



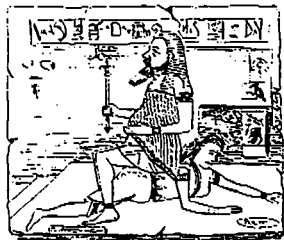
HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE.

HERBERT—"Great Scott! Maria, what do you suppose ails him?"

MARIA—"Why the poor dear has the wind colic."

HERBERT—"Oh, is that all? Why, I thought by the way he yelled he had swallowed his bottle or something."

STUDIES FROM THE ANTIQUE.



THE museum of the Canadian Institute has recently been enriched by a number of ancient stone carvings collected in various parts of the world by the eminent French antiquarian, Prof. D'Aivebouille, fellow of numerous learned societies, and also of infinite jest. They possess

considerable interest—in fact, if you were to figure up compound interest on the original investment down to date, it would require a globe of solid gold seventeen times as big as the earth to pay it off—which proves that—but hold, if we get onto that question we shall exceed our limits and nobody will read the article.

It need hardly be said that the archaeologists differ widely in their interpretation of the scenes presented. In fact it would be a startling and suspicious symptom if they were found to agree with each other on any point except the desirability of an appropriation by the Government for the prosecution of scientific research—which as they are mighty poor hustlers at elections they are not likely to get, the scientific vote being hardly a recognizable factor.

The first illustration, supposed to have been taken from one of the ruined shrines of Nineveh, was found in the possession of a wandering tribe of Tartars who regarded it with feelings of awe and warbled their little evening hymns to it to an air strikingly resembling "See

the Bogey Man." The Professor being unable to steal it purchased it for a double-barrelled shot-gun and several plugs of tobacco. It dates back to remote antiquity, the latest date assigned to it being the year 2714 before the Christian era. Think of that, my Christian 'earers! It is supposed to represent the triumph of Vanh-oronus, an ancient Assyrian potentate over the people of Khan Ahda—though some regard it as a sun myth symbolic of winter lingering in the lap of spring, the latter having completely broken down under his protracted pressure.

The next illustration is believed to have adorned the portico of an ancient Etruscan villa. But as the ancient Etruscan villains are all deceased no very satisfactory evidence is procurable on that point. It came by inheritance into the possession of an impecunious Italian nobleman, who on being assured that it was worthy of Raphael, decided to raffle it. With the hand-organ and monkey procured by the proceeds of his enterprise he was enabled to rise from the ranks of a dissolute and worthless aristocracy and gain an honest living by the exercise of his art. The connoisseurs assign various dates to this elegant specimen of early Etruscan workmanship, and as Prof. Padimurfi, of Milan, has more initials after his name than any of his rivals, we are inclined to accept his authority as conclusive, which places it at 1002 B.C. He is willing as a compromise to throw off the 2 in order to show that he has no hard feelings, but not another solitary figure no matter what happens. Baron Klickenschwitz, of Vienna, his most conspicuous opponent, is equally firm in adhering to 813 B.C., but his offers to split the difference and call it square at 907½ have so far been scouted by the illustrious Padimurfi as unworthy of his reputation. The scene clearly represents a sacrificial offering of some sort, as indicated by the pontifical garb of the central figure and the affrighted aspect of the captive. The inscription, "Orangus," obviously affords little clue to the interpretation.



With regard to the third plate, which is of comparatively modern Japanese production, there is less doubt. As the inscription shows it represents the Tycoon Moh-Att, who flourished in the twelfth century, putting to death the rebel Mi Ers, a well-known historical incident. Moh-Att was the last potentate of the Lib Ral dynasty, and the vigor he showed in repressing insurrection failed to accomplish his purpose, as a few years subsequent to the slaughter of Mi Ers and his followers the Province was captured by Yang Kee.

DID SO THOROUGHLY.



BUTLER—"E was 'ere, sir."

JASPAR—"You dropped something, Thomas."

BUTLER—"What, sir?"

JASPAR—"An 'h."

BUTLER—"Hall right. Hi'll pick hit hup hagain."