



THINGS ONCE SAID, ETC.

Snigsby—Who's that awful idiot Mrs. Flashem's talking to?
Grigsby—Er—that's my brother. He's just returned from abroad, doncher know.

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

BOLD Jim Britton, wich he spoke up in meetin',
 An' he says to the folks, says he,
 You may say vot you likes, but I says, says I,
 A glass of good beer give me, give me.
 A-ha glass hof bee-hee-eer give me.

"In nature there's a vaccum" (oh the big words he can crack'em),
 "An' the vaccum must be filled," says he,
 "An' by pourin' beer into it, is the only way to do it,
 So a glass of good beer give me, give me.
 A-ha glass hof good bee-ee-heer give me."

"With regard to hemigration, wich the agent's hoccipation
 Will be gone forhevermore, you'll see,
 'Cos when beer don't cost much, all the Henglish an' the Dutch
 Will come over, cryin' 'beer give me, give me.'
 Oh a glass hof cheap beer give me."

Said bold Jim Britton—wich he gave it them in meetin'—
 "All that Scott Act temperance rot," says he,
 "It is so demoralizing, an' so digustating,
 But a glass hof good beer give me, give me.
 We'll hustle the Millennium," says he.

A CABINET MEETING.

SIR JOHN—Well, gentlemen, I suppose you've heard the news from Manitoba. They're going ahead with that competing line, sure enough.

SIR CHARLES—The question is, What are we going to do about it?

SIR HECTOR—Why, disallow it, of course.

SIR JOHN—But the trouble is, we can't. We haven't anything to disallow. The charter isn't to be remitted to us until after the railway is built.

HON. JOHN CARLING—In that case, perhaps we had better wait till we get it.

SIR ADOLPHE—I think so, too.

HON. M. BOWELL—And if we do disallow it when it comes, there's going to be a fight. Caron, have you got the troops ready?

SIR ADOLPHE—I don't know. I'll make enquiries in my department to-morrow.

SIR JOHN—But we mustn't think of letting it come to a fight. It's just here: Either the C.P.R. Co. or the

Manitoba people have got to give in. Under the circumstances, I think we had better stand by the—

(Enter a gigantic figure wreathed in locomotive smoke.)

The mysterious figure—You had better stand by the C.P.R.!

(The ministers tremble.)

Sir John—Gentlemen, this meeting is adjourned.

UNRECORDED CONVERSATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

V.—SHAKSPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

DURING one of Jonson's visits to Stratford, Shakspeare and he, in the early morning, strolled out together into the pleasant country by the Avon banks. As they made their way along a narrow lane between great elms, with wild roses blowing in the hedge-row,—the fragrance of the meadows about them, and the rooks overhead flying noisily,—they observed a sturdy, bare-legged lad bestirring himself to catch eels. Already, indeed, he had caught two; and so intent was he on securing a third that, in his preoccupation of mind, he failed to note the approach of Master Shakspeare and his friend.

"Dost observe, Will, the glee on the urchin's round face?" said Jonson. "The catching of eels, methinks, stirreth his soul—to use our gallant Sydney's word—as the sound of a trumpet."

"I'faith," answered Shakspeare, "this rustic sport lacks not a music of its own."

"The feathered songsters' pipings, meanest thou, and all the purlings of the babbling rills?"

"Nay, Ben, but a manner of music rather, which thou mayest see, not merely hear," said Shakspeare. "A glee, to wit, and catches, and merry mad-wriggles!"

"Marry, Will, thou hast ever borne a freakish fancy. But let us e'en cross the fields to Master Parson's, with whom we made merry o' Monday,—a man of noble parts, of a most approved conversation,—and drain a cup of sack."

"Thou wert ever one, Ben, to make a start with thy work early i' the day."

"Marry and amen! But leave thy prating, Will, an thou love me. Is it fitting that thou shouldst turn thee to the extemporizing of sermons almost upon his Reverence's very threshold?"

VI.—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

The present Duke of Edinburgh, a devoted and enthusiastic violinist, is, as is well-known, chiefly remarkable for his phenomenal execution on the instrument, which is execrable even for an amateur. When young he was once in Paris,—having even at that early period in his life acquired not a little proficiency in the art of making life hideous with his Stradinarius. In the *salon* of Madame de Monpavon, he was asked by the engaging daughter of the hostess if he played the violin.

"Well, yes, Mademoiselle," he replied, blushing. "I—ah—try to."

"I am sure you play beautifully. We should be so charmed to have you on Thursday evening, but mamma—she is so anxious not to give trouble—she was afraid that—"

"Oh, not the least trouble, let me assure you," he interposed eagerly, "it will give me the greatest pleasure—I shall be delighted to bring my violin!"

"Y-es," said the young lady with charming reluctance, "that was what mamma was afraid of." W. J. H.