



### "TOUGH" ON THE TAX-PAYERS.

[Each of the 215 members of the Dominion Parliament have this year been presented with a solid English leather brass bound trunk, full of stationery.]—*Ottawa Item.*

Since there's "nothing like leather," let our liberal-handed Government go further and fit out the members and their families as pictured above.

### CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

Not a few young women have asked Ibsen's advice as to the expediency of their marrying young men to whom they were engaged.—*Cable to daily paper.*

SCENE—A veterinary laboratory—shelves on the walls well filled with medical works. Mr. Henrik Ibsen experimenting with a mule and trying to decide from which of his parents he inherited his tendency to kick. He has a note book in which he writes from time to time. Door opens stealthily and a sweet girlish voice exclaims:

GIRL.—"Look out for yourself. I'm coming to interview you (*enters as Ibsen jumps up on a table*). Oh, you filthy, sweet, abominable lovely old genius, don't be frightened. I just want to consult you about getting married; but first I must have some of your blood (*draws a stiletto*).

IBSEN.—"Go away, young person. I don't want to be interviewed. Read my books. They'll tell you what you want to know about marriage. But why do you want my blood?"

GIRL.—"I inherit my craving for it, though it is usually dormant. You see I had a granduncle who was friendly with a Sicilian Mafiate, and he has transmitted the Sicilian thirst for blood to his relatives. Pardon me, but I must have some blood before our interview can proceed. Sicily's row in America makes me feel unusually vicious."

IBSEN.—"Really, your case is very interesting. It looks like something new—like infectious heredity. I'd like to study your case. But do you want much blood?"

GIRL.—"Only a trifle, and I always carry court-plaster

with me to put on the wound. I always cut my friends in this way when I meet them. Pretty good joke, eh? Ha! ha!"

IBSEN.—"Ha! ha! Very good. (*Descends from the table*). Well, here is the fleshiest part. It will heal quickly. Ouch! Where is the court plaster? Thanks. Now proceed with your story."

GIRL. (*wiping her stiletto and putting it away in the folds of her dress*)—"It is just this way. I am engaged to a young man who has interested me very much. Perhaps you know him. His case has interested the doctors throughout the world. He has a lovely ulcer on the back of his neck that he inherited from a grandfather who spent a winter in Paris. (*Mule looks disgusted, and Ibsen makes notes in his book*). Besides, he has led a very wild life himself—but am I quite safe here all alone with you, Mr. Ibsen?"

IBSEN.—"Quite. My grandfather was an ice merchant in Stepnavik, and his blood got so thoroughly chilled that none of his descendants are troubled with violent emotions."

GIRL.—"I am so glad. But to proceed. He is a graf, you know, and unless I catch him up quickly some American heiress will buy him. A dime museum man from New York has already offered him an excellent situation in his chamber of horrors, for he has a club foot, is squint-eyed, bald-headed, has bad teeth—"

(*Mule develops symptoms of violent nausea*).

IBSEN.—"I wonder what ails that animal. But why must you marry?"