

A POET'S DILEMMA.

THREE critics came to me one day
To criticize my verse,
And give my budding lyric gems
The usual critic's curse.

The first came with a Roman nose
Of very lively red,
"Cut all out but the drinking songs,
And lays of love," he said.

The next had joined a temperance league,
And looked demure and sad,
"Destroy those drinking songs," said he,
"The morals are so bad."

The third, a hardened celibate,
When he advanced his glove,
Said, "Friend, good-bye, take my advice
And write no more of love."

Now what to do I cannot tell—
Some one I must refuse—
Unless I throw my pen aside,
And cease to court the Muse.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

BRANDON, MAN.



MONEY IN IT.

MR. HARDCRABBLE—"Well, neighbor, how do you like it? Is there any money in farming?"

MR. CHUMLEY-CHUMLEY (*late of England, an amateur farmer*)—"There *must* be. I've put a lot in it myself, but I haven't got any out yet, don't you know."

NO WATER, BUT LOTS TO DRINK.

MONTREAL has a hotel called the Riendeau, which is a very suggestive and, doubtless to some minds, attractive name.

Houp-la! Hourah! Zat is de place
To vich I like to go.
Voila! Bon cabaret enfin, BEER
Plenty good visky, biere, vin,
No water—rien-d'eau.



BRAINS!

IF REMAN OF JURY (*which has been locked up for the night, to Jobbleson, who is stubbornly standing out against his eleven colleagues*)—"It's outrageous, sir! If you had an ounce of brains you'd see the case as we do."

JOBBLESON—"That's just it. I happen to have more than an ounce."

FORCE IS NO REMEDY.

HOME RULE ORATOR—"I tell you, my friends, the Irish can be ruled by kindness, never by coercion. You remember the old fable of the sun, the wind and the traveller. The fiercer the wind blew the more tightly the man wrapped his cloak around him, but when the sun shone he threw it off. The moral of this is—"

VOICE IN THE AUDIENCE—"Shoot the Ulster!"
(*Applause.*)

GETTING WORSE.

SAMJONES is getting worse. When he read the other day that Gladstone intended to speak in every parish in Midlothian he said something about the old man being determined to conquer or parish in the attempt. A commission *de lunatico* will issue shortly if this thing keeps on.



TOO QUICK.

TEMPERANCE LECTURER—"My brethren, I never passed by a saloon in my life, but I—"

ONE OF THE AUDIENCE—"My frient, dat is shoost like me, I always go in too; shake hands mit me."

THE columns of our party papers before and after election day beautifully illustrate the motto:
"Small prophets and quick returns."