



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

RAFFERTY (*who has accidentally tumbled from the third story*)—Begorra, it's lucky for me, sor, that I fell on somethin' soft!"

ESSAYS ON THE PERFESSIONS.

By Little Tommy.

v.—MUSICENS.

Musicens has long hare and plays fiddles and pianose and everything like that, but Mr. Forrington don't ware his hare very long speshelly on top of his hed. it is hard work to lern to play the piano cause i am taken lessens an i no it is tuff. you have to get up erly and practis or you can't get thare an it ain't no fun. you got to count one 2, one 2 and so fourth and i tell you it is dry—i woud ruther saw wood. and then the teecher specks you to pay him but i think he ott to pay a boy like me for goin without play and peggin away. he always tells me if i don't stick to it i wont be a Paddy risky or somethin like that, and i tell him i dont bleeve i will and i dont want to. i bleve thare is moren a million of music teachers in toronto and i gess near all of them has got a college now. there is music socities till you cant rest and they can sing perty good too you bet. i like to go to the orytorys cos thare is about a thousand men and girls all yellin at once and a lot of fellers playin fiddles and so 4th. it is jes immense. but the best musicen i like is the feller that comes round and plase Margerete with a orgen. He is a good player. My pa says it is jes plade by a crank but i dont care if he is a crank he is a bully plare anyhow. No more at present from yures truly,

TOMMY.

MAIDEN SPEECHES.

THERE is many a newly elected member of the Assembly full of deep anxiety these days on the subject of his maiden speech. Are you a newly elected, my dear sir, who are reading these lines? If so, confess:—

That since your return you have scarce thought of anything but your oratorical display.

That you have frequently locked yourself up in the solitude of your chamber and proceeded alternately to smile at and grow passionate with the walls.

That when walking the streets you have often found yourself breaking into an unconscious harangue (much to the

surprise of the passers-by) on—say the Bill relating to Sheriffs' Fees.

That time after time you have cudgelled your brains in the endeavor to construct happy epigrams and alliterations.

That you have read all about Demosthenes a thousand times, if not more.

That you have written speeches *ad infinitum*, and torn them up again in despair.

That when picturing to yourself the solemn moment of your getting on your legs, you have grown hot and cold by turns.

That you are determined to give up the use of everything exciting to the nerves—such as tea, tobacco, &c.—at least a week before the event.

That you dreamt (one night) that you had electrified the House—caused the hon. member for Snore to wake up, and the Speaker so far to forget his office and dignity as to cheer in a burst of enthusiasm.

That you dreamt (the next) that after uttering a few words your tongue stuck to the roof of your mouth, and your limbs suddenly refusing to support your body, you collapsed amid a storm of hoots and yells.

That consequently a special act was passed banishing you from Parliament, upon hearing of which your constituents determined to have you hanged for the deceit you had practiced on them.

Will every newly elected M.P.P. pretend to say that his anxiety on the subject of his maiden speech has not led him to think, act, and dream in a manner similar to that which I have here set forth?

I repeat, will he?

If so, I tell him flatly (regardless of consequences) that I will not believe him.

Pat.

CONSIDERING the extraordinary ability lawyer Nesbitt has displayed for nosing out the schemes of the boodlers it is proposed that hereafter his name be spelled *Nesbitt*.



ENVY.

CHORUS OF UNEMPLOYED—"Lucky chap! Wish I could get a job! I'd like to be in 'is boots, etc., etc."