



A GOLDEN ERA.

HARRY—"Say, Sam, don't yer jest wish that us fellers had been Jews in old times?"

SAM—"Naw, they didn't have no fun then."

HARRY—"Didn't, hey? That's where you're 'way off. Why, they was always stoning people. I'd have plugged 'em with a catapult every time."

THE GOOD SAMARITAN AND THE SUFFERING DUDE.

THE pale, wintry moon was shedding her silvery refulgence o'er the snow-capped stores of Canada's fairest city, showing up the fragile form of a cheap at-one-dollar-worth-two-dollar dude. From the sepulchral sighs that escaped from his morbid bosom, it was evident to another percipient pedestrian following in his wake, that this elaborate specimen of the survival of the fittest was in direst, deepest distress. Yea, to him, this masher-heart was melancholy, and he would modestly endeavor to minister mental medicine.

This was not an enthusiastic Toronto cop, inspired by bubbling-over, thirsty, run-'em-in feelings, nor yet was he a friendly, full-fledged reporter, searching anxiously for a blood-curdling sensation for the columns of his paper, but rather was he a good and godly guardian, a wise and willing wanderer of the Salvation Army.

On paced the lanky form of the melodramatic monument of masherhood, from time to time swaying uneasily to and fro, as if his fitful fate was tossing up a copper, whether to travel slowly backward past the Rossin House block, or to go forward at a six-mile-an-hour trot northwards towards the University Park. The latter romantic spot weighed in the balance, and his patent leather goloshed footsteps sped lightly over the glistening snow, and

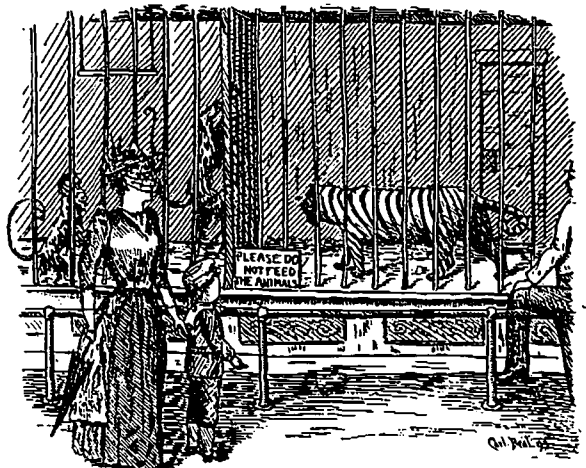
the silvery moon continued to smile down silverly upon him. His clasped hands and mournful manner moved the saintly heart of the Good Samaritan, who, in tone of sympathy, murmured: "Sad, sad! another brother in distress. I'll to his aid, though it takes my last five cents, and leaves me nought to buy my best poke-bonneted girl a valentine."

Onward, onward, past many a soup-meat-and-pudding-all-for-ten-cents dining hall, past many a fragrant second-hand clothes shop, upward they strode along the classic wooden pavement of York Street until they reached the lovely snow-laden branches of the Park. Suddenly his spring-toed golosh slipped perpendicularly on an uncindered portion of park ice, and the graceful figure, with a would-be this-side-up motion, rolled overscientifically.

"Ah, ah! at last I have him," murmured the benevolent S. A. piously.

"The wandering lamb is caught in the thicket.

I will gather up his fragments tenderly, and hie me gently with him to the fold. Speak, gentle stranger, can this



THE LIVERY OF CRIME.

TOMMIE—"Oh, mamma, what's that big pussy cat done? They've put him in jail and he's got on clothes just like the man what stole papa's watch."