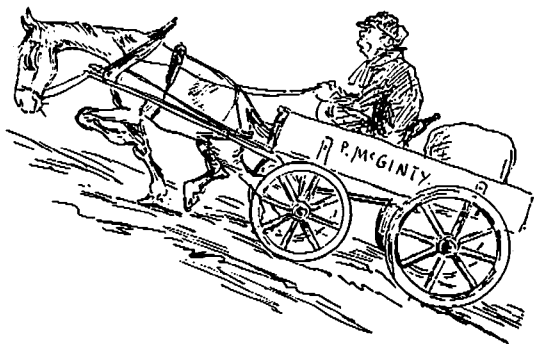
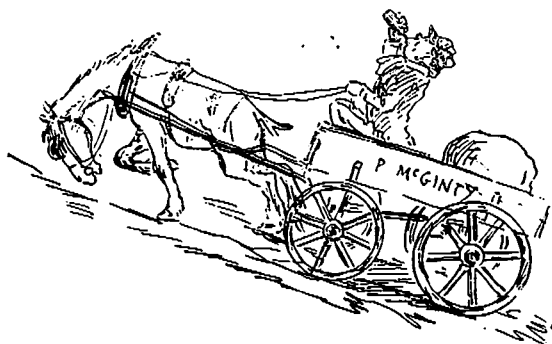


MCGINTY WAS HUMANE.



"BEDAD," SAID MCGINTY, "THIS IS CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, SO IT IS. SURE, I'LL HELP THE POOR BASTE BE



"TAKIN' A PULL MYSELF, BEGOBS!"

A JOKE THAT WAS NOT ALL A JOKE.

A STORY has just leaked out about a burly, good-natured but very quick-witted "cop," who is still employed on the police force here, and a chum of his. It seems that before donning the uniform this large-hearted and large-footed guardian of the peace was well known about the city as "one of the boys," and in consequence he is frequently tempted to relapse into his old convivial habits. It is regarding one of these temptations that the story is told.

One chilly night in the latter part of November, a couple of years before the patrol wagon came into use, Mike, let us call him, was tramping along on his beat. Suddenly an old and particular chum came around a corner and stopped to have a chat. After they had talked for a little while the particular chum proposed that the meeting should adjourn to the back door of a neighboring saloon, where some hot whiskey could be procured. Mike promptly declined. His chum argued with him. Mike began to waver, but still refused. After a few minutes more had been spent in reasoning and coaxing, an evil spirit whispered to the "cop" that the saloon was just a few steps off the beat, the sergeant would not be on his rounds for fully two hours, and no one would hear of his little delinquency, anyway. That settled it, and they walked off arm-in-arm.

They had just stepped off the beat when Mike was startled by the gruff voice of the sergeant saying, "Where are you going off your beat?"

"I have arrested this man for disorderly conduct and am taking him to the station," was the quick-witted reply.

"All right," responded the sergeant, as he went on to look after another policeman.

When the superior officer was out of hearing Mike's chum fairly howled with laughter. He jumped, slapped his thigh and did all the other insane things a man usually does when almost tickled to death about something. When he had eased himself of his hilarity he wound up by exclaiming, "Well, I swear, that is the best joke yet!"

"It is not so confoundedly good as you think it is," growled Mike.

"Why not?" asked his still laughing companion.

"Because you will either have to spend to-night in the cells, turn up to-morrow in the dock and plead guilty, or I'll lose my situation."

The remainder of their conversation while walking to the station is not known, but it is certain that Mike's chum decided to see his friend out of the scrape he had got him into, for he spent the night in durance, appeared in the dock next morning, made his bow to the Magistrate, and was discharged without a fine, as it was his first offence.

P. KUS.

BALLADE.

OF all men that man is most vain
Who thinks there is nothing so fair
As the whims of his own little brain
Wrapp'd in rhymes that go tandem or pair;
His Pegasus may be mid-air,
But he rides below in a train,
And of rarities this is most rare—
A poet who sits in the rain.

With Sappho his heart may complain,
(We each have our little affair)—
With Homer count over his slain,
And label each corpse with great care;
With Bion he'll show, while you stare,
The beauties of mountain and plain,
Yet who ever met anywhere
A poet who sits in the rain?

In the clover and grass he has lain,
And the cushions of love he would share,
He has wandered breast-high in the grain,
And has baffled the wolf in its lair;
There is nothing the man will not dare,
Regardless of feelings or pain,
Yet no one has seen, I declare,
A poet who sits in the rain.

Prince! give me cigars and a chair,
And a bottle of Beaune or champagne,
To think of it makes a man swear,
A poet who sits in the rain!

P. QUILL.

THEY TOOK THE CAKE.

"WHY do they call it strawberry short cake, maw?" queried little Ethel, as she sampled a section of the delectable pastry.

"Well, my dear," replied the mother, gravely, "one reason, I think, is because it remains so short a time when children like you and your brother begin to attack it."

Notwithstanding this, the digestion of the children proved to be unimpaired.

T.

THE NEW KNIGHT.

OVER the bright blue sea
Comes Sir Joseph Hickson, K.C.B.,
Tho' 'twould be better far
To say, Sir Joseph Hickson, G.T.R.