



SCENES IN THE POLITICAL CIRCUS.

fully excited during the elections, but thank goodness the dreadful elections are over at last, not to come again for some time, I hope. No longer will our eyes be pained by seeing columns headed "Another Lie Nailed," "Disreputable Tory Tactics," "Grit Falsehoods Exposed," etc., etc., etc.

The apparent inconsistency will not be noticeable of stirring appeals to the poor man in one column of a newspaper, and declarations of solid and universal prosperity throughout the country, in another column of the same newspaper.

The poor man will not be appealed to again for some-time. He will be dropped until the eve of another Dominion election, by which time of course he will have no existence at all, as the promised prosperity will no doubt transform him into a bloated aristocrat. Let us all pray that the sudden change may not be too much for him.

Trusting that you will publish this letter immediately and apologizing for its length—(papa says my pen is like my tongue and never stops),

I remain,  
MAYD S.

The mineral called talc has a soapy feel. The thing called talk has a soapy feel also, during election canvassing.

When our Funny Contributor—in Lindsay—observes a pretty pair of feminine ankles encased in stockings of a moss rose tint, he immediately becomes afflicted with "pink eye."

ESSAYS ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

No. II.—THE ASS.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

Of all the animals known since Noah took his menagerie travelling he know not where, the ass is the most interesting. He always has a melancholy look, yet he can be quite frisky at times; he appears to be remarkably stupid, yet he is wise enough to stop work when he thinks that he has done enough; he has a rough, shaggy coat that almost makes one despise him, yet under that coat there beats a noble heart that prompts a nobler kick; his eyes are very sleepy looking, yet he may be taking the dimensions of that unwise man who is fooling around him, and calculating the exact amount of force required to kick the said man to a home among the angels.

The ass belongs to the family *Equidae* and genus *Asinus*. It is a big family, and therefore the ass has many connections. Some of them are bad. The worst connections are those with his rear foundations. They are to be avoided.

The ass is a debater. He can put forth more forcible arguments in five minutes than a human debater can in five hours. I once saw an ass get into a discussion with a young pickaninny who was tickling his—the four-legged ass's—hoof with a straw. The way that ass let fly his two hind arguments was enough to astonish a book agent. I never yet saw a defeated debater take a thing to heart as deeply as did that pickaninny.

The ass is a good singer. His voice is not a tenor, but a pleasant bass. If it were not for the fact that he would kick against anyone else having a solo, he could get a position in many a church choir.

It cannot be said that the ass has a superlative amount of good looks, but he would have if his auricular appendages were not quite so extensive, and if he had a Grecian nose, blue eye, and less hair on his face, and if he had a countenance more expressive of intelligence. It has never been satisfactorily explained why the ass has such large ears. I am happy to announce to those of the public who are longing for the truth, that, after long, minute, and laborious investigation and calculation, I have discovered the reason. When the father of all asses, roaming through the garden of Paradise, first heard himself sing, it gave his ears such a surprise that they rose up in astonishment, and, in their endeavor to get away from the music, stretched themselves to such a length that it became impossible to unstretch them. As in some theatres a first night memento is given away, so these ears were handed down to assical posterity as a memento of the debut of the first of the family.

When I was a boy, I wanted a rocking-horse, but one day I saw an ass kicking, and I thought that he kicked so beautifully, so scientifically, that I changed my mind, and asked for a live ass. I got one, and the first thing that I did was to examine the rockers of that ass and commence to paint them green. It was only an experiment, but by the time that ass got through experimenting with me I felt sick and wanted to sing, "Put me in my little bed."

One of the worst points about an ass is his stubbornness. He has been known to stop short (never to go again—for a while) in the middle of the road, advance his fore feet, set back his hind feet, and place his four feet in defiant attitudes. Then he is as immovable as the Egyptian Sphinx. Never attempt to force an ass when he is in this mood. Don't try it. It is of no use. The best plan is to coax him. Call him whatever endearing names you think suitable. Fondle him, or do anything else with him except forcing him. If coaxing him has no effect, take a palm-leaf fan, and keep the flies from his ears till he forgets about his stubbornness and decides to go on.

The jackass—or, more properly speaking, the johnass—is first cousin to the ass.

As I have no more ink to shed on this subject, I shall stop by asking all to be kind to the ass, to give him a place in their affections, to minister to his wants, and to keep away from his heels.

MANUAL OF ETHICS FOR MARRIED GENTLEMEN.

1. Never to neglect securing a plentiful supply of cut and split pine for kindling.
2. Always to read aloud the Births, Deaths, and Marriages at breakfast.
3. Not to go asleep after dinner.
4. Never to go out anywhere in the evening except to the Y. M. C. A.
5. Not to be disagreeable if there are no buttons on his shirts, as if that mattered.
6. To use no unchristian language if his study has been "put to rights," and some MSS., which he thinks important, are mislaid.
7. To give way to no unhallowed scepticism as to where on earth the housekeeping money goes.
8. To be always cheerful if asked to accompany his dear little wifey for a few hours' shopping excursion.