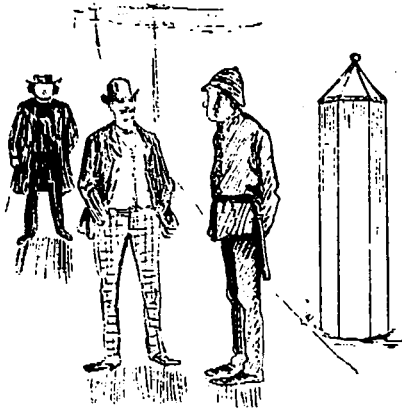


## POLICE PREVIOUSNESS EXPLAINED.



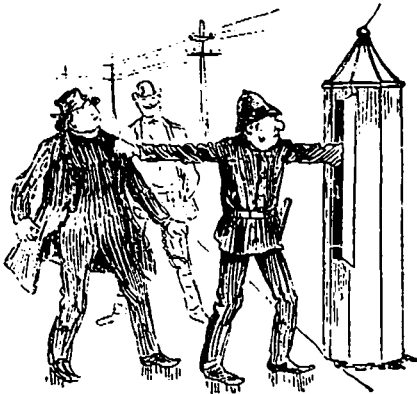
(SCENE—A street corner. Policeman and chum)

CHUM.—“ Say, how does this patrol-box arrangement work ? ”  
 POLICEMAN.—“ Here comes a man ; I'll show you.”



POLICEMAN (to PASSER-BY).—“ What do you mean by interfering wid me in the discharge of my duty ? ”

PASSER-BY.—“ Interfering ? what do you —— ? ”



(POLICEMAN seizes the culprit and rings the patrol alarm.)



Patrol-wagon arrives. PASSER-BY, who happens to be a preacher, is dumped in and carted off.)

POLICEMAN (to CHUM).—“ That's how it works.”

CHUM.—“ Great scheme, hey ? ”

## MISS CANADA COGITATES.

ON HER TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY, JULY 1ST, 1888.

1. DEAR me, twenty-one ! How the time flies away !  
 How old I am getting to be !  
 Of age ! Just to think that on this very day  
 From father's control I am free.
2. Twenty-one—just imagine ! and I such a romp !  
 It really is past all belief  
 The way that I've trifled away all my life !  
 I must *really* begin a new leaf.
3. So I guess that I'd better sit down for a spell,  
 And think for a minute-or two,  
 And just make my mind up maturely and well  
 On what I am going to do.
4. First of all, there's my debts. Goodness gracious, how great  
 Is the sum of them ! Gold upon gold  
 Wouldn't pay off the half. And I can't help but spend,  
 No matter how often I'm told.
5. With dresses and diamonds, and rubies and rings,  
 With bracelets and bonnets and collars,—  
 I *do* love such lots of *such* beautiful things  
 I can't really keep track of my dollars.
6. That horrid old Cartwright ! He bothers me so  
 For the money I lay out on clothes.  
 But, for all of his scolding, I never do know  
 Just where the one-half of it goes.

7. O, dear ! how he scolds ! What a nuisance he is !  
 And how he does pry, preach and prate !  
 I'm just going to tell him to mind his own biz,  
 And leave it to father and fate.
8. But father won't pay it. Dear me, how he'd frown  
 If I told him ! My, how he would storm !  
 So I guess that economy *has* to go down  
 First of all on my Bill of Reform.
9. And then there's my flirting. I'm pretty, I know,  
 Whatever old Cartwright may say ;  
 And I'm sure that I needn't wait long for a beau,—  
 I can choose of the best, any day.
10. But father, he talks of my staying at home,  
 And keeping his house neat and trim ;  
 But father's so pokey ! I never could bear  
 To live all my life-time with him.
11. And it's such fun to flirt. Folks say that the way  
 I have treated poor Sam is a shame.  
 But I don't care whatever the people may say  
 I'm in no haste to alter my name.
12. And Sam ! Why, he's dried-up and lanky and thin,  
 And ugly as ugly can be ;  
 As old as Methuselah, sallow as sin,—  
 What a match for a maiden like me !
13. He has money, of course. But then, so have I,  
 And of poverty I ain't afraid ;  
 So I'll live all alone till the day that I die  
 A jolly and happy old maid !

CARET.