



ANCESTORS.

It is a very comical thing, but almost everybody has had ancestors, some near and a great many "far, far away"—men and women, and according to some very learned scientists, apes and mollusks and protoplasm and molecules—so that ancestrally, about one million seven hundred years ago, our forefathers were expert in climbing trees and firing cocoa-nuts. This was on the evolution of the higher instincts. Away back still our ancestors had no eyes, and in fact only pulsed, as it were. But I believe there are no reliable specimens of this period. In this learned lecture I propose to limit my observations, and I hereby remark that digging up one's ancestors, as it were, is rather a curious archaeological study, because we might possibly find a sepulchre that would want a good whitening; it is a most difficult thing to cover coal tar—therefore, I say, limit your researches and don't go too far back. Society does not ask you to build a tomb over the man who in your line of ancestry was an expert in picking locks. Is it not despicable, my heraldic seeking friends, to notice the anxiety some people manifest to trace back their pedigree to William the Conqueror, or say Alexander the Great, although one stole a kingdom and the other died drunk? Why, the grave-digger and washer-woman were better ancestors than Alexander, who caused Persepolis to be burnt at the instigation of a harlot, and stabbed his most intimate friend in a fit of drunken frenzy. And as to William and Matilda, well, perhaps the less said the better. Ah, my dear William Shakespeare, the "uneasiness of the head" comes sometimes from other sources than the "crown." But enough; we cannot choose our ancestors; we must take them as they come or rather as they go, for all our ancestors have bid "farewell—a long farewell to all their greatness." Remember Saul and the old man that came up covered with a mantle at the incantation of the witch of Endor. Profligate sons would not like to see their departed sires who bartered everything in heaven and earth to make them gentlemen. I say, never mind if your ancestors never had a star blazing on their breast. Be satisfied if they were honest and true, for noble titles have often been attached to ignoble histories, and remember "An honest man's the noblest work of God." And once more, *nota bene* that although you are not responsible for your ancestors, you are more or less for your heirs. You don't think so? Well, don't then. Smother your evil habits but don't smother the babies; let the heathen do that. Evil habits run on into the generations, so be careful of your "heirs, executors and assigns," and remember that a good name, which you may bequeath, is much better than a miserable title which the very devil may flaunt. And remember also that the poet is only true as you give him a chance to interpret his own statement about "the evil living after men and the good being interred with their

bones." Absolutely (and make a note of it, I say absolutely), the good is as immortal as the evil, and should give you much greater satisfaction, for you and your Matilda may add to the greatness of the coming times, and your antetype in the upward gradations may add lustre to the type when your greatness is departed and you too are with your very dusty ancestors.

A JUVENILE JOKER.

THE future Canadian nation is not to be without its funny-man attachment. The coming Burdette is in training, as witness:—

GANANOQUE, Ont., Dec. 18, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a few jokes. If you think them worthy of publication please publish them, that is, if you receive contributions:

LANDLADY.—"Any steak, sir?"

BUTCHER.—"Yes. Some very tender steak."

LANDLADY.—"Oh! it doesn't matter whether it's tender or not. I keep a boarding-house."

"There," said a husband during a wrangle with his better half, "You always want to have the last word. Why won't you let me end it when you commenced it?"

"Indeed," answered the wife, "you'd end it too quick."

"George," she asked when they were out walking, "How is it you take no interest in the shop windows we pass?"

But George didn't answer. He knew about every shop had a sign advertising "Oysters."

I am fourteen years old.

CHAS. O'NEILL, Gananoque, Ont.

P.S.—If these are accepted I will try some more.

C. O.



A JEWEL OF HONESTY.

CALLER.—"Is Mr. Jones in?"

THE NEW SERVANT MAID (*A jewel of honesty from the country*).

—"Yes, sir; but he's not well. He can't see you."

CALLER.—"Ill, is he? I hope it's nothing serious."

THE NEW SERVANT MAID.—"Not very serious; he's drunk, sir."