



THE TOWN FOR DOGS.

THE following epistle, written in Dog-Latin, was recently addressed by a Toronto Cur to a New York Pug. GRIP has had it carefully translated by a learned third-year man of Toronto University :

JUNE 8th.

DEAR PUGGY,

I GOT your letter all right, and was very sorry to hear of the sad condition of the canine race in Gotham. I cannot imagine how any dog could live as you say you have to, under the laws of New York. It may be well enough, perhaps, for those who are fortunate enough to belong to Fifth Avenue families, to go out with their masters and mistresses with collar-and-chain attachment, for, although they do not enjoy any real American freedom, they stand a good chance of being well fed. But for dogs in your rank of life, it is hard lines, and no mistake. If I understand you aright, you say dogs are not allowed on the streets at all unless "under control," and that any dog venturing out in defiance of the law is liable to be netted, shot or clubbed. Well? all I have to say is, you are a fool to stay in such a place when there are cities like Toronto to be found on the continent. Why don't you come over here and live? This is a perfect canine Paradise. We do just as we please; in fact we run the town. It is true there are what they call dog by-laws, but bless your heart, they are never enforced. I haven't seen that absurd contrivance the dog-catcher waggon, for ages, and no dog here pays any attention to it, anyway. Oh, I tell you, Puggy, we have a howling time of it in Toronto. All sorts of fun day and night. Especially night! I've been out with the gang now for I don't know how many nights, at what we call Serenading parties. We get together, twenty or thirty of us, all breeds and all sizes, and start out to serenade the citizens. Our object is to keep them awake all night, and in most cases we succeed, if they don't happen to be deaf. I couldn't begin to tell you all the fun we have; the fact is we are allowed as I said before, to do just as we like. As for the police they are a lot of chumps, and we are not afraid of them worth a cent. You'd better come over. I don't know but what the City Council would pay your passage if you asked them, as they certainly seem very anxious to encourage the dog population here.

Yours truly, TOWSER.

THE Kermess is nearly ready in Montreal. It is to be hoped the weather will not makermess of it.

THE question to be decided by the Dairy Farmers' Association is "How to make good butter," but the trouble is where to find it after it is made.

GOOD NEWS FOR HAMILTON!

I.

THE following correspondence explains itself.

HAMILTON, JUNE 5th, 1888.

MY DEAR GRIP:

WILL you be kind enough to ask the Chief Librarian of your City if it be possible for me to draw books and send them to and fro by mail.

We have nothing here but a circulating Library containing only novels, which get very tiresome.

I am anxious to read Darwin, Huxley, and all the best works upon Astronomy. I thought if you would speak to the authorities for me yourself, I would stand a greater chance of getting what I want.

Yours very sincerely, PHYLLIS ELLSON.

II.

JUNE, 6th.

TO THE CHIEF LIBRARIAN, City,

SIR: Your kind attention to the request enclosed will oblige.

Yours truly, GRIP.

III.

JUNE, 7th.

TO MR. GRIP,

SIR: The request of the Hamilton young lady, submitted through your influential mediumship, has been duly considered by the Board of the Public Library, and upon my urgent representation it has been decided, not only to oblige this applicant, but to provide a way by which all other residents in that rural village may avail themselves of the advantages which, as you are aware, were originally intended for citizens of Toronto exclusively. The decision of the Board is conveyed in a formal resolution, which is as follows:

Whereas, the citizens of the Village of Hamilton now see the mistake they made in voting down the by-law to establish a Free Public Library in that place.

And Whereas, the want of such an institution is being more and more severely felt by the intelligent residents of the aforesaid village.

Be it therefore resolved, that, from and after this date, the Public Library of the City of Toronto shall be at the disposal of any Hamiltonian who may wish to use it upon the conditions appended, viz:

(1) That he or she shall make formal application for a card, submitting the name of an acceptable surety.

(2) That he or she shall, prior to sending in such application, take up his or her residence in the City of Toronto.

Hoping that by your powerful advocacy the usefulness of our Grand Institution may be still further extended, I have the honor to be, MR. GRIP, very truly yours,

JAMES ANTIDOTE, Chief Librarian.

O! Landsdowne! when you're roaming round
Old India's coral strand,
Where elephants and snakes abound
Throughout the torrid land,
Your memory may wander back
To your Cannuck connection,
And the thought of an old toboggan track
Will be a cool reflection.

UNDER arrest—chloroformed.

MOTTO for undertakers.—Every *body* welcome.

JAY GOULD is ill—Will he be able to "bear" it? His doctors will issue daily "bull"-etins.