

and I propose that we go and see Irving in *Macbeth*, by way of celebrating my financial success."

COADY—"Good idea; you may get some pointers on the dangers of vaulting ambition."

THE MAYOR—"Ambition? Don't know that I'm troubled that way. I don't have to be; I seem to go ahead, anyhow."

COADY—"Do you mean to say you're not aspiring to a third term, to a seat in the House of Commons, to a portfolio in the Cabinet, and——"

THE MAYOR—"No, sir, Ned Clarke is——"

COADY—"Sir Ned Clarke? Ah, that's the little scheme now, is it?"

THE MAYOR (*brightening, as new idea strikes him*)—"Coady, why not? Haven't I done more than any one of the Canadian Knights? Why shouldn't I get it? Not that I care for such baubles myself, but I think my little boy would like something of the sort to play with. Coady, I thank you for the thought. We'll not go to the Lyceum to-night, but I'll call round on Tupper and see if this knighthood business can't be managed. Egad, Dick, I'll recommend you for a C.B. at the same time."

COADY—"Do; that would sit prettily on me. I suppose it stands for City Bonds." [Exeunt.]

### THE PATHMASTER.

A PAPER READ BY JOSEPH KLEVIS, BEFORE THE JUNE MEETING OF THE MUDVILLE GRANGE.

ONE of the surest signs that the spring is in its grave, and that summer reigns in its stead, is the mound of rough clods which marks the progress of the pathmaster and his gang along the rural highways. As his horse stumbles over the unsightly obstructions, the traveller is made aware of the fact that seeding is over, realizing at the same time the truth of Watts' couplet, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

The moralist and school reading-book compiler have somewhat singularly overlooked the dignity of pathmaster-ship in their search for inducements wherewith to fire youthful ambition. This is much to be regretted, because to its other attractions the office adds in large measure a charm which more lauded aims possess in but infinitesimal degrees—the charm of attainableness. Every boy may not become President or Premier, but almost any country lad of pluck and spirit, who makes the most of his opportunities and brings a resolute will to bear upon the perversities of fate, may reasonably look forward to becoming a pathmaster. And, although this high dignity belonging to the "primrose path" of rural life may not satisfy the most vaulting ambition, nevertheless the pathmaster is a potentate in his own way. His powers in certain directions and within definite limits are despotic. He can say to one, Come, and he cometh, to another, Go, and he goeth, and to his next door neighbor, Do this, and he doeth it. If his temper be impetuous and domineering, he will shout his orders like the captain of a seventy-four, and wear his blustering honors thick upon him. "Dressed in his little brief authority," he will "play fantastic tricks," and manage at least to make his neighbors perspire. But if his nature be mild and placable, he will suggest rather than command, insinuate more than rebuke. Under his mild sway much statute labor will be done on fence rails and beneath the shade of trees. Such must have been the character of the road overseer under whose directions the heroes of the following tragic tale expended their energies. It is



### "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

SCENE—The Cyclorama Theatre of Varieties. Distinguished journalist viewing the mermaid.—A fact.

J. R. R.—"Don't you see how it's done? Why, it's simple enough. The nether extremities of the lady are in the tail, you know!"

from "Modern Georgics" by Virgil Meadows, and is called

### A STATUTE LABOR TRAGEDY.

Two farmers of an ancient date,  
Old Hobbs and Cobbs his neighbor,  
Went punctually forth at eight  
To do their statute labor.

Like soldiers marching on the foe,  
Destructive arms they carry,  
Sharp hoes the thistles to o'erthrow,  
The wayside weeds to harry.

They found a fence by shady trees;  
A top-rail with a split on  
The under side served well for these  
Industrious men to sit on.

They lit their pipes and talked away  
For many an hour together,  
On prospects of the wheat and hay  
And problems of the weather.

The poet here occupies several pages in enumerating the subjects of their remarks. I have taken the liberty to omit these verses and subjoin the *denouement*, which is as follows—

The rail collapsed beneath the weight  
Of these hard-working neighbors,  
And broke their necks; mourn not their fate,  
They're resting from their labors.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

THE town of Resort at the confluence of the Rhine and the Rhue is flooded. The people already Rhue it; for it will be a place of no Resort this year for travellers with the ready Rhine-O!

OLD MRS. NOODLE—"Yes, I'm eighty to-day. I suppose they'll be calling me an *octopus* now."