



### BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

MR. OXTEAM (at city restaurant, to waiter, who has offered him the bill-of-fare)—“No, mister, I don't want to read nothin' till after I've had sump'in to eat.”

### JOHN ANDERSON UP TO DATE.

AT Cleveland John Anderson languishes in jail because eleven separate and forlorn women claim the right to call him husband simultaneously. The statutes are utterly unable to provide an adequate penalty for such an offender. Why not turn the prisoner over to the entire eleven?—*Chicago Mail.*

JOHN ANDERSON my Jo, John,  
When we were newly wed,  
You vowed you'd live for me alone—  
I trusted what you said.  
But very soon I found, John,  
I had but little show,  
With ten more wives to call you theirs,  
John Anderson my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,  
If I may call you such,  
Eleven simultaneous wives  
Methinks is rather much.  
No wonder you got short of cash  
And couldn't make things go,  
With eleven women on your hands,  
John Anderson my Jo.

John Anderson my Jo, John,  
You offered me your heart,  
I find you only gave to me  
Just one-eleventh part.  
'Twas not a fair exchange, John,  
I'll not be cheated so,  
With any fraction of a man,  
John Anderson my Jo.

John Anderson my Jo, John,  
Your system will not work,  
You better go to Utah, John,  
Or else become a Turk.  
'Tis well that you're in jail, John,  
As very soon you'd know,  
If we had but half a chance at you,  
John Anderson my Jo!

### MISS OLDUN MAKES A FEW REMARKS.

“THIS leap-year nonsense in all the papers is enough to make anyone sick!” exclaimed Miss Oldun, in a disgusted tone, after perusing various “funny columns.” “You'd think every woman was just dying to catch a husband. It's perfectly ridiculous! Of course, it makes no difference to me what people say—everyone knows I might have been married three times over—and perhaps it amuses some of the idiots who seem to think that we are all longing to throw ourselves into the arms of the first man who looks in our direction, and that, because a girl doesn't happen to marry it's because she never had the chance. Indeed, if I hadn't been so hard to suit, I needn't have been here yet—and a good deal worse off I might have been for that matter! And the chits of girls that seem to marry now-a-days! As soon as they are out of the nursery, you may say. And forward! Why, it makes my very blood run cold to see the pert consequence of them, with their bangs and curls and powder! How any sensible man can be taken in by such a piece of affectation and make up, as the girl of the present day, I can't conceive. But men are all like that! They talk of modesty, goodness, housewifely attainments and good temper, and they go and marry some pretty little fool who has no more idea of keeping house than she has of controlling her temper, and as forward and bold as she is vain and extravagant. And serve them right, I say! For that matter, the ugliest girl that's made is good enough for any man living! To be made a slave of and nothing better than a household drudge, while he goes off to the club, forsooth, and leaves her, poor woman, at home to mind the baby. Dear me! Any woman is just as well off, and a great deal better, if she only knew it, without a husband. I'm sure I wouldn't marry the best man on earth! I'm not so anxious to get a handle to my name as some folk. It's positively disgusting to see the way some of them run after the men! Well, no one can ever accuse *me* of that. When I think of the offers I've refused! I wonder if any woman really would have the nerve to propose to a man?” (*Pauses thoughtfully.*) “Some men *do* need a certain amount of encouragement, after all. Oh, well! Any way 'there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it,' and one never can tell what may happen before the year's out.” And Miss Oldun sighed softly, while such a thoughtful expression settled upon her face that one might almost have imagined one saw the light of a great purpose kindling in her pensive eye. \*

### OWING TO THE MOON BEING FULL.

(A WINTER IDYL).

“D'O'ST see, my own, fair Luna's dancing beams,  
As elfin Frost-sprites tripping o'er the snow?  
E'en thus my heart, all day and in my dreams,  
Ticks its sweet plaint, I love, I love thee so!”

Her fair head now upon that throbbing breast  
Amid the fur that wraps it, soft and thick,  
She gently-drops, as seeks the bird its nest,  
Cooing, “Dear heart, I hear the *Luna-tick!*”

BASIL SYM.

### A NOVEL IDEA.

THE promised reconstruction of the Dominion cabinet has begun, Hon. J. A. Ouimet having been assigned in virtue of his French origin and following, to the great spending department of Public Works, while Haggart assumes the post of Minister of Railways. Hereafter the latter will popularly be known as Rider Haggart.