



### CULPABLE NEGLIGENCE.

BUZZBRAIN (*at the hotel*)—"Six o'clock, and nobody comes to waken me! I shall certainly miss my train!"

### THE WORLD DO MOVE.

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE BY OUR OWN CLAIRVOYANT.

THE WOMEN'S EMANCIPATION CLUB.

[*From the "Globe" of April 21, 1894.*]

THE Women's Emancipation Club (Unlimited,) met in absolutely secret session in the elegant drawing room of a palatial widow's residence—the term "palatial widow" is used advisedly, as a tribute at once to the proportions, the dress and the hospitality of the lady in question—a few days ago, in the north-western section of this city.

The lady delegates handed in their cards, gentlemen's size, and written in a bold, masculine hand.

An hour and a half was devoted to taking tea, no eatables being served, in accordance with a rule of the club. The tea was of a character eminently appropriate to the occasion. Green, strong enough to stand alone, and taken straight, it really did one's heart good to imbibe seven or eight large cups of it.

Finally, after discussing the coming season's styles in millinery, and finishing the two boilers full of tea, the President took the chair, amidst a buzz of conversation, interesting, varied and comprehensive, which she could only silence by exclaiming in a shrill tone of voice, "Rats!"

In calling the roll Miss Gadabout proposed that the ages, as well as the names, of delegates, be recorded. No seconder. Lost!

In addressing the gathering, the President said:—"Ladies and fellow female sufferers and suffrage seekers: It gives me great pleasure to welcome you to this city at this time of the year. The millinery openings are on, the weather is fine, and a great many of the newest fashions are to be seen on King Street; and lastly, the time is opportune for the promotion of that cause so dear to every one of us, namely, the release of our sex from the galling yoke of the oppressor, man, and our elevation to that plane of political as well as social—er—cr—ahem!"

A voice: "Superiority."

(Applause, mingled with cries of "No! no!")

The President, continuing: "That plane of political as well as social equality, which Providence clearly designed we should occupy. Why, let me ask, should we,

because we are la—that is to say, women, be deprived of rights and privileges enjoyed by our fellow-beings of the opposite sex—the sterner sex, as they delight to be called?"

MISS HOOPERUP—"Stern is a good word. It means hindermost. We women lead." (Loud and prolonged applause.)

THE PRES.—"We shall assert our rights—"

MRS. LASTWORD—"And the tyrants will get left." (Laughter.)

THE PRES.—"—to rank with men in the exercise of functions now exclusively held by them. We must put on a bold front—" (Here the speaker paused, but no applause followed.)

MRS. WILDCAT—"I would suggest the hon. lady use no equivocal language." (Ripple of applause.)

THE PRES.—"Panting as we are for freedom from the slavish fetters which custom, aided by legislation, has forged and bound us in, our only resort is to strike!"

[Here the proceedings were interrupted by the struggle of two tall delegates for possession of a broom in the far corner of the room.]

Order having been restored, the speaker went on:—"Why should our husbands—"

MISS MCGLUE—"I do trust our President will not introduce irrelevant matter. Knowing, as she must, that many of the ladies present are not m—" (Loud cries of dissent and dissatisfaction from all quarters.)

DR. SAUERVISAGE—"One word, sisters. We are here to discuss principles, not social conditions, or matters of—ahem—er—er—"

(More uproar, during which seven different delegates had the floor at once. In the midst of it a knock is heard at the door, and a servant announces supper in a loud tone of voice. Instantly the commotion subsides.)

THE PRESIDENT—"I am sure, my dear friends, you will be glad to cease from your lengthy and exhausting deliberations, and adjourn to the dining hall. We shall, therefore, if a motion is passed, adjourn."

The motion is passed and a happy lot of ladies are once more under the same roof.



### THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

STRANGER—"You've given me an ugly gash in the chin. If you can't shave better than that you will lose all your customers pretty soon."

UNDERGRADUATE TONSORIALIST—"Not at all! I am not allowed to shave the regular customers yet; I only shave strangers!"