

### LONG-EARED NED.

O NED,  
I wish your entire stubborn race were dead—  
Like Mohicans or Aztecs disappeared,  
Or other tribes of which we all have read,  
Who melted when enlightened folk appeared!

You kick,  
You sulk and mope, however much I lick,  
You try to knock my brains out every day;  
Your stubborn disposition makes me sick,  
But still you flourish on your mouldy hay.

I try  
To dim the lustre of your wicked eye  
By feeding you on ropes and cast-off boots;  
But still you live, your heels as lively fly  
As though you dined on oats and garden roots.

What fate  
Placed you on earth to live 'mongst those you hate?  
Was it some fiend, to cause mankind to swear?  
Was it to force me every tooth to grate,  
And howl, and mourn, and rip, and rant, and tear?

Just now  
You will not move; I'll sing a song, I vow,  
Of politics and cant, which I have read  
Within the columns of the Press; thy brow  
Sinks to the earth! Ah, me, the ass is dead!

W. H. T.

### EXPLAIN! EXPLAIN!!

OR WHO, WHICH, WHAT, WHY, HOW, COURT?

AWAY off in the remote regions, several miles beyond the beautiful and flourishing town of Paris, lies a place they call Brantford. If you look carefully on a large map of Ontario for a long time, you may possibly find Brantford marked somewhere near where it is supposed to be, in a careless and cursory sort of way, as though the person who invented the map were not quite certain whether it would be advisable to indicate the spot, even supposing Hon. A. S. Hardy does belong there.

But, anyway, as I was saying, there would seem to be a newspaper published at or near the place, as the subjoined paragraph from it appears to indicate:

**COURT SUCCESS.**—Court Success No. 6,827, held its regular meeting last night. On motion Court Success decided to pay a fraternal visit to Court Enterprise on Thursday evening, and Court Endeavor next Monday night.

Now, what is this veiled mystery, I respectfully but relentlessly ask the author of the item from this safe distance?

Answer me, sir, before I proceed to find it out for myself, and forever after hold you in scorn as a writer of disguised humor, such as the Editor of *Puck*—

\* \* \*

Having waited for the next mail without hearing directly from you or receiving from your second an intimation that you wished to retract your base calumnation, I proceed to explain this wretched, mince-pie mystery to my own satisfaction.

(1) "Court Success"—This looks like disinterested and timely advice at first blush. I always court success; and there is a dark and dreary chapter in my early history which impels me to the confession that one time I did successfully court. She was a beautiful woman with red hair. I was a splendid specimen of vigorous and carefully dressed manhood. She still has all of her red hair. I have very little of mine remaining. Need I add that she and I are married, one to the other? Is this what you darkly hint at, oh, fellow-townsmen of the Provincial Secretary and Chief Thayendanege, or some such name as that?

(2) "Court Enterprise"—How comes this strange legend, Brantford boy? Who is to court enterprise? Why is he to court enterprise? What is it to court enterprise? Which—but perhaps I am becoming involved. The Court of Enterprise is not the Police Court or Division Court, is it? Maybe you mean the Court presided over with marked enterprise by Justice O'Connor! But isn't that one rather Court Surprise? Out with it, my man! Out with it!

(3) "Court Endeavor"—Just so! When a man "courts" he does "endeavor." Some men should endeavor not to court. It would be better for the man, not to say the endeavor. The endeavor is often misapplied. Don't care, let me hear of you aiding and abetting the divorce laws of our land in any such shameless way! I hope you distinctly understand me. If you do not, please believe me when I say I reciprocate the compliment. And, further, if I go on studying over and talking about this Chinese paragraph of yours, I'll go mad.

Go on with your endeavor to court success with enterprise, or to enterprise your success with your court, or to success with your court to your endeavor to enterprise—or anything else you want.

But, mark me! I'm never going to subscribe for any such paper as yours. I'll take the *Mail* first.

THE GROWLING CONTRIBUTOR.

**ARTISTIC LICENSE.**—An artist exhibits for sale a panel painting representing three dead birds hung from a nail in the wall. The picture is spoken of as "still life." This poetic license is a glorious institution when it allows a man to speak correctly of a dead bird as an example of "still life." We should have thought "still death" more appropriate. Of course we are wrong.



### CONSOLATION.

J. B., Q.C., M.P., etc.—My dear Boy, dry your tears. I have looked into the case, and have pleasure in assuring you that you have done nothing wrong at all!