

SHAKESPEARE FOR CIVIL SERVANTS.

Sundays—

Ah, marry, now my soul has elbow-room.

King John.

Confidential Quarterly Reports—

The evil that men do lives after them.

Julius Cæsar.

Whisky Duty—

For what advancement may I hope from thee

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits.

Hamlet.

Expenses—

But in the way of Bargain, mark ye me!
I'll cavel on the ninth part of a hair.

King Henry IV.

The Third Division to the Commission—

What dost thou mean by shaking of Thy head.

King John.

The Statutory Increase—

Large gifts have I bestowed on learned Clerks.

King Henry VI.

Our Job—

If I do lose thee I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep.

Measure for Measure.

The Service—

O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink.

Much Ado About Nothing.

Our Lot—

To grunt and sweat under a weary life.

Hamlet.

Our Demand—

Shylock we would have monies.

Merchant of Venice.

Our Thanks—

When like the bee toiling from every
flower

We bring it to the hive, and like the
bees

Are murder'd for our pains.

King Henry IV.

Our Salary—

Who steals my purse, steals trash.

Othello.

Our Prospects—

Oh, who can hold a *fiveer* in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Treasury
cuss.

King Richard II.

Our Last Resource—

O my prophetic soul! My *uncle!*

Hamlet.

Our Attitude—

She sat like patience on a monument
Smiling at grief.

Twelfth Night.

Third Division—

Look here upon this picture and on this.

Hamlet.

Federation to Some—

You owe me no subscription.

King Lear.

For the Loan Association—

Neither a borrower nor a lender be.

Hamlet.

The Movement—

Our doubts are traitors,

And make us lose the good we oft might
win

By fearing to attempt.

Love's Labour Lost.

L'A.B.C. DU THEATRE.

Des personnes se sont plaintes de la longueur des pièces modernes. Comme modèle de pièce courte, nous croyons que nous ne pourrions mieux les servir qu'en leur mettant sous les yeux *Ijika*, tragédie alphabétique:

Elle n'a qu'un acte; la scène est à Alger. Les personnages se nomment: *Pecu*, bey d'Alger; *Hehaïff*, son confident; *Eno*, prince; *Ijika*, princesse; cinq gardes — rôles muets — complètent la figuration.

Au lever du rideau, le prince *Eno* surprend le bey *Pecu* aux pieds de la princesse, et d'un ton impérieux commande: "Ah! bey, cédez!" Le bey appelle à l'aide son confident: "Héhaïff!" le prince montre qu'il est armé: "J'ai hache!" dit-il. Sur quoi *Pecu* s'enfuit laissant seuls les jeunes gens. "Ijika" murmure tendrement le prince, et la princesse soupire avec langueur: "Elle aime *Eno*." Mais le bey n'est pas allé loin. Caché derrière une tenture, il assiste, frémissant de jalousie, à l'entretien des amoureux. Le prince l'aperçoit: "Pecu est resté!" s'écrie-t-il, et, saisi de fureur, il appelle ses gardes: "Hu! Vey! Hix! Ygrec! Zède!" qui jettent par la fenêtre le rival obsédant.

Et voilà. — C'est peut-être, en somme, le théâtre de demain. — Paris-Théâtre.

When stock was taken in the stationery department at Ottawa, the other day it was found that the old management had gone long on corkscrews. There were fifteen thousand, by actual count. This averages about seventy-five corkscrews for each and every member of Parliament, whereas the busiest man among them hasn't work for more than one. "What on earth," Colonel Sam Hughes was asked, "did they want so many corkscrews for?" "I don't know," replied the Colonel, "unless it was to draw answers out of the Government at question time." — Collier's.