

THE SPORTIVE PUG.



II.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

DUKE DE PENETANG—"What, ho! Sylvanus! Whither away?"

LORD COBOCONK—"Nowhere, my liege. I am at thy service."

D. DE P.—"Then hie thee hither, bold caitiff, and divulge to me the whereabouts of my daughter, the Lady Mehitabel!"

L. C.—"In good sooth, my lord duke, I have not clapt an eye on her for well-nigh a se'ennight."

D. DE P.—"Thou liest in thy throat, thou miserable varlet, and by the shrine of Theyandinaga, unless thou divulgest to me the 'true facts,' as the *News* says, before I count three, thou shalt be weltering in thy go-r-r-r-e! One, two—"

L. C.—"Stay thy vengeful hand, my liege lord, and I will tell thee all."

D. DE P.—"Tis well; proceed, thou false bondsman, or, by the scalp-lock of Tecumseh, it will fare but ill with thee."

L. C.—"Most noble duke, I tender thee my homage, and let me assure thee on the faith of a right royal knight, that I spake but the truth when I informed thee I had not seen the adorable Lady Mehitabel for some days. This I swear as my name is Sylvanus. But my liege, let me add that I know where the dear lady is. Less than a week ago, most noble duke, the Lady Mehitabel consented to become Lady Coboconk, on condition that I should advance her the sum of one hundred dollars to purchase her trousers—"

D. DE P.—"*Trousseau* thou meanest, base knight!"

L. C.—"Yes, *trousseau*, I ought to say, and to raise the money I mortgaged my estate at Bobcaygeon for the amount. With this in hand, which I forwarded by the Dominion Express Co., the Lady Mehitabel hied her to the City of Hamilton, that she might make her purchases unbeknown to those of our set."

D. DE P.—"In verity thou art a long-winded narrator but go on, go on, I command thee."

L. C.—"Yes, my lord, and when the Lady Mehitabel happened to mention to the saleslady that she intended to spend a hundred dollars in the store, the saleslady went off in a quaking swound, and had to be carried out to the sidewalk. A second saleslady made her appearance, and on hearing the same information she became so hysterical, my liege lord, that she had to be bound hand and foot, and conveyed to the basement. A salcsgentleman now took the place, and when the dear Lady Mehitabel told him her simple story, he lost his balance, notwithstanding his hair was parted *a la* centre-board, and this young man is now a raving maniac on the mountain. Next the proprietor of the establishment himself appeared on the scene, most noble duke, and when he actually saw the hundred dollar bill in the beautiful hands of the divine Mehitabel, he concluded that a bank in Toronto must have been robbed, or that the

Lady Mehitabel belonged to the band of counterfeiterers in Binbrook township, and he ordered her arms to be pinioned until he sent for the City constable, who carried her to durance vile in the ambulance. and there she lies yet, not in the ambulance, my liege, but in durance vile, and I fear we shall have great difficulty in convincing the authorities—"

D. DE P.—"Mendacious knight! Where thou standest, and now, endeth the line of Coboconk. Takest thou me for a fool?"—Here the Duke inserts his sword-blade several times through the ribs of Lord Coboconk. Private funeral next Saturday, 2 p.m. No flowers.

HOW THEY "HELD" UP THE BRIDGE.

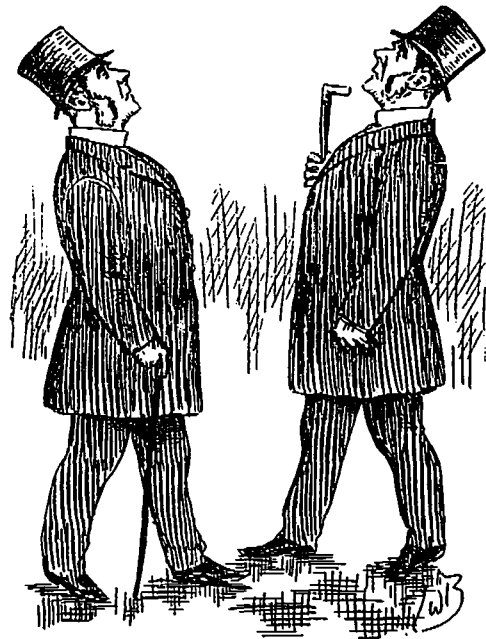
(A FRAGMENT, NOT BY MACAULEY.)

THEN out spake brave St. Louis,  
(A "Relative" was he):  
I with two more to help me  
Can work this splendidly:  
In this big job some thousands  
May well be made, you see,  
Then who will stand in either hand  
And loot the Bridge with me?

Then out spake noble Kennedy,  
(A worker slick was he),  
Lo, I will stand on thy right hand  
And buy supplies for thee!  
And out spoke pliant Parent,  
(An Engineer was he):  
Lo, I will stand on thy left hand  
(Quite unintentionally!

And so by extra labor,  
And entries that were lies,  
And ways both dark and crooked  
The public money flies;  
And poor, confiding Haggart  
(Whose other name is John)  
Knew not a thing about it  
Until the "job" was done!

If we grasp the *World's* meaning, the great public grievance of the day is that Citizen Kelly is not allowed to run a Sunday car to carry his private family to High Park! Poor Kelly! It's too bad, entirely!



NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS.

Mr. Empee is a Christian Politician, but his Christianity and his Politics have never been introduced to each other.