

hurricanes, earthquakes; these also must be the c'rect card, if they are no great *shakes*, they promise us a domino, if they're rattlers and bring down the house (and the tower in fact)—or within an *ace* of it—we are to be sent to the *deuce* for it, and, in short, there is nothing of so *little profit* after all our efforts, according to them, as us great prophets, and the next SMALL prediction that doesn't trot up at the time specified, *we get a Wiggin* for it, and are forsooth deemed but a *fire, air, water, EARTH QUAKE.*

A SYMPHONY IN HARMONY.



WHEN Jones got *dun brown* (through not seeing the colour of Robbingsum's money), he felt himself a sort of *sap green* (not sage) grew *scarlet*, then got *madaer*, *blew* it about like a reg'lar *ultra-marine*, and wanted to pitch him into the *Lake*. To tone down he took a short trip on the C. P. R. (Sepia.) He swore you couldn't trust some *purple* with a *red cent* (this after a *moistening* of his tubes with a lemon—and a dash of something stronger of a deep *orange tint*), protested he'd have everything he hadn't *deeply red* in black and

white—and for the future would confide in himself only and keep his business secrets *in violet*. P.S.—This is not to be laid up in LAVENDER but *mauve* on with it.

(EDITORIAL NOTE.)—When the author of the above handed it in he complained of being ill—said he was suffering from nervous exhaustion, and he certainly looked it, poor fellow. He had just written this piece, and yet he attributed his sickness to an entirely different cause!

JUST SO!

THE *Mail* refers to Mr. Massie as “an official who has the confidence of the Government, and a Presbyterian elder to boot.” Judging by the amount of rough usage he has received from the press of late, the idea seems rather prevalent that he *is* a Presbyterian elder to boot.

THE child is born. A golden spoon
Was ordered for the natal day,
But then he cries like other kids,
Because he's Vander-bilt that way.

—Tid Bits.



To the calm, sober, philosophic mind, above all to the jocoserious mind, it is a relief when now and again there occurs a lull in the almost incessant storm of public excitement; when the billows which rose high over the meaning of “independence,” and broke in froth over the strange antics of the Salvation Army soldiers, and rolled back in foam over the Rev. “Sam” Jones, quiet down into a peaceful, undisturbed, glassy surface of every-day life. Russia and Bulgaria are of course still at logger-heads, but that does not much concern us. Neither do we care over much how Parnell will steer through the narrow channel made for him by the action of the National League on the one hand and British public opinion on the other. Problems nearer home concern us more.

A drama witnessed in a crowded street-car the other day suggested an unsolved problem. Seated by the side of a portly dame—made more portly by the addition of a gigantic *tournure* (*Anglice*, bustle)—was a slim youth. Standing near was another portly dame, similarly increased in dimensions, but evidently expecting the slim youth to offer her and her encumbrance his seat. Politeness suggested his giving it up. Common sense showed her acceptance of it to be out of the question. Delicacy pointed out that, should he give up, and she refuse the proffered, seat, the cause of the unfortunate predicament would be obvious to the occupants of the car, to the confusion of the encumbrance-bearer. What was to be done? To sit still would be rude. To get up would be perhaps ruder. Ignorant of the squashability or unsquashability of such articles, the innocent youth remained where he was, and the abnormally developed dame stood still, painfully conscious of the cause of the misunderstanding. It was a problem. And so long as seats remain at their present dimensions, and dresses increase in size, every car, every edifice, every place devoted to the congregating together of men and women—especially women, will see the rehearsal of similar dramas.

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The same car, strange to say, suggested another problem. In the far corner sat a negress. Her proximity to her sisters of lighter hue brought strongly into prominence the physiognomical differences existing between the Indo-European and African races. Chief among these differences was the very much larger area displayed by the labial protuberances—the lips—of the African maiden. They were enormous—at least so to Aryan eyes they seemed.

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It was not only that the muscular portion was hugely developed, the external and (what may be called) the cutical portion—the portion upon which, had she been a man, the “wool” would have grown; but it was that inner—it can hardly be called that soft, or red, much less tempting—surface that so particularly attracted (no; let me say *distracted*—or, better still, *dys*-traced, if I may use a Greek affix signifying “painfully”!) my attention.

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The question which disturbed me was: *Is the pleasure of kissing proportionate to the area kissed?* If so, what a very large amount of exquisite enjoyment has the Indo-European race missed.

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It was a strange thought, one that has haunted me ever since I gazed upon that broad area of kissable surface. To me now every male negro of youthful age is an object of exceeding interest. Is it possible that he, owing to such slight cause as a relatively greater mass of labial tissue, stalks through this universe proudly conscious that to him alone is given the power to extract from that simple and delicious osculatory operation a degree of agreeable sensation not accorded to any other race upon the face of the habitable globe? Envidable fellow-man—for fellow-man I feel thou art despite thy dingy hue, never again will I mock at thy (to me) strange physiognomical peculiarities, for to thee now I know they are a source of delight all unknown to me.

A.A.S.