



A DANGEROUS ANIMAL.

MISS QUEBEC—Help, help! Here is that dreadful creature of a dog from Ontario strayed down here. He's determined to devour me, I *know* he is!"

* [A press despatch informs us that the P.P.A. has already a membership of five thousand in the City of Montreal.]

General Herbert who come out from England, after Major-General Middleton went back, on account of some furs, had expelled a Adjutant General (whatever that is) when he hadn't ought. There's some things Parliament takes up quicker'n Prohibition, and a military fuss is one of them. So the Minister of Militia he just fixed it up and the Adjutant-General Powell got put back in his place, and the suspending aint supposed to have hurt him a bit.

SUSANNAH.

MORE BLESSED TO LISTEN THAN TO TALK.

PERFECTLY true, even if you don't believe it. Of course you run the risk of letting your friend bore you instead of you boring him, but if you want to be truly popular cultivate the gentle art of listening. Of course you may be one of those individuals who prefer being comfortable, but it is easier to do than you think. The world is full of fellows absolutely pining for "some-one with whom they can really talk"—that is, someone who hasn't any obtrusive affairs of his own to interrupt the current of their eloquent personalities.

We've most of us heard of physical culture and the necessity for an "all-round development of muscle and sinew," and of how lack of use renders some of our faculties useless. Think of the sad condition of the ears of many people. A medical journal reports that "deafness is greatly on the increase;" does not this at once prove that the world is in need of listeners? Is it possible that people have become so fond of talking, they are working their tongues at the expense of their own ears, to say nothing of those of their friends?

Again, is the timpanum of one's ear made only to be a sounding-board for one's own egotisms? Surely not.

There are occasions to be sure when it would be a distinct blessing if what fell from the tongues of our acquaintances rolled away to the great empty silences of nature, where their words would be but sound-waves on a non-echoing shore, but in the busy throngs of men few things are so much in request as ears, quick, sensitive, human ears. "Friends, woman, countrymen, lend me your ears," cried Shakespeare,

and that heartbreaking cry of so long ago, is still the unsatisfied cry of to-day, the only response being that "deafness is on the increase."

My friends, cultivate your ears; if it is wearying work it has its compensations. A few hours of endurance sometimes leaves one with an agreeable feeling of superiority over one's talkative acquaintance. A mood that perhaps would be unpleasant for him to discover one in, but a very comfortable one for an after dinner smoke, one of those joys that the meanest man hugs to himself now and then. In this age of competition and general ambition, very few things justify a man in believing himself a superior person, but the man who listens to the outpouring of the confidences of others generally fully realizes that it is more blessed to listen than to talk.

J. M. Loes.

THE BEST "POLICY."

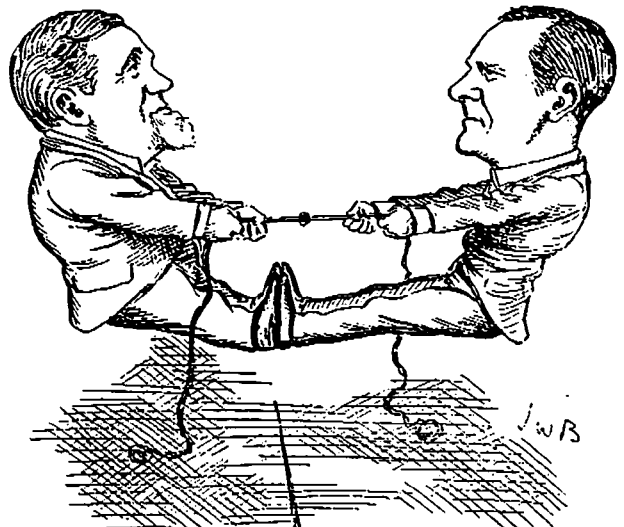
IT was on a belt-line car. "Conductor," she lisped sweetly, "you've made a mistake, haven't you? You've paid me four cents too much change!" "Excuse me, Miss, so I have," replied the conductor, as he accomplished a re-adjustment of the finances. And then the paragon of beauty and honesty glanced shyly toward the far corner of the car where sat an old gentleman. She didn't know who he was, and so of course she didn't know but what he might be an eccentric millionaire like the one she had read of in the morning paper, who had just bequeathed a handsome fortune to a girl in Paris, who had performed a similar act of honesty. She was probably mistaken in this, and her good deed only brings her credit—not cash.

INEXCUSABLE.

Said young Doctor I'll, with a flash of conceit,
"I'll show you a record you cannot well beat:
Out of ten of my patients full nine have got round:
What think you of that, Sir?" The old Doctor frowned,
"Tis all your own fault," and he stared at the cub,
"You spend far too much of your time at the Club!"

DOUBLES.

THE marvellous physical resemblance between Mr. Richard Croker, the celebrated Tammany leader, and Mr. Earnest Albert Macdonald has often been commented upon. The resemblance extends beyond the merely physical, too. The men are wonderfully alike in intellectual make up. The only striking difference between them seems to be that Croker manages to get there, and E. A. doesn't. This is not much, of course, but it is something.



THE "PULL-MAN" TUG-OF-WAR.

(The general attitude of the opposing forces in Chicago up to the time of our going to press.)