



CLEOPATRA IN AMERICA.

MISS DAVENPORT (to her stage manager)—"What's the meaning of this, Jenkins?"

STAGE MANAGER—"Well, you see, Fanny, the asp has got away, and I thought you could do the suicide act with this well enough till we can catch another snake."

PROTECTING THE GARDENER.

JAMES DIBBLE, a respected Canadian who grows cabbages for market and whose onions are the pride of his county fair, bought a \$1 package of kindergarten seeds, year before last, and sowed them in Canadian soil under a Canadian sky, and the result was at once gratifying and appalling. It ought to be stated that Bro. Dibble is a pious market gardener, and when he sees the barometer falling never omits the prayer for rain, nor when he observes the glass rising does he forget to pray for fine weather. Consequently, when his plants grew, he had cabbages that could not be induced to go into a barrel, onions of a calibre that fitted the guns on Halifax citadel hill and celery of such pungency that rheumatism fled screaming before it. He had one pumpkin that was a marvel and a mystery. When his rival, Patent Weeder, saw it attained the diameter of three feet he was seized with a fit of hypochondria. When it expanded to four feet five he made his will on the blank order sheet of Simmers' seed catalogue, and when the dimensions grew to five feet four poor Weeder threw himself on his spade and died like an old Roman.

Relieved thus from competition Dibble determined to outdo himself, and last year ordered another \$1 worth of American-grown imported seeds under Mr. Foster's tariff. The package came wrapped up in a great many papers, on each of which were colored chromos of impossible vegetation with minute instructions for growing. There was also enclosed a lithographed offer of a premium of \$50 in Louisiana State Lottery bonds for the largest specimen of dead beet. Of course the packet was seized at the Custom house and it took the gardener's boy, Bill, half a day and eighty-five cents cash to get it out of limbo. In may be well to remember that among the varieties duly labelled were *melonus monstrosus*, *horresco referens*, *punkynus umbuggiensis*, *cacodæmon giganteus* and others, but, strange to say, all the seeds bore a marked similitude to each other. Dibble was not familiar with their aspect, but he took his coat off and proceeded to dig and hoe and rake and mellow his seed beds, while Mrs. Dibble sat on an inverted flower pot and looked on. When his whole crop was in, and everything tidied up, our worthy man went west to meet his brother who had been driven

out of Dakota by blizzards. He did not return for two months, when, full of those angel feelings of home, so finely described by our poets, he peeped over his fence and was dazed to behold his garden all one amber sheet of waving gold, with a cloud of wasps and wild bees with very large latter ends alighting on the blooms, the murmur of their many wings making a gentle sough or susurrus like the faint sigh of the far-off sea. Stricken to the heart he dashed his four dollar hat on the ground and trampled on it exclaiming "Bumfoozlius seize me! I might have known it. *They have sent me dandelion seed!*" After many months of pondering he came to see through it. Mr. Foster's solemn imposition of a duty on imported seed led some ingenious Yankee to believe that a business might be done in fleecing Jean Kanuck, and hence the dandelions. A like enough result from a clique of cabinet theorists tinkering a tariff they do not understand.

Honest James had always hitherto done as he was bid and voted the clear tory ticket, but he forthwith joined the Equal Rights schism, and with the ill-directed enthusiasm that so often distinguishes perverts, intends this year to send Mr. Charlton an enormous cabbage head of pure Canadian growth.

A LAY SERMON.

DEARLY BELOVED, the Scripture teacheth us in sundry places and in divers manners that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. A Sabbath day's journey is also frequently spoken of in the sacred page. Had the Christian Israelites of the year one possessed a J.G.T., Jerusalem Grand Trunk, they would have made their excursions on the seventh day of the week by rail, and there would have been little danger of travellers falling among thieves, excepting those of the restaurant stalls. Ben Hur with his wife Sarai and their children the young Jonathan, Eli, Abinadab, Rehoboam, Adoniram and baby Miriam would have taken with them a paper of dates or grapes, with leavened buns and a leathern bottle containing goat's milk, or even a sample of that unfermented wine that has so exercised the minds of abstinent communicants,—and near some pleasant passenger station, Bethany, or Ramah, or Emmaus, would have picniced under a tree, where the young ones would have played leapfrog or erected a swing, or chased each other and butterflies, the old folks looking smilingly on. There in balmy air, beneath the ripening sun, with the leafy bocages drowsy with the hum of winged insect trombonists and the ground embroidered with the tulip (lily of Solomon), and the peripetetic rose of Jericho, their minds would be restless and serene with the content and serenity that their pure faith lends. St. Paul, and such other of the apostolic band as were not on circuit, would most likely have been of the excursion and tempered any outbreak of vulgarity into moderation. As the luminary of day sank towards the distant sea and with its last rays turned the violet of the hill-ranges of Edom on the horizon to purple, the execrable screech of the steampipe would be heard, and young and old with their return tickets in their hands would run laughing to take their places in the cars. A few minutes would bring them to their homes within the walls of the city of Solomon glooming beneath the malign shadow of the hill of Calvary. Had these Sabbath-breakers been compulsorily confined within the ramparts on the seventh and only day of their rest their wearied bodies would have missed the bracing ozone, and their minds the beauties of the flower-spangled fields and the