



First Friend: "Old Jack Notherglass is drunk again, poor fellow. Trying to drown sorrow, I suppose."  
 Second Friend: "Well, if he hasn't succeeded, sorrow must be swimming."

### Brief Biographies.—No. V.

SAM SMILES, JR.

DAVID BOYLE was the son of his father, and was born in Greenock, Scotland, in the forties. His father came over from Ireland after Wm, the Conqueror—long after. D. B. says that Wm. the C. did not come over from Ireland, but we know better. He crossed the Boyne in an orange boat and so became Prince of Orange. David Boyle is curator of the Canadian Institute, but, if you take a look over his human remains, you will decide with us that he is not much of a curator. Not one of his Indian skulls has been properly cured. They are all degrees of brownness, mouldiness and rottenness, and while he boasts of his being an educational institution, not one of his Indian skulls can speak English. He shows skulls that are brachycephalic—wide headed—and others dolicocephalic—long headed. D. B. beats the Indians both ways on skull measurements. He has been dolicocephalic enough to secure the appointment to the mustiest, dustiest, dolefullest and softest job in the gift of a petrified, mummified government, and is brachycephalic enough to hold down his job. We looked over his lot of pipes that he claimed were very rare and found that he had several gross of them, and not an up-to-date pipe in the lot.

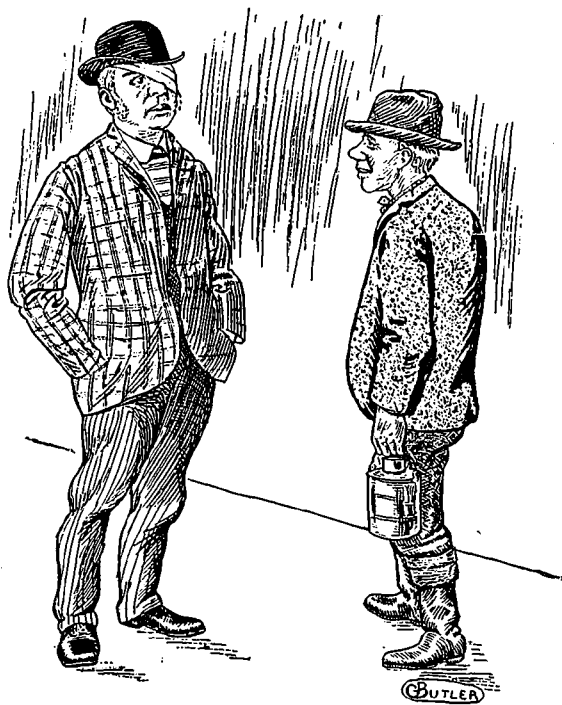
The subject of our sketch began adult life as a farmer; as he deteriorated with age he became a blacksmith, and as virtue oozed and natural depravity developed, he became a teacher of a public school, and was always able to demonstrate to enquiring youths that the birch was mightier than the pen. One of his strong points is his very natural pride in, and use of, good grammar. Were you a cabinet minister or an imported duke the redoubtable padagogue would not hesitate to correct your pronunciation or spelling, "that he may be seen of men." Anyone unfortunate enough to make his acquaintance will have it impressed upon them that the curator is

Scotch, and is not ashamed of it; even boasting of it on occasion in the most unblushing manner.

D. B. is very sardonic, and is said to be passionately fond of sardines, tho' not as great an authority on fish as in his offshal capacity he might imagine.

When at his office Mr. Boyle's chief occupation is sitting around and smoking a villianous pipe and looking wise—which is easy—or keeping from talking his visitor to death, which is not so easy. We are told that he can give you the date of death, the age, sex, name and occupation of every skull in his possession. We doubted the last feat until he proved that each skull on his shelves had occupied a certain grave, and had been unearthed by himself. He is the champion grave robber of North America. He was only worsted once, though he thinks himself all wool. He fought Gage on the school book question, and stumped the province to prove Gage wrong. Gage won, not because he—Gage—knew more of the business in hand than Boyle, but because Mr. Boyle knew less. He wished afterwards he had not engaged in the enterprise.

When old ladies visit the museum Mr. Boyle shakes hands with them through a well-built edition of the true and only trysting stone, and 't is said he is having a genuine blarney stone built for his use when shaking hands with ladies who are not old.



### Sympathy.

"Me wife sthruke me wid an iron."  
 "Did she sthroike while th' iron was hot."