

precious charge in his possession. She gave a scream and flew along at a terrific rate, shouting to a policeman, "Stop that there feller, he's stole my babby."

The policeman, seeing nothing more formidable than an elderly clergyman and a baby to arrest, condescended to join in the chase, and came up with the child stealer just as he was gazing at the perambulator and muttering, "Where ever *did* this come from; what am I doing with it?" You never saw so surprised a man in your life, but he was still more so when the girl came rushing up breathless, saying, "That's him, mister, —to the policeman, 'take him into custard pie at once.' 'Wot wos you doin' along o' that kid, mister?" said the myrmidon of the law to the astonished parson, "I must arrest you for deducting of that child. The by-laws says—'Pray what is the matter?' asked the poor parson, "I am innocent of aught intentionally criminal. I know not how this child came into my possession; I willingly return it to this young maiden if it be hers." Several bystanders, who had by this time collected, burst into a laugh at the old fellow's apparently paradoxical speech, but seemed on the whole to be inclined to take his part."

"How long is this yarn going to last, Polliwog?" I enquired, "Oh! I'm just about through. A respectable fellow in the crowd now stepped forward and enquired what was up and the policeman having informed him that 'this 'ere bloke was charged with stealing a kid,' he said 'Oh! impossible. I know him well: this is the Rev. Dr. Bombazine, and he has about two dozen children of his own: He would, I am sure, rather give one away than add to the number.'

"Oh! well," said the girl, now somewhat pacified, and being recovered from her fright, "I suppose you'd better let him go, Per'ceeman, but it don't do for old gents to be a taking off of peoples' children per-niskerous." The end of it all was, the policeman seeing a crowd collecting and fancying there might be a row, walked off, the nurse girl took her lost-and-found in tow, the crowd dispersed, and poor old Dr. Bombazine departed with the friend who had rescued him from such a scrape."

"Of course," I said, "The doctor, in fact you mentioned it at first, was clerically clad in sombre garments; not that I want to make out that that alone should save a man from suspicion."

"Yes, he was togged out in the blackest and most respectable suit I ever saw, and that I should think ought to have placed him—"  
"Say no more, Polliwog; I think the whole thing looks like a case of attempted blackmail."

Polliwog can stand most things, but this overcame him completely, and when he recovered he walked away without even as much as his usual 'fra-la.'

#### SERVANT-GALISM.

Servants are pretty scarce articles just now, and a good one is a rarity.

The following was related to the writer as a fact:

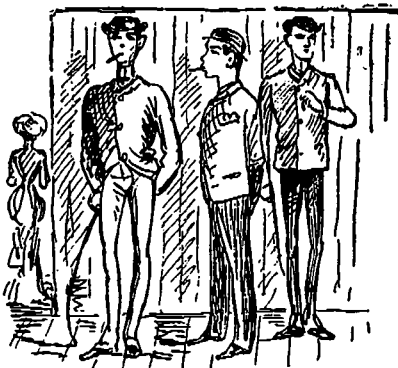
A young mother in this city who was very busy one morning, went with her five months old olive branch to a recently imported specimen of the genus maid-servant, and here is the conversation.

*Lady.* Will you, please, take baby for a little while, Susan?

*Susan.* Indeed no Mum, which I could'nt. I don't mind superintendin' of the cookin' and cleanin' hup, but I draws the line at *horf-spring*.

De twilight is de smile ob nature; de sunshine is de laugh.—*Arkansaw Traveler*,

#### THREE LOAFERS, WHO TACKLED THE WRONG MAN.



Three youths stood leaning against a fence, They were long in the ears but short of sense, And they said "Haw, haw," and "that's immense," As the folks went passing by: They chaffed the girls whom they never knew, To some they'd say "Dear, how d'ye do?" To others, "Good evening unto you," And every one they'd guy.

They ogled the girls and they chaffed such men As they thought not able to tackle them then, They were frisky as hogsles just out of their pen, And they laughed with a loud hee-haw When youths of a rustic aspect passed, And looks of scorn on such men they cast, For they prided themselves on being 'fast,' And far from 'green' or 'raw.'

They insulted ladies who'd escorts none, They smirked at misses and thought it fun, And they'd say, "Boys, this one takes the bun," When anything nice went by. Any man who passed by himself they'd dare To quiz with a humor so rich and rare, They were three to one, so they didn't care, And that was the reason why.

So there they stood, three hobbadehavs, With their asinine yawps and their idiot noise, Each said to himself, "I am one of the boys," When along came a lonely man; He was big, he was tall, but he said not a word As their very insulting remarks he heard, But he just stood still and he scarcely stirred, And he said "I think I'll tan

You chaps; you are young, but you need to be taught, And—yes, I must lick you—I certainly ought," And just like a flash, and quicker than thought, He let out a blow from the shoulder, He let out another,—another one yet, Each blow hit a youth, and he'll never forget The strength of the blow that the stranger 'let' Should he live to be fifty years older.



One youth bounced rods o'er the fence behind, Another one flew like a straw in the wind, The remains of the third one none can find, For he shot through the air like a rocket. "Now, that is the way," said the stranger man, "I like to do good whensoever I can." And behold, "Mr. J. L. Sulli-van" Was the name on a card in his pocket.

#### A STREET CAR INCIDENT.

##### THE TWO DUDES.

If people only keep their eyes open they would see lots to amuse them, even during the brief space of time occupied by an ordinary street car ride.

Here is an incident. Street car is proceeding along say Yonge street. Amongst the passengers *inside* are a stout old lady with a butter basket full of eggs in her lap, and a dude dressed to out dude dudes; trowers of a most delicate prinrose, velvet coat, and all the etcetera of an immaculate dude. *Outside* on the platform and leaning or sitting on the rail, is another dude smoking a cigarette. In rear of the street car is a butcher's wagon, driven by a boy lost in contemplation of the surrounding beauties, and oblivious of dudes or anything else. It is to be hoped that all this is perfectly plain.

Dude No. 1, inside, wants to get out, pulls string, rises and makes for the rear door. Just then the car stops, butcher's horse's head comes slap up against Dude No. 2's back, pitches him violently against Dude No. 1, who in his turn is precipitated with his coat tails and all thoreto appertaining, into market woman's basket of eggs.

The Dude's ambition is complete. He has made his mash.

#### HIT HIM.

OLD GENTLEMAN (to wood-dealer)—Mr. Sullivan, I find, on measuring up that twenty cords of wood I ordered, that there are only nineteen. I always took you for an honest man; now, how do you account for it?

DEALER.—Don't know, sir. It was all there when it left the yard. Can't have gone astray in any way.

OLD G.—Dropped out on the road, probably. Well, I suppose there's no help for it, so we'll just speak of it as Sullivan's Lost Cord.



IRATE TEMPERANCE PARTY.—Poster, how comes it that you voted for this vile clause of the License Act, and you a prohibitionist?

PROF. FOSTER.—True, I'm a prohibitionist, but I'm not a bigoted one!