



District Visitor : " Good morning, Mrs. Simkins, I've come to see how your father is to-day."

Mrs. Simkins : " Thank 'e marn, 'e's powerful bad this morning. Ye see the doctor was 'ere and ordered 'im hanimal food, but 'e won't be coaxed to eat oats, mangols or bran-mash and I dunno wot to do at all."

A "Corner" in Coffins—and after.

"A monopoly exists in France for Coffins, as well as for matches and cigarettes."—*Mail's Correspondent.*

THAT "Trusts" without number abounded,
We had learned, to our sorrow, was true ;
That by them we were sorely surrounded,
We only too certainly knew ;
But now further still to undo us,
These "Trusts," we've such reason to dread,
Not content, whilst we live, to pursue us,
Still follow us up when we're dead.

Already the fruits of our toil "Trusts"
Had forced us to freely expend ;
Already corn, beef, salt, and oil "Trusts"
Had assisted to hasten our end.
But behold ! the financial "Jack Horners,"
Of any new opening glad,
Have now to these plum-grabbing "corners"
One in Coffins elected to add.

And so potent the power of the purse is,

There is now probability strong
That a firmly based "corner" in Hearses
Will cap that in Coffins 'ere long ;
And this isn't all, for in Gloom's tones
The pessimist journalist raves,
Of an imminent "corner" in Tombstones,
And a "Trust" to monopolise Graves.

Then from Hades, too, rumours do indicate,
Ghostly Morgans still keep to their tricks,
For we hear that a Shady new syndicate
Means to buy Charon up on the Styx ;
Nay, the men who in life sought to martyr us,
Try to fill, after death, their old rôle ;
For the wireless dispatches from Tartarus
Now allude to a "corner in Coal."

—J. J. WILDE.

Simpson : " Did you go to hear New-ell ? "

Thomson : " No, the old one is hot enough for me."