



### THE GOLDEN RULE.

UNCLE BILL (who has just witnessed the usual osculatory exercise)—“Can't you girls get along without kissing each other? But then I suppose you are only following the Scriptural injunction.”

AMELIA—“What do you mean?”

UNCLE BILL—“Doing unto each other as you would have men do unto you.”

### EXTRACT FROM A ROARING FARCE.

DEAR GRIP,—It is not often that we backwoods chaps have a visit from “city folks,” and consequently we can enjoy a good thing on them when we have a chance. Last summer five “Royal Commissioners” came round our diggings, picking up notes, etc., relating to our mineral resources. The “etc.” part consisted of specimens—the richer, the better—which they all with one acclaim desired to “bone.” In justice to two of them hailing from your fair city, it must be confessed that their object was, as they announced, to place them on public exhibition, or use them for scientific purposes—not so the others, however, for they plainly expressed more selfish intentions.

A few nights ago, at a church entertainment here, a farce was performed, as written for the occasion, by Capt. Blank, the manager of one of our principal mines, and the hit he got off on the commissioners was so good that I give it to you just as I have been permitted to copy it from the manuscript.

SCENE—Any mine in Ontario.

*Dramatis personæ*, the Manager and five Mining Commissioners.

MANAGER—“That, gentlemen, is all I have to tell you.”

1ST. COM. (*The Blue Man*)—“Very good, we are greatly obliged to you, but let me add that we were thinking-g about collecting-g a few specimens during-g our trip for the purpose of studying-g, and of showing-g to interested parties.”

2ND COM. (*The Man of Merit*)—“Ah, ah, ah, yes, ah, it would ah, ah, ah, ah, be ah, very nice.”

3RD COM. (*The Chair Man*)—“Certainly specimens are very interesting; I will thank you for a few to place in my private collection; I am very fond of them.”

MANAGER (*aside*)—“The deuce you are!”

4TH COM. (*The Coe Man*)—“I would like some, too. I don't take no stock in nothing but iron myself, but I want a few first-class pieces for my aunt-in-law; she's a hustler, I tell ye.”

MANAGER (*aside*)—“Your aunt-in-law be hanged.”

5TH COM. (*The Bell Man*)—“By all means I *must* have some for the geological museum at Ottawa, and we want the very best for that purpose.”

MANAGER (*aside and ironically*)—“Oh, yes! I say Ottawa! (*Aloud*)—Yes, I'll send you all a lot. Good-bye, gentlemen.”

*Exeunt the Commissioners.*

MANAGER (*solus, loquitor*)—It's too bad, too bad. Three of these fellows should travel and call themselves “We, Us & Co(c).”

I may inform your readers that although the whole piece was capital, the foregoing episode brought down the house, as the subject had been for some time “the talk of the town.” All the hits were purely local.

Yours truly, PICK AXE.

### BY OUR OWN COMPOSER.

WHAT is the difference between a combination of melodious sounds and an indisposed cat?

One produces *music*—and the other a *sick-mew*!

### AT THE BOOK AUCTION.

AUCTIONEER (*selling Tennyson's Poems*)—Here you are! here you are! greatest poet of the age. (*Seeing Smith, who writes*)—Beg pardon, Mr. Smith; no offence intended; but Tennyson *did* write some pretty fair things, you know! X.

SCRIPTURAL reflection of Mrs. Malaprop, a fagged-out hostess of Montreal—“To be Carnival minded is death!”



### IN MONTREAL.

FIRST EXILE—“Hello! What are you doing here?”

SECOND EXILE—“I am here for my health.”

FIRST EXILE—“How about that article in the papers stating that you were getting away with the bank's money on a system of your own?”

SECOND EXILE—“That's all right. I tell you I'm here for my health; my system got run down.”