

## ENQUIRERS' COLUMN.

EDITED BY SWIZ.

"There is a slight defect in my, otherwise, perfectly symmetrical figure. Is there any course of treatment which would alter this, and if so please enlighten me," writes Jessica. Bless your innocent heart, Jess, yes, how old are you? You must certainly be very young, or excessively verdant, or you wouldn't ask such a question. The female form divine is susceptible of as many alterations as there are Ethiopians on a leopard, or words to that effect. Our very choicest girl, three months ago, was the admired of all, principally on account of her beautiful, sloping Venus-like shoulders. She was simply perfect in this respect, and she was two or three lengths ahead of all our other girls in our estimation. But mark what follows. She read that Mrs Langtry possessed square shoulders. In two days, Jessie, just twenty-four hours by the watch our uncle keeps for us, she appeared in public with a torso that would rival Tag Wilson's: her shoulders stuck out on each side like main top mast stn'n s'le booms, or, as you may not know what those engines of warfare are, like a 110 pound young man's when he gets his new overcoat on. How she did it, we never could tell. They say that new milk on going to bed for a few nights has a surprisingly fattening effect, but if she tried this, we can't account for it all running to shoulder. Cotton batting or tailor's fat, as it is called—but we must stop here. If you would tell us just exactly where your architecture is out of kilter we could doubtless suggest something.

"In what does the immorality of 'Marmion' consist?" School Trustee wishes to know, Well; we hardly like to sully the pages of a publication like this by even writing the title of a work like the one referred to, which title itself, in the first place, is excessively vulgar. All the most stylish young ladies at the most stylish finishing academies with whom we are acquainted, never say "Mar" but "Maw" when speaking of the old woman, and if the author of that salacious poem, one Scott we believe, had known enough, he would never have given his hero such a name. In the second place, the author refers, no less than four times, to the "legs" of individuals in his miserable doggerel, whereas even the most ignorant daughters of most ignorant shoddy people know better than that. We could point out hundreds of similar obscene expressions had we space, for we are acquainted with the whole poem from the very first line beginning "Charge, Chester, charge" (Chester evidently being a plumber's apprentice under a course of instruction at his master's hands), to the last words of Marmion as given in Mr. Scott's low, underbred lingo. If good, solid reading matter *must* be introduced into the schools at all, then let such admirable efforts of the moralist as, "The Piratical Bloodsuckers of the Gory Grange," "Hunkersliding Sam, or the Slam-up up Detective" and such literature he boosted into those institutions without delay. These are what children thirst for, and what should be the mental pabulum of young Canada.

S. DE P. J. and W. S. C. write: "Our names are Samuel de Ponsonby Jiggers and William Spencer Cash; should we usually sign ourselves S. de Ponsonby Jiggers and W. Spencer Cash, or how? We observe that this is the usual style." For heaven's sake drop the De Ponsonby and Spencer out of your names at once, and execrate the misguided relatives who ever tacked such names on to you. What on earth possesses some parents to deform their otherwise well-built offspring with such appen-



## THE MEANEST MAN EXTANT.

CANADIAN FARMER.—HERE'S A PROFESSOR WOTS GOT A MAGIC WAND, AND HE HAS ONLY GOT TO WAVE IT TO RAISE THE PRICE OF GRAIN—AND HE WON'T DO IT!!

dages, is a mystery. There is a superstition existing amongst a certain class that to endow a child with the name of some good man will have the effect of making the youngster also grow up good. The fact, however, that John Wesley Sniggins was hanged a few weeks ago for roasting his paralyzed grandmother alive over a slow fire, and that Wilberforce Baxter was convicted by a Lynch jury of poisoning his wife and five children, goes somewhat to bust this superstition, which is one that applies equally to aristocratic and high-sounding appellations, people seemingly thinking that the bestowal of a patrician, blue-blooded name on a child will, by some occult process, imbue him with all the characteristics of upper tenor. We can see you, De Ponsonby and Spencer, just as plainly as though you stood before us, and you are not a bad sort of young fellows at all, but you look about as unlike us and the rest of the aristocracy as it is possible for two things to be dissimilar. You have, both of you, thick finger tips, huge feet, fat noses, bow legs, and you bite your nails. Don't deny it, we know it. You also say "them there chaps" and "him and me done this," And you wish to be taken for members of our class, do you, and so you part your name in the middle in that ridiculous fashion? You had better give up the job. All those traits which you so admire in our manners, features, and so forth, were born with us, and you can never attain them. De Ponsonby and Spencer, be advised by one who takes a deep interest in your welfare, and call yourselves plain Sam Jigger and Bill Cash and you will be respected. Give your other names away to some orphan home with the rest of the weekly refuse that people give who can't use it, and we shall think well of you; but continue to use those centre boards of names in the manner you think so fashionable, and you will meet with the ridicule of us and all other true blue bloods. Of course it is pleasant to persuade people, if you can, that you have royal and patrician blood in your veins, but your feat-

ures and actions give you away at once. We, of course, are proud to think that we have inherited our abilities and strength of mind and character through the royal blood which courses through our internal arrangements, but it is inherited, and comes to us direct from George III, a monarch whose talents, originality, and powerful mind have passed into a proverb. You are only two, however, of many thousands, similarly afflicted to yourselves, as to names. We shall always be glad to offer you, as plain Sam Jiggers and William S. Cash, the hand of friendship; but when you spring that De Ponsonby and that Spencer on us, we respectfully, but none the less firmly and emphatically, sit on you.

"Fighting the 'Tiger'" is a ferocious business.

A high degree—A state of intoxication.

A recent advertisement in the *Telegram* reads thus:—"Wanted three or four girls to help on coats." This must be an underhand way of obtaining some young lady valets.

Underwear—Boots and shoes.

A Signal Service—Stopping a street-car.

We have all heard of the "moat and the beam," and the difficulty of seeing the latter; but when a man comes to be hanged he can generally see the beam.

When you kick a cur down stairs it's an attempt at purp-etual motion.

One of Beadle's dime novels is entitled "Captain Crimson." This is a book that should undoubtedly be read.

There is a good deal more difference between a good joke and a poor one than there is between a poor one and a stewed potato peeling.