

the old bird will say when he reads this report? It is not complete, and I'll request another ferry ticket for tomorrow. I find writing very pleasant, and I promised to see her then. Must hire a boatman now to—no I won't, either, the jack-knife fiend has my dollar! I'll have to swim home or lose my situation, and that means that she would postpone—well, it's none of your business what.

SAM STUBBS.



EUREKA!

Glass hats for the ladies—you can see right through them!
—Puck.

A PEEP INTO THE ARMORY.

You would get but poor directions from the make-believe *militaires* of the Dominion police who pose so artistically in the main entrance of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, if you asked to see the Party Museum and Armory. Yet within the crypt beneath the main tower is a securely bolted room where may be seen strange sights. There the Party store their campaign properties during this off season, when the stormy sea of Canadian politics has settled to the flatness, as it always had the hue and scent of Toronto Bay. Before the next election there will be bustling and tinkering; but at present the collection is given over to the moth and dust. Let us enter.

In the place of honor is a chameleon labelled "*Wandering Wullie*," with a barometer to divine, if possible, his next variation. Lay figures of the Cabinet are grouped in picturesque attitudes—the same that these Honorable gentlemen delight the public with. The Father of his Country blessing a kneeling figure—either Canada or a contractor (the dust is too thick to determine which); a little dapper military gent swashbuckling with a pewter spear pole; the gallant High Commissioner with burnished cheek and comfortable portliness—a perambulating advertisement of Canadian plenty; the Secretary of State in the dumps; and the Minister of Marine fondling a cod-fish.

A massive tank, with an odor like that of a sauerkraut tub when excited, contains a little evil-smelling, greasy liquid—it is known as *soft sawder*, and will be sweetened

up to suit all palates by the *chef* himself whenever it is convenient. Hanging carelessly on Orange and Bleu standards is a tattered panorama that is not shown so much of late. It represents the Don Valley like a fine-toothed comb, so bristling is it with tall chimneys; a toy engine with jewelled bearings, careening on gold-plated rails is the working model of the C. P. R., and is the pride of the Party.

On a shelf in a corner is a dusty volume. It opens readily at a marked spot. Lay it down reverently—it was read on the *Jamaica* and may be needed again. A little jar that might hold an ounce if full, still contains a little ointment—it is "*Political Virtue*" and there is enough to go round. It is reported that at a council it was discussed whether the Party should be at the expense of procuring another lot. It is said, that on mature consideration and after inquiries into the resources of the other side, it was deemed unnecessary. The story has to me an air of truth.

CRUEL.

"GOOD gracious!" said old Mr. Bildad, looking up from his paper, "what are we coming to? Well, well, who would have believed it? The wickedness of this age, Mrs. B., is something appalling. Bless my soul, what'll we be hearing next?" And then he very carefully read all about the scandal to himself, and when he was through put the paper in his pocket.

THREE DRINKERS.

THREE drinkers went drinking out into the East,
Out into the East as the moon went up;
Each thought he could finish a gallon at least,
And pint after pint was poured into the cup;
For men must drink and women must wail,
And Temperance talk is of little avail
While the liquor bar is chuckling.

Three women went up to the front street corner
Er into the store as the stars went round;
Each thought of her man and his whiskey horn,
And the bread for the family weigh'd a pound;
For men must drink and women must wail
Though the sheriff comes in with an auction sale
And the liquor bar is chuckling.

Three prisoners stood in the dismal dock
With blood-shot eyes as the charge went down;
Each woman was wiping her eye with her frock
As the magistrate sentenced them all with a frown;
But men must drink and women must wail,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to jail,
So bad-luck to the bar and its chuckling.

P. QUILL.

CONFUSING.

In the *Mail*, not along ago, some space was devoted to the Chinese who grace Toronto with their presence. An Irish policeman, who was interviewed in the matter, was reported as being particularly annoyed by their idiotic resemblance to one another, it being absolutely impossible for citizens of ordinary ability and education to tell these almond-eyed Mongolians apart. The Irish policeman also felt rather aggrieved at having repeatedly mistaken a Celestial on the street for a female cousin of his.

Our young man, with the *café-au-lait*-tinted derby and the polka-dot vest, has been devoting his attention to the subject, and, after accumulating a large body of evidence, has deduced the conclusion that the meek, sad-eyed Asiatics purposely make themselves up to look like one another, just to Confucius.