



"THE MIDDLEMAN."

[With apologies to Mr. E. S. Willard.]

BULLY FOR THE JURY!

A RECENT despatch from Brussels in the dailies reads as follows:

A short time ago a journalist named Osquarr was arrested and charges brought against him for hostile criticism, in an article in his paper, on the person of the Shah of Persia. The trial of Osquarr took place yesterday in a crowded court room. The prosecution showed that Osquarr had characterized the Persian Monarch as a swinish brute, and had advised his arrest as an altogether obnoxious person should he visit Belgium, as it was reported he intended to do. The public prosecutor demanded Osquarr's conviction on the grounds that Belgium had received important commercial concessions from Persia, which might be revoked if the insulter of the Shah should be allowed to go unpunished. The jury redereed a verdict of acquittal, based upon their belief that a verdict of conviction would be an abridgment of the freedom of the press.

Here was a triumph of truth over diplomacy, and it is quite refreshing. The journalist described the Shah with a photographic accuracy, as everybody knows who read the accounts of his "Majesty's" goings on when in London some years ago. The exigencies of business fashion the policy of states and newspapers so much now-a-days that a little outspoken truth once in a while is a godsend. Our distinguished regard to you, Osquarr, and to you, each and severally, gentlemen of the jury!

HAPPY THOUGHT!

"THIS half-past seven," said Dr. Black,
 "This evening I am free;
 There's a play on at the opera house,
 I'll go to-night to see."

So, ringing for the servant maid,
 He told where he was bound;
 And where, in case of urgency,
 His sitting might be found.

Reclining in the balcony,
 (His daily labour done)
 He thanked his stars that he could take
 This weekly bit of fun.

The curtain rang up well on time,
 The company was good,
 The doctor looked on sagely,
 Applauding where he could.

But just before the curtain fell
 To end act number one,
 To his dismay he saw what seemed
 The death of all his fun.

Into the vacant seat in front
 A lady walked and sat,
 In size she was not very large,
 But towering was her hat.

So leaning o'er the Doctor said,
 "Fair madame, pardon me,
 But would you please take off your hat?
 It hides the company."

"No, sir, I'll not," was the reply,
 Which was at least quite plain;
 "All right," the doctor muttered deep,
 "My next move won't be vain."

And lifting from the floor his hat
 He calmly put it on,
 A tall silk hat, attracting all
 By the dazzling way it shone.

No sooner was the tile espied,
 Than from "the gods" there came
 The cry of "hats," in voices wild,
 And mingled shouts of "shame!"

The lady started at the sound,
 Then quietly took down
 With all convenient despatch
 The steeple on her crown!

"The gods be thanked!" the doctor said,
 "Now I can see the show;
 The gallery 'meds' have still some use
 Tho' people curse them so!"

F. D. Jacob.

THE ABOLITION OF CHILDHOOD.

OUR esteemed contemporary, *Saturday Night*, performs a useful function as a mirror of the times socially, and performs that function admirably. But if its able conductor will permit us to make a suggestion, we would propose the establishment of a new Department under the heading of "Things that make us weep," or "Items to mourn over," or some such title, and into that Department we would put such paragraphs as the following, which appeared in a recent issue in the "Social and Personal" column: "The juveniles of Toronto have been having gay times this Spring—an unusual number of affairs having been given for them by kind relatives and friends. A quite small damsel confided to me on Tuesday that she had been at a luncheon, and would have to hurry home from the tea to change her frock for an evening engagement."

MISERERE.

A woman's figure, kneeling tremblingly,
 With wet face upward turned, and trembling lips,
 And eyes whose color tears have washed away!