



A PARLIAMENTARY OBSTRUCTIONIST.

THE ST. JOHN MEMBER (ELLIS) OBSTRUCTS THE "SHIP RAILWAY BILL."

Between Stations.

Our smartest Aleck -- Electricity.

Lead astray -- bullets from a policeman's revolver.

According to an exchange, "Emma Abbot is growing fat."
In regard to Patti, where will adipose next season?

"This is the most unkindest cut of all," murmured the prominent citizen when he saw his portrait in the *Weekly Bucksaw*.

What's in a name, eh? A travelling spiritualist in British Columbia bears the name of Mummie.
Circulating medium. See?

One cannot but be amazed at the remarkable health of the members of the Baptist denomination, when one considers that there is not a single one of them but has the dip-theory.

A recent newspaper item credits Buffalo W. Cody with having made \$1,000,000 in England and intimates that he intends returning to America and starting out as an author. Wonderful, isn't it, how some people will fritter away large fortunes?

A young man once owned a canoe
That was built to seat but just toe,
He hoisted his sail,
But there sprang up a gale
That drowned the happy young croe.

A Maine paper, referring editorially to the worriments and anxieties of Vanderbilt's life, asks, "Who would be a millionaire?" And sixty million voices swell in unison and go thun-

dering down from Behring's Strait to the Panama Isthmus, rolling into one mighty, colossal whoop, "WE!"

"James," said the teacher, "this word is spelled wrong. You have it g-e-a-g-r-a-p-h-y. It should be 'ography,' not 'agraphy.'"

"Oh, yes sir, I see. It autobiography."
And the master leaned his head upon his hand and moaned the covering all off his desk at his own expense, without notes.

"Oh, welcome the flowers that bloom in the Spring!"
Sung a previous wild-eyed poet,
"And welcome the promise the flowrets bring!"
While outside the window J. Frost did gloat;
For well did he know ere another sun
Had gladdened the poet's eye,
Old Sol's frantic efforts would quite be undone
By a snow-drift ten feet high.

There once lived in one of the suburbs of St. John, N. B., an old gentleman who had a very reprehensible habit of gossiping rather freely about his neighbors. One day he was making some severe remarks about some one, when one of his auditors asked, "Say, Mr. B., who is it, anyway, that you're talking about?" "Well," was the reply, "I don't like to mention any names, but his initials are Bill Henderson!" The cat cleared the bag with all four feet that time.

Tightening his arm another notch, George Hilderbrandt Starr Vazione turned towards his affianced and softly cooed: "Are you sure, Eliza, that your father's name is William?" "Why, certainly, dear. Why do you ask?" "Oh, I thought perhaps it was Ananias." "Why, Jawdey, what do you mean? What makes you think that?"

"Well, you know," and here his voice sank to a low, tremulous, telephone splutter, "Ananias is the father of 'Lize.'" (Ring returned.)

CASEY TAP.