



## EXPLAINED.

IRATE FATHER—"I wonder what makes my razor so thundering dull!"

ANGEL CHILD—"Dull, papa? Why, it was beautiful and sharp when I made my boat with it yesterday."

## JOHN CALDER'S EXPERIENCES.

MAN, GRIP,—But I'm a prood man the day! Whan I cam hame yestreen frae a veesit up tae Hamilton, whaur mair nor twa or three o' the inhawbitants are geyin' deep i' my books for Sabbath claes, an' funeral claes, an' holiday claes, an' claes o' ae kin' an' anither that naeboddy can mak' sae weel as I can mysel', Mrs. Calder handit me a weel-buikit parcel that had cam' through the post, direckit

"JOHN CALDER, ESQ.,  
"FASHIONABLE MERCHANT TAILOR,  
"KING STREET, TORONTO."

On the back o' the envelope there was a coat o' arms, consistin' o' a croon, an' a helmet, an' a daiggar, an' a bit floer o' some kin', an' some Lettin words that I could make neither heid nor tail oot o'.

Weel, I sune rippit the thing open, I mean the parcel, ye ken, an' no the coat o' arms, an' whan I perceived whaur the letter was frae, it gart my hairt dir! against the bane.

I ken eneuch aboot State secrets an' sic like tae haud my tongue, an' on this accoot I maun na say wha I got the letter frae, but gin I'm no sairly mista'en, jidgin' by the contents o' that letter, we'll see some collieshaugies at nixt meetin' o' the Paurliments, baith here an' at Ottawa. I may quote jist ae sentence here. It reads, "Do your best on these garments, as I may require them at the funeral, not of one only, but of many political friends: in fact, I shall probably wear them at my own." Nae doobt, this means political funerals, an' there'll be a great wheen o' sic this year o' grace 1890, or my name's no' John Calder, Esq., merchant tailor.

I foregaithered wi' the new registrar the ither day, an' says I, "Peter, my man, I'm thinkin' you're weel oot o' politics the noo." Man, gin you had seen the een o' him. They lichtit up like anything, an' says he, "You bet." Says I, "Will Mowat gang back, think you?" "He ought to," says Peter, "ain't his equal out o' jail." I thocht this was a queer thing to say, but then Peter's a queer man. Says I till him, "Afore you gang, I want to speer a wee for information on a pint." "Oh, I'm a teetotaler," says Peter. "Wha was wantin' you to

drink?" says I. "Why," says he, "didn't you suggest giving me some information over a pint?" "Hoots," says I, "you're haiverin', a' I want is to speer a quastin." "To what a what?" "To speer a quastin," says I, an' wi' that he leaned back, steekit his e'en, an' said, "Go ahead, but I hope it won't be very painful." "What?" says I. "The spearing," says he, an' then he laughed, for you ken he's only an Irishman, an' has nae sense o' decorum or propriety in the praisance o' a man that might be his faither.

"Weel," says I, "this is my quastin. I had a crack no' lang syne wi' an unco prominent member o' oor Provincial Legislature, anent a'e thing an' anither, an' he made use o' an expression that I can mak' nae sense o' ava, an' I was wonnerin' gin you could gie me ony insicht intill't. Says he, 'Mr. Calder, merchant tailor, you keep a sharp look-out when the Parliaments meet, and if you don't see a blamed sight more rattin' than you ever saw in your life, then my name isn't Smith.'"

"What was Smith's other name?" says Peter. "His name wasna Smith," says I, "but I'll no tell you his richt name,—what I want to get at," says I, "is the meanin' o' rattin'."

"Oh, you want to know what 'rattin' means," says he. "Well, now, Mr. Calder, did you ever hear o' rats saying good-bye to a sinking ship?"

"Nae doobt I hae," says I, "but what has that to dae wi' politics?"

"Nothing," says Peter, "but I guess your friend's cranium is horizontal, and probably he meant you to understand, that in his judgment, a large number of Liberal-Conservatives, as they call themselves, will find their way into the Mowat camp when they discover that the people of this country are coming to their senses—see?"

"Ahey," says I, "I see fine, an' I'm thinkin' baith you an' my frien' Smith are no faur wrang."

"Of course we ain't," says Peter, "and when the elections come off in Ju—pshaw! I almost let that go, didn't I?" says he. "You'll see who's right. Ta-ta, Mr. Calder, merchant tailor, I must hurry to see a man," an' awa Peter gaed, lea'in' me in a condeetion o' amazement at the glib tongue o' the chiel, an' at his defineetion o' rattin'.

I'm thinkin' he's no faur wrang, hoosomever, an' I think I'll jist sit doon an' write a bit screed to my frien' the Honorable Oliver Mowat to stiffen him up a wee wi' the gran' prospect that's aheid o' us in the comin' contest.

Gin he fin's time to write back, I'll let you ken hoo he regards the signs o' the times. JOHN CALDER.

P.S.—I'll hae the buttons shoo'd on till your troosers the morn's nicht gin you can fin' time to ca' for them, but I canna get a meenute to men' the exter o' your coat for a day or twa. J. C.

## A SEVERE ATTACK.

HOOLIJUSE—"Phwat's the matther wid yez that yer hav yer arrum in a sling, Dooligan?"

DOOLIGAN—"Sure I've just had an attack o' 'La Grippe.' I've just been shakin' hands wid Muldoon, the wrasler."

LIGHT-HEADED—a match.

"I WONDER how they like a little killing themselves," remarked the bull, as the Plaza came tumbling down the other day, burying hundreds of the "first citizens" of Mexico in its ruins.