

to my own dignity, and in the face of such treatment it is not to be wondered at that I confined the storm to Newfoundland. I am not small-minded enough to avenge myself upon the innocent fishermen, and that there was no storm on the Atlantic coast is something for which they owe no thanks to the authorities in question. I have got past being annoyed by flippant newspaper criticism, which is generally—indeed I may say always—the work of ignorant would-be wits. This is all the reply I will make to the comments of the press, and I know it will be satisfactory to all who believe in me. In conclusion I may notify you that a terrific anti-cyclonic hail storm will set in on Wednesday, 32nd December, at 4.12½ in the afternoon, standard time, and I would earnestly caution the authorities of Toronto to see that no sail boats leave the harbor at that hour.

OTTAWA, 22nd Sept.

E. STUN WIGGINGS.



"POLLED ANGUS."

(A SKETCH AT THE WESTERN FAIR, BY OUR OWN LUNATIC.)

### LATEST BURDETTEISMS.

CLASS IN CIVIL SERVICE.

"WHAT are the people of Germany called?" asked the new teacher. "When?" asked the smart bad boy. "Any time," said the teacher, "all the time." "Depends," replied the s. b. b., "They're called Germans before election and Dutch after it, in this country." And as that boy's father is a member of the Legislature, his word has much greater weight with the pupils than the teacher's.

HOW SHE MUST LOOK.

A London correspondent says the "latter part of the day Queen Victoria devotes to walking and sketching in water colors." If her Majesty has a weakness for walking in her bathing costume, it's just as well that she takes the "latter part of the day" for it. As late as a couple of hours after dark would be as good a time as any.

RED HOT.

"How are they going to heat railway cars without stoves, I'd like to know?" said Mrs. Shrewsbury, throw-

ing down the newspaper. "Men get to be bigger fools every year, I think." And then Mr. Shrewsbury meekly suggested that if the conductor had a second wife she'd make it hot for every one on the train. As he closed the mercury went spinning up the thermometer like a sky-rocket climbing to the sky.

ONE CRANK DIFFERETH FROM ANOTHER IN GLORY.

My son, it is true that Galileo was a crank, and Robert Fulton was a crank, and Columbus was a crank. Noble, far-seeing glorious cranks they were. But all cranks are not Galileos. The world waited thousands of years for such a crank as Columbus, and yet there had never been a time when the cranks did not comprise about 7 per cent. of the population of the globe. All the martyrs went to prison; but every jail bird is not a martyr, not by a long chalk. That will do for this morning; if this sermon is too short, you can hear one in an hour or two that may be too long. Go to church, and bear in mind that it requires something more than long hair and a wild look, and a tireless tongue that runs without a safety valve, to make a successful crank.

"SILKEN REST TIES ALL MY CARES UP."

"I tell you now, I'm a tired man to-night. I got up this morning at 5 o'clock, had breakfast and was down town by 6, worked on the banners till 9; and stood in the sun till half-past ten; and since then I have walked 22 miles carrying a banner that weighs 11 pounds. I've been on my feet and hard at work 16 hours." "What was the job?" "Oh, it ain't no job; this is a holiday, and the eight-hour leagues paraded. What was the job, hey? You're one of those fellows that think the laboring man never wants any rest like other people, hey?" Grumbles for an hour about people who want the laboring man to work all the time.

### NOTES FROM A COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.

THE principal crop this year is smoke. Of this the yield is large in quantity though light in quality. What has given rise to it is a mystery. Some say fires, others that it arises from the numerous cigarettes consumed by the bank clerks who are spending their fortnight's holiday in the country. Both theories then are plausible; for (1) where there is smoke there is fire, and (2) the smell of this smoke differs very little from that which is gracefully exhaled through the moustache-less lips, or the delicately curved nostrils of the cigarette-smoker. The third cause assigned, viz.: that it is due to the unwanted energy of the farmer in burning heaps of Canada thistles is utterly untenable.

The root crops this year have no roots. The roots have all gone to seed—literally. Whether turnips and carrots will taste the same when they are eaten as seed it is difficult to determine, but as there is no other way of making use of these crops, the experiments will have to be made.

There will be no after-math this year—at all events what there is will vanish in smoke—or fog(g)!

### SAD RESULT.

"CAPITAL articles those of yours on Commercial Union, Mr. Young," said our Young Man to the hon. gentleman from Galt. "But why do you look so ashamed? You ought to be proud of your work."

"Proud? Perhaps you haven't noticed that I'm being praised by the Toronto *World*," was all he said.