

Dunbar looks happy and is easily recognised. The Queen's Printer—who is also one of the council, has, we perceive, taken to wearing a wig, and is represented as having elbowed the other editor of the *Recorder* off his chair. On the common outside the tent is a congregation of citizens of various kinds, the correspondent of QUIP showing to good advantage on horseback talking with Mr. Johnston of the *Reporter*, who has not got his eye-glass on. In the middle distance are the horse races, backed by the citadel. The only other engraving is a faithful representation of the Halifax city coat of arms, motto, etc. The letter press matter is very good, for Halifax, you know, and the advertising patronage is fair. Mr. QUIP greets the new-comer and welcomes him to his files.

I. ALLEN JACK, Esq., has been and gone and done it this time by handling the subject, "Canadian Aristocracy" in the *Maritime Monthly*, in an honest and unvarnished manner, calculated to shock half a dozen coteries of snobs and devotees of shoddy. He briefly dwells on the formation, growth, progress and extinction of aristocracy (so-called) in New Brunswick as applying in principle to that of the whole Dominion. After referring to its decline and actual death with the breaking up of family compactism, and the ascendancy of the Liberal party, he bears testimony to the service rendered in its lingering hours by those dear fellows, the military, and sums up in this part of the subject thus:—

"We have now, however, outside of Halifax, no scarlet-coated leaders of the ton, unless, indeed, we deem our officers of militia worthy to succeed the gentlemen of the regular service in this respect; and it would be unkind to criticise claims which will probably never be urged upon us again, even if we had ceased to remember the many favors and benefits which all sections of the community received from our old friends in the regiments, whose forms are possibly still fresh in the memories of a few of the girls they left behind them." [The italics are ours.]

Now why should Mr. Jack remind the faded belles—who permitted the aforesaid dear fellows to flirt with them, because they doated on them, and are now wall-flowers in consequence, and the unfaded belles who have been obliged to fall back on some deserving but ordinary civilian because the red coats are no more—of their old weaknesses and sillinesses. "Left behind them," indeed. Why we know of several girls who, though when they were "left behind," threatened to drown themselves, now bless the good fortune that gave the fickle mind to the recreant son of Mars. This feeling has come gradually upon them in the light of subsequent experience. But we must return to the article itself. The writer does not merely point out the weak points which existed in the old style provincial aristocracy, but he suggests what may be done in the way of establishing the new. He says:—

"We would not allow wealth alone to take the foremost rank in our system, because the untrained, uncultivated wealthy man is perhaps more liable than others to become a snob, and because we believe that few things have a more demoralizing effect upon the lower classes than the senseless extravagance and the absurd desire to make a show which are inseparably connected with what our neighbours call shoddy. On the other hand, we believe that gentlemen by birth are not sufficiently numerous or wealthy in Canada to form an aristocracy, even were we disposed to place them exclusively in such a position; and we cannot think that education alone would enable its possessors to hold the first ranks, were they inclined to make the attempt, which they certainly are not. Some persons, indeed, pretend to claim for the professions a first position in society, but when we look around and see the numbers of touting, pettifogging lawyers and half educated physicians, regarding neither the rules of their respective professions nor the code of honor, we must classify this idea as painfully absurd."

The article concludes thus:—"We would wish, in short, to see in Canada a pure, active, intelligent, patriotic aristocracy, a class which would not despise the amenities of society, but which would take a nobler model than Lord Chesterfield; we would wish to see an aristocracy frugal in domestic matters, and devoting its means to establishing and beautifying public parks and gardens and galleries of art; a class of gentlemen aiding religious and moral reforms, and encouraging patriotism, learning and healthy enterprise, both by precept and example."

Mr. QUIP recommends "Canadian Aristocracy" as an evening literary dose, to be read by those whom it concerns—a very large class.

The *Monthly Mercury*, the first number of which is just issued from the press of Messrs. H. Chubb & Co., is a four paged paper, "published for the purpose of furthering the advertising interests of its subscribers." It is circulated gratuitously and promises to be a pleasing little news-monger. It is under the editorial management of Mr. J. N. Wilson, a gentleman of considerable experience as a writer.

UNGRATEFUL.

The *Borderer*, one of the Free School papers not mentioned in a patronizing article in the *Telegraph*, is not thankful, but goes off in this style:—

A *St. John paper* would like to have all the credit given it for the glorious victories achieved by the Free Non-Sectarian School Party in the late elections in this Province! If the paper referred to, had said less about the "glorious victory" in prospect in this County the Free Schools Candidates would have received a larger majority. In future these busybodies and meddlers may be prevailed on to attend to affairs nearer their own homes—if they possess any. The electors of Westmorland can guard their interests sufficiently well without calling in the assistance of paid scribes, schemers, turncoats and other small fry who have no principle and less character—politically.

And yet the editors of the *Borderer* and *Telegraph* are good friends.

BASE BALL MIXTURE.



Should the Royals will soon play a match game of base ball with the Shamrocks, the real genuine essence of the ould sod, the former will find out that the latter are gaining fame as Athletes by the way they made certain clubs lay goose eggs lately, and which was seized upon by the Invincibles, who are considered very smart players, and thinking themselves too Wide-Awake for any of the other clubs were dreadfully disappointed by receiving a sharp Sticker at the hands of the Thistles. The former not being in the Union, and being Mutual friends of the Empires and Neptunes, they undertook to Euchre the Albions, but at that time the Eastern Star made its appearance and brought the news that Capt. Jack of the Modocs, with his band of Rovers, while snoozing in their lava beds were surprised and defeated by the Metropolitans, a Resolute set of Free and Easy young lads, but they found their equals in the persons of the Western Boys who are regular Smashers at the bat and who had just come over the Atlantic to see the Comet and Silver Star appear here. Before leaving they were told to Fear Naught but go and see Dufferin and ask his opinion of the Acmes who are said to be very Active, and see if he would deem it advisable to play the Young Americas, who think they are the most Independent club in St. John, having beaten the Young Loyals who are generally on the Alert. They then trod on the corns of the Light Feet at two contests, and made a dreadful Racket when they pounced upon the heads of the Coolies. Thus has commenced the greatest fever the city was ever interested in.

Yours truly,

DEAD RED.

Base Ballic.

Why is the distance between strikers' stand and first base shorter when the St. John nine are out in the field, than under any other circumstances? Because a player has only to run to (two) Inches!

BURSTING GLORY.

Berwick, N. S., is to be envied. While it was raining for nearly a week in almost all other parts of the Dominion, and was "chill and drear"—with the drowning of all crops, save that of lumber, imminent—when rubber coats, overcoats, top boots and umbrellas were *en vogue*, and the very atmosphere seemed laden with the blues, and the souging winds were suggestive of suicide, down sits the Editor or some other man of the *Star* of that town and writes:—

JUNE with its buds and blossoms—its sunshine and verdure—its murmuring zephyrs and sweet song-bird—its waving grass and blooming flowers, is now with us and about us in all its beauty and glory. The whole Valley is as fair as the Garden of Eden. Loveliness sits enthroned in every natural object: Beauty reigns on every wooded hill-top and nestles in ever verdure-clothed valley. The twilight is fragrant with the breath of Summer, and night throws her mantle over the broad landscape which seems in the mystic moonlight like a fabled fairy land. This is the season of natural loveliness. Who would remain pent up in the dusty, smoky city, when numberless bursting glories are reflected from every field.

Our Jed says there can be no mistake about the man's trouble. He has just received five dollars from a new club of subscribers, or the assurance from Evangeline that she will go to the pic-nic with him—when it clears up—or has been proposing successfully, or if married has buried his mother-in-law. We incline to the belief that she has been saying "yes." We intended going to Berwick some time this summer, but will wait until the *Star* assures us that the "glories" have got through with "bursting."

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

DEAR MR. QUIP:

I know you haven't much room for letters, but I just want to say that it is a detestably bad and annoying practice some people have of talking very loudly between the acts at the Lyceum, so much so that I am not permitted to enjoy the music. I don't mind the boys keeping time with their feet, because they generally do so during the performance of pieces of a not very high order; but let the orchestra play a selection that is really good, and you will find some half a dozen ladies (and those with the biggest fans, too) chattering like so many magpies and spoiling the whole effect of it. The fact is, the "gods" and the ladies agree in interrupting the music. Can't you prevent them from doing it?

BACH.

A daily paper says that a portion of the Lt. Governor's "equipage" arrived at St. Andrews. Now let us know what was left behind, was it the landau, a breeching, John Thomas's knee breeches or his shoe buckles. Won't Jenkins be more particular, for the public look for the details of this matter.

Send \$1.37 and get QUIP, post paid, for one year. All back numbers may be had.
D. G. SMITH.