do justice

to either, it is impossible that he can do justice to both, and it is important that he should be assisted by two lecturers, say one, on the palmontology of Boarding-house Pies, and one on Pre-historic Hash. In view of these pressing needs, does it not seem a pity that three thousand dollars should be expended on a dramatic spectacle which will last but a single night? even if the "Greek Play" was certain to be a success, which, for many reasons, is far from being the case! There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and when young gentlemen aesthetically arrayed as Greek Princes, undertake to spout long speeches in Greek, any hitch in the feminine get-up, or any blunder in the Greek will make the performance anything but sublime. Of course the amiable Professor of Classics will take the leading Young Lady's part. Unhappy Thought! He will have to shave off his beautiful whiskers! The play does not contain an old woman character, otherwise that *role* might be effectively sustained by the Minister of Education.

At dinner at our boarding place there was quite a discussion about the probably successful nominee for the vacant Rectorship of St. James' Cathedral. The young lady pupil at the Normal School, is a habitual worshipper at the Cathedral, and modestly expressed a hope that Bishop Sweatman would accede to the wishes of the congregation, and of Protestant Toronto in general, by appointing Rev. Mr. Rainsford. "But," said she, "Bishop Sweatman says he is too young." Unhappy thought. What is the value of a rule that won't work both ways? Bishop Sweatman is quite a young man himself! But our landlady's daughter, who is High Church, and has not improved her temper by fasting all this Lent, wanted to know what the congregation had to do with it. It was their duty humbly to obey his Lordship the Bishop. She only hoped his Lordship would appoint some good *Catholic*, who would change the St. James' services into something like dear Holy Trinity, and have the prayers sung only by a choir of boys in "white albs plain, and place an eleemosynarium on the sacrum. I did not quite understand the meaning of all these fine words, but Miss Monica, that is her name, says that if the St. James' people do not obey the Lord Bishop, his Lordship (Miss Monica takes in the *Dominion High Churchman*, and, like that spirited journal, never loses a chance to say "My Lord") his Lordship the Right Rev. the Bishop would remove his "throne" to some other church, thereby constituting it the Cathedral. Unhappy thought! how much Canadian bishops might gain in dignity and usefulness by ceasing to hanker after an absurd, illegal, and utterly un-Canadian title! More unhappy thought! a bishop who tries to crush the independence of a Toronto Protestant congregation, had better remove his "throne" to an institution not very far west of Trinity College. There he will find plenty of estimable persons who sit on imaginary thrones, and take much delight in gracing themselves with titles of their own creation.



A HINT FOR HARRY PIPER.