

of surprise and astonishment. I saw what his trouble was as I answered, "Yes, Sir, but you needn't be afraid, I'm tame. Fact is I was born in York state, tho' I been livin' in Canady all my life." He looked relieved and I found out afterwards he had a idea that I might be a Canadian banker which had left sudden on count of the stuffed-out look my carpet bag had. Well, he showed us the road to the Athenium, and I jest tell you it was a dandy of a lookin' place, biggern the Rossin House, and with a great big flower garden all round it. But before we could get thar we see signs up at nearly every cottage passed "Bord an Rooms," and Marthy she thought she would just as leave live private as in the big hotel. So we went into a cottage near by, they called it the Glenn



Cottage, and thar we was received kindly by a mighty nice sort of a lady and showed to slick little rooms that jest suited us. I aint et better meals in my life than we got thar three times a day, and Marthy sez she never knew cookin could be done like that on a stove. We made acquainted with our feller boarders, and they was as fine a lot of ladies and gents as you want to know, some from the south and others from the north, but I did'nt see nothin of

no bluddy casum that John Sherman talks so much about. So fur as I could see the folks from the South was jest as good and loyle as any of em. Well, I can't stretch this letter out so as to do the least bit of justiss to Chautauqua. I'd like you to give me your hull paper jest once, and maybe I could do the job. Thar's everything your heart could wish, and it is warrentid to sute every kind and sort of taste. Ef you jest want rest and pleasant nabers, thar's whar you get em. Ef you want to develope your brane thar's all sorts of teachin goin on in the Hall of Filosofy, Normal Schools, Elocushin rooms, museum, Paintin stoddio's, etc., etc., till you can't count em. Ef you want fun, thar's boats and fish and base ball and everything your a mind to ask fer. Ef you hanker after entertainments, thar's one every mornin, artemnoon and evenin—and generally of a fust-rate kind. You can hear all the big guns of the day spoutin and singin and lecturin—and music, goodness alive, thar's no end of music. All I got to say, is, Chautauqua is immense throwout, and long may she wave. I'm a goin back there every year, and I'm a goin to do all I kin to help along the one they've started here on the Canady side, for I jest tell you, Mister Editor, thar ain't nothin like it for developin the best parts of human natur, and builden up our Country.

Yours truly,

IKE WHEATFIELD.

TROUBLESOME TRADE MARKS.

SIR JOHN has taken the law on a tobacconist for displaying a brazen image of him with a cigar in his mouth and an angelic smile on his face.

This is as it should be.

No public man with a shadow of ancestral pride, not to say official dignity, would quietly submit to being made a shop keeper's sign.

Where would the thing stop, if we went on in this mad course?

Soon some enterprising brewer would have his ale bottles ornamented with a chaste and subdued photo-lithograph of Sir Leonard Tilley. Fancy the sensation which the Tilley Triple X would create in prohibition circles!

Then along would come a new patent medicine, "The Montague Indian Mixture," bearing the likeness of Haldimand's gifted son "before and after taking!" Lave in it, drink of it, then—if you can.

Later there would follow:—

"Archer's Move-on Pills."

"Howland's High Church Hand-book."

"Ross Robertson's Rough on Rats."

"Piper's Perpetual Patent Hose."

"Billy's Boss Butterine."

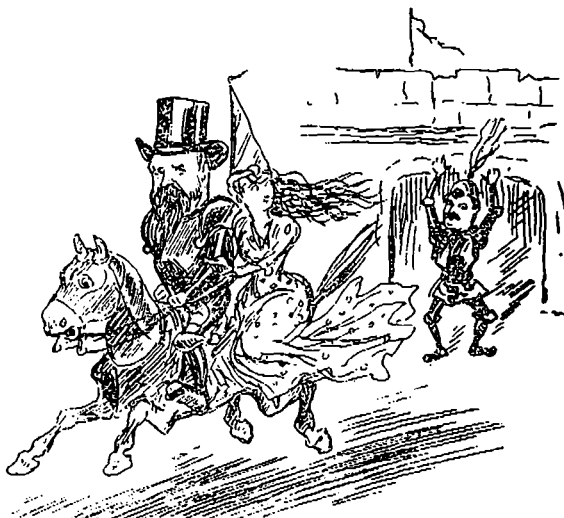
"Goldwin's Glue."

"Farrar's Anti-Fat."

"Stark's Burglar-proof Safe."

All would be elegantly and appropriately marked: "None genuine without the name and face on the label."

Where would the line be drawn? How would it all end? If this impudent innovation were given full swing distinguished Canadians would be found banded together each with a month's provisions in a bag and all with the nearest swamp their positive destination.



THE NEW LOCHINVAR.

OH! Jimmy McShane is come out of the West,
Of all the proud members this name's loved the best;
And as sure as he ruus, of opponents ther're none
Who come within hundreds; he rides in alone!
So true to his friends, they as faithful remain,
And crowd in their ballots for Jimmy McShane!

Now Mercier may think he the Irish can hold,
Through some other channel, at least so I'm told;
But he'll find he's mistaken, and if not insane,
He'll coax back once more the bold Jimmy McShane;
For *Nation* and *Language* he's going too far,
He may yet lose his mistress to young Lochinvar!

For like that bold gallant, I see Jimmy stand,
He's tenderly pressing Miss *Liberal's* hand,
And Castors may fret and *Nation's* lists fume,
While the bridegroom elect dangles bonnet and plume;
A turning is sure in the longest long lane,
And none know it better than Jimmy McShane!

And when the time's come just a word in her ear,
And Irish and British join him in a cheer,
And light to their saddles the Liberals have sprung,
And "Down with the Castors" the war cry is rung;
Then where is your party? and what will remain
From the shock of the charge led by Jimmy McShane?

FELIX O'HARA.

MONTREAL, July 19, 1888.