

THE ACTOR.



LIST to my tale of woe,
A narrative without a twist or turn
To cheer its tragic ending. Gentle friends,
Your tears prepare to shed—or if perchance
Your mood be the reverse of lachrymose,
And pearly drops at bidding will not start,
An onion peeled their fountains may release,
And cause a briny flow.

You see me here downtrodden—at the heels,
The shoes that erstwhile flashed their patent light
Must pale their ineffectual radiance now
Beneath the lustre of my frayed attire,
So that the glossiness of coat and pants
Do make me oft the theme of ribald jest,
As one whose polish showeth in his garb
Rather than his demeanor, yet forsooth,
Although their lustrous sheen be palpable,
They have scant value in the Shceny eye

When I would seek to raise the wherewithal
By placing them in hock.

Ah, me! I once did play the leading parts,
Macbeth, Othello, and the moody Dane,
So that the house rose at me, and I oft
Was called before the curtain. Then the ghost
With regularity did promenade,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
“A dinner bell” were happier simile
Just now, meseemeth. But to quote again,
“A change came o’er the spirit of me dream.”
Hard times, poor houses, and the treasurer’s brow
“Was sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,”
And the ghost walked not—but the players did,
Counting the ties for many a weary mile.

And now, alas, the times being out of joint,
I work the lights and make the thunder peal,
And cause the paper snowflakes to descend,
What time the heroine starveth in the street

Arrayed in silks, with diamonds on her neck,
And shift the furniture between the acts,
When all the air is redolent of cloves
And vibrant with the tramp of hurrying feet.
And if perchance the curtain riseth swift,
Ere I have wholly vanished from the stage,
The gods above do rudely gird at me.
And greet me with the hateful cry of
“Supé!”
Abhorred word—and yet, though greatly loathed,
In such connection, soap just now would fill
An aching void which clamors for relief.
Ah, I have fallen from my high estate,
With none so poor as do me reverence;
And if perchance the story of my woes
Hath moved you somewhat—Thank you, I don’t mind,
I’ll take it straight—you have, my worthy sir,
An apt perception truly, and a fund
Of sympathetic insight.

CANADIAN STATESMANSHIP.

OUR statesmen saved the country
once they say
By taxes artfully arranged to ease her,
And now to save her o’er again to-day
Take off these very taxes, O great
Cesar! G.C.

THE C.A.T.’S ON ANNEXATION.



IE C.A.T., which initials stand for the
Club of Advanced Thinkers, an organiza-
tion composed of women only, recently
held a meeting for the purpose of settling
the annexation question. As the matter
has hitherto been discussed solely from a
masculine standpoint, many of the argu-
ments adduced by the fair debaters have
an air of novelty, and on the whole are
quite as much to the point as most of the
labored editorials which appear on the subject. The
following report taken by one of those present on peril
of expulsion if detected, gives an impartial resume of the
proceedings.

CHORUS OF LADIES—“Isn’t it jolly fun to have our
own club!” “Good gracious! wouldn’t it be lovely to
belong to the States!” “Well, now we’re here, let’s do
something!” “Mrs. Neutral, you speak first.”

MRS. NEUTRAL—“Well, ladies, in my opinion it
would be nice to belong to the States for some things;
and then, again, for others, it would be nice to belong
here. They are more stylish over there, I think, and
they wear better shoes than we do, but they have a hor-
rid time with servants. Mrs. Buffalo says she could not
get a good cook at all. So I cannot see what difference
it makes where we are.”

MISS GAILY—“But oh, think of the lovely things we
could get without one cent’s duty! It’s such a nuisance
to be always smuggling things, though the custom officers
are always awfully nice to me, and scarcely look into my
trunk at all.”

MRS. POLITICS—“I care not for these frivolous advan-
tages. It’s the political aspect of the question I look



A FRIEND IN NEED.

CHOLLY—“What comes ovah me, y’know, is how that chap Jones there can wear the same
clothes the whole year round, and look well all the time, too. I can’t do it, y’know.”
FRIEND—“No, and if I were you Cholly, I wouldn’t try it.”