

PROFESSOR BLUFF'S LECTURE ON THE HORSE.



Professor Borax Bluff, of Hamilton, having received a pressing invitation—ten-dollar bill enclosed—from the Toronto Young Ladies' Select Society for Mental Advancement, to deliver before them a lecture upon "The Horse," that gentleman very willingly consented, laid tight hold on the ten-dollar bill, and at the time appointed delivered the following before a full attendance of the Select:

"My dear young ladies, the subject upon which you have asked me to discourse is indeed a most interesting one, in which decanters play a prominent part (murmurs of disapproval). Pardon me, ladies, if decanters are offensive to you; I did not mean to infer the use of the glass thereby. The horse is an equine because he whines when in need of water. He chews hay and corn because he cannot further choose for himself; although I must admit, he sometimes chews a man's finger off. In the vulgar parlance of this world there are persons known as "kickers," and amongst horses such a class is to be found, as may be discovered by any before me placing herself behind an equine with this propensity fully developed. No more striking proof would be necessary. The horse is conversant with some of the arts and sciences. As a drawer he is unequalled, for besides his matter-of-fact employment in dragging cabs and buggies, he has been known to draw thousands of persons in one night—when he has appeared in the role of the untamed steed in Mazeppa. The horse is also a dancer. He often indulges in a gallop, against the proprieties of which he can't err: and, again, need I remind you of the number of balls he has seen on the field of battle? He is an able machinist, for he can make a bolt or turn a wheel with the best. The horse believes himself the equal of a bishop in that he also has his stall; he is as rich as any country squire because he owns demesne; he allows no Opposition M.P. to look down upon him, for he can put in his "neigh" when necessity calls; he thinks himself superior to woman because he can carry a bridle on his tongue; (that is his opinion, not mine, ladies—I think differently of those before me); in fact, in ways too numerous to mention, the horse holds himself equal to man in most things."

Here the professor paused to mop up the heavy beads of perspiration which had gathered upon his learned brow, and whilst doing so, received a muffled round of kid-glove applause from the Select. After beaming a heavenly smile upon them for their encouraging demonstration, Professor Borax Bluff continued:

"Much as I would like to linger upon the portion of my theme which I have just left, I feel it my bounden duty whilst addressing young ladies upon this subject, to place before them a horse of a slightly different species, but of equal importance, and one that cannot well be dispensed with. Its work is of a humble nature, being nothing more than a common carrier (ladies, do not become pouters at this remark), yet it is one of woman's most faithful servants, and as such cannot but be highly valued by you."

During this harangue the chairwoman moved uneasily in her seat, set upon her nose a pair of double-barrelled eye-glasses, and glanced suspiciously, not to use a stronger word, at the professor. The ladies did exactly ditto, and it

was plainly evident they were all in a more than ordinary *qui vive* mood.

"Ladies, the horse I now have the pleasure of speaking upon is the Clothes Horse, its use

Then the storm broke forth. Seizing the astonished professor by a side-lock, the chairwoman said in withering tones:—

"Sir, do you know you are insulting the Young Ladies' Select Society for Mental Advancement? Do you know it? We instructed you to deliver a lecture upon 'The Horse'."

"Certainly, ladies, you did," replied the professor, startled with the wild looks of his questioner, "but is not the clothes horse included in the category?"

"No! No! You bad man!" screamed the chairwoman and the Select in chorus, rising hastily from their seats.

"Then, ladies," gasped the professor, "my mission is ended, and my aim is home. Good-bye."

And Professor Borax Bluff "got" from their presence with all the alacrity of a schoolboy; leaving the Select young ladies folded in each other's arms and sobbing bitterly over the shameful insult offered them by a man who had dared to address them upon the unæsthetic clothes horse.

TITUS A. DROM.



HOW BROWN ASSIGNED.

DEDICATED TO THE TORONTO BULLS.

Ossawatimic Brown was a yeoman bold,
Of a stamp which is rare to see;
He had much land, and of shining gold
A very large share had he.

Old "Oss" himself was a portly man—
As large as they're over made;
And he looked very much, when he walked or ran,
Like a duck on a grass parade.

His cows, his sheep, and his little boy calves
Were as large in proportion, too,
For Brown did not do his work by halves
As some farmers always do.

He grew big pumpkins, he grew big squash,
And his stock brought the highest bid;
Brown used to say it was "ginevine bosh"
To work things as some folks did.

He had a secret to make things grow
To proportions which made folks stare,
And all his live stock puffed out slow,
Like balloons filled with gas or air.

This wondrous secret no man ever heard
From the lips of old "Oss" Brown;
He would not sell it, he oft averred,
For the half of a good-sized town.

It made him rich; it made him proud,
And it made him anti-lean;
But it did not make him a winding shroud
When his days had numbered been.

He still filled out, his cattle as well,
Till they no more could run or walk;
Then the crisis came—like a rocket fell
On Brown and his bleated stock.

The neighbors were roused by a cannonade
Such as never was heard before;
With one accord all haste they made
To enter Brown's barnhouse door.

Sad sight! no Brown could they find, no geese,
No cattle, no pigs, no sheep,
And the wonder grew till they found a piece
Of bone in a rubbish heap.

Then they knew that Brown had "assigned in trust,"
With his swine, and his cattle, too;
His cherished secret the whole had "bust,"
And at shows they're no more "on view."

The late Brown's farm has an envious name
For grains of every kind;
But the cattle, in size, are not the same
As they were when Brown assigned.

It may be well to experiment
When it brings you wealth and renown,
But take care that you're not into fragments rent
Like Ossawatimic Brown.

—W. H. T.

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MY SWEETHEART.

Her eyes are blue, her hair is gold,
Her form *petite* and slender;
She's not so very, very old,
But very, very tender.

She's rather young to marry yet,
But foolish, careless fairy;
She talks of love, of kisses too,
My faithful sweetheart, Mary.

She's very bold in making love—
She knows we cannot marry;
Yet notwithstanding that she calls
Me "Darling, lovely Harry!"

She throws her arms about my neck,
And hugs me till I smother;
'Twas only last night that she kissed
Me right before her mother!

She makes me blush a brilliant red,
The way she flirts and tangles;
She seats herself upon my knee,
And coyly asks for candies.

Then, when I give her what she asks,
She counts and not one misses,
And, if there's forty, she insists
On giving forty kisses.

She says she loves me hotter than
Her pa or Uncle Joseph—
I'm "nicer far than other men,
Or young men that she knows of."

And I love her with all my heart,
But ah! she'll wed another—
She's nearly four years old, and I,
Well, I'm her only brother.

—C. M. R.

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