

MEETING THE CRISIS.

BUSINESS PROSPERITY ENSURED BY
RESOLUTIONS AGAINST PESSIM-
ISM.



OR some time it had been generally known that the Muddivil's General Jobbing Corporation (Limited) was in financial difficulties. It had formerly been doing a rushing business, and great hopes were entertained by the shareholders. On the strength of its future prospects it had enlarged its premises and greatly extended its facilities, but a period of stagnation had unfortunately set in, and the affairs of the company had become deeply involved.

At this crisis it was determined that vigorous steps were necessary to avert bankruptcy. A meeting of shareholders was accordingly called. Mr. F. Leming, President of the Corporation, occupied the chair, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

Mr. Warendy, an influential stockholder, opened the meeting in a stirring speech. It must be admitted, he said, that business was rather quiet, but any slight and temporary depression would vanish like mists before the rising sun if they were met with resolution.

A VOICE—"Let's have several resolutions." (Cheers) He was glad to see that such a spirit prevailed. Things would be all right but for some people who went about quoting the balances on the wrong side of the ledger, and pointing out that rival firms were doing a bigger trade. What could be more contemptible than such conduct? Just look at the unparalleled facilities the company had for doing business, its magnificent warehouse—(A Voice—"Mortgaged to the contractors.") Cries of "Shame!" "Put him out!" and general confusion.)

Mr. Jawthrow followed in a similar strain. The outlook for the Muddiville General Jobbing Corporation was never more hopeful. Wasn't the increased staff necessary to transact their business sufficient evidence of this? (Applause.) He repeated emphatically that the company's affairs were prosperous—only people didn't know it. Well, it was their business to proclaim it from the house-tops. (Applause.)

Mr. Hardup cordially agreed with this noble sentiment, and said that he might incidentally mention that he had a housetop admirably adapted for the purpose, which he was prepared to let on the most reasonable terms. (Applause.)

Several other enthusiastic speeches followed, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the Muddiville General Jobbing Corporation (Limited) is in a highly prosperous and satisfactory condition, and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit more than its due share of public patronage.

That the present state is one of transition and not of depression, and any man asserting that stagnation prevails is a falsifier, a croaker, a pessimist, a traitor, and any other epithets which may be considered applicable or calculated to make him feel unhappy.

That we call upon the general public to admire the spirit of determination, energy, and unflinching confidence in the future shown by this meeting, in the manner in which the crisis has been met and overcome, and congratulate them on the fact that gentlemen possessing such admirable qualifications are available when official vacancies are to be filled.

The greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout. Copies of the resolutions neatly engrossed on vellum in the highest style of art have been forwarded to the numerous creditors of the corporation, who will no doubt realize



IT ALL DEPENDS.

"I say, Millie, how do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y."
"Depends on whether it's a person or a bee."

the impropriety of encouraging the spirit of pessimism and calamity-howling by pushing their claims.

The corporation must be congratulated on their discovery of a new method of meeting a financial crisis. It is a great improvement on the crude, old-fashioned system of bankruptcy.

WHERE AM I AT?

SAY, where am I at? Oh, where am I at?
Old landmarks I've sorter missed.
Oh, am I a Tory or am I a Grit,
Or an annexationist?
An' which is which, an' who is who?
An' why is things so mixed?
I'm jiggered, begosh, if I can tell,
For nothin' don't seem fixed.

Our old Sir John bein' dead an' gone,
Another Sir John we see
Pop up and down for a little spell,
Then along comes number three.
I reckon they just kep' up the name
Old stagers in to rope,
But I can't tie to no fellow like that,
For I always did hate the Pope.

The great N.P. that was goin' to make
Our fortunes all around,
Has turned out the worst confounded fake,
An' run things into the ground,
An' Oliver Mowat's become a knight,
An' sence he give Myers the sack,
There's half of the Grits say he's Tory too,
An' would rip him up the back.

The *Mail* is Grit, an' the *Empire's* gone
As crazy as a loon,
The *Globe*, which fought the C.P.R.,
Is singing a different tune.
An' annexation ketches the crowd
Along of things bein' flat,
An' everything's mixed an' nothin' fixed,
An' I don't know where I'm at.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.