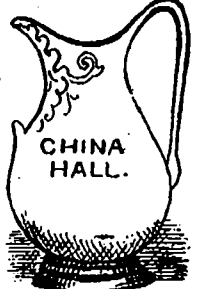
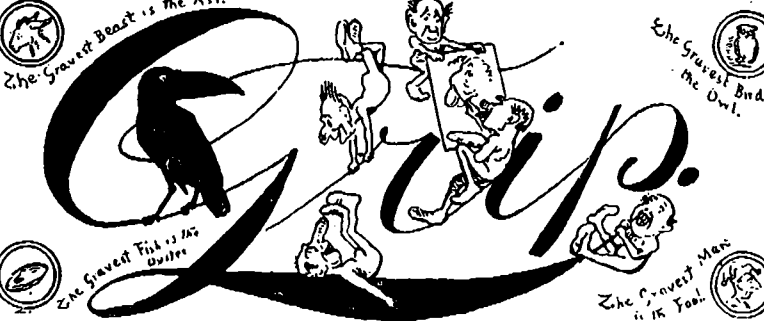


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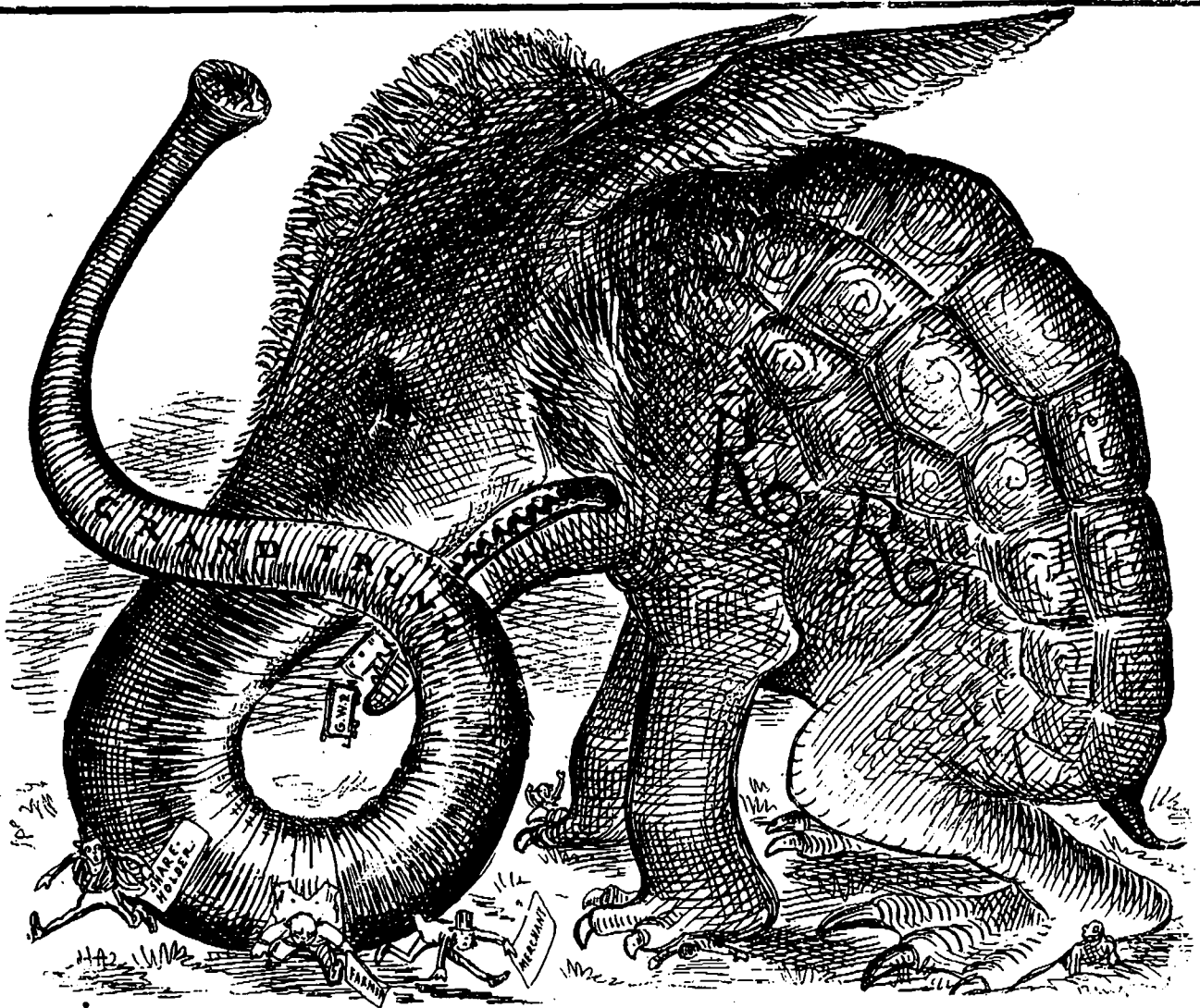
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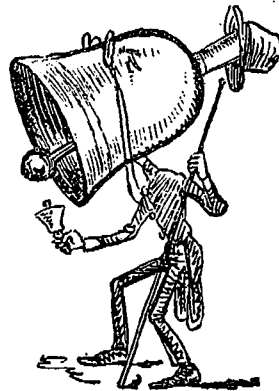
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. David Blain, formerly Reform member for West York, has published a long letter in the *Mail* in support of the allegation that Hon. Edward Blake is responsible for the destruction of the Grit party. The *Mail* greets its new correspondent with effusive affection, and mingles its tears with his over the destruction aforesaid. The sublime innocence of Mr. Blain in going to the chief government organ for consolation in such a matter, and the equally sublime exhibition of hypocrisy made by the organ in pretending to pity him, are incidents too rich to escape the political historian, and are even worthy of being commemorated as laughing-stock in these pages.

FRONT PAGE.—The Grand Trunk railway, already a very powerful corporation, has succeeded, after many preliminary gulps, in swallowing the Great Western, and henceforth will be recognized as one of those beneficent monopolies for which our country is becoming noted throughout the world. Of course there

is a good deal of grumbling over this development in Western Ontario, but this is, to say the least, very illogical on the part of people who by a large majority supported the Dominion Government in establishing a similar institution to rule over the Province of Manitoba.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Premier Norquay of Manitoba is not too proud to be taught, and he appears to have the capacity for taking a lesson with remarkable celerity and in a practical fashion. As a public man he has heretofore been distinguished by a marked deference to the will of Ottawa in all matters pertaining to his Province, and when Ottawa thought fit to disallow Manitoba charters and otherwise interfere with local rights, Mr. Norquay acquiesced with the utmost politeness. Meantime his opponents howled against these unjust measures. When the Dominion election came off, and it was found that public opinion in the Prairie Province was against Ottawa interference, Mr. Norquay at once saw the point. The local elections are soon to be held, and that valiant statesman is at present amongst the loudest and firmest enemies of Disallowance, and his organ, the *Times*, has also added the new tune to its repertoire.



THE
CITY
BELL-
MAN.

I went over to Grimsby camp ground the other day on that solid, steady, and withal rapid steamer, the "Empress." It was my first visit, and I was immensely pleased with the spot. The magnificent grove, crowning the high bank, from which one could gaze almost across the lake; the cunning little cottages; the tents, the hammocks, the happy faces of the sojourners, all went to form a beautiful holiday picture.

Truly Toronto is blessed above many cities. If you don't care to go so far as Grimsby, or Olcott, or Niagara, or Whitby, or Port Dalhousie—and you can get to any of those points for a trifle—why there is Victoria Park, a bewitching spot and now excellently managed; there is Lorne Park, a little further off, but equally lovely; there is High Park, and Sunnyside, and Mimico and the Humber, all within a half-hour of town, and lastly, for a ten minutes' trip, there is the Island.

That Island, aside from its utility as a break-water, is worth about \$20,000,000 to Toronto as a park; and the man who would sell it to a monopolist for that sum would deserve the lasting execrations of all future generations.

I hate monopolists and monopolies; I hate them with my whole heart and strength. I don't care what shape they take, whether railroad, or manufacturing, or land-holding—they are utterly detestable; against the spirit of the age, a standing outrage on human liberty, and a perpetual menace to human happiness. Away with them!

I recognize and respect only one sort of monopoly—that of the intellect. If a man can strike out a line for himself in which he may stand alone without a rival, I say good luck to him; I like to see him flourish and enjoy riches and honor. Take yourself, Mr. Grip, as a case in point. You have a monopoly of the field of comic journalism in Canada—as absolute as that of the Syndicate in the West—but nobody hates you; nobody envies your growing wealth—and you are growing rich, my ebony bird. I know it!—nobody feels wronged. Why? Because your monopoly is not guarded by acts of Parliament contrary to the wishes of the people.

And there's your friend Dr. Wild for another example. He has a monopoly of the church-going people on Sunday evening, and he enjoys a huge popularity with his regular hearers, and I venture to say there are but a few croakers who grudge him his laurels. I by no means agree with many of the Doctor's theories, but I honor him, monopolist as he is.

This reminds me that I have seen some spiteful things of late in the papers about Dr. Wild. He may have got his degree from an obscure University as alleged, and he may be rather eccentric in some of his utterances, but he is now exactly what he was, to my knowledge, years and years before he came to Toronto. He did not assume any new role when he came to Bond-street. And as to his verging on blasphemy, etc., there is not a more reverent or, as I believe, sincerely pious man in any Toronto pulpit than the aesthetically-long-haired gentleman in question.

Mistr Tommis Bengof, who bleevs in spelling az he rites, sends us the follerin abowt the Canadyan Shorthand Convenshun to be held in this sitty on the 29th and 30th inst.:

"Deep interest attaches to this meeting, as it wil doubtles result in the organization of a Canadian Shorthand Society combining the influenc of professionals and amateurs, or, teknically speaking, of 'Stenografers' and 'Shorthanders.' Alredy the art-science of Shorthand has taken hih rank in this yung Dominion—the demand for amanuenses being greater than the supply. Among the papers to be red is one by Mr. Wm. Houston, M.A. on 'Fonetic Shorthand as an Universal Medium in Writing and Printing.' Rev. Dr. Wild, Rev. Robt. Torrance, of Guelph, and other prominent shorthand riters and representativ stenografers from New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, and other American cities, will participate. Shorthand riters and learners will find the meetings very profitabl. Reduced fares hav been secured for delegates." Ald. John Taylor is Chairman of the Committe. The Secretary's address is No. 11 King St. West, Toronto.

Our Funny Contributor, having occasion to send many newspapers, etc., to his friends, uses up a good deal of wrapping paper. Asking for some one day lately in a store in Lindsay, a clerk remarked, "we can't afford to give away so much paper, wrapping paper is going up." "Well," rejoined our contributor, "this is going up too, it's going up to Toronto."



" EXACTLY SO! "

SMITH—Ha! Jones, let me congratulate you,—I hear you've had some money left you!
JONES—Yaas; it left me long ago!

THE MEANDERERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was night, "a phenomenon," as says the *Omaha Journal of Commerce*, "occurring seven times a week." But it was night in Woodbridge, that charming major village of the fertile township of Vaughan. The moon rose over the eastern pine-clad hill, as per usual loving couples meandered up to the station to see the last train of the day pass on its rushing journey from the Sound to Toronto, ruthlessly running over the thousands of stolid sleepers in its bed. It heeded not the sleepers' groans. They were too wooden to groan. The train dashed into the station. This is figurative, and means that it drew (not with pencils, but by means of coals) up on the track in front of the depot, where it paused for ninety-two seconds in its career. The usual crowd of passengers disembarked. The village dogs barked two, two or perhaps three, or, before I proceed, if I've made a possible mistake, six. The other ordinary crowd got aboard. Those who did not get aboard were content with toothpicks. There are no ordinary people in Woodbridge, so the departing crowd were not natives. They were from Parkdale—some distance—and came out with the Solteros Club. It was so long since they had experienced a whipping that they knew not a threshing machine when they saw one, and asked "Charlie, what that red and green thing was?" Ah! if they had known the true name of that part of the thresher they would have implored their Charlies to hurry up street, and would have thought of home and father. It was a separator! But where ignorance is bliss there's no need to seek a blister, so they didn't hurry unduly.

SUB-CHAPTER I.

It was at this station above referred to that the smiling station-master was asked one evening when the train was late, why the said train was like Christmas, but the conundrum was so innocently simple that he guessed the answer immediately. You know it too, but the next was better. Why was the engine of the Christmaslike train like the village corporation after it had instituted a pound and appointed a pound-keeper? The answer had to be left to the pro-pounder, who announced that it was because it had a cow-catcher. This is respectfully referred to *Dick Dumping* when

he comes to write his *box* essay. But leaving beef let us return to our mutton.

CHAPTER II.

The train had glided off into the night, the thirsty had gone for a drink, and the drink had "gone for" some of the thirsty, when one of the loving couple aforesaid turned their faces villageward and gave themselves up to the pleasing pastime of holding sweet converse, and occasionally (when they came near the drain so lovingly lingered over—in their deliberations—by the Council) holding their noses too, while they performed mentally the operation which one landed proprietor threatened to do with a spade:

Not the hanging of the crane,
But the damming of the drain.

In such moments they covered their beaks with their handkerchiefs, an action which would have been totally unnecessary had the drain been as faithfully covered by plank. But we all have to submit to drains—many on our own purses.

SUB-CHAPTER II.

On they went past the cage of the red bird, whose owner on being interrogated as to its species, replied "It is a cardinal." "Did the present Pope create it such?" "I know not, but this I know: I am going to make an Orangeman of it." "Then, by my halidome, must it dye first."

CHAPTER III.

So on went our meanderers till they reached the noble bridge which spans the silver stream. Here they paused and gazed upon the beauty of the scene spread out in an eight-o'clock-dinner-in-the-park-table fashion—sumptuously before them.

The moon, now high in the heavens, beamed benignly down and tipped each little wavelet with a bamboo-cane-silver-ferrule-tip, while the silent, stable stars strewed strips of lesser light in a gas-jet-at-the-corner-of-Yonge-street-under-the-electric-illumination manner around, only more so.

The ripple of the river made music for their ear, but the beating of their own hearts was what they best could hear.

SUB-CHAPTER III.

The night owl hooted beyond the sombre hill, and the tom cat looted the creamery until he had his fill.

CHAPTER IV.

A faint aeolian-harp-like-music-producing breeze sprang up and floated down the river, winding through pleasant meadows and grassy glades. Why did that melancholy music of the evening wind cause the maiden to turn pale, and the youth to experience an out-in-mid-lake-on-board-the-*"Empress-of-India"* on-a-rough-day feeling?

SUB-CHAPTER IV.

It didn't.

CHAPTER V.

It was a strange, an indescribable, but very palpable something—if our Wilde method of description will be tolerated—a something floating on the pinions of the wind which wrought the mischief. Not the odor of wild woods skirting the river's bank, except a dead horse was handy, not the pleasing perfume of the flower-sprinkled meadow, not the odor of the green and grassy-glade—no!

SUB-CHAPTER V.

Not much!

CHAPTER VI.

It was the beastly smell of the slaughter house close by, which came in like a home-

wrecking Bedouin, destroying all that was sweet in the air and leaving instead the fatal blast of its own foul breath! Even as a deliberately committed mortal sin will blight the fruit of a good life, so came this dreisome stench annihilating the pleasant spicery and balm of the charming evening zephyr.

SUB-CHAPTER VI.

It was real bad—horrible.

CHAPTER VII.

"My love," said HE—and she trembled violently (was it the unwonted word or the stench from the slaughter house?). "My love, I fain would speak with thee—but not here, 'tis too skunk-like: let us go up Canal street." So they went. "What is't my Romeo?" murmured SHE as the purer air, and the reaction, set in. "Darling," quoth he, National Policy Willis says, "The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife, and, but you will accept me and give me a welcome as unclouded as is yon moon above us brightly beaming. I am constrained to think that I would verify N. P.'s saying for myself." "Willingly would I acquiesce, but that yet I lack, a week of twenty-one; still, as a charming little actress (now dead, alas! but formerly of Toronto) used to sing (so tells my cousin):

I'll ask my mother and I'll let you know
Next Saturday afternoon."

They sealed the compact with the usual seal—tulips rampant!

SUB-CHAPTER VII.

Saturday afternoon came. So did the answer. It was favorable, and our meanderers are now happy in each others' possession and in—Kansas.

CHARLIE JAY.

SMITH'S PHENOMENAL ROOSTER.

Smith was a man, whose fancy lay
In rearing stock in the poultry way.
Unrivaled by other folk,
And once he went across the main,
For British birds of purest strain:
He scorned the foreign yokl.

He bought a rooster and seven dames,
Of lineage pure and noble names.
And faultless pedigree;
And when those hens began to lay,
He "ova" looked them day by day,—
A brooding man was he.

And there he kept his patient seat
Till incubation was complete;
When something strange befell
That startled Smith's expectant sight,
For one, a little rooster mite,
Crowed as he cracked his shell.

And Smith has frequently averred
It was the most precocious bird
That one might well desire;
A little forward, strutting thing,
That scorned the warm maternal wing,
And perched beside his sire.

And strange it was to hear and see
That youngster crow in treble key.
Be-ide his "daddy's" bass:
And all the hens declared it too,
Who heard his minor "doodle-doo":
A most unusual case.

But though that bird would early crow,
He has not grown a bit; and now
His voice one seldom hears,
He's lost his cheek and early strut,
And of the hens he's quite the "butt,"
He's getting, too, in years.

A moral here one might with truth
Apply to some Toronto youth
Who early failings show:
Don't strut and ape and play the fool,
Nor scorn the mild maternal rule:
Whatever you do, don't "crow!"

R. C.

Motto for a scandal monger—All's fish that comes to my net.



(From Western Figaro.)

LADY OF THE HOUSE.—JOHNNY, WILL YOU HAVE SOME MORE CAKE?

JOHNNY.—NO, I'VE HAD ENOUGH.

MOTHER.—YOU NAUGHTY BOY, TO SPEAK LIKE THAT; YOU NEVER DO SO AT HOME.

JOHNNY.—NO, BECAUSE I NEVER GET ENOUGH AT HOME.

SCOTTY'S OPINION.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—Considerin' the parcel o' lees that the papers are filled wi' aboot yer fine kintra, I think its only richt that ye should publish this letter to let folk ken the richt state o' things. I never saw sic a kintra as this in a' my born days. The farmers here are a parcel o' impident fallows, they'll hae naething but their ain way in every thing, an' when they get haud o' the like o' a gude practical farmer like mysel, that aye been brocht up on a farm, an' kens a' aboot it, they dinna ken how to value him. When I cam oot here I hired first till a French Heilin'man. The fallow would gie me naething but nine dollars a month, an' wanted me till get up at four i' the mornin', an' at nicht it was aucht o'clock afore we got through. I just tellt him plump an' plain it wadna dae, an' then came awa up here to Ontario, and hired wi' a farmer here. I didna like the way he managed his farm ava, he was aye gettin' things broken, an' he had his tools scattered a' ower the place, an' then they were aye to rin and see'. His tools were just as bad as the ither aye's, but I got twa'ree dollars a month mair than afore. Naething wad suit him but I maun bind the wheat his way, instead o' the way I had aye been used to, an' I didna believe in his new faugled notions o' this an' that. Ae day I tuk him aside an' tellt him hoo I thoct he oelt to manage his farm, an' the way the farmers do in the auld kintry. Wad ye believe me, instead o' thankin' me kindly for my advice, he cursed an' swore like a dragon. I never heard sich swearin'

a' my life. Of coorse it was my duty as a member in full communion wi the Established Kirk to speer at him whaur he thoct he wad gang tae when he de'ed, if he swore like that, but he just glowered at me an' said if I didna get oot o' that he wad gie me a rise in the salary. Weel, I tellt him I had nae objection to that ava, that in fact a dollar or twa mair a month wad be very acceptable, an' wi I looted down to bind a sheaf, when afore I kent whaur I was I flew ower the tap o' a' a' stook an' lichter in the heart o' anither aye, the only thing I was sensible o' hein' a most terrible pain in the bottom o' my backbone just exactly whaur I sit doon on. I couldna account for sic an extraordinary circumstance, unless on the supposition that I had been kicked ahint, but I hardly think he would hae done onything like that till a respectable man like me, especially when I was advisin' him for his ain gude. Ohy way I left him, an' I've written hame to ma mither that the climate disna agree wi' my health, an' to send oot the bawbees to tak me hame at wance. He insulted me tae my very face when I left, he said "Of a' the self-conceited fules on top of creation, commend me till a Scotch greenhorn." Aye' that's what he said, and mind ye ho's a Scotelman himsel, but he's gotten perfectly corrupted in this country; and like Ephraim he is joined till his idols, let him alone. Noo, what I want you tae dee, Mr. Grip, is tae see if ye canna pit a stop to the papers printin' a' the lees about this kintra. They wad make ye believe it's a perfect paradise, when it's a most miserable hole. For instance, noo, I had

to rise an' open the window twa inches last night, it was sae hot, an' there was me sleepin' wi the nicht air comin' in on me, a thing I never did at hame. An' its tea in the mornin', tea at denner time, tea at tea time, till I'm clean scannered at tea, an' my mouth's waterin' a' the time for a drap o' gude brose. Ye never ken what it is to get a gude meal, its beef—beef—beef a' the time. I declare when I get hame I'll turn a Hindoo an' eshoo beef a' thegither. The folk here canna bake bannocks, they mak naething but that fashionless white bread, an' thae clarty pies. Sic a meeserable kintra I never kent tae bring a decent man till. An' for the Sabbath they've no respect for it whatever. Its awfu. They sit wi every door and window in the house wide open, an' they play on the organ an' sing, an' they let the bairns play about the hoose, instead o' garrin them sit up straight on a chair an' read their Bibles a' day, the way I was brought up forty year syne. I've gone to the expense o' paper, envelope, and a three bawbee stamp to send this to you, so I houp ye'll hae the decency an' justice enough to print it, and let the truth be kent aboot the barbarity o' the place they are wheedlin' decent folk tae.

No more at present, but remains yours truly,

JOCK LITTLEWIT.

A LAMENT FOR THE DEAD "SPECTATOR" (MONTREAL).

Ah! yellow, yellow, yell oh!
What time the grieved *Spectator*,
With five years' ripeness mellow,
Expires from high-toned think;
How paint the readers' woes,
Knowing as well he knows
No wrongs are rectified with printers' ink.

When from the thoughtful's praise
This Montreal journal shrinks,
That journal which was Bray's;
It teaches 'tis not intellect which thrills.
How shall one hymn its throes,
Knowing as well one knows
Men pay not for exposed ills?

Is it, and can it be
This Nation's dire decree,
"Nothing that's 'toney' in this land shall sell"
Or that in all our works
Something chaotic lurks,
Not to be righted if 'tis done too well?
'Tis a conundrum—and—I cannot tell.



This (Friday) evening the Haverly Opera Company conclude their present engagement with a repetition of *Piaflore Patience* enjoyed a capital run during the early portion of the week, the performance being a great artistic success. Mr. Temple's *Bunthorn* was very fair, but would not bear comparison with the "consummate" effort of Mr. Dixie in the same role. It was found impracticable to put on the *Pirates of Penzance* as announced, on account of the non arrival of the costumes, but there is a probability that this excellent company may return shortly and present that opera. Meantime they visit Hamilton, whose citizens may be assured of a great treat.

"Tug" Wilson thus soliloquizes this morning as he handles his \$10,000 in cash: "It is better to have gloved and won, than never to have gloved at all."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Well, then, and did its
bad, bad Blakey break up
its Party as he did! And
its John A. will cry for
it, so he will, and his
awfully sorry -!
etc. etc. etc. etc.

I didn't break it
up; it was Gordy
Brown with his cast-
iron Free Trade!

I didn't break
it up; it was
Neddy Blake
with his Shilly-
Shally Protection
and Revenue
Tariffs!



SYMPATHY!

OR, THE LITTLE BOY WITH THE SORE HEAD.



FIENDISH REVENGE.

(London Fun.)

Major Doodlefog.—“WHY ON EARTH IS THAT PRETTY MISS HARRINGTON TALKING TO THAT ANIMATED HAYSTACK?”
 Captain Dunderhead (who would like to be in his place).—“SHE'S LOOKING FOR THE PROVERBIAL NEEDLE, I SUPPOSE, AS I SEE HER DRESS IS TORN.”
 [Of course it isn't, but all Miss H.'s pleasure for the evening is spoilt.]

The Joker Club.

“The Pun is mightier than the Sword.”

THE DETROIT FUNNY MAN'S LATEST.

Most of the world seems to believe that a thorough good drubbing will benefit instead of hurt the Turks, and the belief is also widespread that Admiral Seymour is the man to handle the club.

Kentucky lover who swore by the great horn spoon that he'd like to die for his girl stood on the river bank and saw another chap pull her from the water and never even offered him fifteen cents' reward.

A Jersey City woman tried to trap her husband by flirting with him on the street, and when he had given himself dead away he felt so cheap that he tried to drown himself in eighteen inches of water.

The National Republican of Washington is said to have been largely supported by contributions from the Star Routers. If the Star Routers are convicted and it suspends, Washington could probably stand the loss.

The city of Alexandria had three daily newspapers when the bombardment began, but not one single reporter stayed after the second shot. They don't draw salaries over there for writing anything worse than a runaway.

It is estimated that one English iron-clad would walk her way into New York Harbor without firing over a dozen shots, and those would be fired simply to scare the hackmen away from her intended landing place.

An old “bach” wanted to get even with the widows of Williamsport, Pa., who had gossiped about him, and so he left them \$33,000 in his will. He knew they'd fight over it until the last dollar went to the lawyers.

A New York stone mason says he can supply the trade with Egyptian obelisks looking to be 6,000 years old for \$3,000 a shaft. The price is certainly reasonable for the times, and one obelisk is as good as another.

HAPPINESS IN THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.

In a recent conversation with Mr. Conner, Royal Opera House (Toronto), he spoke as follows to a representative of a prominent journal in reply to a question concerning his health: “During the early part of last October I had a severe attack in my right knee, of what my physicians pronounced as acute rheumatism. I used many so-called rheumatic remedies, without receiving any apparent benefit. Observing that St. Jacobs Oil was being constantly recommended by many of the leading members of our profession, I decided to give it a trial. Accordingly I pur-

chased a bottle of the article and applied it as directed. From the first application I commenced to improve, and before I used two-thirds of a bottle, I was entirely cured, and have experienced no return of my ailment.”

RUPTURE CURED.



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PERSONAL.
Scene—The Zoo.

Gamin (to chum in distance) Hi, Jimmy, come here and see the two-legged pup!
Jimmy—Naw! I kin see him any time on King-street; come an' look at the lions!

DOMESTIC EXPERIENCES OF JONAS JOBSON, ESQ.

Jonas Jobson is one who may be termed a self-made man. Although not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he has been through life shrewd, economical, upright, and of business habits, and early in life became a well-to-do tradesman. Having amassed a fair proportion of this world's goods, Jobson and his wife Maria have settled down in a nice little villa in the suburbs, where they intend to reside for the remainder of their allotted span. This abode Jobson has christened "The Bower." Jobson, although possessed of more than sufficient to provide for himself and his Maria during the period of their natural lives, still believes strictly in economy being observed in his household. One girl, a maid of all works, Sarah Josephine by name, constitutes the establishment, and household expenses are kept down proportionately. The diet is almost invariably of the plainest description. It is only now and then that Jobson having exceeded the bounds of moderation in the "liquor" line, Mrs. J. is favored with something out of the ordinary in the shape of a treat. These treats, however, are more of the offspring of fear on the part of Jonas, lest he should be taken to task by his Maria for his indiscretion, than of husbandry forethought or wishfulness to please. Last week the weather being intensely hot, and the spirit having moved Jobson so to do, and having brought himself to believe that a good "blow out" was well nigh essential, Jobson set out on one of his "boozing" excursions, and a royal day he spent, you need not doubt. In returning to the "Bower," and pondering over in his mind what would be most likely to please his Maria and save himself from being hauled over the coals, the dear old man espied some geese on a stall in the market-place. As quick as thought Jobson became the purchaser of a fine large goose, and with glee he pursued his homeward course so that he might present to his Maria the subject of his purchase. On arriving home he rushed into the good old lady's presence, hauling the goose by the neck, "Good gracious," exclaimed Mrs. Jobson, "what have you been thinking about, Jonas; whatever induced you to bring a goose here? You know we are not in the habit of indulging in such luxuries, and as to the cooking, how is that to be done? I am sure Sarah Josephine seldom if ever dined off goose, and as to her being able to cook this bird she knows just as

much about it, less, if possible, than the goose itself." "Come, come, my dear," said Jonas, "do not lose your equilibrium so entirely over nothing. There are several ways of cooking a goose." Roast it, broil it, or boil it," chimed in Sarah Josephine. The old man smiled. Later in the evening when Jobson was enjoying his pipe of peace in solitude, Mrs. Jobson and Sarah Josephine repaired to the kitchen, where they held a council of war. After mature consideration they decided that the goose should be prepared and cooked in the oven for dinner the following day. Bed time arrived, but failed, however, to bring with it any sleep for poor Mrs. Jobson. She was haunted with dreams of the unwelcome goose, intermingled with visions of giblet pie. Early next morning Mrs. Jobson arose, and having again repaired to the kitchen, she together with Sarah Josephine held a post mortem examination on the bird, and surveyed its intestines. At length the preparations were complete, and the "quacker" placed in the oven. Not long however, did the bird remain in close confinement before the spluttering of the fat on the sides of the oven, and the consequent perfume arising therefrom, brought the dear old man on the scene of action. He stumbled into the kitchen and demanded of Sarah Josephine whether the rag bag had got on fire. When informed, however, that his recent purchase was the cause which had affected his strong sense of smell, and that dinner would not be ready before two p.m., Jobson intimated that he would make a business call in the meantime, and departed. Very much business, I'll be bound, thought Maria. Dinner hour arrived, and with it Jobson. The goose having been dexterously deposited on the table by Sarah Josephine, Jonas and his wife took their seats. The cover having been removed, Jonas surveyed the bird with wondering eye. "Well, my love," said he to his spouse, "how and where do I start." "Well I never," replied Mrs. Jobson. "You ask me that question. You bought the thing. Why did you not get your instructions how to proceed labelled upon it? How do I know how you should go to work?" This was not at all calculated to inspire Jonas with hope, so with knife and fork in hand, and the perspiration standing on his manly brow, he once again surveyed his purchase. It must be done, thought he. No sooner had Jobson drawn his blade over the bird's carcase than he became aware that his task was no slight matter. The knife seemed to have no effect. "Why don't you amputate the legs and wings?" suggested Maria. "Easier said than done," responded Jonas. Several attempts having been unsuccessfully made upon the bird, during which the gravy had been sent in every direction over Mrs. J's. snow-white tablecloth, Jobson thought a little more persuasion must be necessary. He picked up dish, goose and all, and bolted into the kitchen. There he laid hold of the meat chopper, and prepared to hack the obstinate bird in twain. The first stroke proved disastrous, the clipper gliding off the bird, and instead of doing the work he intended it should do, it made Mrs. Jobson's crockery list less by one item. Again and again did poor Jonas strive to accomplish his ends, until at last his temper getting the better of him, and omitting that care and prudence which usually characterized his every action, Jobson succeeded in not dislocating a limb of the bird, but in chisseling about half a pound of flesh out of his left hand. This was sufficient for Jobson. He perceived it was useless to dream of dining off goose that day, so he and Maria had to make the best they could of the potatoes and gravy. Jobson admits that to live is to learn, and he has made up his mind that in future when he shall feel inclined to have goose for dinner he will previous to purchasing his bird demand of the vendor a

written guarantee as to its modernness, and a certificate of its birth he will obtain from the nearest registry.

MARS IN EXTREMIS.

Great Jove, oppressed with heavy cares of State,
Lay soundly sleeping, though the hour was late;
Ambrosial odors floated on the air:
And all the goddesses were long astray,
On tip-toe tripping o'er the marble floors,
Or closing noiselessly the palace doors,
The bell was muffled at the outer gate,
And all in languid expectation wait.
Vulcan, whose hammer a dead silence keeps,
Grown tired of waiting, by his anvil sleeps;
His roaring bellows utter not a sound,
And half-wrought thunderbolts lie grouped around:
His fire as feeble burns as Hymen's torch,
And Bacchus, drunk, sleeps off his first debauch,
But one approaches now whose heavy tread
Shakes the whole palace and great Jove in bed.
With iron greaves his mighty legs are bound,
With leathern thongs his loins are girdled round,
A garment loose is o'er his shoulders thrown,
And as he walks its heavy folds hang down:
Swift, at his tread, each heavy portal swings,
And all Jove's waiting breakfast-service rings;
The war-dogs barking, at the sound rejoice,
And strain their leashes at his well-known voice.
So loud the echoes were when he had spoke,
That 'midst the general hubbub Jove awoke;
To various worlds despatched his golden cars,
And then came down to breakfast—and to Mars.
"Ah! god of battles, is that you?" said Jove,
"I'm glad to see you, and I pledge my love."
"Ho! Vulcan, what's the time of day?" "Let's see."
Said Vulcan, "eighteen-eighty-one, by me."
"Pardon, my friend," said Mars, "you're rather slow,
It's eighteen-eighty-two; at least, below."
"That's near enough," said Jove, "I'm glad to find
If anything, we are a shade behind;
Considering the distance of the clime,
The system, on the whole, keeps first-rate time.
But where the thunderbolts? Come, Vulcan, quick!
On all below as hail, I'll hurl them thick."
"My liege," said Mars, "they've bolts enough of
war;
Such bolts as, perhaps, your Majesty ne'er saw—
I'm straight from earth, and twould astonish you
The change in mortals this last day or two.
I'm sure the bolts which their poor fires discharge
Would take friend Vulcan all his time to forge;
And those huge shafts by "Armstrongs," monster
hurled
Pierce the firm rock, and desolate the world."
"And who is "Armstrong," Mars? and how allied?"
"Entirely human sire; no god-like tide
Flows through his veins; but, though of mortal birth,
He rivals me in "dishing out" on earth."
"Could'st thou pierce Achilles' shield these shafts of
steel?"
"Achilles' shield, my liege? Ah! like an eel
'Twould I through it, sire." "O, Mars! don't pun," said
Jove.
"That noble Grecian boy had all my love,
And when that arrow hit the fatal part
I only wish his heel had been his heart.
And what of Egypt, Mars? How goes the war?
Is Arabi yet conquered?—your dread car
On poor old Alexandria's fair plain
I'm told was ankle deep in Christians slain."
"It made my heart bleed, sire." "O, come, that's
good."
Said Jove, "why Mars, your garment's drenched in
blood."
"It is," said Mars, "for there has been some spilt,
In fact, I've worn my sword down to the hilt—
You see, I've fixed the handle on the sheath;
But that's a ruse, there's not an inch beneath—
There's not enough to take a single life—
'Twould scarcely serve you, sire, for oyster-knife.
And working with such tools perplexes me—
I've been compelled to strangle two or three."
"Strange!" said Jove; "I almost doubt your word:
I'd never work, dear Mars, without my sword."
"Tis dirty work, my liege; you're well surprised,
And may my next good sword be oxidized
By morning's idle tears, or purling brook:
Or Vulcan twist it into pruning hook.
Before I'll slit a wind-pipe to the good,
Or pander to their savage thirst for blood.
I'm thankful, sire, I had celestial birth;
I can but scorn the wretches now on earth—
The cut-throat heroes—there are none of mine;
I had enough of them beside the Rhine;
And Britain's boastful isle, that "guiding star,"
Has got on hand this other dubious war—
Ah! sire, when Greece upheld her sons deploy,
Or Hector led the noble youth of Troy,
'Twere pleasure then to mingle with the brave,
And trace each here to an honored grave;
But let me rest, my liege, I've grown since then
To hate the mercenary sons of men."
R. C.

"A round of pleasure"—Riding the flying horses.



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