



SOMETHING IN A NAME AFTER ALL.

MR. PAYNE (*who is a wearisome bore*)—"Aw! How would you define the word 'pleasure,' Miss Sharpe?"

MISS SHARPE—"The absence of P-a-y-n-e."

SOCIETY IN STUMPVILLE.

I AM a man of refinement, at present domiciled in a typical Canadian country hotel. It is my habit to frequent the sitting room, which adjoins the bar, for the furtherance of my general culture. In the centre of this apartment stands a capacious box stove surrounded by benches and chairs, and although the seating accommodation is ample "standing room only" is the order every evening. The season for out-of-door loafing being past, Stumpville society makes this room its meeting place, and the landlord indicates his appreciation of the honor (and incidentally the profit) by dealing generously in the feeding of the aforementioned stove with a good quality of hard wood. The temperature is kept at an average of, I suppose, 160 Fahr. and when this somewhat sultry atmosphere is laden with the fumes of good, bad and indifferent tobacco, subtly commingled with an occasional odor of steaming overcoat or singed dog, it is highly interesting. I may even confess it is occasionally unpleasant to my senses, which are, as I have hinted, delicate. Yet it is worth the discomfort. It is a most valuable school of culture. Here night by night I learn more about horses than I ever supposed could be known. I just sit and listen to the talk, and it is, as a general thing, about horses. Pleasant variety is given to the discourse by the ebullitions of the village harness-maker, who is on one of his periodical tears, and sits quite near the stove in a doubled up and blissfully muddled condition, giving out occasional vague intimations that he is prepared to lick any man in the company who wishes to be accommodated in that way. Our company is not without wit, either. The blacksmith's helper now and then gets off something that calls forth a general roar, and stirs up the

befuddled harness-maker to more emphatic expressions of valor. Nor must I omit mention of the ornamentalities of these foregatherings—I mean the cuss words which permeate the grimy atmosphere in all directions. It is very improving in every way, and I feel that I am getting more out of it than I would be likely to get in a post-graduate course at Berlin or Rome. And if I, a man of refinement, find it so beneficial, what must it be to the farmer lads who are here every evening, and one of whom has just invited the spreeing harness-maker and half a dozen others to come and take something with *him*!

A TAKE DOWN.

WHAT'S the matter! men and women rushing to and fro, Eyes upstaring, wildly glaring, piercing sounds of woe, "Get us ropes! Oh get us ladders—get a big balloon, Call a meeting—shoot a rocket—oh do something soon," All are crowding by the spire of the new built church, Where a tackle falling left a couple in the lurch, He a knowing youth of twenty, she just twenty-two, They had gone up in bucket, just to get a view, When the block and tackle falling left them high and dry, With the city stretched beneath them and above the sky, Life behind them, death before them, what a fearful fate, Night is coming and the morning may be far too late, He already loses reason, gazing on the town, Climbing out with frantic gesture, "how shall I get down." Then the maiden looks up coyly as she answers back, "Why in thunder don't you get it off your mustache, Jack?"

GRATIANO.

QUEEN OF TRUMPS.

MRS. EASTWOOD of Winchester St., recently put to flight three rascals who were trying to steal a lawn mower, by assailing them vigorously with the first weapon which came to hand, which happened to be a poker. The lady deserves credit for her courage; she has shown herself an expert at the game of poker. She held a full hand, which beats three of a kind.

REMARKS THAT ORIGINATED IN EDEN.

"I HAVE nothing to wear."
"What an early fall we are having."
"Do not judge a man by his clothes."



HOW OUR LEGISLATOR TRAVELS.