



# OTHELLO UP TO DATE.

OTHELLO—MR. BULL; IAGO—SIR R. CARTWRIGHT; DESDEMONA—MISS CANADA; CASSIO, (Finance Minister on a borrowing expedition)—HON. MR. FOSTER.

## PANDERING TO THEIR MORBID SENSIBILITIES.

TWO or three cigar shops have lately been started where the cigars are made in view of the public. The spectacle attracts a curious crowd who stand gazing in at the windows intently scrutinizing the motions of the deft-fingered craftsmen who manipulate the rolls of tobacco. The other day a veteran cigar-maker who had inspected the process for some minutes observed, as he edged out of the throng:

"Pshaw! Them fellers don't know how to make cigars."

"What's wrong with 'em? They'd ought to know. They're all union men," said another.

"I ain't sayin' nothin' about that, but they don't do the thing right" said the objector.

"What do you know about it, anyhow?"

"Well, I'd oughter to know. Ain't I worked at the trade fur about twenty-four years? That ain't no workmanlike style to make cigars. Ye see when ye finish a cigar ye want to put the little end in yer mouth, and give it a lick and a twist. Never worked in a shop yet that

they didn't finish 'em off that way. Wonder where in thunder them bloomin' duffers learned their trade?"

"Ye're quite right, pard," said another; "but don't ye see they's got to omit that there ceremony. Folks have got to pander to the morbid sensibilities of the public these times."

## MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

ALL the earth wore roseate hues,  
Smiling were the summer skies,  
Happy time which childhood views,  
When I helped her make mud pies.

Now I deem myself a man,  
Still from mem'ry's sea uprise  
Visions of an old tin pan,  
When I helped her make mud pies.

Now she is married, so they say;  
Funny how the season flies;  
Seems to me but yesterday  
Since I helped her make mud pies.

KAY LEE.