



MATERIALS FOR A SPRING POEM.

## INDIAN CURIOSITIES.

BY A DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIST.

SIR,—The fact that I am not a member of the Canadian Institute will obtain me admission to your columns. I have been repeatedly black-balled by the entire body of that illustrious gathering, because my scientific acquirements are not in harmony with their views. Sir, I do not believe in listening to what people said a few centuries ago. Fossil opinions never carry weight with me and that is why I don't believe the earth moves, that comets wag their tails, or that England's business is to beat all other nations in beer-drinking.

Now, sir, I want to say a few words about Indian curiosities. Firstly, what are Indian relics? The whole race is rapidly getting to be a relic itself, and I would suggest that all Indians who die after this be made into mummies forthwith and sent to the Curator of the Canadian Institute to number and catalogue, so that in the year 9001 there may be no uncertainty and wrangling as to the identity of the remains, as is the case with the interesting remnants of old Egyptian gentle folks who occasionally turn up. I may mention that I have a valuable receipt for the making of mummies which is at the disposal of the C. I. on payment of ten dollars in cash, or I will mummify Indians at the rate of twenty-five cents each, express charges to be prepaid.

Arrow heads and spear heads are continually being unearthed by our farmers in countless numbers. Do our farmers stop and examine these relics? Do they pick them up, clean them, label them and send them to the Curator of the C. I. with a valuable prehistoric paper for the benefit of the members? No, sir; the agricultural tyrants trample these priceless relics of bygone days under the heavy heels of a cow-boot as they callously plough up and down their treasure-yielding acres. It is a shame and an insult to our C. I. requirements. Let me suggest the employment of some of Dr. Barnardo's boys in this direction. Let one be placed on every farm in the Dominion to examine all the stones thereon and preserve the valuable flints. I ask but little in asking this. How much wampum is in the possession of Canadians, and where is it? Let me entreat all possessors of wampum to send their stock without delay to the Curator of the

C. I. museum. Pemican can be obtained from any ordinary boarding-house keeper on Friday night. On Saturday it is always too late to secure any, as it is served up as hash on that day. I have more suggestions which I will send you later.

HORATIO VAN RUMPUS.

## THE BAFFLED HUMORIST.

THE veteran humorist sat at his desk with a look of gloom on his brow. He had been seated there for fully ten minutes gazing blankly at the sheet of paper before him, but without writing a word. Ever and anon an expression of determination came into his features; he dipped his well-worn pen into the ink with an air of stern resolution, but the effort resulted in nothing, for after writing half a sentence or so he erased it and relapsed into meditation. It was in vain that he lit his pipe and sought inspiration in a few vigorous whiffs; that he rose and paced the floor nervously; that he ran his fingers through his scanty hair. The idea wouldn't come. Finally he threw down his pen in disgust, exclaiming, "It positively can't be done; I declare it's absolutely the worst appointment the British Government ever made in my recollection."

"What's troubling you now, old man?" asked the proof-reader.

"There was Head to begin with," continued the veteran humorist. "Very easy and suggestive. 'So simple that a child could operate it,' as the sewing machine ads. have it. 'Head of the government,' 'great head,' etc.—just as easy as rolling off a log. Then there was Monck—no trouble about him. The name itself suggested something. Same with Young—he was another easy one. Didn't get rechristened as Lisgar till he had been some years in the country. Lorne wasn't quite so simple, but I think I can claim to have been the first to get off the 'for-Lorne' chestnut that had such a run. Lansdowne bothered me some, but I got there when he reduced his rents. 'Lan's-downe,' you see. But this new man knocks me silly. As I said before, it's the worst appointment that's been made in my time."

"What appointment? What on earth are you driving at?" enquired the proof-reader.

"Why, Lord Stanley. I've made jokes on the name of every Governor-General for the last thirty years, but Stanley's too much for me. But hold! Ah, I have it! Saved, saved! When the new Governor-General gives an entertainment at Rideau Hall, why will it resemble a noted Toronto thoroughfare? Don't you tumble? It will be Stanley's treat."

"But you forget," said the proof-reader impassively, "there is no longer a Stanley street."

A spasm contracted the humorist's features, as, with a wild shriek of anguish, he rushed out into the night.

## ADEQUATE.

ANNIE—"Halloa Maud! Where did you get so many beautiful patches?"

Maud (a six-year-old)—"Oh! you know I got them all from Miss Miller, and when she gave them to me I didn't say 'thanks,' because I thought it was so little a word for so many patches, and so I said 'I'm very much obliged to you, Miss Miller.'" [Fact.]

ADAM PAXMORE has been appointed constable at Park-hill. There will be more peace now in the place.