



“STRICTLY RESPECTABLE.”

SCENE.—Near Post Office, Cor. St. James Street, Montreal.

Murphy (Newsdealer).—Here's the extra with all about the Pall Mall Gazette scandal!
 Baldheaded Old Party.—Eh! what's that? Humph! disgusting, publishing such stuff.
 (Sotto voce.)—How much? Ten cents! Beastly! (Aside.)—No one's looking—guess I'll buy one to see if it's as bad as they say it is. (Looks carefully around to see no one has observed him—tucks the paper in his pocket and moves on.)

FROM COUNT D'ORSAY.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—I want to buy a horse. The kind of a horse that I am desirous of purchasing I really do not fancy has any existence.

The brand of horse I require must be spavined, ring-boned, glandered, his knees must show signs of his prayerful inclinations, and I should be better pleased if I heard he was troubled with bots, or had been in his younger days. (As I write this in a hurry you'll excuse slips.) The horse that becomes my property must have a wall-eye. I have wandered round this weary world; I have visited horsedealers who had all kind of equines at hand, but every one of these quadrupeds lacked one or the other of the qualifications that I considered necessary; their owners assured me (often on their oaths) that their steeds would “scent the battle from afar”; finally I purchased one of the latter (on the instalment plan), and the horse and I were bound to go to glory or die.

One of us died. Luckily it was the other fool.

This horse, which was warranted, actually warranted to be related to the one that the 3rd Dick bellowed for (but did't get) when he and I joined a yeomanry regiment and went into heavy action on Brighton Commons, where the troops were making heroic dashes at nothing and after a whole day's fighting with blank cartridges began to count up their dead and found that every soldier amongst them was, more or less, under the influence of liquor; then what did my horse do? Now, what do you think a horse would do (a horse like that, I mean)? What do you suppose occurred? That's just what nobody can find out. Why? you ask.

Because a horse that is warranted in every respect as sound does not exist; never did since the creation of YORKSHIRE.

P.S.—By the way I see that I say the horse died; I shall have to take that statement back; the horse never existed; ergo—



SUMMER PHENOMENA.

NO. I.—THE FAT WOMAN.

The day of heat is upon us, the day of picnics, the day of sultry mornings, fierce red-hot days, when the atmosphere having been heated like a brick oven for twelve hours, remains so long after the sun has departed to parts unknown, when the nights glide in limp and

motionless, close and clammy, unable to lift one sable wing wherewith to fan the brow of a fainting world.

These are the days when the fat woman loves to emerge from her house into the noontide blaze, followed by her numerous brood of be-muslined, be-frilled and cow-breakfasted children, all steps and stairs—lanky girls and little, bunty, white-frilled Shanghai baby boys—the long, lank, melancholy husband and father of them all locking the door and bringing up the rear with a basket of crockery on his arm, and on his face an expression of resignation that might melt the heart of Fate.

This frequent midsummer phenomenon is to me one of the great mysteries of life. Vainly and with much travail of spirit do I try to grasp the idea of the pleasure, the joy, the delight, derived from travelling several miles under a burning sun on a breathless day, all to eat cake and drink lemonade under a tree—when—there!—I give it up—the subject is beyond the powers of human intellect; it belongs to the unfathomable abysses of feminine unaccountability. I can only stand and gaze in eloquent silence after that woman and her brood as, in all the glory of light print and starched muslin, like the Aurora Borealis in a northern sky, they swing and undulate, and dart hither and thither down the hot and dusty street. It is wonderful! immense! grand! the endurance, the perseverance, the heroism manifested by that woman as she plunges along, bravely bearing her burden of two hundred pounds avoirdupois of “too, too solid flesh,” not to mention the lunch basket and the baby! The sun looks down at her and smiles at first; then, provoked at being thus challenged to do his worst by a woman, he throws another stick into the furnace, and—pew! down come the red rays, hot, hotter, hottest! What matter? She can stand it as long as he can! She washed and baked and ironed all yesterday, getting ready for this picnic, and now she is going to go or—bust! Yes, sir! if Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith's children are better got up than hers, she is going to be an eye-witness to the fact anyway; and if there are nicer pies or richer cakes on the grounds, than she will bring forth from that identical lunch basket, she is going to know the reason why. There! the handle has given way! With an eloquent look she drops the baby squat on the sidewalk, and looking back, her fiery, flushed face flashes on her husband in the rear. The melancholy man quickens his steps, borrows some twine from Johnny who comes to the rescue, and with trembling fingers fastens the handle in again—after a fashion—and is thanked with the remark that “it is a good thing men are good for something sometimes.” The procession resumes its march to the boat, or the train, as the case may be; the picnic grounds are reached; it will be a triumphant success; her children will win the prizes for racing—very likely she too will race; anyhow she will come home, “dead tired” but victorious, and by 7 o'clock a.m. next day, her washing will be out on the line ready for the next picnic—provided the weather be hot enough—while the melancholy man will take days to recover from the effects of the sun's rays without and iced lemonade within. And yet the franchise is withheld from women!

JAY KAYELLE.

ATTENTION.—What makes you pay more for harness than is necessary? We can give you a better article and later styles than any other house in the Dominion. A \$45 harness for \$23; a \$35 for \$18; a \$20 for \$11.50; a \$15 for \$9. All hand-stitched. All work guaranteed. 200 sets to choose from. Salesmen take a pleasure in showing goods. CANADIAN HARNESS CO., opposite Hay Market, 104 Front Street, Toronto.