



NO INSTRUCTION NEEDED.

JANITOR (in art gallery, to Uncle Josh)—"Now then, sir, be careful of that umbrella."

UNCLE JOSH—"You bet I will, young man. I won't let that brella out of my sight till I git home!"

THE CANADIAN CLIMATE.

If the attempt had been made in Canada to establish our present system of seasons and allotment of $365\frac{1}{4}$ days to the year, the work would have proved a super-human one, and would have resulted in the complete demoralization of every mathematician and astronomer undertaking it. Instead of the orderly system now prevailing, it would have been left a disputed question whether winter should begin on the 17th of September, or thirteen days before Christmas; whether winter, once inaugurated, should cover a period of one hundred and twenty-four days and nights, or discount eleven and a half days to the credit of spring. There would have arisen a far-reaching schism as to whether dog-days begin on the 29th of June, or on the 41st of August; and the more ardent supporters of one faction would have written abstruse text-books to prove by inductive logic that dog-days begin theoretically on the first-mentioned date, while the equally enthusiastic supporters of the other faction would have proved by deductive logic, the fashions regulating bathing costumes, and the hypothetical history of all exhumed mastodons that it is *ultra vires* and high treason to maintain that dog-days ever did or ever could begin on any other date than the 41st of August, at 2 o'clock p.m. The faction of the "great unwashed" would have split off from these latter, holding that, in the fitness of things, dog-days come in with the advent of the dog-catcher, freeze off and on indefinitely, co-existent with his career, and finally leave us abruptly just ten days after the sea-serpent appears at Newport and the first tramp-laden freight train starts for Texas. The heated disputes occasioned by all this uncertainty would have led to the rise and fall of republics, the dynamiting of Cæsars, the conversion and extermination of the cowboy of Arizona, the premature discovery of revolvers, of Ignatius Donnelly's key, of messenger boys, of subscription books, and of mind-reading.

If a Rip Van Winkle should awaken in our midst, he could only approximately fix the season and the month. But there are in this country four special and immortal days on which Rip Van could always and infallibly fix not only the month, but the exact day of the month. The first in order is the 20th of February, on which date the grimy gamin celebrates the initial game of marbles of the season. (The peaceable, respectable, and less warm-blooded public-school boy plays his first game from four to seven days later, and so is less to be depended on in fixing a date.) The second date is that of the 3rd of April, on which auspicious day the first-patriotic Canadian tramp and the first impetuous *Globe* robin revisit the land of their birth. Both are a little previous in their calculations, both suffer considerably from cold feet; but they are too proud to acknowledge their mistake by any retrograde movement. Our next epochal date is the 29th of May, when the small boy—irrespective of the condition of the weather; the impurity of the water, his own temperament, his susceptibility to the quinsy, or the social position of his grandfather—takes his first "swim" in the creek. On appointed holidays the small boy may or he may not point the vivacious fire-cracker at the hired man; he may or he may not gorge himself with stuffed turkey on Thanksgiving day, and so cease to be tormented with Dr. Bugbear's pills and other worthy remedies that he has so often dutifully choked down; but he will go in swimming on the 29th of May, or the heavens will fall. And now we come to the red-letter day of the Canadian calendar: the glorious 10th of June, in the afternoon of which day the United States circus poster makes its annual appearance on the board fences and dead walls of all inhabitable places in the land.

On any one of these dates an almanac need not be referred to in Canada by any one who has eyes to see and ears to hear; at any other time an almanac is as vital a necessity as a chart at sea.

BRUCE W. MUNRO.



SELF-JUDGMENT.

BROWN—"Can you lend me a V., Jones."
JONES—"I suppose I'll have to." (Produces roll of bills.)
BROWN—"You seem to have lots of cash, old man."
JONES—"Yes, I seem to have more money than brains."