



### AN INEFFECTIVE APPEAL.

PHILANTHROPIST—"Come, come, men; desist from abusing that poor animal. Don't you know that persuasion is far more effective with a mule than force?"

DRIVER—"Yes; I've heerd that afore, but it's all bosh."

PHILANTHROPIST—"It is *not* bosh; I know it. Take my own case; you can coax me, but I won't be driven, and what's the difference between my nature and that of a mule?"

DRIVER—"None at all, I shouldn't wonder." (*Resumes with the club.*)

### SHE WAS FROM THE SOUTH.

MRS. MCGORLICK—"Oh, I saw you at Master Eddie Leo's concert Wednesday, Mr. Jagers. Wasn't it splendid? I did so admire Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes' rendering of that beautiful piece, 'The Nigger in the Woodpile.'"

JAGGERS—"Why, my dear Mrs. McGorlick, you must be mistaken. Mrs. Barnes-Holmes didn't sing anything of the kind. Perhaps you refer to the 'Lost Chord.'"

MRS. MCGORLICK—"Oh, yes, that was it. I knew it was something about losing wood."

### IN A NUTSHELL.

BEESEWAX—"The Birchall mystery, it seems to me, lies in a nutshell."

PRENDERGAST—"True; but in order to solve it, it is necessary to get at 'the Colonel' (kernel)."

### TALE OF A TRUANT.



JOHNNY lived in the far West. He was a good little boy in the main, and like George Washington never told a lie, nor even cut trees with a hatchet. He loved rather to spare trees, especially those which had been cut into cordwood. He had, however, one great fault. He was always playing truant. His teacher often lectured him on the subject, and predicted that a signal judgment would come upon him some day for such misconduct. The application of her discourse, after the manner recommended by Solomon the Preacher, was also faithful and searching, yet failed to turn him from his evil ways.

One summer day found Johnny in the woods as usual when he should have been at school. There the sights and sounds of nature elevated his spirit and diffused their gentle Wordsworthian influence over his mind and heart. Under their spell he chased with missing missile the chattering red squirrel, and tore through thickets in search of the gaping brood of the robin or king bird.

But while he thus communed with nature a storm arose. A funnel shaped cloud appeared in the west and made a bee line for Johnny. He had barely time to climb into a hollow stump, rocking in the blast, before it burst upon him. He would have fallen on his knees but the stump fitted closely to his form, and, like Esau, he found no room for repentance. He thought he heard his teacher's voice calling—"Johnny, come up here and hold out your hand." Suddenly a dark object hovered in the air above him for a moment then swooped down upon the stump. It was the school-house.

Johnny never played truant again



ALL three of our city theatres have done nobly so far this season in the quality of the attractions they have placed before the public. As a consequence, business has been good.

TORONTO.—"The Dear Irish Boy" (no reference to Mayor Clarke, notwithstanding the *Telegram*) proved a taking piece. It is followed this week by Marguerite Fish, who is well worth seeing, if the critics may be relied upon. Next week Corinne and company in the burlesque extravaganza "Carmen."

GRAND.—The Little Tycoon comic opera served to accentuate the cleverness of Gilbert & Sullivan by showing how very good their poorest works are when compared with the best of other writers. This week Mr. and Mrs. McDowall, the Toronto favorites, are presenting two new English comedies—"The Balloon" and "The Magistrate."

ACADEMY.—Gormans' Minstrels presented some good features, but the abolition of the old-time first part, while it may be a "revolution," is not an improvement. This week Manager Greene's patrons are enjoying the performances of the picturesque James O'Neill in the "Dead Heart" and "Monte Cristo."

MASTER EDDIE LEO proved a sad, sad failure. He couldn't sing any better than dozens of little boys who can be found in Toronto. Poor little chap, it isn't his fault, of course; but his father, who is a professional musician, ought to know better than announce him as a "phenomenon," to the chagrin of the public. The wonderful success of little Kavanagh—who really was a genius—is no doubt answerable for the altogether unjustifiable appearance in public of Master Leo.

THE Swedish Quartette made the mistake of singing most of their selections in English. The audience was manifestly disappointed, as they had gone to hear a language they couldn't understand. Miss Lura Barden, the elocutionist, made a great hit.

MR. J. W. BENGOUGH is to give an Evening of Sketches—crayonal and dramatic—at Association Hall, on Friday evening, Dec. 5th.