

### HE WASN'T A GENERAL.

**MR. BAXTER**—"Prisoner, you are charged with stealing a valuable fur coat. What have you to say?"

**PRISONER**—"Your Worship, I'm surprised that such a charge should be brought against me."

**MR. BAXTER**—"But did you take the coat?"

**PRISONER**—"I guess I must have, for they found it on me. But I have no recollection of having done so. If I did I admit that it was a most unfortunate error of judgment. It must be remembered that at the time I was in a pre-occupied state of mind, which may possibly account for the want of prudence I displayed. I consider that you should show me the amount of fair play and leniency which under the circumstances I am entitled to."

**MR. BAXTER**—"Certainly. Twelve months in Central Prison. Next!"

**PRISONER**—"Call that fair? I put in exactly the same defence that Sir Caron made for Gen. Middleton, and he wasn't sent to jail, though he stole a hundred times more fur than I did."

### AT THE GRIT CONVENTION.

**STUMP ORATOR**—"This is a most important crisis in the history of our beloved Province. As an old Reformer I—" (*Disorder, hisses, groans, cries of "Sit down!" etc.*) "Gentlemen, what does this mean? I repeat that as an old Reformer I am proud—" (*Continued interruptions.*)

**DELEGATE** (*advancing to platform and collaring speaker*)—"Oh! you're an old Reformer, are you? I've a blamed good mind to take it out of your hide! (*Cries of "Go for him!"*) You contemptible sneak!"

**STUMP ORATOR**—"Explain yourself."

**DELEGATE**—"You're the man that's got to explain yourself! Gentlemen, you all know that every election these twenty years the Tory papers publish stacks of letters from fellers calling themselves 'Old Reformers,' saying that Mowat is no good and has got to go. I'm glad I've got hold of one of 'em at last. (*Shaking him.*) Now what yer got to say for yourself?"

### THE MILKMAN'S CHILDREN.

"**LOOK**, brother!" and the boy looked up,  
To hear what she might say;  
A fly has fallen in my cup,  
It's found the milky way."

"Nay, sister, at whatever cost  
Let us be true and brave;  
That hopeless fly his life has lost  
Within a watery grave."

L. B.

### COMING ATTRACTIONS

"**MUSICAL Toronto**" and all its relations near and far will be delighted to know that the great Gilmore with his wonderful band and star vocalists intends paying us another visit. Place—Horticultural Pavilion. Time—June 4th and 5th, afternoon and evening.

The Order of the Sons of England in this city propose honoring Her Majesty's birthday with a splendid concert at the Pavilion. The list of artists includes Mrs. Schultz, soprano, New York; Miss Clara Barnes, contralto, Buffalo; Mr. Whitney Mockridge, tenor, Chicago; and Messrs. Blight, Hurst and Rich of our Home Guard. Mrs. Blight will act as accompanist.

### A STUDY IN EVOLUTION.



Apple Blossoms.



Apples.



Apple Jack.



Apple Jack Blossoms.

—Light.

**MR. GOSLOWLY** (*suddenly deciding that he will*)—"My dear Miss Amanda—"

**Miss A.**—"I never permit gentlemen to call me dear."

**MR. G.** (*suddenly deciding that he won't*)—"Well, I meant dear at any price."

L. B.