

NO INSTRUCTIONS.

STRANGER—"Isn't your name John Hayseed?"

Farmer—(suspiciously): "Mebbe 'tis, an' mebbe 'taint. What d'ye want?—check cashed?"

Stranger—"No."

Farmer—"Mebbe ye want me to change a fifty dollar bill for ye?"

Stranger—"Oh, no."

Farmer—"Like to have me sign some little dockyment jest fer accomydation sake, p'r'aps?"

Stranger—"No."

Farmer—"Like to teach me poker or tongs or some other new fangled game of kyards, I guess?"

Stranger—"No; nothing of the sort. If you are John Hayseed I have a letter for you."

Farmer—"Well, dern me if I know. Maria didn't tell me nothin' 'bout no skin game of this sort. Mebbe she forgot it. Stranger, ye'll jest hev ter wait till I kin write hum to my old woman an' find out 'bout this. She told me whether I was John Hayseed or not to most fellers as might ask, but she didn't tell me nuthin' 'bout a deal o' this kind."

E. F.

HE—SHE—IT.

A "Story" of Adventure—Rather!

BY RIDE HIM HAGGARD.

CHAPTER IV.

WE ADVANCE.

NEXT morning we set out with Billy and the palanquins for the capital. After three days journey across swamps, we came to a mountain 500,000 feet high, with a perpendicular face. Scaled the face by walking on our heads. Very easy. No feat about it. Came to a tunnel 5,000 feet from the ground. Entered and were blown 1,200 miles, by a terrific blizzard, in two minutes, right through the mountain into the crater of an extinct volcano, green and beautiful. Fine caves. In the inmost recesses of the largest lived *He—She—It* or "*The thing which must not be further declined.*" Sent for us. Ushered into its presence. *It* said, "How goes it, boys?" Replied, "bully," with which *It* seemed quite satisfied.

It was feeding on fruit and water, a regular prohibitionist. *It* said, "Now boys I'll show you something." Unveiled. Just sweet. Eternal youth and beauty. We were transfixed, Fell on our faces and in love at same time. Leo was not with us; he was down with fever in the next cave.

CHAPTER V.

LEO GETS WELL.

He—She—It sent for me after breakfast. Said I've lived six thousand years on this terrestrial sphere. Used to play marbles with Noah in the ark. Often had 5 o'clock tea with Adam, and frequently went to the opera with Sampson. Knew all the Pharaohs and helped build the pyramids. Didn't think much of Pericles. Low family. Wasn't toney enough for me. But loved Greece. Fell in love with Kallikrates and stuck a bodkin into his *fiancee*. When he died brought him out here. Had him embalmed by H. Stone, the undertaker, and put him in my dime museum. That was 2,000 years ago. He is fresh now. Like to see him? No! Then doesn't matter. Show him some other time. Expect a real live Kallikrates, this chap revised, to come to me. Then we'll get married in St. James Cathedral, and I'll have eight

bridesmaids. I hear there are lots of old girls in Toronto who would do, but perhaps none quite 6,000 years old. Now about this Leo. Dead yet? No. Then I'll give him a little liver pill and I guess that'll fetch him." After this interesting conversation of which *He—She—It* had the lion's share, we went to see poor Leo. Found Ustane disguised as a hospital nurse, in a pretty costume of white and red, with a jaunty little cap, at his bedside. As soon as *He—She—It* saw Leo, *It* cried out "Oh! my dear, sweet, darling Kallikrates," and staggered in a dead swoon against the wall. As no one offered to support *It*, *It* came to at once, turned the pretty nurse out with a blast of her eye and told her to go to Jericho. Then chucked a little liver pill down Leo's throat, who was in the last gasp of death. He revived at once, and said, "Give us some grub."

To be continued.)

QUESTIONS FOR THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS CONFERENCE.

Does the reported "*full attendance of delegates*" imply that they dropped in to see their brother Bungs on the way?

Haven't police magistrates and "the trade" been having quite a *fine* time of it lately?

Is it for the sake of practically demonstrating that "*union is strength*" that the "wittlers" mix beer with water?

Isn't the bar of a saloon a good example of the bar sinister?

Aren't barristers jealous of laymen being permitted to take "Refreshers" at "the bar?"

Aren't the principles promoted by coffee "taverns" apposite examples of *inn*-temperance?

Isn't a proof of the contagiousness of vice to be found in the fact that "tight" boots can induce temperance advocates to become intemperate?

Do people who start on a day's drinking-bout reckon to make a sort of alcoholi-day of it?

Isn't there often a painful connection between the "nip" of spirits and the pinch of poverty?

Isn't the most appropriate kind of *parting* glass a "split?"

Wouldn't the evil effects of strong drink be greatly reduced by its consumers practically recognizing the fact that it is "intended for use, and not for a *boose*?"—*Funny Folks.*

A GIRL on a "schutó" in the Sault
Split her toboggan in twalt,
She fell down on her head,
And was picked up for dead,
And her lover said, "This will not dault!"

AN undertaker of our acquaintance who makes a specialty of exhibiting his wares in his front window, wonders how he should proceed to make an attractive holiday display. We beg to suggest the following, to wit: A sick plum pudding, a roast goose or other fowl, a quantity of nuts and confections, cakes *variorum* and galore, a few skulls neatly arranged with some scapulas, tibias, fibulas and phalanges, and a little stomach in spirits. These would not be so repulsive as bare coffins, and they would have this advantage, that they would "point a moral and adorn a tale." We absolutely refuse to copyright this idea