



WHY, CERTAINLY!

SMALL BOY.—"Shine, Sir?"

BONA-FIDE TRAVELLER.—"How much?"

SMALL BOY.—"Big 'uns, Sixpence, little 'uns, Thrippunce. American gents always gives Tea Cents!"

Traveller succumbs.

THE MOON—RATHER FAST.

All the world knows, or ought to know Mrs. Macgroother. She is an excellent old lady, a neighbour of ours, who drinks much tea; is of an inquiring mind; thinks very little of the "girl of the period;" has no children of her own; is devoted to her husband, who faintly resists, and has thereby lost much hair. She is a terribly active member of the Presbyterian Church at the corner of Free street, to three of the ministers of which she has been of such unceasing help, that, in search of peace, they have gone as missionaries "in fortibus." Finally, she is of the true Hielan' blood of the McPhails, who are descended from that gentleman, Macphail, who sold a double lot in his cemetery to Abraham, and jewed him in the price, they say.

Mrs. Macgroother is a great friend of ours, and, on her daily peregrinations about town, often pays us a visit to discuss things of public interest. The other morning she stopped, put her spectacles on, and pulled out Saturday's *Gazette*, which contains a terrible article on the proposed doings of the moon on the 5th. "What," said she, "is the earth's equator?" It is not an easy thing to explain to a lady whose ideas of Astronomy are very limited, what an equator is, but DIOGENES must do his best to suit himself to the capacity of all. "It is an imaginary zone—belt—sash or circle round the earth's centre," we tersely said. "An imaginary sash only, do ye say?" She looked very much surprised, and laid huge emphasis upon the word imaginary, making a note, however, of our explanation. "What, then, are atmospheric disturbances?" "Oh," we replied, "disturbances in the upper regions,—wind, rain, and such like." "About the centre!" Mrs. Macgroother insinuated. "Just so," said DIOGENES, laying his hand on where most hearts are now-a-day's situated. "Humph!" said she, "peppermint, with a little gin, would cure that disturbance; but what is this about Perigee,—where is that place?" "That means the nearest possible point to the earth's centre," was our plain explanation. "Upon my word," said our friend, reading from her *Gazette*, "this is a pretty story. According to this sailor lieutenant,—who, I suppose, brought the news home from abroad,—the moon is to be on the earth's imaginary zone,—or girdle, d'ye call it?—at twelve o'clock, when in Perigee, and nothing can prevent a disturbance but a miracle. All I have got to say is, that both moon and earth ought to be ashamed of themselves,

"and, if there was a disturbance, she got all she deserved,—she had no business there, the slut! But I think the *Gazette* might leave such naughty stories for the *Witness*. I'm sure John will be distressed to see what this earth's coming to,—in broad daylight, too?"

Mrs. Macgroother put her paper in her pocket, shut up her spectacles, making the steel case snap upon them angrily, as if they had been responsible for what her eyes had read.

"Stop, dear Madam," said the Cynic; "we have made ourselves misunderstood. Although we use zone, or girdle, remember no such thing exists; and, although Perigee means the nearest point to us, there would still be a distance of ninety-five billions of miles between them."

"Then," said Mrs. Macgroother, shaking her fist at us, and speaking as though we had been her husband, "then you and Lieutenant Saxby, and the *Gazette* to boot, are bletherin' fools, for how the moon could be on anybody's equator when a billion of miles off, is more than I can comprehend, but she is a daff jade at the best."

Our fair friend left us, and we felt rather crest-fallen. It was clear that in our attempt at explanation we had miserably failed; and it just strikes us that it would have been better had we told the simple truth, that we knew no more of the moon than she did, but then to say so would have made us look so inferior in intelligence to the *Gazette*.

Dear *Gazette*, pray print only what you understand, or, dear Mrs. Macgroother, henceforth go straight to headquarters for explanation.

A WAY TO MAKE MONEY.

The London *Free Press* says:—"The rumour is, that a most exorbitant account has been sent in to the Board of the Agricultural Association by Mr. Glackmeyer for the use of his house, and for the supplies incident to the visit of Prince Arthur. Further, that the Board indignantly refused to pay the charge, amounting to some £2,500, but voted the sum of \$1,000, which, however, it is understood, Mr. Glackmeyer has not accepted. Certainly, ordinary people can't understand how such a sum could be dispensed in so short a time, even though Mr. Glackmeyer may have received all his accounts after the following fashion:—

ALD. GLACKMEYER, *Dr.*

To

To driving Prince Arthur from the Station to your house, and round the city, \$25.00

Considering that the charge made was for a thirty minutes' drive in a fusty old cab, drawn by a worn-out pair of greys, the conscience of 'cabby' seems to be fully equal to that of Mr. Glackmeyer in elasticity. Another Alderman, we learn, wants \$250 for the loan of two carriages in which the Prince rode! Is the word Alderman to be a synonym for 'extortion' hereafter?"

THE CHARGE OF THE LONDON ALDERMAN.

Suggested by the above extract, and respectfully dedicated to the citizens of London, Ont. (Not by the author of "The Charge of the Light Brigade.")

Twenty-five! twenty-five!
Twenty-five dollars
For thirty minutes drive;—
It should be a hundred!
"Charge all you can," he said,
"Let us not be dismayed,
A big bill shall be made—
Twenty-five hundred!"

Charges to right of them,
Charges to left of them,
Charges in front of them
Made by Glackmeyer;
Oh! if the town had thought
It would so much have cost,
They'd rather the visit lost
Of the Prince Arthur.

Ne'er shall the glory fade,
Of the great charge he made,
When the town stood dismayed
In great consternation;
Honor the cheek of him!
Let not his fame grow dim!
Make an M.P. of him;—
That's his vocation.