



AMPLE REWARD.

MUSCULAR AND EFFUSIVE GENTLEMAN (*grasping boy's hand and wringing it vigorously*)—"Honest lad, how can I reward you for having found and returned my pocket-book so nobly?"

BOY (*wincing*)—"Let go of my hand, mister, and we'll call it square!"

OUR FINANCIAL AMBASSADORS ABROAD.

ON THE TRAIN.

THE MAYOR—"Well, Cody, we're off at last. I was mightily afraid for a while that they would squelch the whole scheme."

CODY—"So was I; but that little business of yours—'Gentlemen, I'd rather stay at home—please excuse me,' fetched them. Don't think I ever saw any better acting than that at the Grand. You ought to go on the stage, old boy."

THE MAYOR—"Perhaps I may. Think I'd be rather a howling success in *Virgilius Slaying his own Inclinations*, hey? Yes, I may go on the stage some time, but meanwhile the railway train is good enough for me. Ha, ha!"

CODY—"Good joke! And say, this is solid comfort, isn't it? No end of plush and softness. I tell you, travelling is a luxury now-a-days."

THE MAYOR—"It is, when the masses foot the bill so handsomely. But say, Cody, don't let us forget that we are on an important mission. Have you got those \$3,000,000 bonds all right?"

CODY—"Yes, they're here in my coat-tail pocket. But hang 'important mission' just now, Ned. Here's a bully cigar; come to the smoking department and let's enjoy ourselves."

ON THE OCEAN.

THE MAYOR (*coming on deck*)—"Cody! Cody ahoy!"

CODY (*below*)—"Aye, aye, sir!"

THE MAYOR—"Come up here on the roof if you want to see water. Never saw so much in my life before,

[*Cody comes up.*]

There, how's that for a broad expanse?"

CODY—"Immense, isn't it? Now, I wonder where the dickens all this water comes from?"

THE MAYOR—"Why, it *was* here. That explains the phenomenon. Do you know, I feel just like spouting poetry.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll

"I am the captain of the Pinafore!"

CODY—"And a right good captain, too!"

THE MAYOR—

"Oh, a life on the rolling wave,
A home on the bounding deep."

That's all the sea-going stuff I can remember just now. But (*he grows pale about the gills*)—wonder what's the matter. I don't feel at all well."

CODY—"It's the motion of the vessel, I guess."

THE MAYOR—"You're right. It affects me just like the motions of E. A. Macdonald generally do. Take me down stairs, Cody; I think I'd feel better in bed."

CODY—"But we were to have had a good long talk over our important mission, you know."

THE MAYOR—"Mission be jiggered. It makes me sick to think of it. I wish they had sent Gillespie or McMillan."

[*Rushes to side of ship.*]

CODY—"Come, Mr. Mayor, you are far from well; and I don't feel any too spry myself. Let's go to our bunks."

[*Exeunt.*]

IN LONDON.

CODY—"Gee whilikens! Mr. Mayor, this is a buster of a town, isn't it? Talk about Toronto!!"

THE MAYOR—"Yes, this is a largeish place, Mr. Cody. But we must get to work now. This is not a junketting tour, and don't you cease to remember it."

CODY—"No; that's so. Business before pleasure. Now, let's see, what are we going to put those bonds at, 3 or 3½?"

THE MAYOR—"3½, of course. That was the understanding."

CODY—"No; Gillespie said 3."

THE MAYOR—"Gillespie be swizzled! D'y'e think I'm going to run down the credit of the city by knocking off half a cent? No, sir! I say make it four or five, rather!"

CODY—"But, my dear Mr. Mayor, you don't quite understand. Don't you see—"

THE MAYOR—"Oh, what I don't understand about placing loans isn't worth bothering about. Hello, boy. (*Enter street gamin.*) Can you tell us where the market is?"

BOY—"Mawket? Does yer bloomin' wo'ship mean Covent Garden Mawket, or Blackfriars Mawket, or vitch?"

THE MAYOR—"No, 'course we don't. We mean the money market."

BOY—"Oh! (*aside*). Vot is these bloomin' coveys up to, I vonders? Vot's their little game? (*Aloud*) No, I don't know nothink 'bout no money mawket. Don't never have no shiners myself."

THE MAYOR—"Then here's a quarter for your information."

[*Exit Boy.*]

CODY—"Here comes a peeler; let's ask him."

[*Enter policeman.*]

THE MAYOR—"Mr. Policeman, could you inform us where—" etc.

[*Left enquiring. For further information as to the results of said enquiries, keep your eye on the daily papers.*]

STRANGE.

'TIS passing strange how men at times

The same idea strike,

And strange how men who ne'er have met,

Oft cherish thoughts so like.

Now, editors I often find,

Else printed words do lie,

Regret they cannot use my lines,

And so in faith do I.

X.