



THE WINNING MOUNT IN QUEBEC.

"THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE."

(SCENE.—Dime Museum in Berlin.)

EMPEROR WILLIAM (*meeting King Humbert of Italy*)—"Ach, wie gehts, old man! Pretty poor show this, but we've got to do 'em all. The fat woman there ain't a circumstance to grandma, for instance, and I certainly heard the Wild Man of Borneo remark 'Be jabers' just now. Pretty busy these days, eh?"

KING HUMBERT—"Yes, I've just done a wax-work show, and I have an appointment this afternoon to hear an American elocutionist and to see the wonderful British Columbia giant. In the evening there's the Squallini concert to take in, besides looking in for a few minutes at a couple of theatres."

EMPEROR WILLIAM—"Potz tausend! mein freund. I had no idea it was such hard work before I was in the business. This is the third show I've done to-day, and later on I've got to listen to the Jubilee Singers and show up at Prof. Gubelsnitzer's lecture and call round on the great Hindoo snake-charmer. Oh, it makes me tired, I tell you. Wish I wasn't Emperor. It isn't the matter of governing—that's as easy as rolling off a log; but it's this thing of having to put in ten hours a day visiting fake shows and snide concerts and listening to companies of barnstormers from 'way back—that's what's breaking me up. Willen sie lager?"

KING HUMBERT—"Thank you I don't mind it I do. I shudder to think of the arrears of work awaiting me when I get back to Rome next week. Gut heil! Here's a-looking at you! I've got letters from about fifty singers, actresses and elocutionists wanting to exhibit before me. Ah, well, *noblesse oblige*. We've got to stand it, of course, in order to enable the show people to advertise that their performances have been 'witnessed by the Crowned Heads of Europe.'"

EMPEROR WILLIAM—"Ah, I have an idea! I've a notion to hire some fellow that's got nothing else to [do to wear my crown afternoons and take in all the shows in my stead. He'd be a Crowned Head of Europe sufficient for advertising purposes, wouldn't he?"

KING HUMBERT—"The practicability of your suggestion marks you as one of the most intellectual monarchs of the age. Here this thing has been going on for centuries, and none of us ever thought of that before. I'll work that racket myself. Have another?" (*They drink.*)

How MUCH?—If Stanley, the explorer, were elected by acclamation, as is not unlikely, on the Liberal ticket, as Member from Stumpton to the Parliament of Canada, would he be entitled to mileage at ten cents per mile to and from his home at Uggababoo, in Darkest Africa? And, if so, how much would it come to?