

mently, causing a red glow to creep over that attenuated organ, read the annual report. It proved a remarkable, and in many ways a most startling, document. It stated that more than one thousand persons and families had been placed under close supervision. Many other absorbing facts were stated but want of space prevents us recording them.

Mr. Borewell concluded amidst vociferous applause, which so bewildered him that he sat with considerable force upon the president's hat.

Mr. Solomon Sneaker here rose to complain. His name had not been mentioned in connection with one of the most important events of the past year, namely, his securing the large cheese offered by a prominent Toronto merchant, to the man who could mind his own business. That cheese was now in his possession, and he would be pleased to entertain any of the members who would bring their own lager and crackers with them. He concluded with a desire to see his name and deed entered upon the archives of the society. (Applause.)

The chairman said the members no doubt were greatly pleased with the able report just read. The secretary would see that the serious omission complained of by Brother Sneaker was attended to. He now called upon the secretaries of the special committees for their reports.

The first to rise was Mr. Peter Piper, the secretary of the Hired Girls' Supervising Committee. This committee, he said, overlooked the proceedings of the servant girls. Its members had been successful in surprising thirty-seven girls in the act of surreptitiously handing broken victuals to poor and aged relatives; fifteen had been seen buying cheaper goods than they had been sent for; and thirty had been caught being kissed by their masters. Some of the hired girls had been made honorary members of the society, and had been of great assistance to members of other committees.

The Peepers and Fryers Branch was next reported upon by Mr. Quizzer. This committee was not called upon to do brilliant work; it merely acted as a pioneer before the more important committees. Its work, however, had been felt by many. He had to report that the actions of two hundred and twenty married persons and four hundred bank officials had been under supervision. This report was received with marked attention.

Mr. Watchem, secretary of the Next Door Neighbor Investigators, next rose to report. Eighty-nine neighbors had been detected buying five-hundred-dollar pianos, the husbands wages averaging eight dollars a week; sixty husbands had been found wearing thirty-dollar suits and diamond rings, whilst their wives and children were going around half-clothed; sixty-two wives had been seen borrowing dishes and brushes in the morning and going to the opera house in the evening.

Miss Delilah Dimmity, a spinster of uncertain age, rose and said she had a protest to raise. Her class had not once been mentioned during the reading of the reports. They desired something better than this. She, alone, had caused thirty husbands and wives to separate, and had been successful in breaking off engagements between fifty gushing lovers. She was of the opinion that a committee of Spinster Spyers should be organized.

A facetious member at the back of the hall here rose and asked if it would not be more in harmony with the subject to call it the Old Girls' Gobetween Committee. Cries of "shame" and "turn him out" came from all parts of the hall, and the facetious Busybody was bounced by the worthy inner guard.

After the excitement had subsided Mr. Sam Sniffington presented the report of the Public Good Vigilants. Fifty policemen had been shadowed, and in forty instances had been forced to do their duty; one hundred and

eighteen professed teetotallers had been detected drinking in saloons; twenty public officials had been found neglecting their duties. Other important services which had been credited to others were also mentioned, and Mr. Sniffington resumed his seat evidently laboring under great emotion.

Mr. Timothy Tearup, the vice-president, rose to say he had no objections to offer against the work of the Vigilants, they had done well, but he would like to ask: What about the aldermen? Should not they receive more than special attention? They promised much but performed little. He hoped the committee would take these gentlemen in hand.

Mr. Sniffington promised that the aldermen should be straightened out before the next meeting.

Other business, of no special interest to the general public, was transacted, and the annual meeting of the Society of Busybodies closed to meet next year in Hamilton.

MILITARY NEWS ITEMS.



In view of the threatened uprising of Indians in the West our active and energetic Government are thinking of sending troops to the scene of probable disturbance. The Minister of Militia has conceived the happy thought of sending them by snail instead of by rail, the experience of a recent occasion having shown the latter method to be the less expeditious.



We are glad to hear that Major-General Sir Fred Middleton is enjoying robust health after his campaign of the summer, and looks forward without a tremor to the prospect of a similar job in the more or less remote future. Meantime his valuable time is being devoted (so it is reported) to teaching the Cabinet Ministers how to face the Quebec thoroughbreds without funkng. If he succeeds in this task Parliament will willingly grant him another \$20,000.

DISCOVERED AT LAST!

DEAR GRIP,—As I saw that the Bulgarians are a chewin' one another all up I axed a friend of mine what they was a doin' it for? "Why," says he, "that's the question." Ho! ho! so that's your Eastern Question that they've been blowin' about. I remember a sittin' up all night on carrots and cold tea huntin' the dictionary for the Eastern Question. Pshaw! It's as plain as can be. The Turks keep sayin': "To be or not to be—that is the question." To think I never saw through that. Vanity Fair! Vanity Fair! POBK.

CASHING A CHEQUE.

Customer (presenting cheque humbly to Ledger Keeper). [Strange how a customer drawing money always does it humbly. He hides his little piece of pink, green or white paper as if it were a death warrant. He talks in undertones. He addresses the clerks, who sit like austere judges behind their railed counters, or like male Hesperides guarding untold wealth. Even when the customer does get his money (and it is sometimes his money, you know) he counts it on the sly as if he knew he oughtn't to, as if those judges scoffed at his suspicions.] —Will you be kind enough to cash this for me?

Ledger Keeper (licking his fingers and turning pages rapidly).—Next desk.

Customer (at next desk).—Will you be kind enough to cash this for me?

Receiving Teller (dashing his hand into a dirty, wet sponge).—Next desk.

Customer (at next desk).—Will you be kind enough to —

Accountant (cleaning his nails).—Next desk—paying teller.

Customer.—Will you be—

Paying Teller (snatching cheque).—Third desk down.

Customer (at Ledger Keeper's desk).—I was told [told, not asked] to bring you this.

Ledger Keeper.—"A" to "K;" or "L" to "Z"?

Customer.—I beg your pardon.

Ledger Keeper.—Here, hand it over.

Customer.—Hand what over?

Ledger Keeper.—Here, be quick. Can't you see I'm busy?

Customer.—Well, no; yes, I mean. What do you want?

Ledger Keeper.—That cheque.

(Customer hesitatingly lets go the precious document.) [Ledger Keeper bangs a big book about, scribbles a few flourishes in two or three different corners of two or three different scraps of paper, and hands customer cheque. Customer stares blankly.]

Ledger Keeper.—To Paying Teller! (Supply "to" after "go" and "the devil" after "to" to judge from Ledger Keeper's face.)

Customer to Paying Teller.—I have brought this back.

Paying Teller (counts out \$5,000 in twos and ones and silver, scribbles flourishes with a fine pen in half a dozen books and more loose pieces of paper, licks his finger and thumb, takes a hair out of his pen, looks for another pen, stamps seven or eight cheques, walks over with pen in mouth and papers in hand to another part of office, looks at clock, says to somebody, "Clock's slow, put it on to ten minutes to three," comes back, pulls up his trousers so that they won't "knee," sits down and says).—Well?

Customer hands cheque dumbly.

Paying Teller.—Not endorsed.

Customer.—Beg pardon.

Paying Teller (slowly, deliberately, incisively, sarcastically).—It is—not—endorsed.

Customer.—Oh!

Paying Teller points to pen and ink behind customer (excessive politeness).

Customer brings back cheque. Finds four well-dressed, lanky, hair-parted-in-the-middle boys talking to Paying Teller. All got books under arms. Remembers seeing them in offices of other banks. Waits. They still talk. Conversation unintelligible. "A's" all "aws"; no "R's" anywhere. At last all say, "Taw-taw." Presents cheque.

Paying Teller.—This your name?

Customer (in a whisper).—Yes.

Paying Teller.—Got to be identified.

Customer.—What? The name?

Clock strikes three. Customer hustled out.

Is a man who has a mania for clipping his toe-nails a clip-toe-maniac?