

kets and threw it on the street and while everybody was scrambling for it he was gone.

Twas ever thus. If 40 years befor the Duke de Redcliffe had not murdered his father and starved his mother to death in the cellar of Redcliffe Hall P. Maltravers might have been a useful member of society instid of gambling and sticking daggers into people.

CHAF. 4.

Twas a bright sunshiny morn. The relatives of the late Duke had assembled at the Hall to hear the reading of the will. It ran as follows—

APRIL FOOL!
H. DE REDCLIFFE.
April 1st, 18—

The old man had blowed in all the boodle he could raise and morgidged the Hall for more nor it was worth so there was nothing left for the Hare nor nobody else. The Hare was sent to the workhouse and will be apprenticed to a shoemaker as soon as he's old enough. This is somewhat different to the way these storys mostly end but I guess the public will be glad of a change.

THE FLY KID.

A STUDY IN HUMOR.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

A FEW weeks ago Editor Macguffin, of the Crosstown Car, a daily of some pretensions, and, in some respects, of very conspicuous ability, concluded to establish a humorous department in his paper. Mr. Macguffin was exceedingly matter-of-fact. He had not much sense of the humorous himself, nor did he appreciate it particularly in others, but it appeared to be the correct thing to have in every well-regulated daily paper establishment, and his readers seemed to hanker for it. So, after putting the innovation off until the last possible moment, Mr. Macguffin wrote a note to a gentleman of his acquaintance who had achieved considerable repute as a compiler of humorous matter, and contributed extensively to the funny papers, asking him upon what terms he could be induced to dash off a few *bon mots* daily for the Car. Mr. Alonzo B. Gosh, the humorist in question, came to terms with Mr. Macguffin, and went upon the Car's staff.

Mr. Gosh's first day passed very pleasantly. He saw Mr. Macguffin in the morning. That gentleman told him to go ahead and get his stuff in shape. "I will," said the editor, as Mr. Gosh was leaving him, "I will drop down after dinner this evening and go over what you have written. I don't suppose that it will be necessary to revise your copy at all, but you can understand, Mr. Gosh, that a man in my position owes a great duty to the public, and consequently I always like to see all editorial, local and telegraph matter of importance before it goes into the paper." Mr. Gosh admitted that this was a necessary part of the duties of a faithful editor, and expressed his perfect willingness to submit his copy to his superior.

Accordingly, that evening, when Mr. Macguffin came down, Mr. Gosh handed him his manuscript. The first paragraph which struck Mr. Macguffin's eye was the following:

"Oh-ho, Mr. Percy G. Alfonzo Jones, so you think that, while the little lambs who gambol on the green have a soft snap, the little lambs who gamble on the green have the wrong end of the stick, do you? Well, Mr. Percy G. Alfonzo Jones, if you will kindly refrain from telling us what you think for the future, we



IN AN ONTARIO SCHOOL.

TEACHER—"James, can you tell me what the head of a Republic is called?"

JAMES—"President."

TEACHER—"Correct. And now, Mary, what is the head of a Kingdom?"

MARY—"King."

TEACHER—"Right. William, what is the head of an Empire called?"

WILLIAM—"Creighton!"

shall be obliged to you; and if you will kindly drop into this office any time before the gas is lit, we will undertake to see that you swap thinking for a permanence of sulphur."

Mr. Macguffin read this over a couple of times, and finally called Mr. Gosh to him. "This first paragraph of yours doesn't seem to me quite the thing, Mr. Gosh," he said.

"In what way?" asked Mr. Gosh.

"In every way," replied the editor. "I don't like to trammel an author, but on a paper which has the standing and reputation of this one, we must observe certain laws—keep, so to speak, within the facts and the bounds of probabilities. Now, you intimate here that a certain Mr. Jones has sent you a statement to the effect that the little lambs who gambol on the green have a soft snap—whatever a soft snap may be—while the little lambs who gamble on the green have the wrong end of the stick—whatever that may be."

"Yes," said Mr. Gosh.

"Very well. Now, in the first place, I have seen all the letters sent to this office to-day. No private letters for you have passed through my hands, and certainly no such intimation as you convey was received in any office letter. I consequently conclude that, in writing as you do, you have drawn upon your imagination?"

"Most certainly," replied Mr. Gosh. "How in the world is one to write funny stuff if he don't?"

"By touching on the humorous aspect of facts. Now, I can readily understand your allusion to the little lambs gamboling on the green, because the little lambs do gambol on the green, but when you refer to the little lambs who gamble on the green, I am utterly at sea."

"I am sorry you don't quite grasp the idea," replied Mr. Gosh. "I intended the reference to apply to those young men whom gamblers call 'lambs'—young men who are generally unsophisticated and guileless, and who are easily fleeced. A gaming table is generally covered with green baize. Hence the allusion. It is merely a play upon words. It can be readily altered, or left out altogether, if you wish."

"Your evident familiarity with gamblers and their habits is most reprehensible," said the editor, "as repre-