



A SNAP SHOT.

(HYMAN'S COMMITTEE ROOMS, LONDON.)

[COMPETITION.]

## VOX POPULI.

LO, I have had a vision. I gazed and saw a large chest bound round with iron bands of great strength. And the chest was open, and there passed many people by, and as they passed each one threw somewhat into the chest. And I dreamed that as they threw, there was a pleasant sound as of chinking. And when many thousands had passed and thrown into the chest until it was now well nigh full, there appeared a man blowing a trumpet loudly. And I approached him and said, "Sir, why blowest thou that trumpet?" and he replied, "It is my own," and I marvelled what he might mean. So I spoke further: "Sir, why comest thou hither, and what is thy name?" and he said, "My name is Vox Populi. I am the healer of ills and the restorer of rights." And again he blew upon the trumpet a loud blast. Then he passed along, and as he passed he put his hand into the chest and withdrew somewhat. Then he was seen no more, but I heard his trumpet blast as he went. Then there came another man. And he was large of stomach, and beside him there moved a Turtle. And I spoke and said, "Sir, what is thy name, and what doest thou here?" and he said, "My name is Vox Populi. I am the Remover of Grievances and the Smoother of Paths." And he passed along, and as he passed his hand reached into the chest, and extracted somewhat. And he was seen no more. Then came a third man, and in his hand he held many strings, and attached to these strings I beheld, as it were, a multitude of parrots, cuckoos and monkeys. And these did quarrel much among themselves as they came; but I saw that when the strings were pulled by the man, the birds and animals ceased to quarrel. And I marvelled much whether he were a tamer of beasts or the possessor of a puppet-show. And I asked him, "Sir, what is thy name?" and he answered not, but, behold the parrots and cuckoos and the monkeys raised their voices and cried, "His name is Vox Populi," and when they had so cried, I saw that the man scattered food liberally amongst them. And I spoke again and

said, "Sir, what doest thou here?" and he answered, "I am the Founder of the Nation and the Father of the People." And I feared almost to say more, for his aspect was that of a grand old man. But my curiosity was great and I ventured, therefore, to say further. "And what are these?" Now the birds and monkeys were, at the time, feeding upon the food that he had thrown them. And the man smiled, as it were, with but one eye, and he drew me towards him, and spake softly, "They have no name, and their purpose is but to extol my own; for the which I feed them liberally. But the days come when I shall need them no more, and then they will be cast off; and no man will feed them, for they are but vermin." Then he passed along, and staying before the chest, he put in both his hands many times, and did fill certain large bags which he carried about him. And as he went I noted that one of his eyes was closed. And I saw that the birds and monkeys climbed into the chest, and what was left there, they took out. Then I saw that many people ran in, as it were, tumultuously; and I saw that these were they that had filled the box. And when they saw that it was empty, they cried aloud. And these two left, and I was alone. So I approached the chest, to learn, if it might be, what it had contained. And I saw nothing therein, but upon the lid thereof I saw strange characters, which I understood not. And these were the characters: PECUNIA PATRIÆ. And I awoke.

WILFRED S. SKEATS.

## AN UNRECEPTIVE LISTENER.

SAMJONES—"Good morning, Bulstrode. I've got a conundrum."

BULSTRODE—"Well, you can keep it for all I care."

SAMJONES—"It's too good to keep. Why are salesmen in shoe stores a depraved set?"

BULSTRODE—"Are they?"

SAMJONES—"You don't understand. It's a joke."

BULSTRODE—"Oh, well, I suppose it is if you say so."

SAMJONES—"Why are salesmen in shoe stores a depraved lot. Do you give it up?"

BULSTRODE—"I don't know what you mean by giving it up, but I don't suppose they are any worse than any other class. I have no reason to think so."

SAMJONES—"Because sinners stand in slippery places. He! ha! Don't you see. Slippery places."

BULSTRODE—"Yes, I see lots of slippery places. But what's that got to do with salesmen in shoe stores?"

SAMJONES—"Why, a shoe store is a slippery place, isn't it?"

BULSTRODE—"No more than any other store."

SAMJONES—"But you don't understand. They sell slippers there."

BULSTRODE—"Suppose they do, I don't see what that has to do with the matter at all." Exit.

SAMJONES—"That fellow is a fool."

BULSTRODE—"Now, what in thunder was that lunatic driving at?"

## A POLITICAL CRACKSMAN.

"THE People's Jimmy"—so they call McShane,  
The gent who acts as mayor of Montreal—  
A title which he makes a means of gain,  
For his ambitions are not low nor small.

The blarney-stone long years ago he kissed,

And at soft sawder he is very trim, he

Knows how to use the lever in his fist—

"The People," in their turn, are "Jimmy's jimmy."