

Literary Notice.

The *Century* for May promises well. Thomas Carlyle, James Russell Lowell, W. D. Howells, Francis H. Burnett, Edward E. Hall, Archibald Forbes are among other valuable contributors. The frontispiece portrait of James Russell Lowell, by Elihu Vedder, is said to be an excellent likeness and one of Krull's best engravings.

A new idea is that of a Massachusetts manufacturing firm who have recently subscribed for more than three hundred copies of *St. Nicholas* to be sent the children of their employees. The May number of this magazine will have some special features in the way of illustrations.

Our Representative Man.

LETTER I.



Respected Mr. GRIP:—When I received your blessing and started off for Manitoba at your expense, I knew there was a long journey ahead of me, and I had stoically resolved to bear all the stings and arrows of outrageous railway and hotel arrangements without a wince, *a la* Archie Forbes, Dr. Russell, and other distinguished

fellows who set out to represent leading organs of public opinion. Sir, it will delight you to hear that no holiday outing it has ever been my lot to enjoy was more enjoyable from first to last than this ante-dreaded trip. But let me throw it into narrative form for purposes of brevity. I need not dwell at all on the run from Toronto to Detroit. Everybody has been over the Great Western between these points, and knows that it is a matter of smooth running, with all the modern conveniences. But everybody doesn't have the fortune to travel under the benign protection of a conductor so handsome and genial as ours—whose face I transcribe as above from my thumb-nail; nor is it often the lot of the railroad wayfarer to fall in with a news and apple agent whom it is a pleasure to be canvassed by. Such a rarity was our agent, and here you have his picture too. Having crossed the foaming billows of the Detroit in the shapely clipper ship which lies at the dock at Windsor



for the express purpose of taking in green Canucks, we soon found ourselves in the City of the Straits. Sir, I have long wished for an opportunity of seeing the lions of Detroit (at your expense), and I seized this one. I stayed over a day and went on a lion hunt—but I didn't bag much game, I only managed to see two notables—one famed for his geniality and the other for his humor. The first of these was, of course, Mr. "Charley" Warren, of the Michigan Central

Lewis ("M. Quad") of the *Free Press*. I found this latter celebrity in his den, hacking away at sundry exchanges with a well-worn



pair of shears. Just as I entered he was (if I mistake not) clipping a splendid thing from the last number of *GRIP*. From the subjoined sketch of this perennial humorist, which I took mentally and worked up afterwards, you will observe that he wears a liver-pad. It is very like Lewis; you might know this from the uncomic expression of countenance—a mark of all genuine "funny" men. His sanctum is a curiosity shop, and contains several skulls besides his own, with a variety of other relics of wars and travels. I dropped in to see the "Chaff" fellows, to give them your regards as requested. Breezee was out of town, but I spent an hour in his elegant little sanctum with "Tarheel," the paragrapher, and Mr. Hull, the live business manager of the paper. At Whitney's Opera House I saw "Youth," and if that play is billed by manager Conner this season, be sure you see it.



A smooth, sleepable ride in an elegant car over a first-class and well-managed line—the Michigan Central—landed me in the city of Chicago on Sunday morning. You have heard about Chicago before, so I will not attempt to describe its rise from nothing a few years ago into a city of half a million inhabitants, and three million cigar shops in the present day. I simply give you a carefully drawn view of State-street, the leading thoroughfare, as above, and pass on, but not before mentioning that I went to hear the redoubtable Prof. Swing, who preaches to a congregation numbering about five thousand every Sunday morning, at the Central Music Hall. His text on the occasion (as revised by himself) was "The gentleman shall inherit the earth." To reach Winnipeg from Chicago you must first go to St. Paul, and in order to reach that point neatly, safely and expeditiously, not to say elegantly, you take a Pullman car on the Chicago and North Western. This road is well known to tourists as the route—*via* its almost innumerable branches—to all the glorious summer resorts of Minnesota and Wisconsin. A notable item in the make-up of our train was the Dining Car, where, on entering at the meal hour, I found



Mr. S. H. Janes, despatching a first-class dinner as pleasantly and expeditiously as he puts through a piece of brokerage business. Of course Mr. J. was going the way of all flesh—to Manitoba. Well, I hope his wildest dreams may be realized, for he's a jolly good fellow—as you all know. We reached St. Paul on time, and there our eyes feasted on the unwonted sight of snow. We also snuffed the sniff of frost, and chucked with pleasure. Just time for a good "square" meal at the Merchant's, and then all aboard for Winnipeg! We do the meal; we are seated in our Pullman; we are off! Let us take a squint at our fellow passengers, as we soon knew them, for we hadn't gone a mile before it was a family party, containing—in addition to a few ladies who were too pretty and too nice to sketch—the following choice spirits (aside from genial Janes, above-mentioned):



Mr. Chas. A. Tuttle, whose lap dame Fortune has kindly tilted since the boom commenced, and who deserves every cent he has made, if good-nature and big-heartedness counts for anything. The green-horns of our party could remain green no longer after the impromptu booming of Killarney, and the mock auction of Skedunk, under the auspices of this lively passenger.



Dr. Earle, of St. John, N. B., without whose energetic bidding the aforesaid Skedunk might have gone for less than \$17,000,000, and without whose grandfatherly attention the baby of our party might have enjoyed the journey less.

Fred. Seobell, another of the Winnipeg