



"MUSICAL TORONTO."

(Under Ald. Verral's new By-law.)

POLICEMAN X. (to peddler)—"Hi, there, you! The by-law says yez may only call out yer goods in a moderate voice!"

PEDDLER—"Well, ain't I doin' it? I'm shoutin' *moderato con espressione*."

POLICEMAN—"No, sir; it was *forte*, or even *fortissimo*, I'd take me oath."

PEDDLER—"I say it was *piano*, and very near *pianissimo*, but I'll leave it to Professor Torrington here!"

(Prof. Torrington being appealed to, testifies that the vendor was, to the best of his belief, using the *soft peddle*, so no arrest is made.)

EXPLAINED.

MRS. NUERICH—"I don't understand why it is that Emma doesn't get any offers of marriage. I take her out everywhere with me."

MR. NUERICH—"Yes; that's just it, you know."



"I VERY much regret," said Baskerville, "that I have to tender my resignation, but I'm leaving town—going to Assiniboia. My wife left for our new home yesterday."

"And I suppose," said Samjones, "that you are going to rejine her (Regina)."

"You will doubtless meet my old friend, Nicholas Flood Davin," said the President. "He is, I understand, the presiding genius of that section to such an extent that the citizens of that thriving village are wont to quote Shakespeare as follows:

There's a Davin-ity that shapes our ends.

Kindly convey my regards to him. We shall always remember you when far hence."

"And should I return and desire again to become a member of the club, I hope you'll re-member me," retorted Baskerville.

The following communications were then read:

From the Association for the Advancement of Women, asking that females should be rendered eligible for membership in the club.

From Rev. Pilgrim J. Bates, of Memphramagog, asking the club to kindly forward a few jokes suitable for church socials. Bros. Snodgrass and Hellebore volunteered to furnish him a few mild and innocuous witticisms, including the perennial oyster and cheese jokes.

From Librarian Lancefield, of the Hamilton Public Library, asking for a copy of the annual report of the club, to assist a worthy and struggling institution in refining the taste of the Hamiltonians.

From Sir Richard Cartwright, inclosing a donation of \$5 and requesting some good jokes on the McKinley Bill and Reciprocity for political use.

"Ha! a thought strikes me," said Borax. "Silence, a minute, I would pen an epigram."

He lapsed into deep thought, and in a few minutes succeeded in evolving the following:

"The cumbrous vehicle of State
Along the road is lumbering,
With little luck, for tariff truck
Our onward way is cumbering.
If customs we aside could throw,
We then could make a start right,
And naught would check our country's weal (wheel)
If once we had our Cartwright."

"Good," said the President. "And now suppose that we liquidate that bill."

"What bill?" said the Secretary. "This club owes no unpaid accounts."

There was a general shout of laughter at the Secretary's want of perception, as the President handed Sir Cartwright's donation to the waiter and requested him to take the orders of the brethren.

"As you know," said the President, "the famous American humorist, Bob Burdette, is in town. I took an early opportunity of paying my respects to him and extending him an invitation to look in on us. He replied that if possible he would do so. Ha! methinks I hear voices on the stair."

Just then the door opened, and the eminent American humorist entered, in company with a couple of Toronto journalists, who were showing him round.

"Gentlemen," resumed the President, "Mr. Robert J. Burdette, whose writings are household words. How sold? would you enquire? Why, for the highest figures ever attained by similar productions. Proud to see you here, Mr. Burdette."

"And how do you see I hear?" replied Burdette. "For anything you can see I might be deaf. Not that I would carp at the terms of so gracious a reception. Let no carp-enter into our jocund gathering. I always like to visit Toronto. It is the most wide-awake and progressive city on the continent. (Applause.) I knew you would appreciate that sentiment. It always catches 'em. Between ourselves, you know, I give them that everywhere I lecture. But really I do feel at home here. Fellow who heard my lecture said I talked like a book. That would account for it. See? I feel a-tome." (Applause.)

"What will you take?" asked the President.

"Give me a mild cigar and a lemonade, thank you."

"As for me, I'll take whiskey," said Popenjoy. "I love a little pleasant-rye."

Half an hour was then passed in social converse, when the guest withdrew.

"And now," said the President, "let us adjourn. I must rush home."

"Why so?" asked Binkerton.

"Because," responded the President, "you see, I live on Rusholme Road."