



ARCADES AMBO !

SPEAKER REED (of U.S. Congress)—“Thanks for your example, Sir John, but I guess we’ve rather improved on it.”

SIR JOHN—“Yes; I think that for despotism, partizanship and general gall your Force Bill beats even my Franchise Act !”

ALL DEPENDS ON THE NAME.

A FABLE.

ONCE upon a time a Poor and Ragged Vagrant approached a portly and prosperous Citizen and asked for Alms. The Rich Man, having relieved his Necessities, asked the Vagrant how he became so poor. “Are you not able to work?” he said. “Alas, Boss,” replied the Vagrant, “you behold in me a Victim of Social Prejudice. They point the Finger of Scorn at me and no Man will employ me.” “Why so?” enquired the Rich Man, whose Curiosity was now fairly aroused. “What have you done?” “Nothing,” replied the Vagrant, “but I am cruelly persecuted for my honest Opinions. I am an Infidel and a Socialist.” And he wept bitterly. The Rich Man was touched by his Distress. “My Friend,” said he, “I will let you into a Secret which may be of Benefit to you. I share your unpopular Opinions, but I call myself a Theosophist and



IS MR. CARLING AWARE OF THIS?

a Nationalist, and, as the People do not know the Meaning of those Terms, I am Rich and Respectable.”

MORAL.

When the recent Col. Shakespeare hinted that there was Nothing in a Name he did not know what he was talking about.

A PRACTICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.

HE had a brilliant scheme by which He said he one day would grow rich, And meanwhile borrowed day by day Small sums, but ne’er was known to pay. At length a friend, whose purse he drained, Asked that the thing should be explained. “Oh,” said the schemer, “there’s no doubt That it will splendidly pan out; From beet root sugar can be made If men of wealth will only aid.” “Pshaw!” said the other, “most absurd, Ridiculous, upon my word. It can’t be done—your cake is dough, As all your creditors well know, In vain they seek, when you they meet, To get the sugar from a beet !”

CONSOLATION FOR STAY-AT-HOMES.



AMBLING by the breezy lakeside, summer tourists freely roam, By necessities of business I’m compelled to stay at home.

I cannot join the gladsome throng in summer trips afar, It’s just as much as I can do to take a High Park car, Or on a sweltering afternoon to seek the Island’s shore, And try and make myself believe I wish for nothing more, When I’m lying in my attic on these sultry summer nights, I think, “Well, here, at any rate, are no mosquito bites, Whereas, if I were camping by some far Muskoka lake, With the buzzing noxious insect I’d be kept all night awake.” My quarters may be humble, but they’re just as good as those Where the hapless summer boarder wrestles with nocturnal foes. And then, moreover, my abode is reasonably cheap, Whereas the price of summer board might make the angels weep.

And when the vivid lightning flash illumines all the gloom, And overhead in bursts I hear the rolling thunder boom, And rain comes down in torrents till the gutters overflow, I gaily chuckle to myself and laugh aloud “Ho ! ho !” And think, as I imagine the discomforts of their plight, “Oh, ain’t those fellows catching it who’re camping out to-night?”

As I sip the cooling lager in some down-town hostelry It strikes me that Toronto is quite good enough for me. For in those backwoods regions in the hottest of the year You get naught but fiery whiskey or the flattest, muddiest beer. So those who have to stay at home may consolation find, The pleasures of a summer trip are mostly in your mind.

A HORSE-CHESTNUT.

“MORNING, Wilkins. Fine day for the race.”

“What—oh, no, you don’t catch me with no such chestnut as that !”

“Call that a chestnut ?”

“Course I do—a horse-chestnut.”