



ENVY.

UNEMPLOYED—"Do they git that often?"

KEEPER—"Reg'lar, twice a day."

UNEMPLOYED—"Ah! I wish I could git a billet 'ere as a wild beast!"—*Sidney Bulletin.*

Mr. Schuch had charge of the programme, and conducted it with all the skill of a great master. On the platform stood a Steck "Baby Grand," upon which Prof. Forsyth discoursed some classical gems with nimble fingers. (Here again the captious critic may see something suspicious in the fact that this piano was brought from the wareroom on the ground floor, and not hired for the occasion from some other firm, but once more, we hustle him to one side with his bilious carplings. The piano was a most excellent one—that is all we need care about the matter). Miss Gaylord, a young lady with a bright and flexible soprano, contributed some vocal numbers, and a brilliant instrumental solo. Mrs. Percy Greenwood—a recent acquisition to Toronto's vocalists, made her first public appearance here, and was found in possession of a very rich contralto, which we hope to hear frequently. Mr. Harold Jarvis did some of his languishing tenor love songs in his own charming manner, and Mr. Schuch called upon himself for some assistance, which was obligingly given in the shape of some good baritone songs. All in all, the programme was a complete success—just such as we usually pay 50 cent and 75 cents to hear. As the great throng filed out, everybody bestowed a smile of approval on Messrs. Glendon and Farwell, and thanked them for a very pleasant evening. Hundreds may have gone back, oh, carpling critic, to buy Baby Grand Stecks, for aught we know. And why shouldn't they, if they can afford it?



MR. HAROLD JARVIS.



MISS GAYLORD

A TALE OF RONG.

Dam-Rong, brother to the King of Siam, is about to visit England, and is probably entrusted with important communications on the subject of French encroachments in the Mekong Valley.—*Mail.*

PUT it strong,
 Dam-Rong,
 About French encroaching;
 They have long
 Mekong
 Slily been approaching;
 Sound your gong,
 Dam-Rong,
 And denounce such poaching!
 And when England hears
 You need have no fears
 But she'll come out strong,
 And pronounce it wrong,
 Dam-Rong,
 To invade Mekong,
 With an armed throng,
 When the country doesn't to them belong,
 Very wrong!
 Though perhaps to fight
 They mayn't think it right
 For Mekong
 Though with loud applause
 They may cheer your cause,
 Dam-Rong
 And doubtless the other side will claim
 That a gent with such a heathenish name
 Couldn't be right,
 Say what he might,
 As he'll always be Dam-Rong.
 And really there does seem someone to blame
 God-father, god-mother,
 Or someone or other,
 Who marked you out from the common throng
 By a name which sounds so very wrong,
 Dam-Rong.
 However, name and all, you came,
 And are fairly launched on the tide of fame,
 Henceforth to shine in story and song,
 And be remembered for ages long:
 So long,
 Dam-Rong!

PLENTY OF TIMBER.

"CABINET RECONSTRUCTION—Premier will have no difficulty in finding timber," is the heading of a *World* despatch from Ottawa. If it's timber that Abbott is after, what's the matter with Wood of Hastings? Or, he might look for material to some of our Boards of Trade. But it might have been supposed that we had had enough Governmental blockheadism to last for a while. It is to be hoped at least that he won't select any more crooked sticks for his Cabinet-making—like those discredited ministers, concerning whose defects it may be said that the half was not to'd (knot-holed).

TOO MANY FRIENDS.

"I HAVE fifteen thousand friends in this town and twenty thousand enemies," said E. A. Macdonald. "That will give the *Factor* a circulation of 35,000." Assuming this calculation to be approximately correct, it is to be feared that E. A. places entirely too much confidence upon his friends. He'd better try and make a few more enemies.

A POINTER FOR KEILY.

BILLINGER—"What do you think of the theory of thought-transference?"

MCCORKLE—"Dunno as it amounts to much, but I reckon the street railway folks might as well give it a trial. It couldn't be any worse than the present transfer system."