

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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Vol. 3.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1874.

No. 17.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 953, Toronto, Ontario. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two Dollars per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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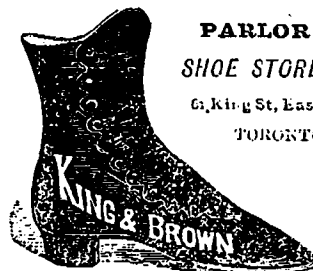
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The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Inn is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1874.

The Drama Redivivus.

THE standing reproach that Toronto did not possess a single first-class theatre has been swept away at one overwhelming sweep. It began to rain, and it poured. We have now two of the handsomest edifices devoted to the Muses in all America, each replete with all addenda of excellent dramatic organizations.

On King street West, the charred ruins of the old Lyceum, touched by the golden wand of Mr. JAMES FRENCH, have brought forth a splendid temple yelped the Royal Opera House, which has been filled nightly with the city's elite since the doors were opened last Monday. A week of sterling legitimate plays has introduced the patrons of the establishment to a company of efficient artists, some of whom seem destined to make glory for themselves before long. In manager GRAVES the Royal has a trump card.

The Grand Opera House, brilliant and luxuriant in all its details, graces Adelaide street near the corner of Yonge. It is to be opened next Monday evening with the immortal comedy of *The School for Scandal*, a play which ought to commend itself more and more to the public of the day we live in. But in GRIP's opinion and that of everybody else, the most charming fact of all in connection with the Grand is that Mrs. D. MORRISON is to be its Manageress; and we have that lady's word for it, the stock company is made up of excellent performers.

In the midst of all the excitement incident to the opening of these fine houses, Genial Old SPAC. is not forgotten, for the Queen's is nightly crowded by those who have a leaning towards an establishment which boasts of giving "more amusement for less money than any theatre in America." GRIP sends greeting to the managerial trio, and hopes their shadows may never grow less.

One for the Queen's Park Mutilators.

IN CASE the Crystal Palace Grounds are found inconvenient for the Provincial Fair, GRIP begs to inform the Arts Association that the Queen's Park is open, and they are welcome to use it for the purposes of the show. He is sure the holders of the Park—the Senate of University College—will only be too happy to give orders for the cutting down of any trees or other rubbish that may be in the way of the cattle, or the removal of the Ridgeway monument to afford space for a side-show or pea-nut stand. Proprietors of circuses and other persons of that class are respectfully invited to pitch their "canvas colleges occupying acres" in the Park, which they will find most suitable for their business. No charge made for tearing up the ground to make rings. The Senate further invite all who would like nice building sites to come up to the Queen's Park and pick them out. Money will be advanced to build rough-cast cottages in all sections of this beautiful retreat. The citizens of Toronto having kindly assented to the mutilation of the Park, that portion of the land which may not be sold for building purposes will be ploughed up and turned into a goose pond.

Respectfully Declined.

A COUPLE of weeks ago we had the pleasure of hailing the advent of a new poet, a "loyal man of Collingwood," having noticed an effort of his published in the *Enterprise* of that town. We now learn that his name is MILLER, which will account for the facility with which he grinds verse. The *Enterprise* promises to use its best endeavors to have all further efforts of Mr. MILLER forwarded direct to us. Such disinterestedness touches us, but we cannot permit ourselves to deprive the original publisher of the legitimate right to accept for publication all and sundry the productions of this northern bard. No, we can't deprive the *Enterprise* of its chief attraction.

THERE has lately been patented a new "Match-making Machine." Mothers with marriageable daughters will doubtless hail it with delight; but there is a certain class of womankind who will see in the invention the means of depriving them of half the pleasure of their existence: that of making matches for others.

Grip's Guide to the Provincial Exhibition.

PREFATORY NOTE.

IN presenting his readers with this Guide to the Provincial Exhibition, GRIP hopes it will meet with their approval. Neither his contributors nor himself have had an opportunity of visiting the Crystal Palace as yet, and have not had a chance of consulting an official catalogue. Still he is quite confident that if the interesting articles here mentioned are not in the exhibition, they ought to be there.

HISTORICAL NOTICE.

SOME two hundred years ago, when the red man sauntered carelessly upon and down Yonge Street, and pitched his wigwam on the site of the Rossin House, the idea of an Exhibition never occurred to his mind. More singular to relate, the thought of such an undertaking never entered the heads of the early settlers. How much better off we are than our miserable forefathers! (The contributor engaged for this portion of the work would have filled the whole space at our disposal, so we cut his contribution short. Besides, we read something very like it in a daily paper.)

ADVICE TO VISITORS.

THESE few lines are addressed to strangers entering Toronto. In the first place GRIP recommends them to go and stay with friends. It is the most economical plan.

If you have no friends to stay with, put up at a hotel.

Do not encumber yourselves with too much luggage. A couple of bricks, packed in a worn out satchel with a few old newspapers, is all you require, and if you leave without paying your board bill you can leave your luggage as security for it, and needn't trouble to send for it after leaving.

By the way, don't forget a copy of the *Dialogue of Devils*.

By all means go to those people who advertise in this Guide. The others may be very good people, but we cannot take on ourselves to recommend either them or their goods.

Do not read any of the other "Guides." They will only mislead you. Whereas this one contains every possible information that can be useful or interesting to the visitor.

Before leaving town go and pay your subscription to GRIP, and carefully study his valuable pages for the future.

THE EXHIBITION.

Reader, let us suppose that a hack, street car, or railroad has set you down at the gates of the Exhibition. If you can't get in without paying, pay your money cheerfully and enter the Ontario Fair. The first thing you will of course notice is

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

WE take this first for several reasons. Firstly, because it is the most important; and, secondly, for the powerful reason that it begins with an A. "A," sings the divine SHAKESPEARE,

"Was an archer who shot at a frog."

THIS passage shows the utter fallacy of supposing BACON to be the author of SHAKESPEARE's plays. The allusion to the pursuit of frogs points to a French source, and who but a professional dramatist like Mr. S. would ever have had recourse to such a fountain of inspiration? But we are wandering in the footsteps of the *Globe*. The reader will indignantly ask us, "What has all this nonsense to do with the Agricultural Department of the Exhibition?" and we sadly reply that we don't think it has much to do with it. He has us there. To be Frenchified again "let us return to our muttons"—and our beefs and veals, not forgetting the porks. Now, while the unseen orchestra softly warbles "On mighty pens," let us take our pen and go round the pens of the live-stock. A mighty pen is required to portray the merits of BROWN's cows, well known in history for their habit of all going after one another like the rifles at drill. We understand that the breed is extensively cultivated on the Model Farm of our esteemed friend Professor ANCHORALD. They are for sale cheap accompanied by a bound-in calf set of the *Canada Farmer*, the owner of which wishes to dispose of it, as he intends farming for profit in future. Probably, the finest cow in the Exhibition is Mr. SIMPSON's "Iron tailed Bossy," although the milk-giving capabilities of POWELL's patent breed are surpassed by none, and we can readily endorse the assertion that they supply half the City of Toronto with an important part of its daily sustenance.

The bulls exhibited are numerous. St. Patrick's Ward supplies the larger proportion, but the finest prize has been unanimously ad-

judged to the editor of the *Court Circular*. The Pope's bull, forbidding the whole show, has not arrived in time for exhibition.

A large number of calves are exhibited by the management of the theatres. We understand from the exhibitors that they do not require much feeding, one good stuffing of cotton batting being sufficient for a long time. This hint is invaluable to the agriculturist in the scarcity of pasture occasioned by the late drought.

Once more to our muttons. Let us inspect the fleecy flocks. Mr. N. DICKER shows a splendid flock of lambs. We are sorry to hear that the prize for the most perfect fleece has been adjudged to an American railway company, and this too before the Reciprocity Treaty has passed. The wool trade should see to this.

A hydraulic ram, which has been imported at considerable expense for the purpose of improving the breed of Canadian sheep has turned out perfectly useless, but is worth looking at as a curiosity, though somewhat out of place in this department.

"Let us abandon do sheep," as the captains of the French mail-steamer say when anything goes wrong on board, and proceed:

What balmy breeze greets our nostrils? We approach the swine and feast our eyes on

"A long-tailed pig and a short-tailed pig,
And a pig with a curly tail;
A wolf-fed pig and a roadside pig,
And a pig that's death on the pull."

Beautiful creatures! Visions of the staple article of our national diet fit before our eyes! Oh, land of Ham!

Last, not least, of the live stock, come the horses. Happy creatures, ye have escaped the North-west expedition. The city of Hamilton takes the first prize in *mayors*, though the election was not unattended with difficulty, and the Judge did say—well, never mind what he said. Toronto exhibits a remarkably fine mayor—and corporation. The saw-horse and clothes-horse classes are well filled. Some singular instances of transformation may be noticed, illustrating the application of the Darwinian theory. An excellent Toronto dentist is equally famous as a *Trotter*, and a little boy lost his mother in the Exhibition ground and roared himself hoarse in a short time. Barnum's sea-horse is on view somewhere, and a brave member of the 10th Royals tells us he hasn't got his uniform yet and is consequently *hors(e) de combat*, a combination of cavalry with infantry only before seen in the Horsemarine branch of the service. The plan, we believe, originated with the Minister of Militia.

So much for the principal live stock. The few others which remain belong more to the ornamental than useful classes, consisting mainly of ground-hogs and chipmunks. JIMMIE BRIGGS exhibits his famous mud-turtle, and the ingenious rulers of the Model Farm show a skunk which has been trained to act as a weather-cock, the direction of the wind being ascertained with the utmost certainty by a reference to the position of his cage. We have been requested by the Committee to convey to the public their most earnest entreaties that they will avoid irritating the beautiful and talented little creature, as his temper cannot always be relied on.

In the poultry class, the Rev. HONORABLE COCKS takes a devoted place, though the owners of some other *Mail* birds profess to be dissatisfied with the result.

While passing through the agricultural products department, which you will come to next, you may as well fill your pocket with grain when no one is looking, and go back and feed the fowls.

You will remark that in defiance of the city by laws there will be more geese at large outside the pens than shut up in them.

Now move on while you can.

The class for agricultural products is a highly interesting one. Among the root crops the Dawson Route, exhibited by the Dominion Government, is attracting universal attention. The Pacific Route is not expected to mature before the next exhibition comes round. Mr. COOL BRIGGS takes a high place with his "Root hog or die." Beets of all kinds are particularly abundant in and about Toronto, and a large supply of carrots are expected to turn-up. The show of dead-beats, is, we regret to say, a large one, and we may refer our readers to a list printed a few months back for some of the first specimens. A proposed reform in public vehicles is likely to bring on a *Hanson cab-ager*, and the gates of the exhibition are the place to see some tremendous squashes, into which the possessor of soft corn or hard corn either had better not venture. In passing through the cereal classes be careful to avoid the rye and the *Canadian Monthly*. The latter has however been made use of lately by mothers, it being found on trial that half a page of one of its stories, read aloud, has as much effect as a spoonful of Mrs. WINSLOW on the most fractious infant. Let us leave the Agricultural and pass to the

MACHINERY DEPARTMENT.

The loss of that encyclopaedia has rather injured our powers of describing mechanical contrivances. Still we will endeavor to give as good a description as is possible under the circumstances of the most remarkable machines.

The ink-slinging apparatuses on view are numerous. The first prize has been divided between the proprietors of the *National* and those of the *Globe*, for two admirable contrivances for squirting the

blackest description of ink in all directions, and bespattering an opponent from head to foot in a single issue. We rather incline to think the *National's* machine the most effectual as it sends the shower of ink on all sides at once, but so eminent an authority as Dr. SANGSTER has pronounced in favor of the *Globe*.

A steam potato-bug destroyer is on view, consisting of a powerful pair of grooved rollers between which the insects are passed, and afterwards subjected to the waste steam of the engine, this destroying nearly fifty percent of those put into the machine. It is necessary, however, to employ a large number of children to catch bugs and put them into the machine.

A Prescott genius exhibits a new patent fire engine, which throws out so many sparks as to set buildings on fire, and make work for itself, thus, showing itself thoroughly self-supporting.

A very simple and efficacious contrivance for the destruction of Canada thistles consists of a hoe, a bottle of coal oil and a box of matches. It is not, however, self-acting.

A new ballot machine for the coming elections is sent up from Brockville, by which the much complained of secrecy of the Ballot is entirely obviated.

Specimens of the improved whiskey mill are to be found inside the grounds and those of the do. sort outside. The improvement consists in improving it off the face of the earth.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company send a train which arrived at its destination on time. They say the exhibition authorities may keep it as they don't want that sort of foolishness on their line.

The clock and watch departments contain several curious contrivances. One of the most extraordinary is the invention of Alderman BAXTER, and is used for the purpose of wasting time. The Toronto City Council have ordered a dozen of these machines.

Quebec sends up some most interesting specimens of cabinet work, and the machinery by which these are produced is shown. It is far too intricate for description and is intelligible only to the skilled mechanic, being apparently composed of wheels within wheels.

An emigrant trap comes down from Muskoka, and is a highly ingenious contrivance, showing that Canadian workmen need not fear to compete with Americans on even terms.

Specimens of the tobacco chewing and whittling machines may be seen so often it is scarcely worth while to describe them. They are not particularly attractive.

A Whitty firm exhibit a furnace built to consume the smoke which the Ontario Central Railway project is going to end in.

Go back to the poultry department, take a pull at a cock-tail and then enter the Crystal Palace, and

THE ARTS DEPARTMENT

Is the next which comes under our notice, and here Canada's gifted children have contributed some priceless gems. Mr. J. C. RYKER has an admirable portrait of "Little Mrs. ———," painted by himself, and it is curious to see how Hon. Mr. MCKELLAR's conception of the same ideal being differs from his. Both are good in their way, but we quite agree with judges in awarding the palm to Mr. RYKER's picture which displays more imaginative force. Mr. BROWN's rough sketch of "The Reciprocity Treaty" requires to be seen a good deal before it is admired, the subject being unpleasant, and the execution careless. We should advise Mr. A. W. LAWRENCE to try some less ambitious walk in art. His picture of "The Proton Outrage," though horrifying, is somewhat confused in treatment. Mr. W. H. HOWLAND has a charming picture of a sleeping infant, entitled "Canada First," and the editions of the *Mail* and *Globe* each send a portrait of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD. Neither of these are particularly good, the former failing through excess of coloring, and the latter being executed in distemper, at all times a bad medium for portraits.

In statuary there is we must say, nothing new or interesting. Such statues as "Am I not a man, and a brother?" are all very well, but we have seen them before, and look to the schools of art to produce something a trifle better than these.

Poetry is properly classed among the fine arts. GRIP with his usual consideration for rising talent, prohibited his own poet laureate from engaging in the contest. The laurel crown has been adjudged to Mr. C. L. GRAVES, of the Royal Opera House, a gentleman from Colingwood coming in second, and Mr. PANKHURST, of Aylmer third, with inaugural odes. We would subjoin a specimen verse or so but fear that we might infringe copyrights. JIMMIE BRIGGS is said to be putting the SANGSTER case into the form of an epic, but he is waiting for the catastrophe, and has not sent it in.

The musical arrangements call for little notice. A contest of M. P's., blowing their own trumpets is the most noteworthy, and a performance by Mr. M. C. CAMERON's quartette minstrels would be interesting if the troupe would only learn a few new tunes.

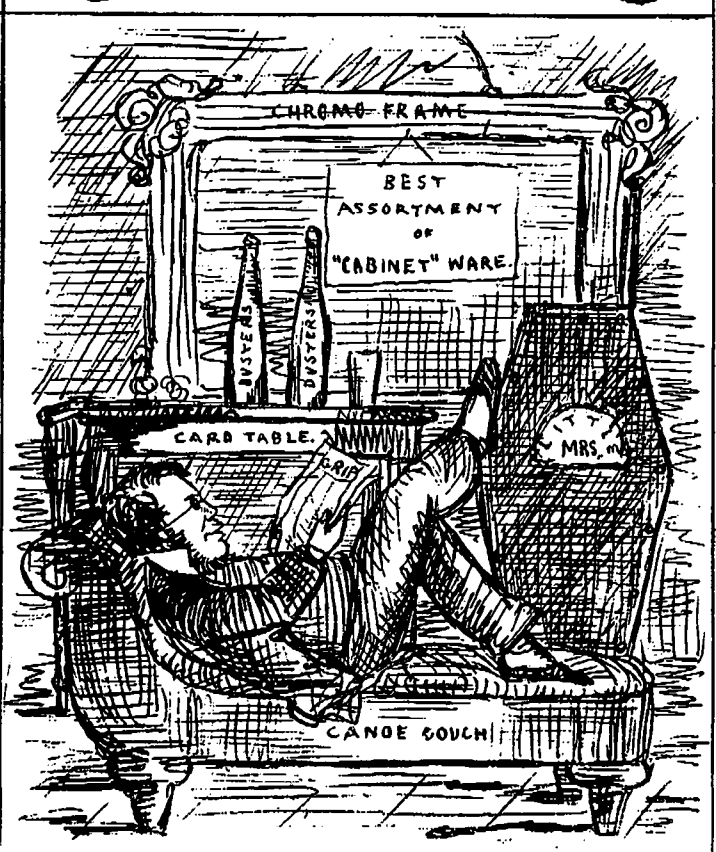
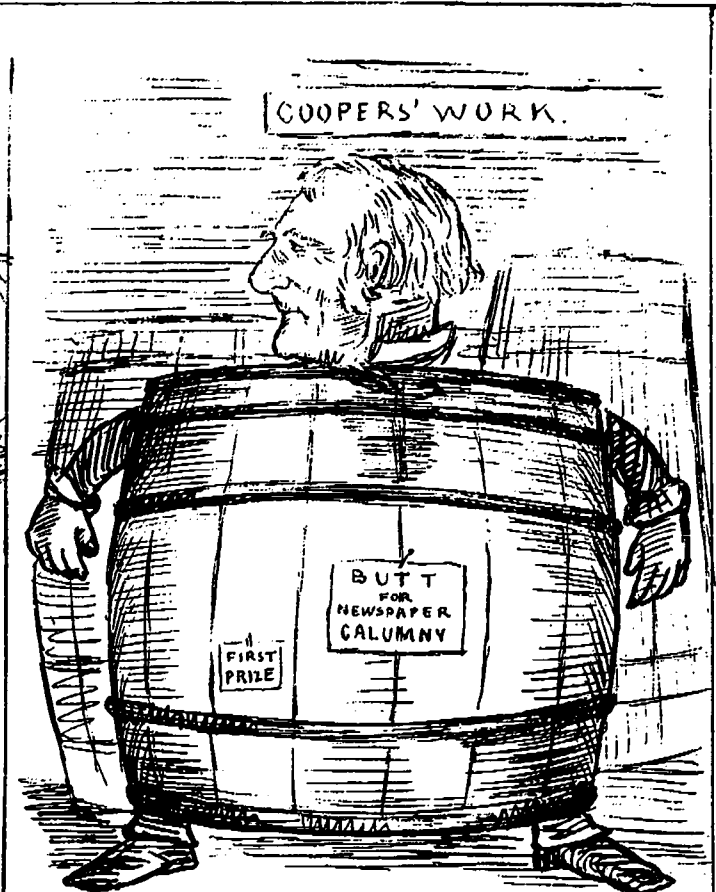
In the part of the exhibition devoted to fancy goods you will find a remarkable consignment of 365 pairs of No. 6 slippers, all of different patterns. These were received by a popular preacher in the course of last year, and he is still receiving them at the same rate.

Some curious fancy seats are shown which have the property of suddenly turning out their occupants. Chief Justice HAGARTY who



THE PLAIN FACT.

MACKENZIE.—“Come along, John, and put down Bribery and Corruption;” neither of us can ride yon mule yet awhile!!



GRIP'S POLITICAL FAIR.

holds the patent recently exhibited the process by which they are worked at London. before a large audience, and exhibitions of their powers have lately been held in various places. They are however exceedingly costly, the experiment at London having cost one gentleman alone \$6,000.

But here we must tear ourselves away from you, friend;—hope you'll see everything satisfactorily and get home sober. Adieu.

Smith: A Tale in two Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

THE other night our friend SMITH had an appointment down town—at least he told his wife so—and promising her that he would not be late, he sallied forth in all the glory of an immaculate make up, leaving her meditating on the importance of the man of whom she fondly boasts that he never smokes, drinks nor plays. In this happy frame of mind we will leave her, and follow her model husband.

So soon as he emerges from the door he hastens with eager steps to the nearest tobacconists and at once in a manner which shows him to be an old acquaintance, asks for a half-a-dozen fragrant cigars, which are given him, C.O.D. He was afraid before he left home that he couldn't afford to buy the baby a rattle. Lighting a fraction of his infant's toy, he again steps into the street, and a noticeable change comes over him. His former air of conscious dignity has given place to one of consequential importance. His gait and mien are more scammilike; his stick, which he only carries in the evenings, he swings or is carried more jauntily than when he set out; his hat has lost its perpendicularity; even his clothes seem to have undergone a change, and appear to fit him in a more free and easy manner than usual. His hands have instinctively receded into his cuffs, his snowy shirt front has expanded to almost twice its former dimensions, he takes more freedom, his gloves have disappeared into one pocket and from the opposite side emerges more than a corner of a clean handkerchief. His composition is now so completely composed of consequence, cuffs and cantrips, that even his wife would scarce recognize him in the street. But of that he knows there's no danger, for she, confiding creature, is safe at home delightfully dreaming of her absent hero and patiently patting the wakeful progeny.

Presently he meets an acquaintance, and with his cigar at an angle of forty-five degrees, he cordially invites him to "have something." They enter a saloon, and the friend orders a pony of brandy, while our temperate SMITH calls for a little sherry and bitters. Here they amuse themselves by relating to each other the latest conundrums about the prolific BREXTER scandal, and in making observations upon the most attractive points of the pictures which adorn the walls. These it is unnecessary to describe to our gentlemen readers, and for their sakes we shall not let out to their lady friends. This much however we will say; that if we could but catch a member of the Dominion or Provincial ministry looking at one of them, as we have seen other highly respectable merchants and professional men doing, with a smile on his face and another in his hand, we could use it as the basis of a scandal, before which that respecting the late lamented "Little Mrs. —" would pale as the walls of a cottage before the professional whitewash brush. However our two friends soon tire of the busts delineated by the artist, and it is soon evident that they are going in for a "lust" of an entirely different nature. They strive assiduously to make the most of the time, reeking not, though experience has taught them, that their gaitic economy will on the morrow also strive assiduously to restore the reign of resonant nature.

(To be continued.)

The Unseated Member's Soliloquy.

Unseated! And for what? Because men who had attained the coveted honor of a place in the House sought to gain a character for purity, by passing a law against bribery—to cover up their own questionable practices by assuming a desire for pure elections. How hypocritically all the fellows and the papers commended the provisions of this act conceived in sin and slupen in iniquity!

It looks square enough; and I only wish I hadn't spent the money, I should have been defeated; but I would now have the cash that was actually pocketed by some of these very hypocrites who affect so much love for unbribed and unbought places and so much holy horror of purchased support. It's truly sickening to hear them prate—those whom I bought like sheep in the shambles, as it were but yesterday, and I could do it again to-morrow if I would.

The others did it, and I had to do it too. It's been done all along. Didn't I plan for years how I'd attain a seat in Parliament? Didn't I lay my plans by placing TOM, DECK and HARRY in positions they never could have got but for me? And now the sneaks haven't a good word to say in my behalf. They're sorry for me; sorry I was so foolish! Egad, I'm sorry too! I lavished favors all around whose influence could be secured; I made friends with every man I met who had a vote; I courted their views and flattered their daugh-

ters whenever I got a chance—I wonder how I went through it all, but I did—for I had an object in view.

At length I got money, position and friends sufficient to warrant me in running. I didn't intend to spend money—at least not much—but those who were foremost in my cause said it must be done. They took the expenditure in hand, and a pretty mess they made of it; None of 'em lost much by it; in fact a good many of 'em put considerable in their pockets, the thieves! And those who did spend the funds in the way intended, did it so stupidly that I'd better kept it all. I wanted to; but I was overruled. They said I'd never be elected if I didn't spend. I wish to Heaven I never had been elected. I've lost the money, lost the seat, lost the costs, lost the faith in agents, and lost the time I spent in paving the way for my own degradation!

No matter, I've gained experience. That fellow was right who said, "experience is a good teacher; but the school-fees are awful high." If my lesson is worth what I paid for it, I've a wealth of experience. I guess I'll get over the disgrace. I'm no worse than the rest of them, and most everybody knows it. They all do it; but then they profess that they don't.

It's ridiculous to see the *Globe* and *Mail* agreeing in calling this act a good one. It isn't good, unless a common test is applied by appealing against all the elections. In such a case I wonder where most of my self-satisfied and immaculate friends on both sides of the House would find themselves. They'd be kicked out, like I've been—and I would like to see the starch taken out of some of the plucky prigs.

I have one consolation, and a foothold left yet. Personal bribery has not been proved against me. My friends spent money injudiciously, to my detriment; I couldn't help that. In their zeal for their favorite candidate they simply overdid the thing; that's not my fault. The Judge was afraid to enter into that; for he knew if he had gone on and disqualified me, he'd got *himself* into trouble by a straight accusation of partizanship.

All isn't lost yet. The constituency owes me the nomination. I have a strong claim on the party here. I paid enough for it, and it ought to be good. I'll go for it again; and I guess the chaps will be a little more careful this time. There's one capital thing in it, that is: that they feel in honor bound to elect me again, and they'll work for it on that account without being paid so much.

That's the card! The election must be won; and I must be the man elected. They can't get rid of me, and they must elect me, or suffer the aspersion cast on them by the court, which has happily cleared me.

And when I do get in I'll make it hot for some of them. I'll find a way to get back all I've paid for this. They all do it, and I'm not going to give in to any of them. I pay down for my support, and I can't afford any more to work for others, not any purer than I am, for nothing.

Anyway I can't back out now. I'm into it, and I must make the best of it. I must prepare an address. That will be a tough job; but I'll do it!

The Truth of the Matter.

MANY felicitations have been indulged in by the friends of candidates unseated for bribery at their elections, and attempts have thereby been made to prove that they were not personally cognizant of or responsible for the illegal use of money. Such an idea is entirely "too thin." They all "shelled out;" they all knew the money was being voted; they all knew what the election cost them, and why it cost so much; and they all alike deserve disqualification. But Judges are, like other men, required to use great discretion in the exercise of their office; and any single Judge who in his righteous indignation, even on the plainest proof, ventured to disqualify a candidate, would undoubtedly suffer the accusation of partizanship, and be hounded by that portion of the press which favoured the disqualified person, till his resignation would be a pleasure to him; and we question if he even then could escape the insinuations and attacks of a press which has on grounds just as untenable not scrupled to attribute injustice to the Bench. It will be a sorry day for Canada if ever its press so far forgets its duty to the nation as to indulge in attacks upon our Judges, who have happily so far maintained the spotless purity of the Bench; and their discretion in the cases alluded to only shows that they are wise enough to know that party zeal, or rather party rage, spares not Heaven itself, and therefore they would shun the very appearance of evil.

It depends very much upon how he voted. Here has the *Mail* been pitching into the unseated Grits in vigorous style, denouncing them as all that's wicked, while the *Globe* tried to excuse their "undue zeal." Now, PETER WHITE, a Tory, shares the fate of his Grit brethren, and the *Globe* is his denouncer, while the *Mail* is his apologist. It is not enough for both journals to know that all these men have lost their purchased seats in accordance with a law both approve, and by practices both declare wrong? The Judges are right.

Letters from Hot Latitudes.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The following has come to hand from the unhappy party with whom our contributor SMIKE was travelling when cruel fate and the Brigands overtook him. It bears no date, but is undoubtedly authentic.

POOR SMIKE! We had to leave him, and in the hands of those accursed Brigands he rests, awaiting, I should think with anything but a patient soul, those too necessary scudi, while I, GEORDIE, take up our story where he, poor fellow, perforce dropped it.

And as to what to write of, and how to write of it, I am at my wit's end.

JACK has left for Canada and is now dissipating at Alexanderowna Cove, a St Lawrence watering place, where he pays an infinitude of dollars for a glass of toothpicks at dinner, and a room in the six story Mansard.

I was there once, and for want of a better subject, gave ear to my reminiscences.

Tempted by the reports of the scenery,

"The 1,000 Isles
Where Beauty Smiles,"

I went, and I am free to confess at least one thing, that next to home, it is the "the dearest spot on earth."

I didn't stay long, certainly, for I put on my very suspenders in fear and trembling lest a button might come off and the cost of sewing it on ruin me for life.

And although I read it on their "Rules and Regulations," I never could have believed that "guests sent to their rooms" would be "charged extra," but so it was; while as for table attendance, I give you my word it took a thousand dollars judiciously distributed to secure one decent meal.

Ninety thousand dollars a month! Think of it.

I stood it for three or four days, and at the end thereof, I took the particular waiter who haunted my chair into my confidence.

Said I, "My dear sir, I am desirous of once more visiting my native place—Brockville the denizens thereof call it—my room is 71—in the left hand drawer of the small bureau you will find my purse—take it—it contains my little all—buy me a ticket so that I may be enabled to return to my childhood's home; settle my bill, or not as you please—keep what is left and I will bless you."

I had my revenge; I tipped him so much he has been lopsided ever since.

My reason for going to the celebrated Cave was to escape the heat of the summer weather, and I did escape it, even as the fish that leaps out of the traditional frying pan on the hot coals beneath, for to sit on those rocks under a noonday sun was to get a foretaste of a Calvinistic hereafter.

The fishing too (you probably know of my propensities in that line for that prince of exaggerators, SMIKE, has maligned me to such an extent in those letters of his, that I hear of nothing else), is not what my fancy painted it. You pay, for the privilege of sitting in a row-boat, of being half-baked, of catching nothing every hour or so, and of being rowed home again, hungry, ill-tempered and dirty, three almighty dollars a day.

Your wife, if you have one, makes fun of what you didn't catch, you run down several degrees in your own estimation as a man of sense and discretion, you think of Dr. JOHNSON'S definition, and, going to bed you dream that sixteen Bass with pink hair are trying to swallow your pocket-book, while you with your mouth full of boats are unable to utter a syllable.

In the evenings too at this fashionable resort they have a new way of keeping cool and refreshing themselves after the burden and heat of the day.

Their little method is called "A Hop," and I can confidently recommend it to those who have sought health in "Vinegar Bitters" and found it not.

Like their prototypes of the untamed velocipede so you will see here threading "the mazy dance," (I think that's the correct term), "The Timid Toddler," "The Wary Wobbler," "The Go-it-graciousful," and the "Fancy Few."

I sat and pondered long one evening on a festive occasion of this nature and derived great enjoyment from the promiscuous way in which one or two beginners in the art went through the "Boston Dip," alighting here and there on the toes of unwary watchers, caroming against the wallflowers, and finally shunting off into the refreshment room

"Where Youth and Beauty meet,
Absorb 'champagne' and grumble at the heat."

I did not however, derive an extra amount of satisfaction from the perusal of my bill which was like Mt. Blanc, a little steep, but then the waiter was responsible, so I easily consoled myself, for had I not given him all that I possessed and entreated him as he was strong to be merciful.

I left by the first boat and have never been there since.

Note by the Editor:—

By a strange co-incidence, the waiter alluded to is now in our em-

GEORDIE.

ploy, a proof-reader, and he begs us to insert his fragmentary remarks, which in common justice we give verbatim.

"Never been there since; hasn't he? No, I guess not; I wish I could see him, that's all; would you believe it; his dirty old purse when I did get it, only had two shimplasters and ten cent piece with a hole in it, and I had to pay for three days board for the—the—miserable cuss, at \$1 a day!

Note No. 2, by the Editor.—Serve him right!

The Song of the Unseated.

Am: "I cannot sing the old songs."

I cannot use those old cries
In vogue some months ago,
What matters "No Corruption"
Amid this legal show!
And bygone days come o'er my heart
With each familiar strain,
I'd need far more than "Purity"
To get my seat again.

I cannot use those old cries
Their irony is deep,
Their utterance would waken
Old scandals from their sleep.
And though all unforgotten—
For foes won't let them be—
I do not like those old cries,
They proved too much for me.

I cannot use those old cries,
For visions come again
Of money wildly scattered,
And, after all—in vain!
Perhaps when legal fetters shall
Have set my pockets free,
I may compose some newer cry
And cut from "Purity."

R. I. P.

THE morning papers in their notices of the Liberal Conservative meeting held in the Temperance Hall on Monday night, omitted to mention the unanimous adoption of the following resolution:

Whereas a distinguished helper of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition in Ontario, namely, the late LITTLE MRS. BLANK, hath passed away from our midst, and it is meet and expedient that some grateful recognition of her services should be recorded in a durable form,
BE IT RESOLVED that a monument of brass (to be furnished by Mr. BRYER) be erected in the Shades of Opposition, and inscribed with the following

EPITAPH:

Here resteth LITTLE MRS. BLANK,
The ward of a Salamander;
She proved herself in days of gloom
A good and useful slander;
Pray, passing Tory, drop a tear—
Evoke a kindly beller,—
Or, if your heart respondeth not,
At least curse old MCKELLAR.

Fame and Fame.

THE Ottawa Times says:

"The Postmaster General bids fair to attain the not unenviable distinction of the best-abused man of his party. We say not unenviable distinction, because it is only in consequence of exceeding activity and usefulness to his party that a man attains it."

We agree that the P. M. General has exceeded the bounds of activity and usefulness to his party; but we have our opinion of the man who calls the censure he has thereby attained a "not unenviable distinction." It's going too far for fame.

TORONTO is extending its limits enormously, according to the Mail, which paper, on Wednesday, under the heading "City Matters," arranges paragraphs relating to Mr. DISRAELI'S expected visit to Belfast, and a Sunday-school episode in Alton, Illinois. Toronto Aldermen, considering their inability to please in matters already undertaken by them, will scarcely be able to stand the pressure of such a widely divided jurisdiction.



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See “GRAPHIC” of 16th September, 1871, for the names of ONE THOUSAND British Newspapers that have strongly recommended MACNIVEN & CAMERON’S Renowned Pens to the Public. Beware of spurious imitations of these Pens.

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12	Extra Fine do	70
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31	Good Souehong	40
32	Fine do	50
33	Superior do	60
34	Extra do	70
35	Extra Fine do	80
36	Finest Assam	50
37	Fine Oolong	50
38	Superior do	60
39	Extra Fine do	70
40	Finest Imported	80
41	Fine Mandarin Mixture	40
42	Superior do	50
43	Extra do	60
44	Extra Fine do	70
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