



"So the world wags."

PEOPLE'S PROPER PLACES.

The brewers should to Malta go,
The boobies all to Sicily,
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
The furriers to Chili.
The little, snarling, carolling babes,
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to Baby-lon,
To Lapland, or to Brest.
From Spit-head cooks go o'er to Greece,
And while the miser waits
His passage to the Guinea Coasts,
Spenthrifts are in the Straits.
Spinsters should to the Needles go,
Wine-bibbers to Burgundy;
Gourmands should lunch at Sandwich Isles,
Wags at the bay of Fun-dy.
Bachelors to the United States,
Maids to the Isle of Man,
Let gardeners go to Botany Bay,
And shoebucks to Japan.
Thus emigrants and misplaced men
Will here no longer vex us;
And all who ain't provided for
Had better go to Texas.

THE BAD BOOK AGENT.

A Philadelphia book agent importuned Jas. Watson, a rich and close New York man living at Elizabeth, until he bought a book—the Early Christian Martyrs. Mr. Watson didn't want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent; then, taking it under his arm, he started for the train which takes him to his New York office.

Mr. Watson hadn't been gone long before Mrs. Watson came home from a neighbor's. The book agent saw her and went in and persuaded the wife to buy another copy of the same book. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning. When Mr. Watson came back from New York at night Mrs. Watson showed him the book.

"I don't want to see it," said Watson, frowning terribly.

"Why, husband?" asked his wife.

"Because that rascally book agent sold me the same book this morning. Now we have two copies of the same book—two copies of the Early Christian Martyrs, and—"

"But husband, we can—"

"No, we can't, either!" interrupted Mr. Watson. "The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow."

"Why there he goes to the depot now," said Mrs. Watson, pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the book agent making for the train.

"But it's too late to catch him, and I'm not dressed. I've taken off my boots, and—"

Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. Watson, drove by, when Watson pounded on the window pane in a frantic manner, almost frightening the horse.

"Here, Stevens," he shouted, "you're hitched up; won't you run your horse down to the train and hold that book agent till I come? Run! Catch 'em now!"

"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping up his horse and tearing down the road.

Mr. Stevens reached the train just as the conductor shouted "All aboard!"

"Book Agent!" he yelled, as the book agent stepped on the train. "Book agent! hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you!"

"Watson! Watson wants to see me?" replied the seemingly puzzled book agent. "Oh, I know what he wants! he wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to sell it to him."

"If that is all he wants, I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much is it?"

"Two dollars for the 'Early Christian Martyrs,'" said the book agent, as he reached for the money and passed the book out through the car window.

Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing, in his shirt sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance.

"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens, "just got it, and that's all."

"Got what?" yelled Watson.

"Why, I got the book, 'Early Christian Martyrs,' and—"

"By—the—great—guns!" moaned Watson, as he placed his hands to his brow and swooned right in the middle of the street.

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

Natur' tries ter take kore o' eberything. She eben gins de grasshopper laigs wid saws on 'em.

In all natur' de lub o' de mudder is do stronges'. De he bird flies roun' while de she one takes kere o' de nes'.

De firmes' man ain't de bes' pattern fur de young. De green apple is the hardes', but it ain't half so good fur de stomick.

It ain't a'ers de cruckedest man whut gits hurt de quickest. De partridge is de easies' bird ter shoot 'case he flies de straightses'.

De man what is quickest in body is generally de slowes' in mine. De canoe ken turn quicker den the steamboat, but it kaint toat nigh so much.

It hurts a man wuss ter tell him o' a fault kin'ly den it does roughly, fur if yer tells him kin'ly he kaint say nuthin', but if yer tells him in a rough way he ken fight yer an' git atisfaction.

Dar is some hope fur de unedycated man, but de natral bo'n fool is past de reach o' human ter improbe. De wise man recognizes his lack o' edycation, but de fool neber does. Ignorance eber has been full o' boast.

Some fokes is afereed ter spank de chile case da is afereed dat it will die; an' in de years to come da reaps de sorrowful benefit o' sich a mistake. If a chile won't do right, spank it, an' let de futur tell whnder er not yer's done right.

De man whut tries ter 'suade yer dat he ain't workin' for hissef is cider a fool er a hypocrit. All men whut works for dersefs an' ef da be good men in workin' fur dersef da hep's udders; any man whut doan reconnize dis is a liar an' is a heppin' hissef wid de under fokes lof' out.—*Kansan Traveler.*

TACT.

Housekeeper—"I don't want any more of your milk, not a drop. It has a very bad taste."

Milkman—"Guess your cellar needs a coat of whitewash, ma'am."

Housekeeper—"No it don't, you insolent fellow. It was whitewashed last week."

Milkman—"Then it must be that your servant girl pours it out herself. Just keep it by your side awhile, ma'am, and you will find it as sweet as new hay."

Housekeeper—"Give me two extra quarts."—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

"My darling you do not bestow upon me so much affection as you did before we were married," remarked a pouting bride of four years to her husband.

"Don't I," he replied,

"No, Charles, you do not, you pay very little attention to me," said his wife.

"Well, my dear," observed the wicked husband, "did you ever see a man run after a horse car after he had caught it?"



The Royal Museum is earning a good reputation from the lovers of the variety stage. The management appears to be in competent hands, and if the performances are kept free from all vulgarities—as they have hitherto been—the institution will become an established success. The only other preliminary is to remove the steeple. If Mr. Montford realized what a fatal effect that spire exerts over his box office receipts he wouldn't let it remain a day longer, *verb. sap.*

It gives us pleasure to know that Messrs. Sucklings' enterprise in securing a concert by Theodore Thomas' Orchestra is certain of due reward. The plan is rapidly filling up, and before the evening of the concert (next Monday) very few seats will be available. No lover of music can afford to miss this treat, which will probably surpass anything Toronto has hitherto enjoyed. Scotchmen will be particularly charmed with the rendering of the famous medley of national airs. It should not be forgotten that in addition to the orchestra the program embraces several vocal numbers by Madame Gabrielle Boema, one of the greatest of living sopranis.

"7-20-3" pleases the patrons of the Grand immensely. It is really a good comedy, notwithstanding that the critics of the morning papers have praised it.

The Little Corinne Merric Makers are playing at the Grand in Hamilton. How comes it that they jump Toronto? Something good in the way of comic opera would take well here just now.

There is talk of Mr. Wm. McDonald's opera, "The Fisherman's Daughter," being produced at the Grand here some time next month. The author of both music and libretto is a well-known citizen of Lindsay.

How comes it that Toronto has nothing in the shape of an amateur dramatic club? Surely the golden youth of the city can muster talent and money enough to establish something good in that line which might be made the means of helping our combined charities' fund. Has it come to this that Toronto must take a back seat for Hamilton? The latter city has two good clubs.

"Say you, have you got any buff trimming to go with that stuff?" asked a flashily dressed woman of a storekeeper. "I think so miss," answered the urbane salesman taking down a piece of goods and spreading it on the counter. "Buff! do you call that buff?" exclaimed the woman, "guess you don't know your business young man. That's too dark for a buff." "But miss that is—" "It's too dark; I can't see it stupid." "Why of course its dark, my dear young lady," persisted the man. "It's blind man's buff, the new shade, you see." He sold the goods.—*Boston Courier.*