



BUTTER AS IS BUTTER.

GROCER—"Will I send it up for you?"

CUSTOMER—"That wouldn't be necessary; it's plenty strong enough to go up by itself. But really I haven't any use for axle grease, so I won't take it."

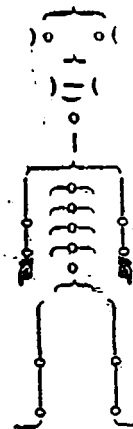
MRS. JIMPSECUTE ON FREE LIBRARIES.

"AND so they are going to shut up some of those free libraries," said Mrs. Jimpsecute to her neighbor Mrs. Flanerty. "I'm real glad to hear it; if there ever was a nuisance and a pest it is these libraries. Why, it's a downright shame that honest, hardworking people should actually be taxed to buy novels and such rubbish to turn the heads of all the silly girls and lazy lubberly boys in the place by reading such trash. It's bad enough that people are allowed to sell such books at all, and indeed, if I'd my way I'd like to put Wilkie Collins and Rider Haggard and May Agnes Fleming and the rest of them in the penitentiary or somewhere, where they'd have to make shoes or break stones or do some kind of work—the lazy good-for-nothing, idle, mischief-making set who do nothing at all but write a lot of lies and nonsense to make young people dissatisfied and give 'em notions above work. It's shameful and I don't see what the aldermen and the members of Parliament and Queen Victoria can be thinking of to allow it; but I suppose that the Queen, poor woman, has all she can do just now to look after her own troubles, what with the terrible way the Prince of Wales is going on with this baccarat game, whatever it is, and they say that he gambles away all his money and she such a good woman, too. But somebody ought to see to it, for ever since those free libraries was started it's terrible the way young folks have been going on, reading all sorts of stories about dukes and earls and pirates and Indians. Here's my girl Lucinda now going on eighteen; that doesn't know how to cook potatoes and can hardly make her own bed—would you believe it ma'am, she's day and night reading about lords and ladies and the ways of high society in those stories that was wrote by Mrs. Braddon,

so that her head's full of them all the time, and she won't do a stroke of work about the house, just lolls round and swings in the hammock, reading about how the Earl made love to the poor girl and basely deserted her, and the Duke poisoned the Duchess so he could marry some one else that he took a notion to; and from the airs she gives herself I really believe she fancies that a lord or an earl is going to come along and fall in love with her: and Johnny, he wants to go off and be a pirate or a highway robber, just because he's been reading about the 'Boy Pirate, the Terror of the Seas,' and would you believe it, he's gone and bought an old pistol somewhere, and is always talking of what he'll do when he comes back with a bag of gold. Why, the men that write such things ought to have a downright good thrashing—nothing else would ever do them any good—and here's taxes gone up again, just because the Council is spending money in buying that sort of trash. And they say the people must have free libraries 'to improve their minds,' improve their minds indeed, by putting such wild, fly-away, conceited notions into their heads, and making them so uppish and idle that they won't do any work, and think and talk of nothing but the doings of the aristocracy. No wonder you can't hire a servant-girl who knows her place for love nor money. Why, they all think they're going to marry dukes and be rich and live in Paris and make love to other womens' husbands—the hussies! Oh, it's scandalous the harm these free libraries have done, and I'm glad they're going to close some of them up, and if they would only send Mrs.

Braddon and Rider Haggard and the rest to jail, and set 'em picking oakum on bread and water, that would take some of the nonsense out of them."

THE *Empire* goes for the traitorous Grits for refusing to adjourn over Dominion Day. Bully for the *Empire*. But where was the loyal majority of the Government that it couldn't vote down this outrage?



WARNING.

Gaze at his bare unnourished bones,
Would you could hear his hollow tones—
This is about the average size
Of the man who does not advertise.

—Hamilton Times