



AN ACCOMPLISHED FLATTERER.

MISS BOSTON—"The poem is beautiful and I have it all in my head, though I cannot repeat it just now."
MR. GALLANT—"Then the poet's lines have fallen in pleasant places."

THOSE CARAVELS.

Air—"Sweet Evening Bells."

THOSE caravels—those caravels,
How could they cross the ocean swells?
With poops so high above the surge
And midships at the waters verge,
Such cranky build the courage tells
Of those who sailed those caravels.

The curious crowd the ships survey
To make a summer holiday,
Their quaint construction idly view
And chaff the swarthy Spanish crew;
And Thompson entertains the swells
To celebrate those caravels.

And thus 'twill be when they are gone,
Fresh sight-seers will still gaze on,
Arriving at the great World's Fair
They'll draw the thronging myriads there.
And jays will seek to know where dwells
Columbus in those caravels.

SELF-MADE.

BIDELIA—"Is the Duchess—her that writes the novels—a real member of the aristocracy."
SAMJONES—"Yes, miss. She's a peeress in her own write, don't you know."

THE TRAMP'S LATEST RACKET.

TIED TOMPKINS—"Hello, pard. How are you toughing it? You're looking pretty slick."
WALL-EYED DUFFY—"Fus-rate. Dis trip has been a regular picnic."

TOMPKINS—"Struck a new lay?"

DUFFY—"You bet, an' she's a daisy."

TOMPKINS—"Do ye give dem a stiff about lookin' fur work?"

DUFFY—"Naw. Whadjer take me fur?"

TOMPKINS—"Jolly up de dames about der fust class cookin'?"

DUFFY—"Naw, dere onto dat."

TOMPKINS—"Work de explosion or cyclone fake?"

DUFFY—"Dat's no good now."

TOMPKINS—"Victim of a bank smash up?"

DUFFY—"Dat don't go no more neither."

TOMPKINS—"Put me on, and I'll blow yer off to de booze."

DUFFY—"Well den, pard, I'm an English lord what come over to de World's Fair, an' was done up in Chicago. No frien's in dis country an' waiting for remittances from me banker. Dat catches 'em every time."

OMINOUS name for a paper—Toronto *Times*—always dull, you know.