



THE RIVALS.

MR. MOUNTAIN—(winding up the discussion)—“Well, at all events, you must admit that Hamilton is well laid out.”

MR. YONGE STREET—“Yes; all it needs now is a decent burial.”

HIGH SPIRITS IN QUEEN'S PARK.

SIR O.—“Morning, Hardy. How d'ye feel now?”

HARDY—“Never felt so Hartly in my life.”

SIR O.—“Morning, Ross. How d'ye feel to-day?”

ROSS—“Haven't felt better Senn the general election.”

SIR O.—“Morning, Hartly. How do you feel?”

HARTY—“It is probably unnecc-Essery to say that I am tolerably well.”

SIR O.—“Morning, Dryden. How d'ye feel this morning?”

DRYDEN—“I feel first rate, Sir O., only that the other fellows have got off all the easy puns, and I'm hanged if I can work in Conmee, or Hobbs. Well, let me see—yes, London played Hobbs with Marter, I guess that'll pass!”

CONCERNING WORK.

IF there is one thing more than another that the average man is honestly proud of, it is the amount of work that he does; and, as a general rule, the less the work, the more the honest pride. A man may be modest in all other respects, but when he is on the subject of his own work, he feels that nature built him for a talker. He has got to pat himself on the back for it anyhow, whether he is personally conducting a bare-armed tussle with fortune or pursuing the less exacting profession of watching his wife run a laundry.

Some men work for money. Others—what others? The fact is that there are so many men in the world who have for years been drawing a dollar for every dime's worth of labour that just now there is an appalling accumulation of arrears of work that will have to be done by somebody for nothing in order to balance the account, and the trouble is to find men with grit enough to do it. Now-a-days, it frequently occurs that the man who earns sugar-cake never gets any more than plain bread and butter; while the man who has only earned the bread and butter takes the cake. In the blessed golden time that is coming every man will have to earn every square meal that he eats before he sits down to take the first peck at it; and a wholesome frost will lie in wait for the man who is so great and so important that he can afford to be independent of all industry, except such as may be required in the persevering cultivation of habits that a self-respecting ourang-outang would turn its

back on. In these times the man who never does any work dines at someone else's expense. When a man is idle as a matter of choice, it simply means that someone else is doing his work for him somewhere and will want to be paid for it sooner or later with compound interest to date.

There are some men who can't work. Apart from the distressing vulgarity of it, the excitement is too much for them. People of this sort are, as a rule, only equal to the sustained effort required in the absorption of sufficient drinks to make a respectable drunk; and for any human being to attempt to argue matters with them with any reasonable degree of emphasis, would simply be a sheer waste of profanity.

Just now we are talking pretty considerably about the dignity of labor. We devote columns of the newspaper to prove that the working-man is the loftiest ideal of humanity, and when we go to shake hands with him we take mighty good care to keep our gloves on. We spread out our best and creamiest adjectives when we are talking of the value of work and the blessedness of honest industry; and then the first time we come into contact with a brainless loafer whose chief pride is that he has never done anything himself, and that he comes of a long race of ancestors who would rather have died than put their hand to any useful work, we take him home, give him the best bed, and fight for the honor of blacking his boots. The moral of which is that most of us are so expert at disguising the truth that we don't even know when we are lying to ourselves.

A. Golsworthy.

VETERINARIAN

THE patriotic editor of the Carleton Place *Central Canadian* stands up nobly in defence of our native cattle. He is not only a patriot, but a man of great veterinarian learning, and he boldly declares that our live beef is not afflicted with pleuro-pneumonia, but that in all probability the animals contract a disease in the nature of the la grippe on shipboard. His reason for repudiating the theory of pleuro-pneumonia is that “it is not known that an animal said to be tainted has lived long enough to die of it.” This is probably sound cow sense, but it does sound uncommonly like an Irish bull.

METCALFE'S DREAM (Kingston post office in the foreground) “Going, going, going. Going at \$2,000. Two thou, two thou, two thou, t'thou, t'thou, t'thou, thou, thou—going at \$2,000, any advance on \$2,000? Last call! \$2,000! Have yez all bid? Why, it's worth that to anny man. Going at \$2,000. Going once, going twice, going third and last time—Gone at \$2,000. Sold to myself. Next!



THE KINGSTON GAME OF BOWLS.

DR. SMYTHE'S prop is knocked out. Whereupon Sir Oliver extends Harty congratulations.