



THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

We understand that W. R. W. Phipps, who is now in England, has been greatly annoyed during his stay in that country, by Gladstone, Salisbury and other persons who have persistently followed him around trying to get political ideas on the Irish question, Protection, etc., from him.

A HAMILTONIAN IS IMPRESSED BY OUR CHRISTIAN SPIRIT OF SWEET SUBMISSIVENESS.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM TORONTO, FOUND IN THE STREETS OF HAMILTON.

* * * But what most impressed me, dear John, was the sweet spirit of resignation and submission to the municipal powers that be. At breakfast, hearing Miss Doolittle complain of the impurity of the water, I said: "Why do you not agitate and insist on having pure water to drink?" Whereupon she replied with great calmness of demeanour: "My dear visitor, when you have sojourned in Toronto as long as I have you will be glad to take what you can get."

After breakfast my hostess enquired where I should like to go to first.

"To the bay," I cried, unhesitatingly. "I would so love to go down to the wharves and gaze on the blue limpid waters of the bay. I should so love to see for myself which is the bluer, your bay or ours." Happening to look round after uttering this remark I was much surprised to find Mrs. Doolittle vigorously making the sign of the cross in the atmosphere in front of her nasal organ. Much horrified, I said to her calmly that I trusted she had not gone over to Rome. "No, my friend," said she, with an enigmatical smile. "It is only that you are going to the wharves." Alas! when I did go there, I also was fain to cross myself and flee; and I longed to be again gazing on the limpid and sparkling blue of our own beautiful bay. I have had nausea ever since. To my pertinent enquiry why things were not better managed I received the same answer as before. Let us go to yonder beautiful isle of the sea, which like an outstretched arm invites away from the heat and dust of the city. Yonder it seemeth we shall find the rest and calm we seek, we shall lie upon the sands and the breezes shall fan our brows and toy with our heated hair. "Ah—

um! very well. What day is this? Saturday? Well, we'll try it any way," said Miss Doolittle, with a touch of desperation in her voice, that I did not then understand. Ah me, before the day was over how well I understood her hesitation! That lovely spot, what with drink and rowdiness and all not-to-be-spoken-in-polite-society horrors was a perfect Inferno. "Why, oh why," I cried, indignantly, "do you permit such unhallowed orgies to disgrace the fair face of this, your city's natural breathing spot and health resort?"

"Rings, my dear, whisky rings. We get used to such things, they discipline us to the gospel of resignation!"

In stepping over a crossing, using my closed parasol as a staff, I was surprised to find it sink into a soft spongy kind of material in the block paving. Much astonished, I withdrew it, and planting it down a few paces forward, the same result followed. "Are your streets paved with sponge?" I enquired.

"No, my dear, nothing near as good, only rotten cedar," was Miss Doolittle's reply.

"But why do you not punish the dishonest contractors who rob the public treasury in such a fashion?" I cried, getting more and more astounded at the extreme docility of the people who submitted to such impositions on their good nature. "Well, we tried to, and were on the high road to success, too, when an old Hamilton man stepped in with an injunction and stopped the investigation."

"A Hamilton man!" I cried. "Who is he? his name?"

"Justice Robertson," she replied solemnly.

"Oh, him!" That was all I said, dear John, but I remember I laughed a short laugh which Miss Doolittle of course could not be expected to understand as you would.

We had requested Mr. Samuel Doolittle to meet us on the corner of King and Yonge streets in order that we might together proceed to the house of our mutual friend Mrs. Auld, there to drink tea and spend the evening. But when we arrived at our place of tryst there was no Mr. Samuel Doolittle to be seen. After waiting for some fifteen minutes, I asked a tall policeman, who had been looking at us suspiciously, whether he had observed a short fat gentleman, with a white felt helmet and gold watch chain, standing around here. "Oi did, m-a'-am," said he. "Yonder he is, puffin an blowin', we've kept him moving on for the last half hour. If he'd stood here for another minute I'd had him run in."

"Run in! Mr. Samuel Doolittle! A respectable gentleman. What do you mean, sir!" I cried. "I mane," said he, "that I owns thim streets as long as the boss' name is Dennis- (on) and I won't let no man, gintle or simple, stand around, 'less I feel like it." By this time Mr. Samuel Doolittle had come, and in speechless amazement I enquired of him whether we had not by some geographical mistake got shunted into Russia." "By no means, my dear visitor," said Mr. Samuel as he