



II.

SWELL OF 1894—"Ah, Charley, there's nothing like these long box-coats for style and dress!"

[S. G. & Co's. Monthly.]

COCK-A'DOODLE-DOO.

A GENTLEMAN in Montreal kept some poultry in his yard, said poultry being presided over, as is usual, by roosters. How many roosters there were is not stated, but they appeared to be as fond of exercising their lungs as birds of their feather generally are. They developed, in fact, into a public nuisance, and the owner was indicted by his neighbors and tried before a judge and jury, with a full and regular assortment of lawyers, court criers and all the other fixings. A verdict of guilty was ultimately rendered, and the defendant had a fine inflicted upon him. The case has established an important principle, to wit, that roosters may not legally exercise their vocal organs within the bounds of civilization, if their owners' neighbors object. It would, we should think, be a fair corollary from this decision to lay it down that those newspaper roosters which are set up at the top of election returns to crow defiantly over vanquished opponents are actionable. They are certainly regarded as a nuisance by the defeated party.

THE NEW MAN.

HE isn't making quite such a splutter in the papers as the New Woman or the Old Gentleman that hypersensitive people speak of with unnecessary respect. He's about, all the same, an individual evolved from past tyrannies and present experiments, who doesn't thrust himself forward on every occasion, although he's in every new thing and nothing progressive gets on without him. There are many reasons for his comparative obscurity. It is not so much from an excess of masculine modesty* that he is so little talked of, as from the fact that he has no mother, wife or sister to push his interests, and that he really has no idea how to set off his natural charms by dress. He has, to be sure, for sometime worn tailor-made clothes, but only those of the severest cut, and sombre colorings, and with no regard to suiting his complexion. As far as outward appearances go he looks like any other fellow. No Worth thinks out original coats for him. In a word he is one of those beings of whom it may be said, "he wears no frills."

At the same time he has quite romantic and fin-de-siecle ideas about most things, especially women. His friends say "he likes the New Woman." but he doesn't, although he gives her all the help he can. His conduct towards her

is chiefly remarkable for a sort of let-her-go policy. He can't make out where she wants to go, and what, short of the moon, she's trying to get, but he believes in letting her find out for herself. He has grave doubts if she knows what sort of a hand in the game of life she holds, but if she wants to "play it alone" he'll let her. He's not obliged to follow her lead when they're not partners, that's no man's business. What she'll do in the end is an enigma he's given up, but experience makes him hope that as usual she'll play trumps at the last.

The New Man doesn't believe in beauty unadorned etc., etc., the beauty he calls his own has taught him otherwise. If there is one thing he pays more for than anything else it is her elegant simplicity. He's more afraid of a gown with unpretentious draperies, than his father was of flounces. Bitter experience has taught him that natural roses in her cheeks, put on by sea-breezes and summer jaunts, cost more than the most expensive rouge, and that they have to be renewed every year. His father would have let her go without them, but the new man of this just passing century is sometimes chivalrous enough to take the colour out of his own face working to keep it on his wife's.

Neither he nor she see that he's anything out of the way in the masculine world, that he's unique—A New Man.

J. M. Loes.

STEEL TO STEEL.

"Is this a gent's furnishing establishment?" she asked, as she came in with another scrawney damsel.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the clerk.

"Then will you please furnish a couple of gentlemen to escort us to the concert at Massey Hall," says she.

"Yes, you bring 'em right in, and we'll furnish 'em from top to toe," says he.



SIR CHARLES HIBBERT'S EGG-DANCE.

The skill with which this clever gentlemen executed a variety of difficult steps without damaging any of the eggs, was a marvel to his audience at North Bay a few evenings ago.