

FRANKLAND'S FILOSOFY.



AT THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

REV. MR. X.—"Faugh! Brother Muncher! Using tobacco! Touch not, taste not the unclean thing."

REV. DR. MUNCHER (*taking a neat quid of fine-cut*)—"But, brother X., you remember 'He that is weak eateth herbs!'"

He'd bin off on a three days' spree, an' hedn't kem home once all the time, when one morning I opened the door, an' the fust thing I see was my muskitty a-lyin' in front of it with his head cut off. Some of the boys done it while he was drunk, the mean coyotes!

OWEN A. SMILY.

QUESTIONS SUGGESTED

BY THE ABLE DESCRIPTIVE REPORTS OF THE BIRCHALL TRIAL

IS Birchall merry and jocose,
And does he freely laugh and jest,
Or is he silent and morose,
By consciousness of crime depressed?
Does he a nonchalance display
Quite incompatible with guilt?
Or do his features' nervous play
Prove that poor Benwell's blood he spilt?

Is he an artist of much skill,
Whose pencillings show graphic power?
Or are they botches, scrawled to fill
The tedium of an idle hour?
Does gentlemanly polish show
In every simple word and act?
Or is he brusque, uncultured, low,
A common sort of man, in fact?

And is he tall, or is he short,
Or only just of medium size?
And swell apparel does he sport,
Or rig himself in humbler guise?
And is he pious and devout,
And sympathetic in his mood?
Or quite a careless, hardened lout,
Impervious to all that's good?

I read the papers and I find
These questions answered various ways,
Each one according to his mind,
Reports some inconsistent phase;
And if we're to believe them all,
Constructed on chameleon plan,
Birchall is what some people call
A wondrous many-sided man.

FROM the Toronto World:

"As a cattleman, and one who knows the trade," said Ald. Frankland yesterday, "I say that this high tariff business was the best thing that could happen our farmers. Why, they have shut out Canadian cattle from Buffalo, a point where in the old days we have shipped thousands and thousands of head. Did it ruin our farmers? No, sir; it turned out to be a blessing. Why, our Canadian cattle trade was diverted to Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Bristol and Newcastle, and the Ontario farmer is a gainer by from \$2.50 to \$5 a beast over the old figures. Across the sea they take our lean as well as our fat cattle, and if they are too lean to sell on arrival, they let them run the heather and sell them as Scotch cattle. Those people who cry down Canada should be shot."

Then let the burly alderman be led out and executed as painlessly as possible, for "crying down Canada" by making out its farmers to be a set of pitiable idiots. If we understand the above deliverance at all, Ald. Frankland alleges that the cattle-breeders of this country used to ship thousands and thousands of head to the Buffalo market, and accept for them much smaller prices than could have been secured in the Old Country; but they were without exception so stupid and ignorant that they never discovered the existence of the British market until they were driven to it by the act of the equally foolish Yankees in shutting the gates at Buffalo. Ald. Frankland is a big-hearted fellow with many sterling qualities, but he *can* talk bosh when he feels like it.



"It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge on behalf of the club," said the President, "the handsome gift of Bro. Samjones. It is ornate without being mercetricious, and displays in its artistic design the same delicacy of touch which characterizes his felicitous wit. May this elegant present inaugurate a yet happier future." (Applause.)

The gift alluded to was the motto of the club neatly worked in illuminated letter as follows:

"Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Hears from thy lips no mirth-producing pun."

"Samjones, you're a daisy," said Borax, enthusiastically.

"I'd hard work to finish it in time for the meeting," said Samjones.

"Is it dry?" enquired Popenjoy.

"Oh, yes, quite dry—*quite dry*," repeated Samjones, with an emphasis, the significance of which was obvious.

"I thought so. Then we must wet it," said Popenjoy. Which was accordingly done.

The Secretary read a letter from G. Mercer Adam asking permission to consult the archives of the club to obtain information for his forthcoming work, "The History of Canadian Humor."

"As his motives do not appear mercenary," suggested Baskerville, "I move that his request be granted."

"Do I understand that this history of Canadian Humor is a forthcoming work?" asked Hellebore.

"So his letter says," replied the Secretary.

"Then what are his first, second and third coming works?"

At this McGuffy pounded the table so emphatically in a fit of ecstasy that the waiter appeared and began to take