



"NO CONNECTION!"

"Liquor and groceries nearly are allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

GROCEER—(to "next door" neighbor)—Hello, Charley! A dozen of beer *via* the cellar! Hurry up now!

SOLILOQUY.

Of a Winnipeg captain who entered the Service on condition there should be no war. The conditions having been shamelessly violated, the captain clearly has a right to—his soliloquy. The gallant captain, we are given to understand, contemplates re-entering the Service on the very day the MILLENNIUM is proclaimed.

To go, or not to go?—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis safer for the flesh to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous lampoons,
Or to march bravely 'gainst a sea of Redskins
And, by opposing, quell them? Be wounded? killed?
No more; and by one shot to say I end
The scandal and the thousand daff naturals
That will wag their tongues 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished! To go? To march?
To march! perchance, to death! Ay! there's the rub:
For in that fearful death what pangs may come
Ere I can shuffle off this mortal coil
Must give me pause! There's the respect
That's paid to wealth by auctions gained in life;
For who would care to forego the comfort
Of the rich man's home, his pleasures and his joys,
The bliss of requited love, the dinner's steam,
The "Tradesman's Entrance" and the "Grand Portal"
Through which deserving merit proudly stalks,
For the vain glory of quietus made
By a bare Redskin? Who would rifle hear
And march, groaning, sweating, o'er weary plains,
With the added dread of deep wounds and death,
To serve a mean country, of whose bounty
No warrior can boast? Oh! better far
To enjoy the sweet comforts that I have
Than fly to glory that I care not for!
Thus love of ease makes onward of poor me,
And thus the wish to make others marksmen
Ceases when marksmen make a butt of me!
"Gift Enterprises" of great pelf and profit,
With their golden currents, suit me better
Than the fearsome name of bloody action!

E. W. L.

One who knows tells us that the captain entered the service by the "Aristocrats Gate" and retired by the "Tradesmen's Exit." Winnipeg, April 4, 1885.

A VISIT TO ÆOLUS.

I don't know how I came there, but there I was in the Cave of the Winds, and a queer place it was, in truth. Æolus came and took me by the hand as I entered, and cordially invited me to take a look through his domains, and so we passed along, he explaining everything, and I listening in wonder.

Here we came upon a great big fellow making a tremendous ado about himself: "I'm the stuff," he cried, "I'm a roarer from Roarerville, and though the East Wind thinks he has more to do with Aurora than I have, I'm the stuff, you bet." "You're a great blow," said Æolus, jokingly, "that's what I think." "Oh, you be blowed!" replied Boreas, for he it was, as I saw, for he had advertised himself with innumerable puffs; "you be blowed." "No, I don't want to feel blew," retorted Æolus, who seemed to be a regular old joker, and we passed on.

Presently we came to a huge machine into which a dozen young winds were blowing with all their might. "What are they doing?" I asked. "Oh! that's my patent ventometer. These fellows are all, more or less, imbecile, and they blow their empty wind into this machine, where I keep it until required for civic election speeches," replied the deity. "Oh!" I said, and we continued our walk. We passed young Zephyr and the warm-breathing Notus, and I asked what they were doing and why they were not out at work. "They are spring and summer winds," was the reply. "That Zephyr is a regular dude." "Yes," I acquiesced, "but he's a fine-looking young chap with a good figure; splendid chest, eh?" "Yes, he ought to be a harder blower than he is, but he doesn't keep his wind in his chest. He's a dude, I say." "So! then where does he keep his wind, for he blows sometimes?" "In his mind," replied Æolus. "And what is wind?" I enquired. "Nothing," answered the other.

At length we came to a separate compartment in which sat a poor, pale, dejected, cadaverous, consumptive-looking, emaciated wind, who was apparently at the point of death, so feeble and ill did he look. It was evident he was not long for this world; "in fact," whispered Æolus, "I'm afraid he is air to a better kingdom, and will depart ere long where'er he goes." "How air you?" he continued, turning to the poor sick wind, who coughed a hollow, consumptive cough.

"Very poorly, sir, very poorly," was the reply, and indeed the sufferer looked it. He did not seem to have the strength of a child,

and wheezed and puffed painfully in his endeavors to catch his breath. I felt very sorry for him, and when we passed out of his hearing I enquired of Æolus who he was.

"That fellow we've just passed?"

"Yes," I said.

"Oh! that's Wiggin's great storm for March 18th, 1885."

On we went, but I really believe that old humbug Æolus was snickering about something. Probably he was amused about the storm he had referred to. At the end of a dark passage we entered a spacious chamber. On every side were innumerable Tom cats, who were jumping up and down and then suddenly pausing for a few moments.

"What are they doing?" I asked.

"They are making cats' pause," was the reply.

"And they are all Thomas cats," I remarked?

"Oh! yes; married, most of 'em; in fact, they are numerous little cats' paws," as that dude, Zephyr, calls it, but don't be staring at 'em as it hurts their felines. Come on as fast as possible."

We passed on, and several Herculean fellows were pointed out to me as Gales, Tempests, Hurricanes, and so on. They were perfect terrors to look at. Any one of them could have made mince-meat of Wiggin's rip-snorter. I peeped into a dreary looking cell, and there saw a dark, almost black, looking man in military uniform. "Who is that?" I asked. "Oh! that's a fellow I borrowed in Egypt the other day," was the reply. "Why, that's not the Khamzin, surely," I asked? "Oh, dear! no," said Æolus, "that's one of the Indian contingent." "What d'ye want him for?" I enquired. "Well, I always like to have a Sikh loan on the premises."

It must have been all a dream, for now I seemed to undergo a wonderful transformation, and I found I had changed into a lighted candle. Æolus escorted me in that shape to the mouth of the Cave of the Winds, and bidding me good-bye, put me out.



SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

TORONTO, May 1, 1885.

DEAR WULLIE,—Gin I was aue o' the ignorant auld heathen astrologers I wad be tellin' ye that ma star is in the ascendant the noo for I hae been nae less than invected tao dine wi' the maister o' the establishment, Maister Tamson, o' Tamson an' Tamson's Halesale Warehooose—he's a fine fallow, Tam—an's growin' mair like his grannie ilka day. Losh! when I luck at him mairchin' up an' doon the warehooose wi' just sic anither air as Sandy Selkirk micht hae haen, when he promened up an' doon the bit island that was a' his ain, or, maybe, auld Nebicudnezer, afore his nails begood tae grow. I aye think o' the bit laddie wi' the blue peeny on, comin' doon till his grannie's for tippence worth o' potted-head. It just shows what can be done wi' energy an' perseverance. Weel, ma invectation was handit tae me by aue o' the clerks—an' wha dae ye think it was frae but Mrs. Tamson hersel'! Losh, help me! it was like as gin I had been stricken wi' lichtnin', for ye see I mindet hoo I heard her coortin' awa at Tam through the telephone. Hooever, I thocht it was extraordinar' gude o' Mistress Tamson, an' wha kens but what this micht be