



DO YOU SEE THE CAT?

SCIENTIFIC DIETING.

"Why, how do you do, Jones?" said a gaunt, cadaverous looking individual to me as I passed down Yonge street the other day. I stood and stared at the individual. He was thin and ill colored, and his clothes hung loosely upon his person. Instead of a hat he wore a black silk cap much too big for him, and his eyes had a starved, hunted look in them.

"Excuse me," said I, "I am at a loss—I think you must be mistaken." He smiled, and as he did so a memory of a likeness flashed upon me. "Is it possible you don't know me?" he said.

"I really do not sir, but—when I look at you again there is something familiar about your countenance—I—ah—"

"Well now," said he, "I did not think you would have forgotten Smith—I'm Smith."

"You Smith!" I shouted, and I laughed aloud in derision, for Smith was the stoutest, jolliest fellow it was ever my luck to meet; and the idea of this caricature of a man calling himself Smith was too good a joke; and yet—yes—certainly that was Smith's smile—and the intonation of the voice—good heavens! if this was Smith, what had befallen him to change him so—what had he been doing to himself anyway? He read the question in my eyes, for he answered, "I know I'm changed, but it's for the better—for the better, Jones."

"I beg to differ with you there—why, you used to be so robust, so jolly, so handsome—and—"

"Ah, but that meant danger—rush of blood to the head you know—might cause apoplexy," said he, solemnly.

"And what do you live on?"

"Ahem! I am very sparing in my diet."

"You are, eh? well you certainly look like it. But come and lunch with me—I am just on my way there now."

"Thank you, I don't know if I *can* lunch with you, but for the sake of a talk about old times I'll go in."

And in we went into the restaurant. "What'll you have? Roast beef?"

"Oh Lord, no!" he said with a shudder.

"Mutton, then?" said I, wondering.

"Worse! The fact is, Jack, meat is such a medium for the introduction of bacilli into the system that I have renounced the use of it altogether."

"Bless my soul! have some tea or coffee then."

"Well, excuse me. I—ah—I confess I am surprised to see you, Jack, so far behind the age. Surely you must know that the insidious deadly poison contained in tea is ruinous to the constitution—and—"

"Humbug! Well, excuse me, Smith—but really I think you go too far. We must eat something, you know; have a glass of milk at least."

He turned ghastly white at the suggestion.

"Milk!" he gasped, laying his hand on my arm solemnly. "Do you not know that milk means—germs! it means scarlet fever, typhoid—DEATH!!!"

"Well what *will* you take? eat something, man," I cried, fearing I had got a lunatic to deal with.

"Certainly I will to please you, indulge in a slice of bread and a glass of water—distilled water."

"Ah, waiter," said I, "bring me roast beef, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, and for dessert anything sweet and toothsome; also a cup of tea; and—ah—for this gentleman, bread and water." The waiter stared, vanished and reappeared with the order. As soon as Smith got the bread in his hands he began scraping the crust carefully with his knife, after which he began to eat, chewing solemnly and thoughtfully.



A PARA-SHOOTING STAR.

REMARKABLE DESCENT OF A LIBERAL STATESMAN.