



THE MODERN CLAUDE DUVAL.

The people are said to have loved Claude Duval, the highwayman, because he took from the rich to give to the needy, but they jailed him all the same.—*Empire*.

[Times have now changed. The Claude Duval of the day in Canada robs the poor to give to the rich, and he isn't put in jail, either. The *Empire* helps to keep him in the Cabinet.]

SUSANNAH IN TOWN.

II.



'VE been so privileged sence I come to Toronto to live. I mean in meeting improving persons. There was a woman's-righter, what was a man, who told me several things I hadn't hearn tell of, about us women bein' so down-trodden. Seem's to me a woman that's bent on having a vote is pretty sot in her way, but a man that's up in the argument, he's terrible persuading. I can't say I can go with this one all the way, but just after he'd done talkin', I could a' took any oath it was

all as gospel as could be. Ain't it queer how clear things do be, when you're fresh frum hearin' them, and how, bimeby, they fade away like the purply shades in your Sunday dress. This man must a been what they would call a combinster, 'cuz he patched to-days' doins 'longside the ancientest scripture he could remember. But now I come to reckon 'bout that myself I see he skipped a good many plain verses telling women's duty in them days, which ain't ours, of course, but he drug them wayback ones in first.

My nephew Tom took me to see the summer opera in the Pavilion, which is a big place with a good deal of glass in it, and sot right in a flower garden.

It was pretty hot for skitten' around like them actor folks did, but Mikado was a nice coolin' play with lots of fans in it, which was summery-like.

We've been over to the Island, too—Centre Island where the Park is, and where people go when it comes time to be fashionable and shet down your blinds and give up calling and all that. It's purty nice over there,—dreadful flirty, I've an idea—but that goes with the summer, I guess. Tom wuz dreadful sot on having me go paddling with him, but that one time I went seemed to last me right till now. The day he had sot on fur going up to the Humber, I

wanted to see High Park. So we went there in the street cars which have a very 'commodating sort of way of running right inside the gate. Seem's to me that's a proper kind of way to do - you mostly have to walk so fur to git to places that you're too beat out to walk 'round the place when you've got there. It ain't no use paying your street car money and getting tired too. There was a lot of women with babies there. The babies had a big time, and their ma's got tuckered looking at them do it. The way some women ease off their tempers slapping their youngsters make me wonder who they knowed that was little enough to slap before they had any babies. That's a puzzler.

The way people ride on those bicycle wheel things is funny to me. The carpenter man comes jiggling along to the house on his wheel, the man what comes in the morning and unscrews the 'lectric light that fizzes right afore my window all night, he comes on his wheel. He leans it agin' the post, hists himself up, tucks in the new black things, cleans the chimney, slides down, and is off on his wheel before I've settled his doins in my mind. I watch him through the slats every morning when I'm doing up my back hair. But the women ride, too—that's the queerest thing. Some folks is awful down on them. I was out on Yonge Steet to-day, and a girl and a man went by riding beside each other, and two women what was rididg in their carriage turned up their noses till they most lost their false teeth. I've noticed it's mostly women like them that make the most fuss. I ain't been brung up to seeing women whizzing along, and having folks stare at 'em and know they've got ankles, but, land sakes, I aint got nothing agin them. Let 'em ride, I say. You can ride out a stare about as well's you kin hide from it, and I kinder mistrust that riding a bicycle comes in with the higher eddication of women which I'm after, but for the sake of my relations I hope I won't have to come to it—they'd take it hard, and there's such a crowd of 'em, and things like that is so ketching.

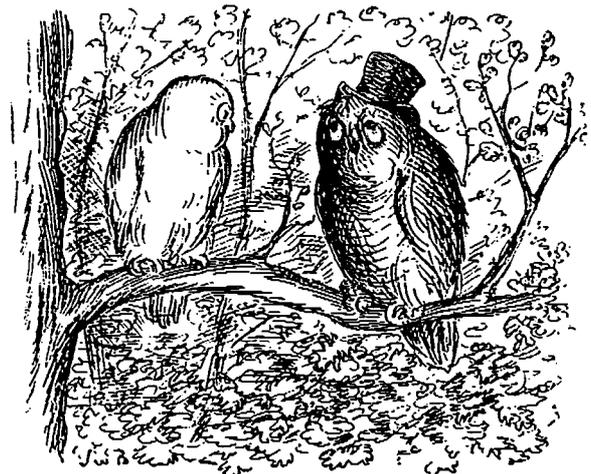
SUSANNAH.

WE PAUSE FOR REPLY.

Special cable message to London *Advertiser*. London, Aug. 6th.—Lord Rosebery went to Osborne House this evening to visit the Queen.

Well; what happened?

LADY HENRY SOMERSET and Miss Francis Willard, the international chums, being devoted heart and soul to the weal of humanity, have naturally enough become enthusiastic bicyclers.



TROUBLE WITH HER OWL MAN.

MRS. OWL—"Now, see here, sir, this dissipation has got to be stopped, This is the third time within a week that you've been up all day!"