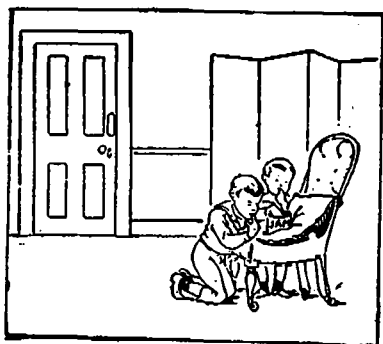


THE MAJOR'S MISHAP



I.—An illegal banquet.



II.—The Major.



III.—Waiting for her!



IV.—Still waiting.



V.—She enters; he rises.

VI.— — — !!
—Pick-me-up.

THE KANINE KRANK.

THIS is a world of Cranks, and one of the queerest of the *genus* is the dog crank. I met one of them the other day on a train. He was a quiet-looking, youngish gentleman, and there was nothing about him to indicate that he was a Crank at all. I casually remarked to him across the aisle that it was a hot day. He replied that it was, "and," he added, "I notice that Stone is having a pretty hot time over the dog-show business." "Who is Stone?" I enquired. He looked at me almost pitifully. "Why, he's the manager of the coming show, and he is appointing American judges for the occasion, which isn't at all agreeable to the Canadian exhibitors. The fact is, the puppy classes must be done away with." I could see that the Crank was now aroused on his pet mania. "Do away with the puppy classes?" said I, slightly alarmed. "What! do you mean to kill off the dudes?" But I found he meant the puppy classes at the dog-show. Then he branched out volubly into a dissertation on dogs in general, and fox-terriers in particular, interspersing his remarks with wonderfully correct and interesting quotations from the Dog Register, giving the names, pedigrees and records of many crack canines, and going on until I thought it time to quench the whole subject with a bucket of ice-water. "I suppose," said I, "opinions differ on the Dog question, but for my part I think the man who would give \$10 for a dog, unless it were an animal which had saved the life of a child, or in some way or other secured a claim on his affection, is simply a man who has ten dollars he doesn't know what to do with." He looked aghast, and I went on. "Dogs, in cities especially, are an unmitigated nuisance, and if I had my way about it, I would have

every one of them found abroad unaccompanied by its owner shot on sight. That's what I think about dogs." The Crank looked very sad. "People *do* differ," said he. "At present I have eleven of them." I looked at him sorrowfully. "Yes," he continued, "and I'm building kennels that will cost \$300. I sold one the other day for \$100, and can dispose of all I raise." "Ah!" said I. And the Dog Question began to take a new shape in my mind. "You regard the noble animal from a business point of view," said I. "I hadn't thought of the Dog as a merchantable commodity." This gave him a new start, and he *did* go on about the money there was in the canine trade. Before he got off at his station I was picturing myself as a prosperous dog-merchant, and I had reached something more than tolerance for the Crank. I don't blame him now a particle, as he is only a dog-selling Crank, and makes a good thing out of the other and greater lunatic, the dog-buying Crank. For the latter I really can find no excuse.

WHIPS.

[The ministerial caucus held at the opening of Parliament elected no fewer than nine whips.]

"H A, ha!" cries jeering Gritdom, "Of weakness 'tis a sign, They need the cat-o'-nine-tails to keep their men in line!"

NOT MUCH DEPTH.

SMITH—"I'm going to give Fitzdude a bit of advice which I hope will sink into his mind."

JONES—"Let it be a very small bit, then."