



A FRIEND IN NEED.

CHRONIC BORROWER—"Ah, how do do, old fellow? By-the-bye, can you lend me a dollar? Came away from home this morning without my purse, by Jove!"

OLD FELLOW—"I haven't a dollar on me, as it happens, but I can put you in the way of getting the money. (*Taking out his pocket-book.*)"

C. B.—"Ah, that will suit as well, thanks!"

O. F.—"Here are two street-car tickets. Hurry home and get your purse, old man. Good day."

RAFFERTY ON CALISTHENICS.

MISTHER GRIP, SUR: I do be sufferin' at this blissed moment wid an arm in a shling, a leg done up in bandages like an ould ham, an' about four fate shquare av shtickin' plaster distributed nately and conspiciously in big shnips over the remainin' portion av me unfortunate anatomy.

I'm a victim to murdherin' calisthenics, so I am. The life is nearly bate out av me body, be the silf-same things, bad scan till thim! An' av I iver recover the use av me limbs an' the soundness av me sinces, thin may Ould Scratch fly high wid me do I be fool enough to luk even at a calisthenic or anything else that resimbles it a mile aff.

You'll undherstand, GRIP, I was radin' in the hilt department av the *Mail* that min av sidinthy habits shud practice up on bodily exercise to presarve the eaqilibrium betune mind an' muscle.

Bein' app'inted Magistrate be Mr. Mowat, and Township Clark be the council, I settled down to a shtate av illegant inactivity that made aitin' three full males a day less aisy than whin I was cobblin' on the binch or peddlin' tinware through the country.

I grew fat and lazy, an' wid the fear av becomin' like Aldherman Baxter shtarin' me in the face, I mitioned calisthenics to my wife.

"Mrs. Rafferty," says I, "I do belave I nade exercise."

"Thru for you, Rafferty," sez she. "Do yer own wood-sawin'; help me wid the washin' every Monday; tind the cow and pigs yerself, 'stead av wee Oweny; thry a little shovellin' an' less bossin' at the road-work. There's lots av chance for exercise, ould man, without advertisin' for a job. But, bedads, what wid yer offices, an' yer dooties, and yer ships av one kind an' another, the niver a bit av honest labor do ye be doin' now at all, at all!"

"Mrs. Rafferty," sez I, layin' aside the Gover'mint Blue-book I was lookin' through for a pint av law, "it isn't manial service I want, but proper an' constitutional exercise. Faix, it's calisthenics I shud be thryin'."

"Calis——!" At this moment, a neighbor kim in to make an affidavit afore me. So the discussion droopped.

But me heart was set on the calisthenics, an' next day I rigged up a horizontal bar, a thrapeze, an' a bit av a hurdle in the cow-shtable. I bought a pair av Injun clubs, too; an' thin I wint to work.

What happened is aisier to tell about than to suffer. The first shwing I give the clubs wan av the devil's playthings hit me a bang on the back av the neck, while the other flew out av me hand an shtruck Maloney, the milk-man's boy, a whack in the shtomach, that laid him spachless on the flure. Sorra bit av grief it gimme, ayther, becase what did the young Jackanapes mane be shtandin' in the dure-way wid a grin on his ugly mug as much as to say that the sight av me an' the clubs was a pic-nic till him?

Thin I climbed on to the bar and thried the cart-wheel fake. Begobs, the first whirl brought me hid agin a rafther, an' down I wint like a shtruck ox!

Lapin' over the hurdle I thripped an' shprawled like a toad in a pool, lamin' me leg and barkin' the shkin aff me nose.

Frinzed like, I grabbed the thrapeze an shwung, whin down kim the whole conthrivance, landin' me atop av the cow. The baste kicked me, throd on me, an-bucked me wid her horns, till me yells brought Mrs. Rafferty to the rescue an' I was taken up far more dead than livin'.

"Calisthingamejigs, Rafferty," raysoned that lady, when the doctor had gone an' I was able to undhershtand that some part av me was left to tell the tale, "Calisthingamejigs is for judes—not for dacent, able-bodied min. Av ye nade physical culture, me man," she wint on, "grab a shpade, a pick or a buck-saw. 'Dade, an' I'd sooner see ye carryin' a hod than thryin' to operate these book-larin' jim-cracks. D'ye be thinkin' ye're growin' podgy? Thin ate less, do yer own home chores an' quit dhrinkin' beer."

An' for wanse, widout a row or a ha'porth, the mistress had the hearty concurrence av DENIS RAFFERTY.

DON'T YOU?

WHEN the sunrise is cold as a clerical smile,
And the days roll along in Siberian style;
When shrieking and howling the frosty winds blow;
When the hall-heater strikes and the furnace won't go;
Then we love to lie still in our downy spring bed
With the blankets tucked round our poetical head,
And a snore-song of dreamy defiance to sing
To the breakfast bell's tinkle-a-ting-a-ling-ling.

P. Kus.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

ERASTUS WIMAN, *Teacher.*
U.S. CONGRESS, *Class.*

TEACHER (*pointing to map of Canada*)—"Now, boys, I want you to pay particular attention while I describe this country. The idea that it is a dreary waste of snow and ice, only fit to be inhabited by Santa Claus and his reindeer, is a mistake. It is, as you see, a larger country than your Uncle Sam's, with a better soil, a better climate, better mineral resources, better forests and fisheries. It is, in short, the "Better Land," and if you are good boys you will get there some day."

CLASS (*in chorus*)—"We will! we will!" W. McG.