



THE RULING PASSION.

AFFIDAVIT EDITOR.—"Dearest Mathilde, can you doubt the strength and sincerity of my love?"

MATHILDE.—"Swear it, Alonzo, swear it!"

AFFIDAVIT EDITOR (*absently*).—"I swear—we have the largest circulation of any daily paper in Ontario!"

A YANKEE HANDLE.

LONDON, MAY 1.—Divers rumors have wormed themselves into print *re* the late little Domestic Conference at Sandringham. It is semi-officially announced to have been most Eddiefying. Mr. J. Sullivan looks knowing. Suggests an American match. P. Wales, Esq., thinks it a trifle sulphurous. His son rushes to the front. Has he not seen Sir Edward Sullivan in the ring, as champion of American boxers? Fresh in the regal mind is a vision of baseball—in the wet. Buffalo Bill forms a Cody-cil to the Royal will. The young prince is ardent in his appeals to be allowed to have his hair cut and go west, young man. Democratic vistas carry in their train pictures of broncho-breaking, lion-hunting, wrestling with hyperborean bears, robbing banks, cracking impossible whips, flipping flies from the left ear of a fiery ox, shooting sixpences with a revolver out of the hand of a fair damsel on a distant horizon. Here, however, his ardor receives a check at the thought that it must be high treason to shoot at his grandmother's image and superscription. High treason begets in his mind thrilling scenes of lynching. At length, nevertheless, youthful ardor prevails, and it is decided to send him to America to learn farming. The advertisements in the *Nobleman's Sportive and County Gent's Pastime* are conned over by grave councillors. Major MacTavish MacMurdo receives an answer to his ad., and, having settled on the premium, resolves to buy a farm in the Far West. No references needed—it is sufficient that he is a retired militia officer, and has great agricultural acumen, having spent the last thirty years in raising and perfecting a brilliant crop of oats—the *O. feroces* of the botanist. Next the wardrobe has to be considered. Riding undermentionables, velvet shooting coats, corduroys (as being most suitable to a prince of the royal blood), top-boots of patent leather, guns, repeaters, revolvers, saddles, fishing-rods, landing-nets, hunting-crops, and a yellow horse-rug, with large black and red stripes, as being a welcome addition to camping out on a saddle otherwise than his own. This

said rug, in a moment of economy, is obtained second-hand, almost new, from a cab-stand, to prevent possible opposition in Parliament, where such a grave consideration of supplies might end in a dissolution. Great discussions as to whether to take a kilt. It is objected to on the score that an American match can never be struck on such terms. All's ready. A gold watch from his father, a silver life-preserver from his mother, and an emblematic half-crown from his granddame, see him off. He boards the steamer. Accosts the skipper, who appears in Persian lambskin cap and mitts, which make the royal hand wince, and reminds that functionary that he carries J. Cæsar and his fortunes—which is correct, as Parliament has not yet decided on the allowance to be made for youthful indiscretion. He hastily seeks the cabin.

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CADE'S CUTLASS, KAN., July.—The heir is cloudy—otherwise than apparently, the atmosphere is serene. The sun is sending a last gleam of red over the veranda, on which a figure in overalls sits, reclining against the green and white post. The moon is already in the heavens, and the stars begin to appear. A soft rustling, and another figure, this time a female, appears. Light cotton gown, low shoes, Venus di Medici. Together they in silence count nine stars; this is the eighth representation of this tragic performance; to-morrow will be positively the last, and they will speculate on the probable reward of such constancy. They are busily engaged shelling peas. She is first to break the silence, and, with a half-sob, asks the meaning of his marked attention to the young lady that trims bonnets in the store, in giving her candies at the fair that day? He replies in a *tu quoque* argument decidedly detrimental to the character of one Jacobus Heckmann, who appears to be a cowboy. Eventually more candies are produced, and the figure in overalls rids himself of a quid, and exchanges it for a nigger's-toe. The moon gets paler, and they sit closer. The arm encircling weds with the flowing tresses that have escaped from the Mikado roll. Soft whispered vows—but we draw a veil. The harsh dissonance of the old man, and a vision of grog blossom, long grey beard and shaved upper lip. Hasty adieux and a click—of the garden gate. All is still.

S. GOIN.



A SCIENTIFIC MYSTERY.

OUR DAIRYMAN (*puzzled*).—"It's queer, but the water is pure and so is the milk, and yet as soon as you put the two together, they call it adulterated!"