

"Well, that settled him. But he hadn't been gone two minutes before another fellow came in and began to accuse us of fooling him with delusive expectations. 'Why, my dear sir,' says Mowat, 'We admit the value of your services to the party and would gladly give them practical recognition. It is really most unfortunate that your application for a position, which I'm sure you would have filled most creditably, was made too late. It was not sent in until after the decease of the previous incumbent and the reversion of the office had been disposed of some time before.' Ha! ha! ha! Pretty good joke, eh?"



AY, THERE'S THE RUB.

MISS BUDDIE—"Do you not find it difficult to settle down after leading so gay a life, Mr. Chipps?"

MR. CHIPPS—"No, it's in the settling up that I find the difficulty."

It didn't seem very funny to me. The hideous thought flashed onto my slightly befuddled intellect, how if Mowat was to serve me that way when the Registership I've been promised is vacant. But there's nothing for it but to take the chances of the game.

ORLANDO Q. GUFFY, M.P.P.

REASONING FROM ANALOGY.

"DOES Rebecca Goldstein go to your Sunday School?" asked a Spadina Avenue lady of her little girl.

"Oh no ma. She's a Shebrew."

"A what, Gwendolen?"

"A Shebrew, ma. She goes to the Sinnergogue."

"Oh you mean a Hebrew."

"She told me her pa was a Hebrew, but she would be a Shebrew, wouldn't she?"



A PUSILLANIMOUS FRIEND.

W. F. MACLEAN (*mournfully*)—"Never mind Creighton, I'm sorry you are in the soup over that blanked McCarthy. (*Aside*), Now I wonder where I'll kn fe him, as I'm bound to have that certificate he's holding."

SUFFERED from a drop in cordage.—The man who was hanged.



IN CHICAGO.

FARMER HEYRUBE—"Say, Sonny, dew yew know a good safe place where I can get a night's lodgin' round here without enny fear of bein' robbed?"

NEWSBOY—"Yes, I know where dere is er jim dandy safe place."

HEYRUBE—"Where is that."

NEWSBOY—"Why down to de perlice station."