



HE SPOKE FEELINGLY.

MRS. HENPECK—"I see by the paper that a man in London has been sent to prison for having one wife too many. Served him right, I say."

MR. H.—"One wife too many? I call that more of a misfortune than a fault."

MRS. JIMPSECUTE ON SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

"WELL, for my part I really think the people have all gone crazy on summer holidays," remarked Mrs. Jimpsecute. "It's perfectly absurd and ridiculous the way they are acting, shutting up their nice, comfortable houses in the city, and going off for six or eight weeks at a time to some ramshackled, tumbledown, poky old farmhouse, where they'll have to sleep in a stuffy little bedroom, that hasn't been aired from one year's end to the other, and where likely as not the windows are not made to open, and be bitten half to death every night by mosquitoes or—worse, and have nothing on earth to do all day but try to get somewhere out of the heat, and sit and wish they was back on Yonge Street, where there is something to be seen. Or else, if they can afford it, which dear knows there isn't many people in Toronto can honestly these days—not if they was to pay their debts—go to some fashionable hotel where they will be pretty nearly as uncomfortable as they would at a farmhouse and have to change their dresses about four or five times a day, and put on no end of style, or else be put down as a nobody by a lot of brainless swells and upstarts that's got nothing but money, and often not much of that, but think to show off by putting on airs and dressing in the latest style, and the way they go on, I'm told, with their ball dresses and their bathing dresses, and sitting up half the night dancing and flirting and talking scandal, such as no decent woman, let alone a lady, ought to listen to, is something scandalous."

"In my opinion it's just sheer downright laziness on the part of a lot of worthless, good-for-nothing, gad-about women, that ought to be willing to stay at home and look after their families, and could find plenty of work to occupy them if they only did their duty, instead of letting their children grow up like a pack of wild Indian savages, running and whooping all over the neighborhood, stealing apples and throwing stones, and indeed it's only last week we had one of our front windows broken by a stone thrown by some young rascals, whose mothers

ought to know better than let them grow up a nuisance to the neighborhood. But as I was saying it's just pure laziness and shiftlessness that makes people glad of any kind of an excuse to get away from home and housework, and off to some place where they'll have nothing to do but sit still and read novels and gossip from morning till night, which I think really they ought to be ashamed of. Why, we didn't have any of this nonsense about summer holidays twenty or thirty years ago, with everybody running away from town for a couple of months and pretending they must have change of air on account of their health, which, of course, is just a pretence and a piece of the greatest nonsense that anybody can see through, for I'm sure the women when I was a girl were a great deal ruggedger than what they are to day, and did twice as much work without any gadding about the country to summer resorts, spending as much in a few weeks in foolishness as would keep the family for half a year or longer. And I really do believe the men like it, and encourage it, even though it does cost so much, though they are always grumbling about expense, because they are glad to get their wives out of the way, for then they are up to all kinds of mischief and dissipation that they daren't do if they knew it, and pretend that business keeps them in town, and they can't even get a day away to go anywhere, while all the time they are just scheming to get their wives away off to the country, and then there's no knowing what they won't do in the way of deviltry, and drinking and gambling, and then when the women come back, look as meek and quiet as though butter wouldn't melt in their mouths.

"Oh, no, I'm not going away into the country, for I think what with high taxes and rents, and the way business is now, that it would be just a sin to spend money in that way, and what's more, I know if I did go off I should begin to worry just as soon as I got there about how things were going on at home, and wouldn't enjoy a bit of comfort nor peace till I got back again."

IMMATERIAL.

"WHAT are the difference between evolution and revolution?"

"WHAT 'T'?" Well some writers use a capital, but it's not strictly necessary."

A NEW FORM OF CORRUPTION.

"TELL yer what it is," said Farmer Wayback, as he stopped in his harvesting for a minute to talk to the summer boarder, who had just returned from the village Post-office with a five-day's-old newspaper. "Durned ef this here thing uv p'litical c'ruption ain't agittin wuss an' wuss. Them fellers at Ottawa don't seem to hev no sorter shame about 'em nuther—durned ef they do. They put up the most scandalous jobs onto us taxpayers, and don't seem to keer two cents who knows that they're a lot of robbers. F'rinstance I wuz reedin' last Sunday into the *Mail* suthin' about the Private Bills Committee at Ottawa. Now jest think av that! What bizness them fellers got ter hev their private bills fur clothes, an' board an' whiskey an' sech sent in to a committee fur tew git the country ter pay 'em! No more'n what you nor me has? Tell yer we pay them members of Parliament a durned big figure fer loafing round Ottawa fur a few months, but when it comes to their makin' the public pay fur all kinds of extravagances it does make me wild! Git up thar! Private bills! The infernal scoundrels!"