



### HINT FOR WORD-BUILDERS; WHO HUNT IN COUPLES.

MR. MUSIE (before they begin the exercise of the evening)—“Er—what do you say to this proposition, Arabella: Every time I find a word, I’ll be entitled to a kiss, and every time you find one I’ll give you a kiss?” (She jumped at it, of course.)

Things seemed to be at a dead-lock, and there was some talk of returning the King with thanks, like a rejected MS., when Mr. Laurier announced that he had received a communication from Barnum, offering to defray all expenses of the Court and give a large bonus in addition for permission to exhibit H.M. throughout the continent as the only King in the New World. This offer was accepted unanimously, the objections of Col. Denison on the score of lack of dignity being withdrawn, when that officer was appointed a special royal guard, to accompany the King, with full authority to spill the blood of any Yankee who should insult royalty.

This method of raising a revenue succeeded beyond expectations. The Only American King took like wild.



### “UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.”

JOHNNY GAMIN—“Cricky! that Vit’lizer mus’ be strong stuff to double up the man like that!”

fire in the large cities of the Republic, and Col. Denison as his single worshipper added not a little to the attraction. The fierce lunges of the Colonel with his drawn sword at any Yankee who dared to smile at H.M. made it necessary that the pair should be enclosed in an iron cage, with a caution to the public to keep at a distance.

But one day a telegram was received at Ottawa from Chicago, which threw the whole nation into mourning. It ran as follows:—“Great explosion at Barnum’s show. Col. Denison strikes through the bars at Anarchist and explodes bomb in pocket of the latter. Cage and contents demolished.”

To compensate the Canadians for the loss of their King, Barnum offered to give them a white elephant, or any other curiosity of equal value. This offer not being accepted, a cash valuation was finally agreed upon and paid.

Parliament passed resolutions of condolence to H.M.’s relatives in England, but decided not to send for a duplicate sovereign, as Barnum intended definitely to retire from the show business. A republic was accordingly proclaimed.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

### BLUE-ROOM PHANTASIES.

PHANTASY NO. 2.

“ME love!”  
“M’ duck!”

These thrilling words were uttered early one morning—it would really be *too* pure fiction to say late one evening—in the drawing room of the baronial mansion of the De Boodlers. A young man was sitting on a *fauteuil* with a happy expression playing upon his noble, callow face. In fact, anything could play upon this young man with marked success.

The other speaker who had said “M’ duck,” was a fair frail thing, one of those airy useless orchids that society likes to bring up to cause some man a pre-instigated suicide. She was addicted to the piano, and had done some very fine discoloring on alleged china; and now she had won George Mauleverber’s love.

The De Boodlers lived quite a bit from the city, but the untractable street car ran past the mansion, and George used it freely. It was a sight to see the slim-limbed, short-sighted young fellow with his sprightly though somewhat insipid smile slide gracefully off the car in the light of the electric lamp of an evening. Chrissina used to watch it from the heavy damask curtains. She said the red light of No. 11 car was her star of hope. Old De Boodler said he didn’t go very many beans on “rhymes,” but he guessed that “star of hope” allusion was the correct poetic cheese. A badly bred small boy used to say “shoot De Boodler’s dood!” when George got off the car.

But little wrecked the happy, trusting girl of the terrible fate awaiting both.

Suddenly her lover’s visits stopped. A week went by. Two. Three. Chrissina became more languid and helpless than was normal. In despair she wrote George. Finally the answer came.

“DEAR CHRISSE,—Our dream is o’er. You may remember I told you my uncle was director of the Street Railway Company. I always got free rides out to your house. Now the company has changed hands. I am ruined. I cannot afford to ride and pay my fare. I should be bankrupt in a month. I could never walk two miles. Never! My physical constitution would break up. Fare thee well. GEORGE.”