

Most uv them air brot up on mi theery & ought theeretically to be about perfekshin—but they arent.

Thares mi boy, Hektur, whom I hev brot up strikly on theeze prinsiples & yet he has turned out bad—very bad, in fakt. Why I've dun everything, MR. GRIP, a fond and luvving father kood do for that boy. I've given him full swing sinse he wuz a yungster—lots uv kash & kumpenny and all the amusement he wanted. Ive allowed him tu chooze his own kompaniuns, & even tu stay out uv skool whenever he wanted tu play marbles fur keeps (on one okashin I went so far as to thrash his teecher for thrashing him & hed tu pay \$40 fine). Ive taken him tu every hoss rase, ball match, & danse and theeater at the Korners fur yeers & even trusted the management uv the salune tu him for days at a time & yet—wood you believe it—he has turned out one of the laziest, drunkenest & most good-for-nothing raskels in the hole kountry!

Why only last week when I waz in Ottawa tu see the Preemyer him & Bub Sniffles got on a fore day's spree & smashed up nearly all the salune property. They then kame home with their pokets full uv shampane bottles & began thare depredashins in Mrs. Puffer's best parler.—One uv them took a paint brush and tried tu improve an oil painting uv yure humble servant, prolonging the noze & reddening it till I was made to look like a lokomotiv hed lite and so enlarging the dimenshins that mi intimate frends kood scarcely recognize me. They then took a stuffed porpus out of the glas kase & dressed it up in mi best swallo tale sute, hung it by a rope tu the seeling & pelted it with eggs—kalling it “a Effgee ov Ole Puffer.” And when thay insisted on setting it on fire on the parler table and Mrs. Puffer objekted thay knoked hur down, stole all the kash thay kood and started fur a Hoss Rase in Shekogo!

Such disrespekt tu a luvving father is hard tu bare as well as the loss uv the kash & such kondukt is perfekly unakountable. The only konsolation is Ive dun mi duty. If I hed negleketed his training or deprived him uv his ibberty I should now be reproching miself. Theery wont always work out in praktis. . . . I think uv riting a book soon on “How to bring up Boys,” espeshelly for the use uv ministers. Yoors in sorro,

BLOOMINGNOSE PUFFER

#### THE DUDE'S WISH.

I WISH I were a Hottentot,  
Without a tailor's bill,  
And not a golden-headed dude  
Who has to dress to kill.

My costume but an ostrich tail,  
And rings in ears and nose,  
I would not owe as much as now  
For doing up my clothes.

That I was born in Africa.  
Sweet Nature I would bless,  
For every day without expense  
I'd wear complete full dress.

And I'd be free as Adam was  
In early days from guile,  
And on Sundays wear a fig leaf  
In addition to a smile.

R. A. W.

#### CRUELTY TO REPTILES.

“I HAVE warmed a viper in my bosom!” said an elderly actress on the stage.

Cynical man in the audience:—“Poor viper; I feel sorry for him. Mr. Bergh should be informed of this.”



THE NEW CANTATRICE.

M'LE BIDDYE MULLIGAN.

#### PICNICS.

THE picnic is now a national institution. Nothing of late years has been invented that can equal it for the ease with which it can relieve the pleasure-seeking citizen of his hardly earned shekels. The circle of its acquaintance is vast and ever increasing. Octopus-like it draws into its arms all classes, and sucks from them their patronage and support.

The ice cream parlor, the boating excursion, the reserved seats in the grand stand (why a grand stand should have seats in it, or why a building with seating accommodation should be called a stand at all, is more than the philosopher dare try to explain), the cakes and lemonade, are separately “terrors” in themselves to the average young man who has undertaken to entertain a sweet girl with a love for all good things; but at the picnic all these things are conglomerated and should become a wakeful daymare to the young man; but heedeth he these things? Nay, he goes, he trots to the picnic with his girl, revels in its many delights, returns home empty of pockets and cheerless of soul.

Can the same reckless abandon be charged to the more staid and elderly members of society? Alas! it can. Be they possessors of two or seven children the picnic fiend lures them in, and they may be seen escorting the dear wives of their respective bosoms and trundling the family buggies in all the blissful ignorance of their younger days when picnics were unknown and they had to content themselves with less dainty pleasure morsels.

The picnic is probably the only institution that wields an influence over the elderly spinster. Then it is indeed powerful! The picnic fiend fascinates her and leads her into spending her money and watching the loves of the youthful, recalling the days when she scorned such proceeding, but now, if only—ah, dear!! To make up for this early want of affection the elderly spinster devotes her picnicing hours to nursing other peoples' babies. Even the miserable old bachelor cannot be restrained from rushing to the picnic. He wants to see how it