



A REASONABLE IDEA.

MAYOR KENNEDY.—“See here, Sir Oliver, since the tramp that comes to Toronto for charity in the winter is a Provincial institution, what's the matter with your helping to support him out of the Provincial treasury?”

THE DEACON'S SEARCH.

DEAR LUCINDY,

I SHOULD have writ you afore, but I've ben huntin all over this city of Toronto for our cusin, and had no time to spare. I am now sittin down to write this letter in a first class tavern where I am payin a dollar a day. I arove here last night, and didnt meet with no aksidents of no kind on the way. If there wuz enny black-legs on the cars they knowed bettern to come round me, I don't have the green goslin look about me that Elder Spooner has, so sharp fellers don't take me fur a bird they can pluck.

This here is a large place. Folks at thinks Hog's Holler a big settlement would jest open their eyes to see Toronto. Why, there's moren fifty streets, and I haint seen a single team git stuck in a mud hole since I come. You may think I'm lyin but I ain't.

I expect youll open your eyes when you read that I me payin a dollar a day for borde and lodgin. I know its high, but I dont come down here so very often and I thought I could stand it for once. Quite a few folks knowed me here though I thought I was a stranger.

Jest as I come out of the deepo, luggin that satchel I brung with me, a nice lookin chap comes up an shakes hands with me. You don't seem to remember me. Deacon Weever, sez he. No, sez I, who might you be? I used to live up at the Holler yeers ago and my name is Smith, sez he. I tried to member, an I beeve I did recolect a partv of that name round there yeers ago. Then the young man asked me if I could change a ten dollar bill, and as a old neighbor of his folks of course I done it. He thanked me like a perfect gentleman and went away and I aint met him sense. The bill he gin me is on the Confederate Bank, an I'm told aint no good. But they jest want to scare me.

You ought to see how they treat me round this tavern, and for style its way ahead of the tavern at the Holler, and the feed they give is bang up. We git meat three times a day, and puddin, pie and so forth till you couldnt rest. Well, now, about the object of my visit. I aint found our cusin yet, but I'm on her track. Ive got a clue as the detectives sez. I know she married a man named Jones and that her maiden name was Hannah Hanks, and with this as a start I set out for to find her this mornin. My plan was to call on all the Jones families till I struck the right one. The first Jones I struck was a butcher. I don't mean I hit him, but jest spoke to him. I asked him if his wife's name was Hanner, but he only winked at me and sez he, What's the little skeme? The next Jones I come acrost come mighty

nigh bein the man. I met him on a corner near a saloon, and asked him the usual question. He said yes, her name was Hanner, and she had a long nose, big feet, and often spoke of the Holler. He said he would tell me more if I set em up, and he explained that ment to go in and buy drinks for him. Then I see he was a fraud and tryin to git me on a string (I'll explain this when I git home.)

Be sure to feed the hogs regular. Put more salt in that barl of pork next to the cellar winder, and don't worry about me.

So long,

SILAS WEEVER, Deacon.

ALWAYS IN DEMAND.

“TELL us,” cried the group of maidens, “how to remain always young and attractive.”

“That is just dead easy,” replied the sage without raising his eyes from his book. “Get a fortune and stay single.”—*Indianapolis Journal.*

STRUGGLES OF A GROWING MIND.

TOMMY—You say December is the last month of the year, pa?

Tommy's Father—Yes.

Tommy—And January is the first?

Tommy's father—Yes, certainly.

Tommy—Well, how is it then, that December always comes afore January?—*Chicago Record.*



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

FIRST AWFUL SWELL.—“Ha de do?”

SECOND DITTO.—“Ba, vey ba, Dar o' fla.

[Translation considerably furnished by Editor: “How do you do?” “Bad, very bad, dear old fellow!”]