



### IN THE OFFICE OF THE "BOOM CITY HOWLER."

OFFICE BOY—"Please, sir, there's a man outside who says he'd like to have a job on the paper."

EDITOR-IN-LIQUOR—"Well, we ain't got no (*hic*) job for him. Tell him (*hic*) our staff ish full (*hic*) just now."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

### LORD STANLEY AT L—NDS—Y.

HIS Excellency Lord Stanley recently visited a certain town near Toronto. At about 10:30 a.m., a company of about fifty red-coated volunteers of all sizes and shapes, assembled at the lower end of the town. They were headed by a brass band in the same uniform, and after sundry preliminary tootings of the instruments, the word was given and the march up the main street on the road to the station commenced, every man evidently trying hard how *not* to keep step. A dense crowd lined both sides of the street, and suddenly a stentorian voice from the sidewalk shouted "Halt!"

The escort, taking this for the regular word of command, promptly "halted." The officer in command (a smart young man with a red and gold sash, and mounted on a grey mare, whose legs were somehow dyed a beautiful orange color,) turned fiercely upon his henchmen and asked what the deuce they meant. The men laughed, the crowd jeered; one small boy advised the officer to be cautious not to cut himself with his new sword; another advised him to "get inside" (of his horse, presumably) lest he fall off. Despite these trying circumstances the column again got in motion. The band, however, with a freezing disregard of discipline, and probably with a lively sense of favors to come, persisted in halting before each hotel *en route* and giving a serenade.

Whilst thus standing before the last hotel on the line of march, a watering-cart manned by a person (whom we may christen Jupiter Pluvius) hove in sight, and endeavored to make way through the dense throng that blocked the road, the intention being to get ahead of the pageant and lay the dust. The officer in command, however, viewed the matter in a different light, and pointed out to Jupiter the danger of forcing his way through the ranks and then converting the dust into mud. Jupiter (who was evidently a much better educated man than his occupation would indicate) politely requested the warrior to "go to blazes," and immediately proceeded to "get way on him."

Now was the critical moment when the tactical skill of the soldier was to be pitted against the superior weight of Jupiter and his field piece—the water cart. Whichever party got in motion first would gain the centre of the roadway, and could not be passed by the other. Jupiter whipped up his horses—the crowd yelled with delight—

the water cart playfully and impartially squirted dirty water on friend and foe alike. Hoarse commands were roared by the military who started "on the double." The band (half of whom had cigars in their mouths) started playing the British Grenadiers in three different keys, which added piquancy to the prevailing sense of intense interest. Even the orange-legged horse of the commander entered into the spirit of the fun, for he persisted in dashing off *in the opposite direction*, and after cavorting all over the road suddenly collided with the water cart and threw his rider.

At this moment the situation was still further complicated by the arrival of a courier on horseback, who, as he reined in his foaming steed, enquired angrily, "What the blank blankety blank they had been doing, as the Governor had arrived some time before, and after waiting wearily for his escort, had driven without them to his hotel. Then followed a wild stampede of both crowd and military. It was an exciting scene. Weak women wept and strong men coughed up cloves. In the crush that ensued your correspondent lost consciousness, and the last thing that he remembers was seeing Jupiter at the tail of the crowd urging his fiery steeds and squirting water over the exposed merchandise on both sides of the streets.

KETTLEDRUM.

### HE SHOULD BE PROMOTED.

EDITOR—"Is that new reporter any good?"

ASSISTANT EDITOR—"Yes. He is a very original fellow."

EDITOR—"Is that so?"

ASSISTANT EDITOR—"Yes. He wrote up an obituary yesterday without saying that the deceased had performed many acts of unostentatious charity."

### HE SHOULD BE DISCHARGED.

PROPRIETOR—"I thought you said when I hired you as a waiter that you understood your business thoroughly?"

WAITER—"Yes sir, and I do."

PROPRIETOR—"Well, how did it happen when I sent you to ice the milk this morning you put the ice around the can instead of into it?"

### NEVER WAS THERE.

FANNY (*ecstatically*)—"Oh, what a lovely time we have had! Don't you think there is a great deal of happiness to be got out of this world?"

UNCLE GRUFFY—"Can't say. I never *was* out."

### MEMS. FOR YOUR DIARY.

OCT. 10TH AND 11TH.—The Swedish Ladies and Mr. Melvin R. Day at the Pavilion. The last visit by this charming company is pleasantly remembered. Don't miss the treat.

OCT. 14TH.—Opening of the Y.M.C.A. lecture course by the distinguished humorist Bobberdette, otherwise known as Rev. Robt. J. Burdette, the funniest of all the funny men, and good as gold in every other way.

OCT. 29TH-30TH.—Master Eddie Leo, boy soprano, assisted by Miss Barnes, Mr. Jarvis, Mr. Arlidge, Mr. Clarke, cornetist, and others, under direction of Mr. Torington, at the Pavilion.