



Perfectly Candid.

GORDON B.—May I, without exciting suspicion of my motives, enquire for the present state of your health, Sir Charles?

SIR CHARLES.—Thank you, I'm improving. I hope to be at work again shortly.

GORDON B.—Delighted to hear it, Sir Charles, upon my word. At the same time it is consoling to think that when we do drop off there are always better and honester men to fill our places, isn't it, Sir Charles?

Aunt Polly's Opinions.

Last Thursday I was busy, and no mistake. What with turkey, and ham, and cakes and pies to cook, and everything to fix, I was fit to drop when I got through.

Melancholy claimed me for her'n while I was cleaning myself, after the table was set (and it did look beautiful with the tissue-paper roses in the middle, I must say). My opinion of parties was very low, I thought what a trouble and expense they was, and how disappointing to the feelings they most generally turn out. You don't somehow never seem to get your money's worth out of them, and the folks you ask'll go home and pick holes and abuse you. But for all I felt the worthlessness and vanity of it all, I couldn't stand there rasprodizing. I had to up and put on my cinnamon meriney gown, with the black ribbon velvet and yao lace, and sit myself down in the parlor to wait for the folks.

Which it wasn't long I sit there, for in a minit there was a knock, and I let in Mrs. Sam Banks; and them ten ministers, the delicats, all shapes and sizes, came trailing in after her. Mrs. Sam named each of them, and I was so took up trying to say something different to each, as "Glad to see you," "Happy to meet you," "You're hearty welcome, I'm sure," "I wish you much joy," and the like, that I never noticed the stoutest man of the lot making straight for the chair with the broken leg.

It's always the way! If you'll take notice, you'll find that if there's a weak seat, or a lame stool in the house, they're the ones everybody goes to sit on first! Oh, the perverseness of human natur!

I shouted out so quick, "Don't take that chair," but he says "It's good enough for me, Madame, I'm humble," and before I could say, "Tis broke," he sat down and found out for himself.

"He that is low need fear no fall," a little thin man said, and all the rest of them roared at him, never offering to help him up, which I calls rank unchristian. "Poor man, it might of hurt him dreadful, and him that fat!" I says, for I pitied him. Then he turned over and got up, that quick and red in the face you'd be surprised. After that we sat around, twirling our thumbs, metaphysically speaking, until with a great clatter in comes my nephew Billy with Weesie Juniper. It's awful funny that everytime she comes to my place she's dead sure to meet Billy on the road!

We had tea right off then, and talk about your Charity Schools and Children's Treats,

they couldn't no how come up to the lot them men put away, which I will say was flattering to my cookery, if nothing else. And the way they talked too, like all possessed! Even my head might have been turned, if it hadn't growed right side foremost so many years and got too stiff to turn easy.

One of them was from up London way, and he was telling Billy all about the Donnelly murder, and the trials and all, for Billy had asked him what it was about, and when it happened, and said he'd never heard the first word of it. This I knew was a downright lie of Billy, which I told him next day, and he only laughed and said, "I wanted to please the old man, and let him bring out his stale corpses, and pass them off for nice fresh ones."

After he'd listened to all he had to tell, Billy said it was Johnnie O'Connor did it."

"Bless me, no, I can hardly think that," said the minister. "My idea is—"

"He did it, not a doubt of it; he did it safe as eggs. Why you say there wasn't a single individual that could have got out that night within ten miles, so it stands to reason the boy being there so handy did it, and burnt the house to hide his crime," said Billy getting excited and throwing his arms around. They might have been at it now, only Billy happened to hit Weesie Juniper in the eye with his elbow, and had to go to the kitchen with her to tie it up.

"Are you going to hear Bernhardt?" one of them asked the stout man.

"Well, no," he said, "a Latin or a Greek play would be more in my line, and then they have refused me a pass in."

"Where does he preach, this Mr. Bernhardt?" says I, and they raised a laugh, but they didn't tell me it was that French actress (which I make bold to say if she isn't a hussy there never was one).—I found that out after.

Well, the party was not so powerful bad when it was over, only that Billy went home with Weesie Juniper and did not get back till twelve. It's only two blocks, but somehow, he says, he lost his way, and it took him all that time to find it again.



The Gentle Skeptic.

CLERICAL CANVASSER.—Can I sell you a copy of the new revised edition of the Bible, sir. It is an excellent—

SIR LEONARD (interrupting).—They have left the Book of *Exodus* in, haven't they?

C. C.—Certainly, sir, it is all—

SIR LEONARD (with emphasis).—Then I don't want it. I have no confidence in the translators. I don't believe there ever was an *Exodus*, and I don't want a copy!!

Mamma.—"My dear, I don't think you ought to marry Mr. Waxend. He is wealthy, but he is eighty years old, and you are but eighteen! Such extremes! So out of all proportion!"

Sweet Girl (who has just left school).— "Mamma, if the means and the extremes are equal, the match is in perfect proportion. By the rule of three, it cannot otherwise be."



The Junior Bar.

I'm an independent chap, and I wouldn't care a rap. Tho' aspersions showered upon me black as tar, I wish you here to note, I have cast a solid vote, For several Junior Members of the Bar— Junior Bar.

For the Bench (tho' it's disputed), as at present constituted, Is not just what it ought to be by far, And we've come to the conclusion, that we'd better try infusion Of some fresher, newer blood from out the Bar— Junior Bar.

And although it looks like treason, we think we've every reason To make the Bench a sort of legal Caudahar. And to plan a bold assault, without doubt or fear or halt, On this prize of every Member of the Bar— Junior Bar.

And if we once get there, we'll take good and precious care, That we hold the fort and bless our lucky star, And we never, never, never— I say, never—well no, never Will forget what's due to Members of the Bar— Junior Bar.

And we'll ventilate the dodgin's of McLennan and Tom Hodgins, Which are slightly out of perpendicular, And we'll show to the profession, what a valuable accession To the Bench are certain Members of the Bar— Junior Bar.

And we'll show these ancient Benchers, that they have been retrenchers In a way which doesn't make them popular, And they're getting old and musty, crabbed, cranky, callous, crusty, Which won't suit us Junior Members of the Bar— Junior Bar.

We have Ferguson and Smith, Huson W. Murray with J. J. Foy (you'll find them in our circular), And we don't think you can ferret out men of greater merit Than the four aforesaid Members of the Bar— Junior Bar.

"The Song of Pahtahquahong."

"The Rev. Henry Pahtahquahong Chase, hereditary chief of the Ojibway tribe, president of the grand council of Indians, and missionary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society at Muncey Town, Ontario, Canada, has just arrived in England on a short visit."—*The Standard*.

Straight across the Big-Sea-Water, From the Portals of the Sunset, From the prairies of the Red Men, Where Suggema, the Mosquito, Makes the aggravated hunter Scratch himself with awful language; From the land of Hiawatha, Land of Wigwags and of Wampum, Land of tomahawks and scalping, (See the works of J. F. Cooper), Comes the mighty Pahtahquahong, Comes the Chief of the Ojibways, Etc., Etc.

French, March 12. Mr. Bunch, you great old Duffer, Type of English Education, You're a hundred years or better, Lagging in the race of knowledge, Gleaning all your information On affairs of this Dominion From the works of J. F. Cooper. Perhaps you'll be surprised to hear That this Muncey Town, Ontario, Isn't near the Sunset Portals, That the Prairie's now pre-empted, And instead of the mosquito, 'Tis the Syndicate that bleeds the Settler in the Nor' West Country.