

A STREET CAR EPISODE.



CROWDED STATE OF THE CAR AS IT LEFT THE CORNER OF KING STREET.



CONTINUED DITTO ON ARRIVING AT BLOOR STREET.

A PRAYER FOR THE DUDE.

One day, whilst in a curious mood,  
I met a fine, imported dude  
Of air aristocratic;  
He was, the truth must be confessed,  
Most scientifically dressed,  
From basement unto attic.

I spake: "If I myself obtrude  
On you, ornate imported dude,  
I do apologize;  
But tell me, pray, how you your time  
Fill up; as to that matter I'm  
Most full of strange surprise."

He turned, ere I was well aware,  
On curious me the ghastly stare  
Of vacuity.  
He scanned me with a stare as blank  
As if I were some loose-brained crank,  
Or strange monstrosity.

He passed his hand across the place  
Where commonly the human race  
Their cerebella stow;  
But, ah! he lacked that very same,  
This jumble only from him came,  
"Now, weally, now, you know."

"O Common Sense!" I fervent prayed,  
"Oh! make a swift, resistless raid  
Upon the brainless crew;  
Teach them to dress as other men,  
Endow them with some brains, and then  
Teach them to use them too."

"Intelligible cause to be  
Their speech—oh! set us wholly free  
From the incoherent loafers!  
Transmogrify him speedily,  
Amen! Oh! grant this boon to me,  
A busy human gopher."

—F. W. L. S.

AUGUST.

BY OUR OWN ESSAYIST.

Now indeed are the halcyon days of the tramp. He toileth not, neither doth he spin. But there, I fear, stoppeth his resemblance to the lilies. He is homeless, yet careth he not. Beneath the umbrageous foliage of some spreading tree he sleepeth the sleep of the guileless and innocent. He dreameth of rivers of gratuitous alcohol, and is happy. The wants of his inner man are satisfied by the hand of the pitiful, and his external needs are few. Verily the tramp is in his glory in August.

The oyster quaketh in his little bed, for he saith, "Lo! my time draweth nigh, for there is an "r" in this month: yea, there is an "r" in Orgust, and soon shall I be delved from my retreat and start forth upon my wearisome round of church social festivity and Sunday school hilarity. I, even I, must furnish stews for thousands; and worse, the funny men will deride and mock me. Verily, I am to be pitied.

And the plumber walleth and gnasheth his teeth; and his tools rust in their places, and

his bookkeeper sleepeth at his post. But his day is not yet.

But the song of the ice-vendor is heard afar. For he seeth the great thirst that is upon the nation, and he reckoneth his profits on the toes of the centipede, which are five hundred fold.

And the big pumpkin smileth in his glee, for he anticipateth much glory at the coming fair.

And the minister goeth to a far country on his holidays, for his intellect is rattled by the vast strain of preaching the sermons his father and his father's father had written and preached before him. And he "doeth" Yurope, and when he returneth his daughters speak the language of them that dwell in Frawnce; yea, they speak it, yet would not a Frenchman recognize the tongue wherein they talk.

And now the bank cashier feeleth that a trip to Mexico would be of much benefit unto him, and he searcheth the vaults for the gold that is therein; for he taketh it with him, lest in his absence thieves should break through and steal. But behold! when he openeth the vault door, the manager hath been there before him, and hath departed with all the wealth to the domains of Uncle Sam. Yea, it is void! And the cashier rendeth his hair, for he hath been a day too late.

And the gentle maiden, who is gifted with much wisdom, donneth her flimsiest apparel and brightest hose, and trippeth to the hammock beneath the trees. And she springeth therein, but flops out on the other side. Yea! a hammock is but weariness and vexation of spirit to those who know it not. Yet finally doth the maiden deposit herself in it, and she is lulled to sleep by the murmur of the summer breeze. Yet in her slumber doth she not forget to dangle her foot over the side, that those who behold her may see the shapeliness thereof.

Then doth the poet begin to build an ode to summer; but lo! he cannot find a rhyme but "drummer" and "bummer," and his minstrel soul is rent with anguish.

Now—now—now is the time for this essay to stop.

THE BROKEN VOW.

IN TWO CHILLS AND A FREEZER.

CHILL THE FIRST.

It is midsummer in the great North-West. The thermometer registers 100 degrees in the shade, and all is solitude and calm. In the furthest corner of that vast territory is built a rude log hut, in the door of which stands a man, sunburnt and weary. His appearance betokens him a Canadian gentleman of the first water. What doeth he here, and alone? Reader, he is escaping a woman's vengeance!! He vowed a vow to a woman, and he, an avowed man, foolishly did not keep it, and

now he is paying the sad, sad penalty. He has travelled the world over to escape that woman's—tongue, shall we say?—well, retribution, but cannot dodge her. He visited China and hid himself in a crevice in the Great Wall, but she picked him out with a crowbar. He tried the caves of Elephanta and the ruins of Nineveh with no better success. Once he had almost succeeded in entering Thibet, but just as he was sneaking in by a side door a gentle hand seized him by the coat-tail and drew him back. The sheep runs of Australia and the barren lands of Patagonia had received his wanderings, but as surely had they received those of a woman, that woman, who kept close track upon him. And now we find him secluded in the very furthest corner of the Great, etc., etc., but strangely ill at ease. He goes within the hut, and soon returns with an axe and a choice assortment of sighs, of different size, and wends his way to the forest. Selecting a tree he attacks it. The hours speed on, and that axe still strikes on. As he raises his arm to make the 5,732nd stroke, a shadow falls athwart his manly brow, and a gentle voice murmurs, "Industrious woodman, can I assist thee?" Without lifting an eyelid, he gives one mighty bound and dashes into the heart of the forest. Who spoke? A woman, THAT WOMAN!

CHILL THE SECOND.

It is the trackless desert of Sahara. The time, high noon. The sun beats down its blazing beams upon the only living object to be seen on that broad expanse of arid sand. That object is a man. What doeth he here, and alone? Reader, he is escaping a woman's vengeance! He is bound upon a pilgrimage to Mecca. He toils on, and as the day advances he reaches one of those oases of the desert that are so thankfully met with by the traveller over Sahara's sandy plains. He rests himself by the side of the cool refreshing water, ever and anon sipping therefrom in thankful ecstacy. The wearied pilgrim slumbers. He dreams that at last he has rid himself of the avengeful one, and is living happy and content by Ontario's fair waters, when a sound is wafted to his ears on the hot wind. Ever alert, even in his dreams, he springs to his feet. A figure approaches. One glance of fifteen-lens power is sufficient. A hasty gulp of water and the oasis knows him no more. Who came? A woman, THAT WOMAN!

THE FREEZER.

It is Naples, gay festive Naples. Amidst the merry throng that promenade the Riviera De Chiaja may be seen a man dressed in the extreme of English fashion. His movements are activity itself, but a marked melancholy and a Wandering Jew sadness are perceptible around his lips and the corners of his eyes. Why this sadness, so utterly out of place amongst such gay and festive company? Reader, he is— Finding little to satiate the yearnings of his aching heart, he wends his way to distant Vesuvius. Arriving at its top, he heads for the principal crater, and seating himself, begins to muse. Wrapped in his reverie, he is unconscious of an eye piercing him through and through, and therefore observes not the rents thus made in his superfine clothing. At length he unwraps himself from his meditations, and is confronted by the owner of the piercing eye. No word escapes his lips, but a groan, wrung from his heart, trembles upon the air. One last, long, lingering look, and he dashes himself into the crater below and is lost to sight. What doeth the woman? "Throw herself after him," say you, gentle reader? Not so. She merely says: "Well, he promised to pay me that wash-bill, but he's gone now." Then she departed.

—TITUS A. DRUM.

Hanlan got wrecked on an Australian Beach, and he is now drifting on a Lee shore.