



#### LENTEN SERVICE.

MISS GOODGIRL.—“I'm going to get ready for the morning service, Grandpa, what a pity you can't come with me.

GRANDPA.—“Don't see how I could improve on this for lenten service—a gouty toe, and nothing in the newspaper but ‘starving unemployed’ and ‘business difficulties.’”

pins to postage stamps and street car tickets and parlor decorations; and the only way we can get a thing back is to borrow in return. On principle, I don't object to get back what I lend. For the first few weeks after moving to those stylish quarters, we loaned, loaned, loaned, in our generous innocence we gladly loaned whatever was asked. The result is, our back shed stands shorn of most useful appendages; our kitchen, forsooth, is a free dispensary for upstarts! Little did I suspect that arrogant terrace to be a veritable Fort Deadbeat! By thunder! Sir, how long is a man suppose to wait for that saintly, soft-spoken, old, white-whiskered wretch at the end of the row to return my costly meerschaum? Yes, and a hundred dollars I loaned him, “just for a few days,” without a note?

I vow there will be an eruption of the seething indignation boiling within me; and my wife doesn't uphold my authority.

Says she to me, “O Wellington deah! Do control youahself! We must retain the good will of these gwand folks, else we'll nevah get ouah poah deah ge-ahls into sah-si-ety.” What's a military man to do with mutiny in his own family?

Let me relate an incident. The other day, I was at an open window upstairs. A neighbor's window beneath was open too. I heard a shrill, female voice exclaim,

“Say Mariar! You've got new neighbors.” “Yes,” answers the Mariar, “they're awful green, just mossbucks.” Voice, the first says, “Tee-hee-hee.”

Continues Mariar, “Real useful people though. They're the kind think it's awful nice, real neighborly of us to borrow.”

Voice the first ejaculates with the most inimitable inflection, “O Great Heavings!” and these two most demure young ladies sang a nasal duet of Tee hee-hee's.”

That very afternoon, while I was busy with my afternoon nap, did the same audacious Mariar chirp up to Mrs. Jimjam and get permission to scream over our telephone. “Ours is out of order,” the minx explained, which was a lie; for her people had'n't a 'phone. That very family gave a large party, to which each of our six silly girls was anxious to go; so, when Miss Audacity asked, with much simpering and smirking, for our card table, it was given with alacrity. With great expectations, Polly loaned Mariar a handsome necklace; and with similar hopes, my wife sent in to Mariar's mother, for the eventful night of the party, the piano-stool and a dozen chairs. The girls looked for the formal invitation at each mail delivery. Though the party came off with such eclat, that a description of it filled a column of a Saturday Night periodical, I wish to tell you, Sir, the invitation has not arrived to this day. We found our furniture piled on our side of the fence, without even a note of “Thank you.” Our servant borrowed back Polly's necklace.

One woman, Mrs. Van Pattinkins, incessantly sent her cook to our kitchen for flour, spices, and often a loaf of bread. How do you think she made returns? After supplying herself from our pantry, for a couple of days, she had the presumption, when sending the servant back with our cooking utensils, to present us with six little ginger-snaps, carefully rolled in a table napkin.

I'm going to make a final charge next week, Mr. Grip, if you don't object. I want to tell you about Macmorrow, the bachelor next door. Till then,

I am, Sir, most respectfully

(Capt.) W. D. G. JIMJAM.

#### MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

TORONTO, FEB. 28th, 1894.

To His Excellency the Right Honorable the Earl of Aberdeen,

Governor General etc., etc., etc.

MY DEAR LORD ABERDEEN:

YOUR Excellency has hard no doubt, whin thravellin' over the Green Isle, of the good ould Irish sayin'—“God's relief is nearer than the threshold,” and another wan, aqually thrue an' good—“God never made a mouth without makin' something to put in it.” The speedy relief that has come to the unemployed poor av this city, through the prompt action and encouragement av your Excellency, bears witness to the truth of these sayin's and also to the beneficial effects that follow from the good example of those in high places. Employment is now being provided and money liberally contributed, as your Lordship



#### THE UNREASONABLE TEMPERANCE KID.

BILLY BUCHANAN, (in a temper).—“More! More!”  
MADAM MOWAT.—“Stop your noise, you greedy little thing! You'll not get another morsel until you eat the piece you've got!”