



HER UNFORTUNATE SLIP.

MISS PRIMSON (*in drug store*)—"I want to get a good sponge-bath."

CLERK (*aghast*)—"I—er—I beg pardon?"

MISS PRIMSON—"I say I want a nice bath-sponge."

CLERK—"Oh; certainly."

A MOVE-ON TRAGEDY.

IN THREE PLOWING AND HARROWING CHAPTERS.

CHAP I.

THE shades of evening were falling, in the slow and measured style of a man working by the day.

A haughty Toronto policeman was majestically pacing his beat on King street and exciting the intense admiration of every Methodist clergyman who hurried by—on the opposite side of the thoroughfare.

The electric lamps cast their baneful light athwart the proud man's pathway. Each lamp was painfully conscious that no flare-up on its part would be tolerated for an instant by this uniformed guardian of the peace.

Everything was studiously calm. Even the tiger passions in the policeman's breast lay at rest, like a tired-out civil service employee at Ottawa on pay-day.

Bismarck would positively have been moved at the scene. That is to say if he had stopped anywhere near the imperious constable he would have been moved.

But let us pass on.

"Yis, bedad! you'd better!"

Ugh!

CHAP II.

A silent, statuesque, but yet withal singularly picturesque figure, standing by a tobacconist's door, suddenly meets the policeman's gaze.

He is roused from his momentary reverie, and a look of ferocious hate convulses his otherwise barn-door features.

"Move!"

No response.

"Move an!"

Still no notice of the order.

"Thin die, ye divil!"

S-s-swish!

Ker-r-r-rumph!!

Bur-r-r-roomb!!!

According to the phonographic record the above was the exact language of the policeman's baton. The exact language of the policeman is in type, but was crowded out of this issue.

In the words of Cicero, there at once followed a dull sickening thud.

The figure seemed to recoil as though somewhat affected by the blows. It did not even reply that it was waiting for a street-car. It appeared to think that strict dignity and deadness was the best National Policy.

Held down and clubbed into perfect acquiescence it remained till the patrol waggon rattled up.

The other policeman who had been summoned to help make the arrest mildly suggested that perhaps the ambulance would be more in keeping with the situation. But his more experienced comrade laughed him to scorn.

CHAP. III.

Scene: The Police Court.

Time: Ten o'clock a.m. next day.

P.M. to the figure in the dock: "You are charged with being drunk and disorderly, obstructing the thoroughfare, using grossly insulting language towards an officer of the law, and drawing a revolver on him. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Our figure maintained his quiet dignity throughout the trying ordeal. He did not even give the old pensioner's customary military salute to the Colonel.

"Ten dollars and costs or sixty days! next!"

Rough hands grasped the convicted man and were hurrying him adown the fatal corridor when the owner of the image put in an appearance and calmly said: "Pardonnez, gentilhommes, mais ven you air done vid mine vooden Indian, je serai obligé eef you retournerai heem to mine shop door!"

A careful medical examination satisfied the Chief of Police that the request was not an unreasonable one.

He granted it with an air of reassuring and touching candour.



TRYING TO FRIGHTEN THE FARMER.