

### THE LYING MACHINE.

THE lying machine is again  
Abroad and all ready for work;  
He spins out his little refrain.  
With a countenance grave as a Turk.

He tells how he fished in "Muskoke,"  
And caught a trout big as a whale,  
Then, adds this degenerate soak—  
"I had just put my hand on its tail

"When the blamed thing flopped off my fly,  
And the water flew so when he fled,  
That, without a bit of a lie,  
I was soaked from my feet to my head."

He tells us how, one day, he spied  
A bear as he travelled along;  
How it stood on its hind feet and cried  
While he sang it a fisherman's song.

Fact was, the man threw down his gun  
And ran for five miles ere he stopped;  
He would likely be still on the run  
If he hadn't with weariness dropped.

Yes, the lying machine is in trim,  
So beware of his fanciful tales;  
If you'd get at the verity dim,  
Just weigh it in common-sense scales. W.H.T.

### ARFQUAKES.

BY PROF. ASTRONOMICAL TOMSON.

To my 'steemed scientific breddren an' de public gen'lly. Whereas—It hab cum to my knowledge dat dere am a certain cullud pusson callin' hisself by dis chicken's given name an' purtending to be a 'stromoner onarfquakes, and whereas, dis yer cullud pusson am an impersition an' a fraud and a quack, case he goes quackin round de kentry about arfquacks which he don't know nothing about; darfore, be it dissolved, dat de public get shet of dis cullud pusson on shawt notice, an' undercumstand once for all, dat dis chile am de only fust original purfessor Tomson, author of de celebrated article on de "Sun do Move," an' beware of base imertations. Dis yah article on arfquakes am de only genowine article, case de oder am a fraud.

Arfquakes my breddren, am a thing dat is approached wif great fear an' tremblin'. De geography ob de word am peculiar. *Arf*—de world we live on—and *quake*—a fit ob de agur. De world we lib on my breddren am nothin' more nor less den a great big animile an' we am de fleas a crawlin' up an' down its back. It am a kind ob camel to carry us cross de desert ob Time on our journey 'twen de two 'ternities. Dat ar what dis yer world am, an' nothing else. It am square, wid four corners an' it sits squat on its base an' never moves; fixed as fate, an' doan you forget it. An' we po' mortals sit on de top ob dat yar box, an' like Joseph watch the sun, de moon an' de 'leben stars go sailin' round an' round it all day long, an' de greater part ob de night, 'cept when its rainin' an' den dey doan come out case dey might get wet an' blow out an' dey couldn't shinc no mo'. An' yet in de face ob all dis okler demonstration dare am people so ignorant an' pig-headed as to deny dat de sun do move.

Now dis yer camel a-journeying through de desert ob life, am very apt to cat something that doan agree wid his stomach, an' he gets a great rumification in his innards, an' he roars an' tears an' doubles up an' shakes de folks off'n his back, an' dey get frightened an' cry "Oh Lor'! de arfquake:" Dat am one theory ob arfquakes, an' if it doan suit yo' taste, here am anoder jest as good. Dis

yarf, my breddren, am a great witch's cauldron, de bery same-as am prescribed by de great playactor Macbeth. Nature, deah breddren, am de witch, an' she puts all sorts into dat ar cauldron an' den she rams on de lid, an' lays on five or six rocks on top ob de lid to keep it down. Dose rocks am what folks call de mountains. Den nature she says, step up ladies an' gen'leman, its all right; an' de folks step up, an' dey build houses an' churches on top of dat ar witch's cauldron, though all de time it am a-fizzin' an' a sizzim fro' de cracks in de lid—till some fine day—plunk! down goes de lid an' de whole caboose am landed into the belly of de cauldron, an' de people way off on de edge what didn't cave in say "It am a terrible arfquake ober dar, golly!" But nature, de great witch, she laff softly, an' fixes on de lid till de nex time, an' so de story goes on. Dis am de true full an' particular history ob arfquakes an' doan you go to believe no oder, case why, you'll get left an' when de big camel takes a fit ob de agur he'll shake you off'n his back right into de witch's caldron dat am a sputterin' an' a sizzin' right below. Dere am anoder view ob arfquakes. Dis arf am a mighty long-sufferin' animile, an' doan mind de human fleas cuttin' up rough once in a while, but when it comes to cuttin' up an' rollin' ober an' ober in sin an' niquity all de time, an' givin' out dat yo' am a purfesser ob 'stromony when you ain't nothin' but an old fraud, den ole mother arf ain't agoin' to stand no sich goings on no longer, she jist quakes wid ondignation, ad' opens her mouf an' her false teeth falls out, an' you po' sinners fall into de open jaws an' get chewed up fo'ever mo'.

Dis am de only old reliable an' fust original explanation ob de fenomenon ob arfquakes, which am de secret place of thunder, an' de oncontrivertable proof dat de sun do move, also, (which am ob more impawtance) dat yo' humble servant am de only genowine purfesser.

ASTRONOMICAL TOMSON.

### OUR JUBILEE GIFT.

THE Queen she sat at Windsor  
Reading Jubilee addresses,  
That came in such profusion  
That the very thought distresses.

At length the one from Canada  
She read with greatest pleasure,  
And to the *Standard* man she said,  
"This does their loyalty measure."

"'Tis elegant and eloquent,  
And full of subtle beauties;"  
"But not so eloquent," quoth he,  
"As Tupper's iron duties."

### HIS DEGREE.

THE cablegram didn't give particulars of the honorary degree conferred by Cambridge University upon Sir Donald A. Smith. We understand it was a B.Sc. (Syn-dicate Bargain.)

DURING a lesson in natural history to a primary class, the teacher asked for the names of animals with scales; after a little hesitation two or three hands went up in token that their owners had answers ready, and a little fellow, the son of a butcher, piped out, "Please, miss, butchers have scales!" When the teacher had sufficiently recovered, she called on a little girl, who eagerly cried out, "Please, miss, pianos have scales!"