

## PASS IT ON.

An Arab came to the river side  
With a donkey bearing an obelisk;  
But he would not try to ford the tide,  
For he had too good an

—*Boston Globe.*

So he camped all night by the river side,  
And remained till the tide had ceased to swell;  
For he knew should the donkey from life subside,  
He would never find his

—*Salem Sunbeam.*

In the morning he sought to ford the tide;  
When the donkey stopped at the water to quaff,  
The rider fell off, let the obelisk slide,  
Thus affording a newspaper

—*Rome Sentinel.*

But in the evening when the tide was low,  
And the sun had set on the vegetation,  
He stirred up the mule and made it go,  
Nor was he stopped by an

—*Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.*

Soon they reached their journey's end,  
The mule was frisky under the lash,  
And while the girls looked brightly on,  
The mule and master cut a

—*Philadelphia Evening News.*

And a very good impression made  
Thus filling their hearts with bliss,  
For girls have often donkeys admired,  
But this is said in

—*Chicago Specimen.*

And in all the journey the donkey made  
He did not seem to be wearied;  
But the girls were nevertheless afraid  
He was not the mule of the

—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

But he was cold, this wise old mule,  
Though wise was he as Solon;  
For though his load was kindling wood,  
He did not put the

—*Life.*

So he set forth to find a wife,  
And thought that he would bag her,  
But a butcher put an end to his life,  
With a cold and piercing

—*Commercial Advertiser.*

When the master saw that his friend was dead,  
And had finished his earthly race,  
In his arms he took the old mule's head  
For a lingering, last

—*Boston Post.*

Then he forthwith went, with an eye to biz,  
And a sausage-maker he found,  
To whom he sold that old mule of his  
For a musty, measly

The case is stated what we ad.  
That the sausages were good,  
Or were so pronounced by the boarding cad,  
The type we call the Dudo.

## TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION.

"Say Smith, are you coming down town to-night?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, my hired girl left this morning, and Mary will be lonesome by herself."

"My hired girl left this morning, too, and that's why I am coming down. I'd be awful lonesome with Maggie."—*Hatchet.*

## IN THE NURSERY.

"Mamma, why do folks always eat eggs on Easter Sunday?"

"I'm sure I don't know, child. Ask your father."

"I say, papa, can you tell?"

"Yes, my boy. It is a custom invented by married women."

"Why, what for?"

"So as to give their husbands a gentle hint that it's high time to shell out for Easter bonnets and dresses."

Little boy thinks there must be a joke somewhere, but fails to find the lay of the land.—*N. Y. Sunday Journal.*

At the last meeting of Sorosis, Jennie June offered the toast: "The women martyrs." She probably referred to those who were born dumb.—*Ex.*



The Le Blache operatic performance at the Grand on Saturday evening of this week promises to be a brilliant affair. Two acts of *Trovatore*, including the ever-popular *Misere* duet, will be given in addition to a concert programme. Secure your seat without delay, and enjoy the treat.

Messrs. Suckling & Son bid fair to become distinguished as musical managers. Already the people of Toronto owe them gratitude for some excellent performances by world-famed stars. And now it gives us pleasure to announce that Madame Trebelli's appearance on Monday evening, May 19, is a fixed fact. A grand audience is sure to greet the acknowledged queen of contralti.

## HE COULD NOT VISIT BERLIN.

Mr. Smithers ate seven pieces of steak and nine muffins for breakfast the other morning and then announced to the boarders that he had made all his arrangements to spend the summer in Europe.

"Pity you won't be able to visit Berlin," remarked the audacious Bumble.

"Why, I will be able. I propose spending two weeks there," answered Mr. Smithers.

"Oh, no you won't," retorted Bumble.

"They won't allow an American hog to enter Germany."

There's blood on the moon.—*Hatchet.*

## WAS A THIEF.

Mr. Whifty was arraigned before the grand jury on a charge of theft. The gentleman—called gentleman because he is a colored man—stated that he had always lived an upright life, and proved conclusively that he did not steal the sheep, with whose theft he was charged. In congratulating him upon his honesty, one of the grand-jurymen said:

"It pleases every good citizen to know that there are yet honest men in the country."

"I see allus been hones," said the colored gentleman. "W'y, las' year I went through Colonel Met Jones' water-million patch an'—"

"Did you take any of the melons?" asked the foreman of the grand jury.

"No, sah, I didn'."

"Then, gentlemen," continued the foreman, "return an indictment against him, for a nigger that would go through a patch without taking a melon is a thief."

"Better-lay it than never," said the housewife to the hen.

A watchmaker can't afford to do a cash business, because he makes his profits on time.

If silence is golden, an asylum for deaf mutes ought to be rolling in wealth.—*Oil City Bizzard.*

The New York Telegram asks: "Are boys getting worse?" They are not. It is impossible.—*Progress.*

A young lady of Maine, has achieved fame by rowing through five miles of rough water for the mail. There are lots of girls who will go farther than that for a male.

"What is a dish?" asked the teacher.

"Please, ma'am, its when the fireman go out on a false alarm," said the little boy with a green patch over his eye.—*New York Journal.*

A Galveston man, who has a mule for sale, hearing that a friend in Houston wanted to buy a mule, telegraphed him: "Dear Friend, —If you are looking for a No. 1 mule don't forget me."

The most egotistical of the United States—"Me."—*Lowell Courier.* The most religious—"Mass."—*The Hatchet.* The poorest in health—"Ill."—*Pretzel's Weekly.* The most affected—"La!"—*Richmond Baton.* The most popular—"Miss."

"Give me," said the school master, "a sentence in which the words 'a burning shame' are properly applied." Immediately the bright boy at the head of the class went to the blackboard and wrote: "Satan's treatment of the wicked is a burning shame."

They had the motto, "Seek and Ye Shall Find," hung on the wall over a grab-bag at a church fair. The inappropriateness was finally noticed and rectified by a wag, who substituted, "He Tempers the Wind to the Shorn Lamb."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A Chinaman named Tank Kee is lecturing in the oil regions. No; he is not investing the proceeds of his lectures in oil, Tank Kee. (Punch would have inserted the words "Thank ye," in parentheses, after Tank Kee, but hanged if we shall.)—*Norristown Herald.*

An Arab chief or sheik is also called a "Sheriff." When taunted with his late defeat in Egypt, therefore, it would be easy for Gen. Gordon to explain it away by saying he only did what many other people had done before when hard pressed—that is, "ran away from a sheriff."—*Richmond Baton.*

"Yes," said Mrs. Smith, who had just alighted from a horse-car; "yes, I got myself all mud, and I guess I've wet my feet; but I didn't get out at the crossing. These corporations can make rules, but I guess the people have some rights yet, and though the men may tamely submit, the women won't."—*Boston Transcript.*

"No, George," said a Chicago girl, "I can not be your wife. I love you passionately, deathlessly, but I can not marry you. I shall never wed." "And why, my darling," pleaded George wildly, "can not you marry me?" "Because," answered the girl, "I do not want my name published in connection with a divorce suit."

"Mr. R. W. Phipps," says the Regina Leader, "is one of the ablest men on the American continent." One of them—yes, oh, people! The other is the editor of the Regina Leader. He would never have said this of himself, I am persuaded, but that does not alter the fact. Too much modesty is what has blighted Nicholas Flood's young life.

Johnny, you should remember that two is company and three a crowd," remarked a young lady to her brother a year or two her senior, whom she desired to get rid of while she visited her love. "That's all right, sis; but three of a kind beat a pair, or two pair for that matter," replied the young brother, as he picked up the family album and took a chair to sit the evening out with his sister's caller. The pair was beaten.—*Peck's Sun.*

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.