



A DIFFERENT STANDPOINT.

FITZDOODLE—"How do you like my new overcoat, Uncle Pete?"

UNCLE PETE—"I'd like it a heap better ef 'twas mine."

WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

(SCENE—Court Room. Respectable confectioner in the dock.)

JUDGE—"Prisoner at the bar, you have been proved guilty by the Crown of the crime of selling to a girl under sixteen an ounce of mixed candies. It is a very flagrant case. What have you to say why the severest penalty of the law should not be imposed?"

PRISONER—"Your lordship, I never heard of such a thing! I've been in business here twenty-five years, and never thought there was any harm in selling candy to any one. Of course I sold her the candy. Why wouldn't I?"

JUDGE—"If I had had any hesitation in pronouncing an exemplary sentence, the shameless and hardened audacity with which you brazenly attempt to justify your villainy would have dispelled it. It is a melancholy sight to see a person of your years and respectable appearance so lost to all sense of shame. Are you not aware that a beneficent Legislature, in the fullness of their wisdom, have determined to put a stop to the pernicious and soul-destroying practice of eating candy, which is ruining the health and decaying the teeth and impairing the digestive functions of hundreds of thousands of the rising generation throughout our Dominion?"

PRISONER—"Well, I did hear some talk about it, but I thought it was all nonsense. To be plain with you, I didn't think that any set of men could be such fools."

JUDGE—"Prisoner, this language is outrageous! You are evidently a dangerous man, one who will not hesitate, for the paltry pennies wrung from the innocent and childish victims of your saccharine and sensuous enticements, to strike a blow at the very fabric of society and

sap the pillars of the constitution itself. (*Thrill of horror.*) I feel that, in view of your hardened and reckless demeanor, any leniency which I might otherwise be disposed to show would be misplaced. The sentence of the court is that you be imprisoned for the term of one year, and pay a fine of \$200, half of which goes to the informer, who deserves the thanks of society for the able manner in which he has brought such a consummate and atrocious evil-doer to justice. Remove him and call the next case."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DIPLOMAT.—Your article on the Behring Sea business reposes quietly in the waste basket. It is N.G. You haven't caught the style requisite for treating of such questions. You say nothing about the *modus vivendi* or the *embroglio* or the *mare clausam*. Take a tumble to yourself, and write on some easy subject such as the N.P. or the London election outrage.

BUDDING HUMORIST.—Yes, you can call the Bricklayers' Laborers' Union a Hod fellowship if you want to, but we wouldn't encourage you to do so.

SMART ALECK wants to know what will the professional humorists do when all the jokes have been made. Your *nom de plume* doesn't fit you, dear boy. They'll just keep right on as they are doing now, and work 'em over again.

AMBITIOUS.—The only absolutely necessary qualification for a society writer is the knowledge of a few French phrases and a wide circle of acquaintance among dress-makers, waiters and fashionable hair dressers.

T. S.—As regards the comparative merits of the trolley and storage systems, we are inclined to think that while the latter may in some respects be preferable provided the motor be proportioned to the pressure on the volts, yet the impact of the wires on a pressure such as that proposed to be furnished would involve a reduplication, and the power would consequently generate a friction. Still, if the generator were insulated so as to check the vibration, and the current passed directly along the circuit to the re-distributors, much objection to the system might be overcome, in which case the trolleys would be relieved from the danger of being overcharged. We hope we have made the point as obvious as your evidently limited knowledge of electric science will permit.

NATURE'S financial methods err;
They're certainly a blunder;
For when we pay our debt to her,
She makes us all go under.



A "SPRING LAY" THE EDITOR NEVER REFUSES.