

HOW IT'S DONE.

A REVELATION IN TWO ACTS.

"A pleasing presentation, in the form of a silver ice pitcher, was made to Mr. Barnaby Bibcum, the indefatigable secretary of the "Rest in Peace" Brethren, last evening, etc., etc."—*Daily Paper*.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A meeting of the Testimonial Presentation Society. As the curtain rises some two dozen persons are discovered crowding around a table in centre of stage.

PRESIDENT SOLOMON SLOWCOACH.—Back to your seats, gentleman. You know the rule that each member in turn shall receive a testimonial. Back to your places, then, and await the drawing.

(The members seat themselves and await with interest the result.)

PRESIDENT.—How find you the drawing, worthy Scrutineer Toots?

TOOTS.—Mr. President, I find that the number 927 takes the cake—I should say the presentation—and its happy owner is Brother Barnaby Bibcum. (Mr. B.B. is visibly affected.)

PRESIDENT.—'Tis well, Bro. Bibcum I tender you my congratulations. What form does the testimonial take, Scrutineer Toots?

TOOTS.—By the list I find it to be a silver ice pitcher.

PRESIDENT.—Then let the Public Presentation Committee take the matter in hand and arrange for a grand public presentation, befitting so highly respected a gentleman as Brother Barnaby Bibcum.

(The members of the T.P.S. give three cheers for Mr. B.B., and separate.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—The hall of Peaceful Rest. The members of the T.P.S. and others are seen awaiting the entrance of the chairman. He enters accompanied by Mr. Barnaby Bibcum. Loud cheers.

CHAIRMAN, MR. SOLOMON SLOWCOACH.—Gentlemen, we are met to-night to do honor to our respected citizen, Barnaby Bibcum, Esq., etc., etc. I will now call on Mr. Roger Toots to make the presentation.

TOOTS.—It is with much pleasure, etc., etc. (At the conclusion of his speech he hands the ice pitcher to Mr. Barnaby Bibcum, who is visibly overcome and has recourse to his handkerchief.)

MR. B.B.—(Broken voicedly.) I thank you for your kind gift, I shall ever treasure it, etc., etc., etc.

(All present retire and do full justice to an excellent supper provided by Mr. B.B. The presentation is duly reported, the news spread over the Dominion and Mr. Barnaby Bibcum's name becomes as household words.)

CURTAIN.

TITUS A. DRUM.

THE FLAT EARTH.

A correspondent of the *London Advertiser*, signing himself "Flat Earth," disposes of the heresy that the earth is round, and turns on its axis, in a way that must delight all kindred thinkers. He says, "I have made a long study of the heli-centric and geocentric doctrines, and with many others have come to the conclusion that the earth does not move—in other words I hold to 'flat earth.'" Now I, too, have made a long and costly study of these doctrines, and also of the gokinetic theory of plane geometric mundane surfaces—in other words, the movements of real estate in the prairie regions. And I, as the result, I "with many others hold to flat earth." In fact I hold on to too much of it, and have held on to it too long. Can anybody who has seen and invested in the earth's surface near Winnipeg deny that it is flat—flat as a pancake?

But we need not trust to the fallible evidence of our senses or our reason to settle this great question. The following equation disposes of it finally and unintelligibly. It can be solved by the method proposed in the Chinese treatise of Yung Ton Pax on "Absurd Theorems for the ascertaining of impossible vanishing quantities, by Squintic Equations."

Let a represent the geocentric function of the north pole; b the visionary coefficient of the horizon; c the sine of the north-west angle; d the kinetogenic energy of the U.P.R.; and e the Winnipeg boom.

Then:

$$\sin \left(\frac{c(b+d)}{e} \right) \frac{5}{a} = x^5$$

Where x represents the actual declivity of prices over a given surface. You can only see into this by squinting very hard.

I shall further illustrate this admirable proposition at the next meeting of the Canadian Institute—unless my preoccupation with "Locke on the Human Understanding" prevents me.

Yours truly,

CLIVOPONENTOR.

Ward No. 5, Clarke's Hotel (suburbs of Parkdale).



INTELLECTUAL GIANTS.

SCENE.—Albert Hall. Free Thinkers' Convention.

SMALL BOY.—Please sir, can me and my sister go in free to see you think?

THAT WORKED ON HIS FEELINGS.

He declared that while he had the spirit of a man in him he would not crawl from under the barn.

Thereupon the farmer got a gun and reduced his manly spirit to the proper consistency.

The prowler looked like a tramp of the better order—that is, his appearance was that of a man who was used to saying, "you'd better order it up."

But he had a haunted look in his eyes.

The only article of real interest found about his person, apart from a revolver and a billy, was a note-book containing extracts from the Toronto papers on the inefficiency of the police force.

"I mane no harrum," he said in a weak voice, while the farmer and three hired men surrounded him. "I ax shelter, protickshun an' pity, an' I have the coin to pay fur it. Don't dhrove me from your ranch!"

"I have no pity for vagabonds and tramps," exclaimed the farmer in ice-cream tones.

"But, me frind, you'll surely pity me," the stranger urged.

"Who and what are you?" queried the farmer, as he hit the collic dog behind the ear with the billy.

"I am a Toronto detective!" said the poor wretch in a broken voice.

Then the farmer, who subscribes for all the city papers, reached out his big, brown hand and cried: "By George! if that's so you do need pity, and you'll get it good and solid on this here lot!"

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

A ROMANCE OF THE CAPITAL.

Solemnly the many bells from the steeples and turrets that point to the starry dome in the mighty city of Ottawa struck the hour of midnight. The cold north winds swept down the majestic river of that name, and conflicting with opposing blasts from the turbulent and fiercely rapid Rideau, seemed to concentrate around the stately pile that is consecrated to the representative wisdom of the land. Forsooth it is a stately pile, and one that Canada should be proud of. But on this night we speak of, it seemed as if the very elements were in a conspiracy—nay, do not smile, gentle reader—to uproot the building from its very foundations. The fierce wind shook the stained glass windows, as doth shake the voice of Schuch the seven by nine panes of a grit conventicle. The towers surmounting the mighty structure seemed to tremble as if they were about to fall, but they didn't. Truly it was a wild night.

It was at the season of the year when the place is uninhabited save by a few retainers who keep watch and ward there at all times, and at this lonely hour all were sleeping tranquilly, as only a Government official can, save one, a time-honored senator whose duty it was, in stirring times, to keep vulgar intruders from the presence of the great statesmen in their several bureaux within.

"Muther o' Moses but it's a holy terror of a night!" said Cornelius Flood Cardigan, the sentinel alluded to, "be this and be that, but the sorrah the loikes avit I ever witnessed," and he drew a flask of Venetian, or Milesian make—for it matters not—from his pocket and put it to his lips, placed the vessel back in his pocket and turned around—what makes his orbs start from their spears like frets on a quillful porcupine? What? With a yell that rose above the howling of the storm he started like a lubricated avalanche down the passage, up the stairs, and burst like—well, another lubricated avalanche—into the room of Janitor No. 45, the room of Peter Paramatta Duff.

"What the deil's the matter wi' ye, ye drunken Irish loon, to wak a mon oot o' his sleep like yon! gang awa wi' ye, mon, gang awa!"

"Oh, Pether, Pether, oh, murther, murther! Oh, Pether, I've seen him this blessed night!"

"Seen who, ye sickless fule?"

"The—the party ye wor speaking—"

"What for like was he?"

"Oh, Pether, I'll tell ye, I'll tell ye. It had on a big collar of gold on which were carved crowns, roses, shamrocks, thistles, a fur coat of red, with edging and lining of white, a crimson white lined mantle, a white silk hat and white plumes, a sword with white scabbard, white boots, red stockings and red breeches!"

"Yer daft man," began the Scotchman, when lo! before his eyes he saw the figure pass the open door. With one accord they both sprang through the door, the Scotchman bowling "wae's me!" and his companion "mellie murther!" like two sublimated maniacs, nor did they halt till they came to the door of Percy Sniffens, Esq., 34th clerk of the Indian Department, who had chambers there. With