

### STEERING.

LITTLE maiden went a sleighing—  
Tum, te te—  
Cupid out that eve came straying—  
Tum, te tum.  
Fanny sat in front of me,  
While behind I steered, you see.  
Down the chute we went in glee,  
Tum, te te, te tum.

I showed Fanny how to steer—  
Tum, te te—  
But the showing cost me dear—  
Tum, te tum—  
For while fixing her to start,  
In the wraps I lost my heart—  
She said "yes" ere we did part—  
Tum, te te, te tum.

Then when wed I had to learn—  
Tum, te te,  
That she could steer the whole concern—  
Tum, te tum—  
And through life we bump and glide,  
Striking snags on every side,  
While behind I passive ride—  
Tum, te te, te tum.

W.H.T.

### TALKS WITH THE FAKIR.

#### II.

"WELL, Fakir, how does it go?" said the assistant editor, as the Fakir entered with a look of weariness and disappointment on his countenance.

"Oh, so-so!" was the reply. "I'll fetch 'em yet. But I never saw a lot of business men so slow to catch on to a good thing as we've got in Toronto. No enterprise—no snap about 'em. Now, if I'd have floated this scheme of mine in New York or Chicago the money would have been put up the first day and the work half done by this time. I tell you, gentlemen, what this town wants worse than anything else is about a hundred first-class funerals in commercial circles. There's a lot of pompous old chumps that ought to have died a century ago who are a positive drawback to all progress. By the way—seen the prospectus?"

And he passed around several copies of the prospectus of the "Granolithic Pavement Advertising Co.—Limited," setting forth in grandiloquent language the advantages of utilizing the sidewalks for advertising purposes.

"Limited," said the advertising canvasser. "Yes, I guess so—very limited. Ain't many cranks who have money to fool away on no such wild-cat scheme."

"Oh, I can understand all that from you. When once this thing gets started your occupation and that of a lot more useless drones and parasites on the public will be gone. That explains the attitude of the press. Of course we expect to have to fight those personally interested in upholding the present system. But that's not what I came in to talk about. I guess I shall have to wait a little to get the syndicate together, but in the meantime I've struck another idea which I can go right ahead with. Do you know that one great inconvenience and annoyance in our present complex society is the trouble of recollecting people's names?"

The staff, for a wonder, unanimously concurred with this proposition.

"Nobody but a man who knocks around in business, running across a hundred or so new people every day, can realize it. You're always meeting with people who seem to know you, but, for the life of you, you can't re-

member their names. Why, only yesterday I walked into an office—the sign on the door was 'Popkins & Co.' 'How do, Mr. Popkins?' I said to the fellow. Knew I'd met him before, but couldn't just place him. 'Excuse me,' says he, 'Mr. Popkins is dead—died two years ago. My name is, as I think you ought to know, Jimson.' 'Why, of course! How stupid of me! How are you, old man?' said I. It was a man I'd know for a dozen years—boarded at same house for a long time. But it was no use my apologizing. He was huffed because I didn't know him at first, and I couldn't talk him round."

"Well, what is your scheme?" queried the literary editor.

"Simplest thing in the world. Wonder it hasn't been introduced long ago. Have everybody wear a neat little metal badge on his coat with his name on it. Just think how convenient it would be—how much trouble it would save. You go into an office, and instead of asking, 'Are you So-and-so?' or 'Where is Mr. Thingumbob?' you just look at the badge, and there you are. No mistaking the clerk for the boss or the boss for the clerk. No need to work off the old familiar chestnut, 'Your face is quite familiar but I really can't recall your name.' I'm going to introduce the thing right away. Can get 'em made for about ten cents each and sell for a quarter. Here, you may as well shove this ad. in your next issue—'Agents wanted; \$10 per day easily made.' You had better charge it. So long. See you subsequently."



A SKETCH ON KING STREET.

Gamin.—Jiminy! Patsy, its alive!

As every other European power talks of fight, Spain proposes to leather somebody, and will make the attempt in Morocco. We expect to hear no Moor about it, however.

We observe there is to be a meeting of the Synod of Nova Scotia for the purpose of electing a Bishop. The names of Drs. Courtenay, Langtry and Carry are mentioned. The former is a gentleman of eminence in Massachusetts, while Drs. Langtry and Carry are well known to Canadians as men of letters. Both are somewhat broad and of great weight. Should Drs. Courtenay or Langtry not be chosen, it is to be hoped the election will not Miss Carry.