

LATE AS USUAL.

The Exhibition buildings are not ready. The grounds are not ready. Everything is behind like a cow's tail. Exhibitors are in bad humor. Visitors are asking what there is to see. The Star and Gazette have said that all the arrangements are in apple pie order. As the wish is generally the father of the thought, we may spread the broad mantle of charity over our contemporaries. If the Board of Arts and Manufactures and the Council of Agriculture had the sprawl, the "git-up and git," Citizens' of the Committee, everything would not have been left till the last moment. But despite the lateness of the arrangements, we shall have, in the language of the circus advertisement, the "greatest Exhibition on earth." Why not? We shall have the people and the exhibits; and to the glory of the Exposition proper must be added the resplendent attractions provided by the most wide-awke Citizens' Committee ever organized. By Friday "the elephant will walk around and the band begin to play."

THE SAILORS' DIALOGUE.

- " Dinna whastle the day mon," says Sandy to
- Pat, As they stray'd by the light of the Moon, "Don't you ken its the Sabbath, ye maun think o' that
- Or we'll baith o' us be bell'd through the toun."
- " Shure" says Pat, " there's no harm to whistle a stave
- As he broke off from Rory O'More, " The Captain can't hear, and I won't ask his
- lave,
- He can preach to the boys now on shore, As for me I'll just whistle and sing as I plase, Though I know I'm a bit of a sinner. I'm content, and thank God, for his anchors and

I'm content, and thank God, for his anchors and stays. And I'd share with a poor mate my dinner." "But," says Sandy, "ye ken, yon must aye guard yirsel, Nor gie other folk sic temptation, It wad lead the ungodly, and point out as well, An unscriptural road to damnation.

- Forbye there's your tongue, which you maun always guard, When ye ken ither folk are about ye,

Spier keenly at ithers and geek through them hard

Nor gie them a reason to doubt ye." "Faith" says Pat, "It's a nice little world it

id be, If we'd nothing but hypocrites in it, You may send the whole pack to the devil for

me, For I think its near time he should thin it, It was only last night when you swore at Joe Beef,

Genes, Beer, 'Cause you thought he froth'd up your beer, You just called him everything short of a thief, And the boys egg'd you on with a cheer Now to-day you were psalm singing up in the "Home" end the container there and its for a last Bet the Container there and its for a last

But the Captain was there, and 'tis Sunday, Tomorrow you'll swear, 'gainst the Church State and Rome,

And you'll call that no sin cause 'ts Monday."

[Smith]-Say Jones. If you were to see a little cur dog chasing a big cur dog why would their relative positions suggest the name of the Prussian iron clad lately wrecke⁴. [Jones]—Can't say Smith, give it up. [Smith].—Why it would be the grosser cur first [Grosser Kur Furst] wouldn't it. Jones—Collapses.

FRAGRANT HAVANAS .- We have been informed that Havana cigars have lately been sold in this city at fancy prices, as high, indeed, as from one to two hundred dollars each. Is this advance owing to the N. P.

FROM BAD TO WORSE .- Terrible effects of the N. P. Redpath employs five hundred hands and talks of engaging more.



REPORT ON PUBLIC HEALTH .- Water is one of the first essentials to health, and, consequently, a rainy day ought to be a source of great salubrity. Water in conjunction with ventilation may be regarded as the safety-valve of disease; so that a walk in a pelting shower, with a hole or two in the hat and boots, ought to be prescribed as a preventive against the chance of illness.

WEATHER OBSERVATION .- It has been remarked, that in September evenings, the reduction of temperature begins to be sensibly felt by those who expose themselves to it thinly glad. We cannot concur in the general observation that it is sensibly felt, far the more sensible thing would be to wrap one's self well up and altogether avoid feeling it.



A CURE FOR TOOTHACHE .- Extraction is out-and-out the best remedey for this malady.

AN UNREPORTED ECLIPSE. - The Sun will be eclipsed during the Dominion Exhibi-tion by the brilliance of the work the reader holds in his hand. Visible to all Canada, and indeed to every country where English is understood. 11

THE HORTICULTURAL SHOW.

The show of flowers and fruit is very fine, and worthy of our Province. The apples are rosy and juicy, the pears mellow, the grapes intoxicating, while the plums look all the better, for the absence of Barr, of Niagara. The turnips, carrots, squashes and so forth are all squashed into a pile together, as if ready for shipment to faminestricken Ireland. The flowers of every variety are in a blooming condition and have been arranged with much taste, while the grouping of the colours is artistically carried out in (H)e(a)ven's best style. The Exhibition is well worth paying a visit to.

VENNOR ON THE WEATHER.

OUR Canadian "Probs" tells us that if the signs don't fail, the coming winter will be the coldest experienced in this latitude since the country was discovered by a Spanish gentleman named Columbus. The bears and the squirrels are putting in their winter coal-Lehigh-the beavers are putting steam heaters in the basement of their lodges, the bees have killed off all the drones and lined their hives with sheet iron, the muskrats are travelling to the land of the screeching eagle, wild ducks are committing suicide, the goosebone is sixteen inches deep, country editors are soliciting wood in exchange for subscriptions, poor families are buying an extra dog, and we are having a new Ulster made for coming events.

A gentleman who shall be nameless was sitting by his window in a quiet street the other evening when he casually remarked : "Theae goes the Woman that John Smith is dead gone on."

His better half, who was in a back room preparing supper, dropped the plate on the floor, stumbled over the baby and rushed to the front with: "Where? where? Tell me quick!"

"The one with the cloak-just at the corner.'

"Why, that's John Smith's wife."

"Yes, exactly," cooly remarked the unfeeling husband.

Then the disappointed woman returned to her duties, but her usually sweet disposition was soured for the rest of the evening.

NOT A BED OF ROSES .- Scene in one of the leading hotels the second day of the to visitor—"All full, sir; no room—not an inch." Visitor (desperately)—"My dear sir, can I induce you to let me have the top of the lightning rod for to-night."

STREET CAR CIVILITIES .- Little Boy-"What! me git up an' give my seat to that woman, when I've bin runnin' arrands all day, an' she a—rollin in luxury! Wouldn't I be sick!"

Plate says that a Ruler should have personal beauty-should John A. want a Lt.-Governor for any Province, he knows my address.

Doctors disapprove of alcohol, but they are as alive as ever to the cheering effect

of "good spirits" on their patients. A game at which "enterprising burg-lars" excel—Cribbage

PER E-278 S Con't be alarmed ! It's only your own plan improved!



HOW TO LIVE.

Take the open air-The more you take the better ; Follow nature's laws To the very letter. Let the doctors go To the Bay of Biscay; Let alone the gin. The brandy and the whiskey.

Freely exercise. Keep your thoughts cheerful : Let the dread of sickness Make you ever fearful. Eat the simplest food, Drink the pure cold water; Then you will be well, Or at least you oughter !

THE "FAIR" AND "JERSEY" LADY.

THE dress of young ladies now-a-days is enough to make their great grandmothers rise in their graves and weep with sorrow. Health is sacrificed to fashion, and how indelicate fashion just now is. Ladies-caged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks -pale pets of the parlor, who vegetate in unhealthy ball-rooms, like the tuber germinating in a dark cellar, why do you not go into the open air and warm sunshine, in comfortable fitting and modest garments, and add justice to your eyes, without the vile use of belladona, bloom to your cheeks, without the use of the paint brush, elasticity to your steps, and vigour to your frames. Take exercise, plenty of it. Get a good seaside pair of boots on and run up the hills on a wager, and down again for fun, to run in the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and, after a day of exhilirating exercise and unrestrained *bodly* liberty, go home with an appetite acquired by healthy enjoyment. The beautiful and blooming young ladyrosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, who can darn a stocking, mend her own dress, superintend a battalion of pots and kettles, and be a lady when required, is a girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But your pining, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, "jersy" dressed, consumption mortgaged, music murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony, or any man's money, than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is ladies, you want less fashionable restraint, and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlor and tight-fitting corsets and "jersey;" more leg exercise and less car-riage; more frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your waist-strings and breathe pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed.

VIRTUE HATH ITS REWARD.

Some few evenings ago a couple of festive youths wishing to play off a joke on an old maid, took an Indian tobacco sign from the door of a well-known store on the Main Street and placed it under the bed of the aforesaid maiden lady. Of course on re-tiring, with the curiosity of her sex, she looked round to see that all was safe before turning in, and her examination under the bed disclosed to her sight what she thought to be an "enterprising burglar."

A fixed salary-your when you can't raise it.

HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

A dealer in pencils should not go to Pencil-vain-here : nor would a man stand a better chance at Botany Bay, because he might have a knowledge of Botany.

To very hot climates, where there is no glass in the windows, it would be madness in a glazier to take the panes to emigrate.



A WORKER'S PRIDE.

Why worldlings! I'm as proud to wield the axe,

As I am happy I can guide the pen. To frame a sonnet, and return again, To a day's toil, that would aisjoint the necks.

Of half your dandy Poets.

A country girl, who has been in town, writing to her friends, says of the polka, that "the dancing don't amount to much, but the hugging is heavenly."



SCENE AT THE WICKET.

- Bobby-Here you Mister where are you
- going. Exhibitor-What's that to do with you. Bobby-My eye! your cheeky, look at my
- baton. Exhibitor-Hang your baton, I am one of
- the showmen.
- Bobby-That's "too thin "-get out.

Exhibitor-Here I am showing jim-jams. Bobby-Get out I say or I'll jam your head.

Exhibitor-Come on my beauty, let's see whose head will stand jamming.

RULES TO BE STRICTLY OBSERVED BY VISITORS TO THE DO-MINION EXHIBITION.

Dont't be the least troubled about your urses. The pickpockets will look after urses. them. That's what pickpockets are for.

Be sure and be "pretty full" before going to the grounds so that you may be as disagreeable as possible to those around von.

Don't attempt to carry away any of the specimens exhibited. Those irrepressible policemen might object.

Take careful observations so that you may be able to compare the Exhibition with the one horse affairs held lately in small country villages like Guelph, To-ronto, Whitby, etc., and be sure to decide that those held in the latter places were far ahead.

When you see a horse or a cow on the grounds take it for granted that it is a horse or a cow as the case may be. Don't bother the clerks or assistants with unnecessary inquiries.

Insist on giving your opinion with as much demonstration as possible upon the merits of everything you see-no matter whether it be a fine oil painting, a completed piece of machinery or a pen of young pigs. All exhibits are open to criticism.

Buy as many copies of the "Exhibition Critic" as you can, and preserve them as souvenirs of the Great Dominion Exhibition.

SMITH & JONES

Smith-Been to the Royal, Jones? Jones-What Royal, do you mean Mount

Royal,

- Smith-Why, no, the Theatre Royal? Jones-Oh, no, what's going on?
- Smith-A cheap trip round the world !
- Jones-You don't say so. A D.H. affair. Smith-Oh, no, a light N-affair. Jones-Jorusalem! I must take it in.

- Smith-[aside, finger on nose] Yes and get taken in. Jones see Sparrow and get two comps. It will do you good. Jones-Why, so?
- Smith-You're love-sick, ain't you?
- Jones-Now, that is not a nice way of putting it. It is true I have a tender regard for a lady, neither Blonde or Brunette.
- Smith-Yes, that's it. A clean case of spoons, I saw you with the redheaded widow the other day. Your love-sick and such a complaint should be attended to at once, ergo, you should have gone to the Royal.
- Jones-What for ?
- Smith-To look at the female spectacles in the ballet! Their looks and forms, would cure any man of love-sickness; but-
- Jones-But what?

- Smith—But what 's are rather nauseating. Jones—[Drawing a long breath] Well, I'm glad I didn't go then, and I shall not go to such a shop; I don't like Ipecaca choruses, and I don't care to be cured anyway.
- Smith—Then you won't go? Jones—No, that's flat, (Striking out from the shoulder.)
- Smith-Oh, my eye! Where is he?

