



OVER WORKED.

TOWN MAN—"You seem to be worked pretty hard, Boss."

FARMER—"This ain't anythin' ter New York."

TOWN MAN—"How's that?"

FARMER—"Why, when I was to there last fall the city fellers worked me for all I was worth."

dreds, nay, thousands of our citizens about this matter, and they one and all are guided by their sense of duty to their fellow-man; not one of them consider self in the matter. It remains for you alone, in all this great city, to declare yourself in the matter—on purely selfish grounds. I rather admire your brutal honesty, while deploring your want of public spirit. Try, friend, do try to cultivate a trace of consideration for the welfare of humanity. Yours is a rare case of total depravity, which, if fully developed, would sink our population down to the level of common humanity. I will make your case known to the public, that they may guard against it, and, to affect your purification, will mention your case to the morality inspector."

I then left him to reflect on his degraded condition.

O. G. WHITTAKER.

THE RECRUIT.

YON big, brave Highlander in the handsome kilt is not wildly, supremely joyous; a kilterkin of nerve would do much towards sustaining his quaking energies. He hath not yet accustomed himself to the décolleté situation. Yea, verily he blushed accordingly. His petticoat hangeth not properly, or else he hath not sufficient petticoat to hang. Deep in his nethermost heart he uttereth, "O, hang the petticoat," and he wisheth de-

voutly that portion of his raiment that usually covereth the cow's-progeny-part of his limbs was conspicuous by its presence. He feelth almost as classical as a French Section Art Exhibit of the World's Fair, and he bethinketh of the Toronto fair ones he meeteth on the streets thereof. As he museth thusly, he groweth more and more mournfully conscious of the great and unusual void in his attire—he cannot avoid it. He knoweth that yon gushing garland of girls are eyeing his shapeful limbs and he groweth red in the cheeks, yea, he becometh more cheeky and blusheth as a red, red rose. He wisheth he had arose that morning with a Gaelic determination not to don that kilt, or be kilt in the attempt. And the band playeth "Annie Laurie." His Highland enthusiasm refuseth to highly enthuse. He looketh with longing eyelids back to the city gates. His Canadian Scottish soul sigheth sorrowfully. His limbersome limbs ache for the limbo of trouser limit, and his honest Highland heart panteth to become an occupant of the pants he has left behind him.

POLLY.

ITS NORMAL CONDITION.

"**H**OW'S real estate?"

"Sound asleep."

"Eh?"

"Deep-rest—depressed—tumble?"