



### FRESH AIR FOR OUR POOR LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

If you'd have bliss without alloy  
In your coming summer outing,  
And add an extra spice of joy  
To your fishing and your boating,

Before you go, send in your mite  
For the Fresh Air Fund to Kelso;  
'Twill help to make the summer bright  
For the waifs—each dollar tells so!

GIRL.—"I can't overcome the hereditary tendency. I inherit the desire to marry from my father and mother. They were married, you know."

IBSEN.—"That is unfortunate. (*Muses for awhile and makes some notes*).

GIRL.—"But wouldn't it be a good idea for me to marry him as a pathological study?"

IBSEN.—"Excellent. Will you give me access to the data you accumulate for a drama I will write on your case?"

GIRL.—"Cert—Ou—o—!" (Mule is unable to endure any more—kicks them both through the roof. Ibsen falls on a dunghill, and escapes uninjured. His drama will soon be published).—P. McARTHUR, in *Town Topics*.

### CONCHOLOGY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

MR. REGINALD P. BULSTRODE, the eminent Canadian litterateur, found himself a couple of years ago in somewhat straitened circumstances. This was not an unusual condition with Mr. Bulstrode, for the business of a Canadian litterateur is an unremunerative one as a rule. His last steady job had been a series of pen portraits of distinguished Canadians, being principally sketches of retired wholesale merchants, aspiring professional men and ambitious municipal dignitaries, who were willing to pay the publishing firm of Bilker & Co., at the rate of \$10 a page for laudatory biographies. Mr. Bulstrode had esteemed himself comparatively fortunate in securing the contract to put the notes furnished by these candidates for distinction into readable shape, with the appropriate spice of lavish encomium, at one dollar and fifty cents per page. Bilker had kicked greatly over the fifty cents, contending that one dollar per page was ample remuneration, as even the canvassers, who were much more necessary and important factors in the great work than a mere writer, only got about twice as much, but Bulstrode stood firmly up for the honor of Canadian literature and

the Royal Academy, of which he was a distinguished member, and carried his point. The book being finished and the pay for his share principally absorbed in the payment of sundry liabilities, Bulstrode found himself without other resources than an occasional remittance from an American magazine in payment for a poem or article. He wrote a Canadian novel dealing with the war of 1812, and flavored with the most ardent sentiments of patriotism, but the publishers to whom he offered it shook their heads and asked him what was the use of their paying good money for original stories, when they could steal all they could use from the Yankees. In short, Mr. Bulstrode found himself rapidly drifting upon the lee shore of impecuniosity, if that is the correct nautical metaphor.

In this extremity he one day took counsel with his friend McGorlick, whom he had obliged on several occasions. McGorlick could not write anything requiring more literary ability than a business letter, and was shaky as to his grammar, but he was solid with the Provincial government.

"It's my opinion you're a blamed fool," candidly remarked McGorlick. "If I had your talents d'you s'pose I'd waste my time writin' sonnickicks for Scribners, and puffin' a lot of chumps and swellheads for Bilker & Co.? Not by a darned sight! Why don't you git up a school text-book? There's heaps of money in that."

"But they say there are too many text-books now," re, lied Bulstrode.

"Well, I guess there are. But what do you care about that? If you can strike some new fake that ain't been took up by the department yet and get it authorized you'll be way up in G. By the way, do you know Ross?"

"Very slightly."

"Well just you get solid with him—and you're all right."

"How shall I manage that?"

"Nothing easier. Here's the *Empire* going for him nearly every issue: just get the last article attacking him, and sit right down and write a reply and send it to the *Globe*. Then lay for 'em next time same way. After a while I'll introduce you, and then it'll be as easy as rolling off a log."

"But I really don't know what to write a text-book about."

"I swear I never seen such an unpractical fellow as you, Bulstrode. Tackle something that sounds big—something endin' in 'ology: get some new kind of ology,



### FULLY EXPLAINED.

ROLLO—"Pa, why do they call the devil Old Nick?"

ROLLO'S PA—"It is an Old-Nick-name, my son."