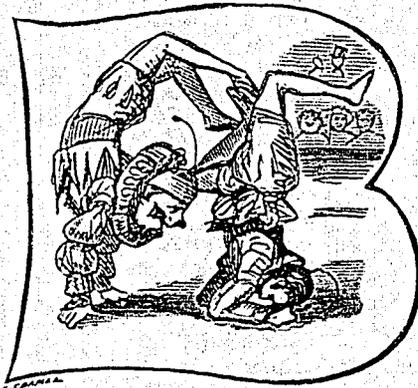


MRS. KORN KOBBS GETS A CURTAIN LECTURE.



Y Jupiter, Madam, I say *it will not do!* A pretty picture you'd make of yourself,—wouldn't you? The Grecian Bend indeed! Well I never; just as if you weren't stout enough without resorting to artificial means. Yes, Madam, I said *stout*. Nature has dealt very liberally

with you in that respect.

Come, now, you needn't kick and squirm and pull all the clothes off,—you know its the truth. I didn't marry you under a hundred and eighty, and I'm sure you haven't decreased in weight since.

No, I'm not finding fault with you about your figure. That can't be helped now. What I want you to do is to let it alone. Don't go upholstering yourself with whalebone and cotton batting and horse hair till you look like a two-leg—ahem—two-limbed dromedary. Don't go about the streets making a show of yourself and exposing your — yes, Madam, exposing your ignorance and vulgarity to the public. Pitch the abominable rubbish into the stove, and let that be the last of it.

You wont? And it's the fashion is it?—altogether the go, eh? Well then, madam, you'll fashion yourself in some other shape. And as for being altogether the go, *you'll go* bag and baggage if you ever attempt that sort of thing here.

Don't tell me how well Mrs. So-and-So looked in it. I know better. Why, when she called here we didn't know what to do with her. She wouldn't fit into a blessed chair in the house. No, Mrs. K. K., the Bend is not for you.

No, I'm not an ill-tempered brute. And I don't interfere too much with other people's affairs. When you mounted a *chignon* as big as a clothes-basket, did I interfere? When a monthly account for rouge and pearl powder, sufficient to paint a panorama, is sent in to me, do I interfere? When short dresses came in and you made such a liberal display of ankles—and good robust ankles they are—did I say a word?

I wonder what you'll be wanting next? A pair of trousers, I suppose? You know you've been trying hard for some time to deprive me of mine. Be quiet, madam, and don't make a fool of yourself. Yes, a pair of trousers and a beaver hat and a latch-key. And you'll be joining the Masons, I dare say, and be coming home from the "lodge" late at night, and getting into bed with your boots on. Yes, that's what it would come to if I allowed you to have your own way. But I wont,—no, madam, I *wont!* I have stood your nonsense long enough. This is the straw that breaks the camel's back—the *bunch* of straw, I should say—and—

I regret to say, Mr. Editor, my homily was cut short by an assault of a highly aggravated nature, which sent me spinning on the floor. I was allowed to come to bed again, however, with the understanding that I was to drop the subject at once and forever.

KORN KOBBS, Junr.

"WITHOUT RESERVE."

DIOGENES recently sent a reliable member of his staff to report on the *modus operandi* of a Dry Good's Auction. On endeavoring to ascend the stairs leading to the Auction Room he was stopped by one of the clerks with the remark that the place was so crowded that no one could be admitted. The following colloquy then took place:

CLERK.—"I can let you have anything you want at auction prices."

REPORTER.—"How do you know what prices articles will fetch at the auction?"

CLERK.—"Oh! that's quite easy." (Producing goods.) "Here is the ordinary selling price—and here is the price at which it may be knocked down at the auction." (Shews the tickets.)

REPORTER.—"But you announce that the sale is without reserve. Suppose no one bids up to the marked price—what then?"

CLERK.—"Oh! nothing is simpler—if they are knocked down for less than the marked price—they are bought in by parties specially engaged for the purpose."

REPORTER.—"I suppose this does not often occur—otherwise it would be a losing game for the Auctioneer?"

CLERK.—"It does not occur very often. The losings that way are more than counterbalanced by the gains in another way. For instance, people get so excited, sometimes, that they bid up an article from 30 to 50 per cent above the marked price, and then, of course, it is *not* bought in—don't you see?"

REPORTER—who is amazed at the Clerk's communicativeness.—"Well, if that's the case I think I'll try a store where they *don't* have auction sales. Good morning!"

CRITICAL.

DIOGENES recently drew attention under the heading of "Rhetorical Tricks," to a fault very common with slovenly newspaper writers, viz., the expressing, in two consecutive clauses of a sentence of one and the same idea. The latest instance which has come under the Cynic's observation appeared in the *News* of Wednesday. The Quebec correspondent of that journal wrote:—

"After careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that there will be no opposition this session, for two reasons: first, there is no one to lead; and secondly, there is no one to follow."

Now, it is quite evident that if the first proposition be correct, the second must necessarily be so, inasmuch as it covers precisely the same ground. Instead of two reasons, the writer only gives one—the second being, simply, a redundancy. As Mr. Toots says, "it's really of no consequence," but the Cynic, with an eye to the recent Tupperian propensities of the *News*, deems it worthy of a passing note.

A CONUNDRUM SUGGESTED BY A RECENT LECTURE.

What is the difference between Mr. Theodore Lyman and Mr. Jones Lyman?

The one is Theodorus, the other may be called "The Odorous."