



ROMANCE vs. REALITY.

"Prairie Lily, the beauteous Indian maiden, vaulted upon her fiery mustang, and with her jetty locks flowing in the breeze, dashed madly across the boundless prairie."—*Dime Novelist*.

A LAND MONOPOLIST'S OPINION.

I T cannot cause one much surprise
That Henry George should plagiarize,
For I've been given to understand
He wants to plagiarize the land.

These cheeky Single Taxers say
They mean to tax my land away,
Because the soil to all belongs,
And land-grabbing the toiler wrongs.

And when I venture to dissent,
They corner me in argument,
But now I think, without a doubt,
That I can knock the rascals out.

For I have merely to insist
That George is but a plagiarist,
Who stole another writer's views,
And stepped into a dead man's shoes.

They surely never will persist
In following a plagiarist.
And so, by this effective word,
We stamp his teachings as absurd.

DIDN'T FETCH HIM.

SO you have been bowling up again, old man," said Bummerson, encountering his friend Glagrunch on Queen street west with his silk hat caved in and his necktie all awry.

"Yesh, had splend' time. Been round wizh boysh. Shay, ole fel, lemme quarter. I'm clean (hic) bushted."

"Oh, come off! You never paid back the last half-dollar you borrowed. Good evening."

"Oh, shay, now, Bum'shon, don't try t'shaker fel' tha' way. Shtop minute. Got conundrum. Wha' shel-brated English writer do I (hic) r'mind you of? Giver-up? Why, Bolingbroke. Shee? Been (hic) bowling, got——" Just then he lurched violently against a dry-goods case, and while trying to recover himself Bummerson deftly eluded him and fled.

AT THE COLLEGE.

MISS VISITEE—"They say that Captain Briney's son, who is attending lectures here, is very much like his father."

MR. SOPHOMORE—"Well, it is not the case."

MISS VISITEE—"How do you make that out?"

MR. SOPHOMORE—"Why, he is a freshie here, and his father, you know, is a noted old salt."

JOLIETTE.

BY A QUEBEC GRIT.

ALTHOUGH 'tis true
The Parti Bleu
Have bought a victory in Richelieu,
There's an offset
For us, you bet,
For we got there in Joliette.

The N.P. cranks
May swell their ranks,
Allured by bills of busted banks.
Our crowd don't fret
With such regret.
Oh, no! they all are Joliette.

A HIDDEN PURPOSE.

HARRY—"Have you noticed lately that Miss Whib-lains smiles only on one side of her face when she hears a joke?"

CHOLLY—"Yes, but don't you know the cause of it?"

HARRY—"No."

CHOLLY—"She has had a couple of teeth pulled on the other side, and her plate is not finished yet."

AN OVERSIGHT.

FRESHMAN—"The University Senate conferred some degrees *honoris causa* last Spring, did it not?"

SOPHOMORE—"Yes, to Sir John and Mowat, and a few such fellows, but they left out Scharret."

FRESHMAN—"Who is he?"

SOPHOMORE (*surprised at his ignorance*)—"Why, he used to be captain of our baseball team."

A BATTLE-SCARRED VETERAN.



Y S; it happened at a meeting of the Army and Navy Veterans' Association. The formal business had been duly disposed of, and the meeting adjourned, but a circle of the old heroes lingered around, and were recounting their deeds of valor. This man had lost his leg at Tel-el-Kebir—that bronzed and stalwart warrior had fought gallantly through the Zulu war, and received a scar on his cheek from an assegai—the other had shot and bayoneted half a dozen Afghans during a skirmish in the late war—and so on. Pretty nearly every-