



### DISAPPOINTMENT.

1ST DELEGATE—"I've been in Canada here for about two days, and this is the very first Indian I've seen yet!"

2ND DELEGATE—"Yes, and there doesn't seem to be as many bears or as much snow about, either, as I expected."

### WEIGHING THOUGHTS.

Professor Mosso, an Italian, recently ascertained the weight of thought by balancing a man horizontally so delicately that when he began so think the accession of blood to his head turned the scale. When the subject was asleep, the thoughts or visions which came to him in dreams were sufficient to sink his head below his feet, and the same thing took place when he was disturbed by a slight sound or a touch. The balance even indicated when a person was reading Italian and when Greek.—*Ex.*

"AND now," said the Professor, when several minutes had been occupied in carefully adjusting the victim so that a perfect equilibrium might be secured, "you are about to witness, ladies and gentlemen, a wonderful development of modern science, by which we can ascertain the weight of thought. The subject now is in a state of calm and placid quiescence. He is not thinking about anything in particular. But just as soon as his brain is set at work the rush of the vital fluid to his cerebellum will destroy the equilibrium."

"Let her go, Prof.," said the subject.

"I have here," continued the Prof., "a copy of the *Empire*, and as I proceed with the perusal of the leading editorial the subject will doubtless experience the determination of blood to the seat of the reasoning faculties necessitated by the act of ratiocination."

And he proceeded to read the dreary rigmarole abounding in such expressions as "Grit traitors," "annexationists," "apostles of blue ruin," "pessimists," etc., glancing at the subject, who did not seem affected in the least. The auditors smiled and sneered audibly, and made sarcastic remarks about the Keely motor and the flying machine.

"Really," said the Professor, "this is most extraordinary. I cannot understand it. I assure you that repeated experiments have demonstrated beyond a doubt the correctness of our theory. Are you sure that you were listening and fixing your attention on the subject, Mr. Skeezijs?"

"Course I was listening to the blamed stuff."

"Well, let us try something else. Here is an article from the *Week* on the necessity of developing a truly Canadian literature. Now, listen attentively, Mr. Skeezijs, and try to follow the line of thought:—

The oft-quoted saying, "Let me make the ballads of a nation and I care not who makes their laws," embodies a potent truth which it were well to heed. A nation devoid of a literature is destitute of those mainsprings to heroic action which"—etc., etc.

And so on for about half a column. It was no use. The recumbent listener maintained his equilibrium.

A speech by Ald. Hallam at the City Council produced a slight depression, owing, probably, as some one maliciously observed, less to its own thought-provoking character than to the literary and poetical quotations freely interspersed. And the Professor smiled and felt encouraged.

Then an article by Prof. Goldwin Smith on the relations of Canada and the United States was tried, and the victim's upper section dropped so quickly that he was in imminent danger of pitching head foremost to the floor, had not an antidote been promptly applied in the form of a *Globe* editorial, which brought his head up again with a jerk amid a round of applause. Science was vindicated.

"Now you witness, ladies and gentlemen," said the Professor, "the successful demonstration of our theory. The initial experiments were failures simply because there was nothing in the subject matter presented which could possibly provoke thought of any kind. We will now conclude with one final test, as the subject must be somewhat wearied with conflicting emotions. I hold in my hand a copy of GRIP, from which I shall proceed to read the first item that catches my eye.

SAMJONES—"Going to the party to-night, Borax?"

BORAX—"No, don't you see I'm in *dashville*?"

SAMJONES—"Ah, that is a slight disability."

The brow of the subject suddenly became corrugated with the lines indicating mental tension and the concentration of the intellectual faculties. Suddenly his heels flew into the air, his head dropped, and before a selection from "Kit," of the *Mail*, could be applied to restore the mental vacuum, he had slid heavily to the ground, amid a scene of excitement. As he got up and rubbed the back of his head, which had been bruised by the violence of the shock, the Professor was overwhelmed with the warm congratulations of the audience.

### DEPENDS ON THE POINT OF VIEW.

DUDE (looking at a group of Dominion Day picnickers).—"These people are—aw—awfully cawse and boisterous in their amusements. Occasions like these, you know, always remind me of the saying that 'a poor man's holiday is a sadder sight than a rich man's funeral.'"

SOCIALIST—"Really I don't see the force of the comparison. A rich man's funeral is a rather cheerful occasion than otherwise."

### A DISAPPOINTED BOOMSTER.

"LANDS-DOWNE," shouted the street-car conductor as the vehicle was passing along Queen Street West.

"Oh, come off," growled a disgruntled-looking passenger. "I guess everybody in town knows that by this time, and there ain't no sense in rubbing it into us all the time."