

## A STAGE PICTURE.

HE stands with rapt, ecstatic glance,  
As if in an inspiring trance,  
A heroine of old romance  
Before the footlights on the stage.  
She looks enraptured into space,  
A seraph's smile upon her face;  
In all her beauty, youth and grace,  
Who can her soul's emotion gauge?

Her lips are moving, and I glean  
That she, always so cold, serene,  
Some one-time lover's face has seen  
Amid the crowd whose eye she meets.  
Or does she build chateaux in Spain?  
Or inspiration seek in vain?  
Ah no! I see I'm wrong again—  
She's only counting the receipts.

HARRY B. SMITH.

## SAMJONES AT LARGE.

SEVERAL things have occurred to me lately, Borax, which may have escaped the general observation.

Did it ever strike you, for instance, that Noah was the first ark-itect? Curious, but about that time the permanent residents were all drowned, and the floating population alone survived, and yet methinks they were not in the swim.

But let us discourse on more timely themes. I see the political fight at Ottawa waxes hot. Ha, what said'st thou, "whacks is hot?" 'Twas even thus I had intended to conclude the sentence had you not anticipated me. But let that pass. I met a friend to-day on his way to the capital. What motive do you suppose could take him there? Loco-motive! He might have walked, of course, but he was not in training. Therefore he preferred to train.

Let us take a stroll up town, where, perchance, we may find food for thought. Hither hies a barrister bearing the bag, which is the insignia of his profession. He looks wo n and pallid, which reminds me that lawyers are the fee-blest of mortals, while doctors, on the other hand, have more powerful physique.

How rude and uncultured 't is of people to expectorate tobacco juice on the sidewalk! The habit is too prevalent. "'Tis true, 'tis spitty, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," as Shakespere has it.

By the way, the eight hour movement seems to be causing some tension this spring. Should it continue, it will excite summer tension (some attention) later on. It broke out in Paris some years ago in connection with the building of the Eiffel Tower. You look incredulous, Borax, but pause awhile and meditate, and perhaps it may dawn upon you that that was a tower movement.

Does it not seem to you that the growing freak-quency, so to speak, of dime museums would appear to indicate that this is a freak country?

You ask whether I would jest at a funeral. Under sufficient provocation methinks I would. I remember on one occasion when attending the obsequies of an acquaintance, the officiating clergyman conducted the service with a nasal twang, whereupon I observed, "How sad that his last resting-place will be undistinguished—nose-tone marks the spot." There was not a dry eye within range. But I digress. I was about to remark that often (orphán) children have no parents. Furthermore, I suppose a thief regards morality from an abstract point of view.

There is an Italian trying to sell pea-nuts, with but few purchasers. How rapidly the day goes by, but how slowly



## UNINTENTIONAL SLANG.

MOTHER—"Why, Maud, I'm shocked! Get off that table a once. What in the world is the matter with you?"

MAUD—"Oh, rats!"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

the Dagoes sell! This joke is the result of half-an-hour's steady meditation as I rode down on the car this morning. I always knew there was something in "Dagoes" if I could only work it right.

But we may not linger. Soldiers ma-linger sometimes, but 'tis not thus with me. Let us henceward!

PETITION TO THE  
HONORABLE FRANK SMITH,

SENATOR, ETC.

SIR,—We the undersigned citizens and ratepayers of the city of Toronto, being desirous of securing for ourselves the benefits of efficient civic government,

And Whereas we are far from satisfied with the management of the various Departments, as now and for years past conducted,

And Whereas we have taken note of the fact that You possess, in an eminent degree, the qualities of Determination, Firmness and Gall, which qualities are essential to the proper conducting of the Business of the city,

We therefore humbly beg that you will forthwith take full charge and control not only of the Street Railway but of all and sundry the other Civic Departments, and conduct the same in such manner as may please your own sweet will, rendering to the city treasury such portion of the receipts as may to you seem meet.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

Citizens are requested to cut this petition out and paste it upon sheets for signatures. We have reason to believe that if the array of names is really formidable, the Hon. Frank will accede to the prayer, and all our civic difficulties will be solved forthwith.

## THOROUGHbred BULLS.

A SCOTCHMAN, who wanted to light his pipe, accosted a countryman, who was ploughing, with—"Hac you got a licht, Tonal?" "Hi, Tugal, but it's oot."