

Two Apologies.

BY LUKE SHARR

There is a hotel in London that is of immenso size. Its corridors ought to have street cars running along them. Each corridor has a window at the end, and as you stand at the other end and look at it, it seems half a mile away. All the room doors are exactly alike, and a person needs his faculties about him even when the halls are well lit to find the particular den he is paying for. I was domiciled on the fourth floor. A friend who had a room a few floors nearer the ground gave a sort of an "at home" one evening and I was one of the guests. I have no idea what time it was when we got through, but the upper halls were very silent, dark and deserted. It was so late that I was not quite sure on which side of the hall my room was situated, and as to the number of it—that had become ancient history long before. After a vain search I made up my mind that I had to either sleep in the hall or go down stairs and wake somebody up, or try in which door my key fitted. I preferred to sleep in the hall rather than go down and up those stairs, so I started at about where I thought my room was and tried the key. Some doors had keys on the other side, some again did not suit the key I had, and from behind other doors came low growls of sleepy disapproval that caused me to desist. At last I struck the door and it opened. I had no matches and couldn't find any in the room. I found the bed, tumbled in, and went to sleep. Some time later I became conscious that another fellow was trying my game.

"Who's there?" I cried.

"Open ze door," he answered.

I opened it and he staggered in. He held a lighted candle in his hand and it seemed to be very late indeed with him. He had on a dress coat, his hat was well back on his head and his necktie was round under his ear.

"Now, what the old Harry do you want?" I asked.

"Beggur pardon, shur; do, indeed; but y' shoo, th' porter says shis is my room."

"The porter doesn't know what he's talking about. Don't you see it's my room? Didn't you notice the porter was drunk?"

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THE MAYORALTY.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S QUANDARY, OR ON WHOM SHALL KNIGHTHOOD FALL.

"Thash zo; thash zo; I notish shat. Ash we'er comin' up I notish he's drunk. Shay, old fel, under shirkum — sirkum — kum — stanches, ye know, all one zhentleman can shay t' nozer zhentleman's shorry and beg yer pardon."

"Certainly, that's all right. Your room's in the next block. Good night."

"Good night; shawl right under shirkstanches — shawl right! 'Pologize, ye know. Eh? One zhentman—"

I woke up pretty late that morning and found that after all I was in somebody else's room. Things appear clearer in the morning than they do late at night when a person is tired. I saw that if I had had presence of mind enough to look at the round brass tag that was attached to my key I would have seen the number of my room on it. I locked the door of the room I had occupied and went to my own apartment which was some fifteen doors farther down. There was a key on the outside and the door was unlocked.

slip of white surah, the back cut off a little below the waist line, and full breadths of silk gathered in so as to hang gracefully over the tournure, and three bias ruffles on the—

"Why, what are you talking about?" interrupted her friend; "I mean, have you finished writing your essay, you know?" "Er—no," said Mamie, her enthusiasm rapidly diminishing; "but I have commenced it, and I wish the awful thing was in Halifax!" "What's the subject?" "The Curse of Slang." "Gracious! Isn't that a difficult subject to write up?" "Difficult? Well, I should giggle. I'll have to hump myself to get it finished in time for the commencement, and I have a good notion to let it slide. I might shut up the professor's optic by pleading illness, but I'm not that sort of a hairpin. But, come, waltz up into my room and look at my stunning graduating harness. It'll paralyze you."

A summary proceeding—Pic-nicking.

I opened it and recognized the fellow who had roused me up in the night, lying on my bed with his dress suit still on and looking very crumpled. He started up as I entered.

"I beg your pardon, but you are occupying my room," I said.

"Really," he answered, looking very sheepish and astonished.

"Well, I am very sorry, I am sure. I don't know how such a mistake could have occurred. I think the porter left me here. The fact is, you see, I was out with some friends last night—I presume you see how the mistake occurred. My key must have fitted your door. I hope you will pardon the intrusion—it is really inexcusable, but I hope—"

"Don't mention it. It is all right. Might have happened to anybody."

"You are very good, and I thank you. I will get up at once."

"Don't do anything of the kind. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, thank you; nothing. If you don't mind I will take another nap."

"The room is quite at your disposal."

"Thank you again. If my apology is not as coherent as it should be I hope that you—"

"My dear fellow, don't say another word. It is more than ample. Good morning."

She was Down on Slang.

"Mamie," said a grammar school girl to a member of the graduating class, "have you finished your essay?" "Oh, yes," gushed Mamie; "and it is too lovely for anything—a princess

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