



THE SURPRISED POET—II.

## A GOOD SCHEME.

WHEN the Proprietor came in he found the Editor and Business Manager in gleeful spirits. "Biggest thing you ever heard of, sir, for booming the paper and making a nice little pile at the same time," the Business Manager hastened to explain, "my own happy thought!" "Yes, it is a daisy," testified the Editor. "What's the scheme?" asked the Proprietor, the gloom vanishing gradually from his countenance before a ray of new-born hope—"Out with it." "A voting contest for the Most Popular Lawyer, the successful candidate to be presented with a return ticket to the Old Country!" ejaculated the Business Manager. The Proprietor's countenance fell—but didn't hurt itself. "Pshaw!" was all he said. "You think there's nothing much in it?" queried the Business Manager. "There is at least \$150 clear profit on the extra sales of the paper." "Yes," said the Proprietor, "and you'll have to pay that for the ticket. I don't see where the profit comes in." "Pay that for the ticket? That's where you're away off. The ticket won't cost a cent," said the Manager. The Proprietor looked puzzled. "Don't you see, we wait till the close of the contest before buying the ticket. Then we notify the successful candidate of his good fortune. And then the 'most popular lawyer' gets up on his dignity and refuses to accept a free ticket, and——" "Go on with the scheme!" said the Proprietor. "I believe it is a good one."

## A BOOM IN STATUARY.

FOR some time the best means of disposing of the dead has been a vexed question. Real estate in the neighborhood of cities is getting too valuable to allow large areas which might be sold at fifty dollars a foot or more to be devoted to purposes of sepulture, and cremation does not seem to be a popular alternative. The *Scientific American* publishes an article giving an account of a new process discovered by Dr. Variot, of Paris, which seems to imply great possibilities in the direction of utilizing the defunct for purposes of ornamentation. He proposes to electroplate the dead, covering them all over with a thin metallic coating which will render them proof against decomposition and preserve intact the form and features.

Think what an opportunity the putting into practice of this invention would give of supplying the long felt want of statutes in our public places at a merely nominal

figure. Instead of having to raise by subscriptions—extorted from an unwilling public—a few thousand dollars, and then hire a sculptor to painfully and laboriously work in bronze, or chisel in marble, a counterfeit presentment of the eminent deceased, which the press declare a marvellously correct resemblance executed in the highest style of art, while the general public pronounce it a hideous caricature, all that need be done is to get the genuine remains of the distinguished personage carefully electroplated, build a pedestal, and set h'm up just as natural as life. No question then about fidelity to nature or the preservation of the likeness—you have the man himself for the mere cost of an ordinary funeral. If Dr. Variot's scheme were adopted we could have statues in endless variety, so to speak—whole rows and platoons of them—from the money we now pay for a single graven image. Think with what pride the citizens could point to the electroplated cadaver of a deceased statesman and say, "Now, there is Sir Hoggery Grabsneak. Yes, I know Montreal and Halifax and Bobcaygeon have what they call statues of Sir Hoggery, but I assure you they are mere imitations. This is genuine."

As for the common herd of corpses who have no claim to municipal honors they can be utilized as house decorations or for the ornamentation of private grounds. There will be no more funerals, of course, and the obituary notices of the future may be expected to read something as follows:

"BILLINGER—Died on the 14th inst., at his residence, Mr. Hank P. Billinger, grocer, aged 54. Electroplating on Thursday at 3 p.m."

"Weep not, dear friends though Hank is dead,  
The corpse his spirit animated,  
Now that his gentle soul has fled  
Will neatly be electroplated.  
And as he soars to Heaven away  
On angel pinions freshly furnished,  
His worn-out tenement of clay  
Is shining elegantly burnished."

A CHIP off the old block is frequently a disagreeable stick.



## ALCOHOLIC VISION.

JOBBLESON (getting home late from lodge)—"Wow! great (hic) Schott! What a (hic) shnake!!"