

ARABESQUES.

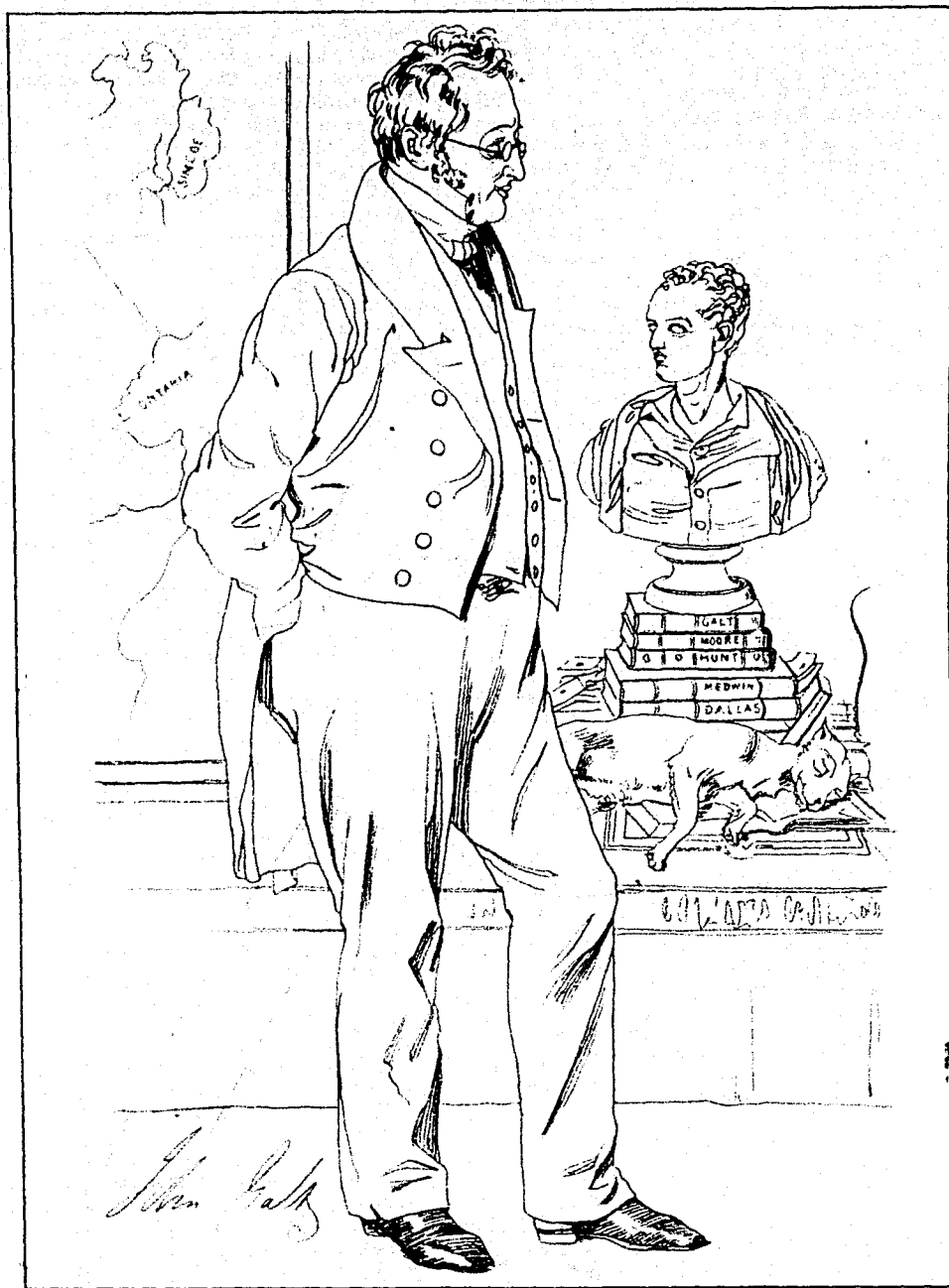
Practising for Wimbledon :—  
The captain of a firing squad scolds an awkward shot :  
"Give me your rifle, man, and look. It is the simplest thing in the world."  
He fires and misses. But, keeping cool, says :  
"That's your way. Now, attention !"  
He fires and misses again.  
"That's the way others do."  
Finally he makes a bull's eye. Then, in the most natural tone possible, he returns the weapon, saying :  
"That's my way."

On the eve of New Year :—  
"I make no calls to-morrow."  
"Why not ?"  
"Through mourning for a friend."  
"That's well. For my part I never make calls."  
"And why not ?"  
"I abhor visits."  
"You are wrong there, my boy. A visit never fails to give pleasure, if not when you enter, at least when you go out."

This, of course, from a Tory :—  
A Liberal, who assumed to have claims upon his party, complained to M. Joly that in the distribution of offices his whole family had been overlooked.  
"I promise you the next vacancy," said the Premier, "and in the meantime I am willing to do something for your father."  
"But my father is dead."  
"That's nothing. We will make him a Justice of the Peace."

A lady who had been overtaken in the first snowstorm of the season found her feet so damp that she stepped into a friend's house.  
"My dear," she said, after taking a seat, "I wish you would tell your maid to fetch me a pair of your shoes."  
"Certainly, but — will you be able to put them on."  
"Oh, yes, by inserting an extra sole in them !"

Hard on a miserly banker.  
"Do you know why old X — always rides third-class to his country house ?"  
"Certainly. Because there is no fourth-class."



JOHN GALT, THE FOUNDER OF GUELPH.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

ALWAYS best when rare—Family broils.  
LOVE-LETTERS, though they may be treasures, are never registered.  
It does not follow that women are cobblers or blacksmiths because they are good hands to shoo hens.

IT is when a woman tries to whistle that the great glory of her mouth is seen without being very much heard.

A MAN who wants to earn a woman's gratitude has only to invent a new hair-dye or an invisible face powder.

A Pennsylvania boy of seventeen has just married a widow of thirty. Some men call their wives "mother," and we would recommend this youth to do the same.

KISSING by telegraph, says the New Haven Register, is a new way of sparking. It is perfectly harmless, paroxysmally innocent, and free from any danger of diphtherial contagion.

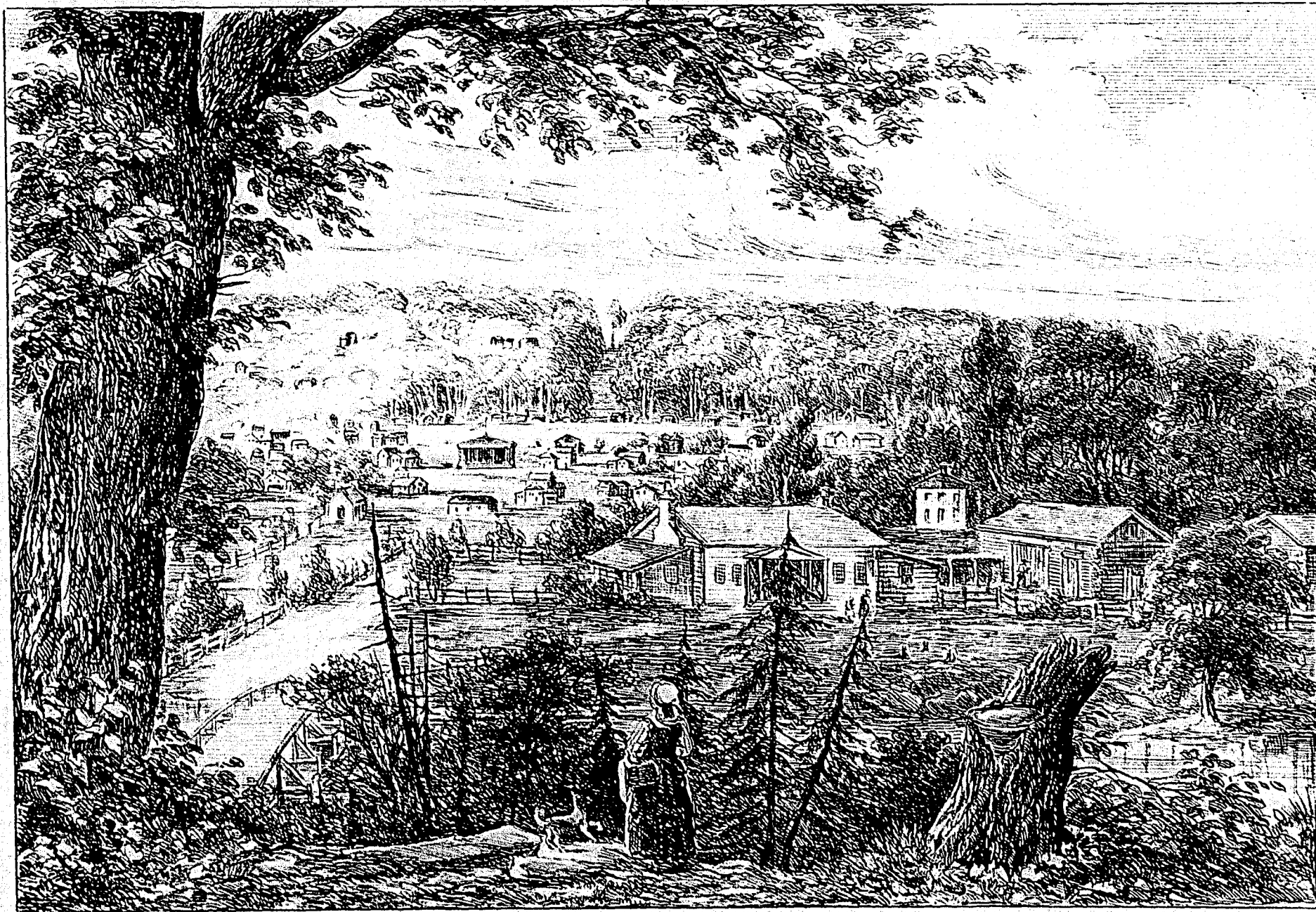
THERE is only one subject in the world which will attract a young lady's attention from the handsome young man she meets on the street, and that is another woman with a hat two laps ahead of any style she has yet seen.

"WHAT is love ?" inquires a poet whose verses appear in the Philadelphia North American. The idea of a poet not knowing what love is. It's so long ago that we almost forget, but so far as we can remember, it was a sort of heart toothache.

STICKING to it. "My dear," said a vain old man to his wife, "these friends here won't believe that I'm only forty-five years old. You know I speak the truth, don't you ?" "Well," answered the simple wife, "I suppose I must believe it, John, as you've stuck to it for fifteen years."

A NEWLY-MARRIED lady, who, as in duty bound, was very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his extreme ugliness of person, once said to a witty friend : "What do you think ? My husband has laid out ten dollars for a large baboon on purpose to please me !" "The dear little man !" cried the other. "Well, it is just like him !"

"SEE the idiots !" said Jones, indicating a crowd of women who were performing an ecstatic war-dance before an exhibition of new bonnets on Washington street yesterday : "they've no business to block the sidewalk in that style ; it's outrageous !" And he crossed the street and joined a knot of men who were looking at a lot of spring suits in a window



VIEW OF GUELPH IN 1831.