



## EXPLAINED.

MAUD (examining photo of Mr. Sappie Fitzdude)—“Why, how very grey he’s grown. He’s not quite thirty yet, and his hair is positively white.”

ETHEL—“That’s easily accounted for. The grey matter of his brain is on the outside.”

DR. WHITNEY, of Chicago—let the name be marked for everlasting scorn and shame, as that of an infernal fiend who has disgraced humanity—don’t forget it—Dr. Whitney, of Chicago. The other day a poor man named White went into this thing’s office with a terribly cut hand. The thing performed the operation of sewing up the wound. “What is to pay?” said the patient. “Three dollars,” was the reply. “I have only \$1.80 with me,” said White, offering the money. “Sit down again for a moment,” said Whitney—and before the unsuspecting victim comprehended anything, the thing seized a knife and ripped up the wound again, the blood spurting over the floor, and poor White screaming with agony. “Get out of here now, you miserable bum; I’ll teach you to try and do me out of my fee!” exclaimed the “Doctor.” The unfortunate man fainted outside, and was picked up by the police and cared for. The account does not add that Whitney was lynched, but better men have been. Don’t forget his name!

LADY MACDONALD concludes her beautifully written reply to the address of condolence sent her by the Conservative Members of Parliament, in these words:—“I shall watch so long as my life lasts with earnest anxiety the progress of public affairs in this country, as for the last twenty-five years I have been proud to do, and pray as I have always prayed that the Almighty Ruler of all men would in His mercy grant wisdom, foresight and firmness to the policy and counsels of the great Conservative party.” Nobly said; but surely her Ladyship’s patriotism is broad enough to inspire her to include in her orisons the other Party as well. Indeed, if so disposed, Lady Macdonald could do much, by her unique influence, to bring about the much-needed amelioration of party bitterness in Canada, and no task could become her better.

IN an interesting illustrated article in the Kingston *Whig* of June 18th, we read:

Should the Liberals prove victorious Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the

young and popular leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, will undoubtedly be the foremost man of Canada.

Will the *Whig* kindly mention at what time Mr. Laurier became a knight? Or is this blunder to be placed on the American manufacturer of the *Whig*’s imported boiler-plate?

## “SMILE, PLEASE, AND LOOK PLEASANT.”

I’M a farmer near Hogg’s Holler, on the First Concession Line, And when wheat was nigh two dollars and barley eighty-nine, When buyers ’ud take your stuff and skercely at your samples look, Well—I’d money then to spare, and so I got my picture took.

The feller stood me nigh a wall, with forks behind my ear, And knobs a-stickin’ in my back—I couldn’t wink for fear I’d spile the whole arrangement—to breathe I mostly dassen’t, Then he peeked behind a cloth and said, “Smile, please, and look pleasant.”

I’ve got that doggoned picture yit, a-tacked up in the barn, And many cur’us things since then that picter’s helped me larn. Soon times got dull and wheat went flat, and bankrupt nearly all us. Then I turned my coat and plumped my vote for the N.P. and: Clarke Wallace.

Hogg’s Holler’d be a factory place, tall chimneys by the hunder; The hum of work from dawn till dark would make the people wonder;

And wheat would rise beyond the skies, and barley—well, at present I can’t remember all the stuff, but I smiled and looked quite pleasant.

But the great N.P. don’t work, you see, and wheat ain’t on the raise, And barley ain’t a-boomin’, and there’s scarce a crop that pays. Our member hain’t explained all this—I really think he hasn’t— But tells of ruined gamester Grits—so “smile, please, and look pleasant.”

We’ve tax-knobs stuck into our backs, tax forks behind each ear— Everything we sell is cheap, and what we buy is dear; Our income ’stead o’ growin’ is yearly gettin’ lessened— But we have got to grin and bear—so “smile, please, and look pleasant.” BOB CRABTREE.

## HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

(NOT FOUND IN PLUTARCH).

“WHAT ho! Synchronides!” cried the haughty Emperor Xerxes, to one of his generals as his army suddenly came to a halt before the pass of Thermopylæ; “What meaneth this? Why do not the troops move forward?”

“Please, your most noble and sublime Magnificence, before the splendor of whose countenance—”

“Oh, leave all that out this time,” cried the monarch, “I move it be taken as read. Give us the facts.”

“Well then, your—I mean to say—” faltered the officer—“some Greek scaliwags have got in the way with pikes and poleaxes and things.”

“By the beard of Zoroaster!” screamed the monarch in fury, “but they have gall! Things have come to a pretty pass—” and he broke off speechless with indignation.

“Yes, indeed, sire!” observed the trembling Synchronides, gazing around him with affected admiration, “the landscape is indeed charmingly picturesque and romantic. I have seldom witnessed more lovely scenery.”

“Idiot! Off with his head!” remarked the king, and a member of his bodyguard performed the operation with neatness and despatch, as Xerxes moved rapidly to the rear.

## AT THE COLLEGE OF MUSIC CONCERT.

MR. WOODBINE (reading programme)—“Piano—16 hands.” This must be horse-play!