



AN ENGLISH EQUIVO-LENT.

Monsieur Crapeau.—Ze Lent is ovaire—ze fast season is end and now ze fast season begin—I not compr'end! It is von marvellouse language!

CONFIDENTIAL CONFESSIONS.

THE MUCH MARRIED MAN'S.

(By Telephone.)

SOME people, sir, don't like women, and would not marry one for a small fortune. That's not my feeling. I don't care who knows, I have had five wives already and am on the look-out for a sixth. I revel in matrimony and its many comforts. I started well on my matrimonial cruise, but did not long enjoy the company of my first mate. When I began to feel my loneliness in the world I confess I felt a certain repugnance against marrying again, but it wore off by degrees, and once more I became united in the holy bonds. When my second wife was taken away, and I had gone through the necessary term of mourning, I was again attacked by the old repugnance, but very slightly this time. I had begun building a villa, and felt as if I should have the means to finish it, and therefore looked around for another partner with whom to share the common fund. I was fortunate in finding a spinster fast verging upon old maid's estate, but possessing a few thousand dollars and a small yearly income, who accepted my heart and hand. Alas! she only lived two years, and I lost the small yearly income—the few thousand dollars had gone into the villa. By this time a respectable sized family had grown up around me, and it was very evident that if I did not wish to be worried out of my existence, I must find some lovable, matronly creature who would fill a mother's place. I found such a dear creature. Within a month she displayed so much energy in bringing up my children that several of their front teeth were loosened and more than one bunch of hair dragged out, whilst I, on more than one occasion, for daring to remonstrate with her, was presented with a black eye made by her own hand. I confess I greatly appreciated her thoughtful care. Eh?—what's that?—Why did I allow her to do this? A pertinent question, but I put it to you, if you were a man standing just five feet four in your stockings, and your wife stood one inch short of six feet, and further, your wife's fist was of corresponding size and power, and that hand came in contact with your eye in an unguarded moment, what would, what could you do? What!—hello!—you, what, you—would go for her! That's just what I did, but, unfortun-

ately, I got the worst of the encounter every time; often getting another black eye to bear the other company. I cannot tarry here, the retrospect is too gloomy—eh! you can't hear me?—well I was getting a little low. It took a much longer period than usual to consider whether I should seek another wife or not. I decided to enter the lists once more. I again led to the altar a most desirable lady, her only drawback being the possession of seven most undesirable sons and daughters. There was no help for it, however, I was no longer tinted with the roseate hues of youth, and besides having eight undesirables of my own, I was in no position to pick where I liked. She was a good wife, that fifth of mine, and when the two families came together we had a packed yet happy household—eh! what? you didn't hear what I said?—I said *happy*, HAPPY household, and the butcher and baker built new stores. Six years of wedded bliss and she has gone, but the butcher and baker bills run along all the same. And here I am to-day a widower with eighteen, *eighteen* beautiful children and other worldly goods, and yearning for more matrimony. I have the sixth in my mind's eye, sir, and—eh! what? is she five feet eleven?—no siree! I have found it best, and I give you the pointer, never marry a woman one inch taller than yourself. Good day.

SOLOMON BLUCHER.



EDGAR ON KNIGHTHOOD.

THE WORTHY MEMBER FETCHES HIS COLLEAGUE CARTWRIGHT A BACK-HANDED RAP ON THE SMELLER!

CANDOUR.

THE editor of the San Francisco *Wasp* says:—I have no hesitation in saying that of all the artists whom it has been my privilege to know in San Francisco, not three have had enough of learning and letters to justify them in beginning to draw straight lines with a ruler. As for color—their work is so coarse and offensive that it seems to be done with hogments.

If the *Wasp's* cartoons are to be taken as specimens of Pacific slope art, the editor's criticism is sound—but too mild, far too mild.