

MEN'S WORLD.

BLEST if I know what to say in this next paragraph. We men have no show. A "woman's world" column now you can fill up with no end of fashion pointers—and stains in table linen—and domestic recipes for killing cockroaches and all such things—good pabulum for women folk, but we want something decent you know—and there's where *we're* lost—there's nothing really decent for a fellow to hold forth on.

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Now, if I was to tell my readers—about how Cleveland wore a certain kind of hat, and a certain kind of scarf pin—and was economical, and so forth—our fellows would think I was evolving into an old wife—but the women take no end of interest in all sich about Mrs. Cleveland.

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Men want some solid facts, and if they're bound to get them, they'll beat the women for patience. Don't mention women's patience, go to the *News* window on Yonge Street, and look at the string of men waiting hour after hour for the base-ball returns, you'd think the fate of the Dominion hung on the result of them innings. These you see are things of importance more so than the death agonies of a cockroach. You see a fellow could'n't very well bet on a cockroach, and if I did and won, *she* would want it for a fall bonnet or sich—or may be a chained up zucatan.

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However, now we're writing up natural history—have you seen the new game of poker? Can't play poker on the trains now—but you can have a box with a beetle in it, and a hole in the lid for the beetle to crawl out when he feels like coming up to blow. Then you have four lumps of loaf sugar one at each corner of the lid, and we all bet which lump he'll tackle—great fun—lots of money changes hands—beats poker all hollow—and he don't cross his legs and give up the ghost either. No, sir! its the loser of the bet that turns his face to the wall. The following is nothing if not original. I do confess to dropping into poetry once in a while :—

Now fades the glimmering landscape on his sight,
And each fourth point a chunk of sugar holds,
To tempt the beetle in his droning flight.
While every man a roll of bills unfolds.

No more shall poker exercise his skill,
Or draw spondulicks from his pocket deeps.
His eye surveys the beetle roam at will,
He wins or loses as the vermin leaps.

Yet even this box from insult to protect
May yet be requisite, lest the stern eye
Of the conductor doom it to be kicked
Out—minus e'en the tribute of a sigh.

SOME CONUNDRUMS.

ON EVERY-DAY DOINGS AND THINGS.

THE ADVERTISEMENT IS MORE POWERFUL THAN THE NEWS.

WHY is a carpenter's hatchet like the reading matter in John Ross Robertson's paper? Because it doesn't begin to compare in dimensions with the adze.

THAT O'DONOHUE LETTER, YOU KNOW.

WHY does the *Orange Sentinel* refuse to pub——. But, pshaw! Everybody can guess that one.

BUT HE CAN GROW.

WHY is Mayor Howland not a man? Because he is only a young son—of temperance.

THE STERN PARENT.

WHEN is your best girl's father as bad as a pirate? When he's a free-booter.

A HINT FOR THE ABLE PROOF READER.

WHY is a Barrie *Gazette* editorial like a misspent life? Because it is short and full of sad blunders.

CONVENIENT LOSS OF MEMORY.

WHY are the Reform papers disingenuous in their treatment of the Chambly elections? Because they purposely ignore the Riel issue in the contest.

RELATIVE MOTION.

It was in Belfast I met him. Belfast, the town of riots, linen and ginger ale. He was an elderly attenuated clergyman of the Methodist Church, wonderfully like a Yankee in all but his brogue. Kind of heart, quick of wit, wise by experience and gentle by nature, the good soul was a delightful traveling companion. One murky morning as we journeyed southward from Belfast by train, he told me that his home was in X—— where he had been stationed thirteen years?

Said I, "I suppose that they have moved you from one charge to another in the town during that term?"

"Deed no," said he.

"But in America the Methodist ministry itinerates every third or fourth year?"

"So it does in Ireland," rejoined my reverend friend.

"But remember, if you please, that the condition of itineracy is fulfilled by relative motion, my parish itinerates before me, I'm the prison chaplain." G.



SHREWD UNCLE SAM.

(Congress adjourned without ratifying the proposed new Extradition Treaty)

U. S.—Me jine in this thing? No, siree! Jest as if I want to prevent American scalliwags from clearin' out to Canady! Jest as if I want to keep 'em in the States! What do they take me for I wonder?