



THE RULING PASSION.

UNCLE CLEARWATER (*noted temperance apostle, on a visit to his nephew; looking out of parlor window*)—"What a fine building that is across the way."

NEPHEW—"Yes; but the owner built it out of the blood, the aches and groans of his fellow-men, out of the grief of crying children, and the woe of wailing women."

UNCLE C.—"Ah! a rumrunner, of course! Yes, yes!"

NEPHEW—"Oh, no; he's a dentist."

THE HUMORIST AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



"TALKING about this Jesuits' Estates Bill, now, did it ever occur to you that the political situation is one of innocuous Jesuitude? Catch on?"

"We do," said the law student. "Next. Sir John is afraid to exercise the veto power because of the votaries of Rome—votaries—voter-ies—see? Not highly brilliant, but it goes. And permit

me further to remark that the truckling of the partics to French Jesuit dictation is gall and wormwood to many of the Orangemen. 'Wormwood?' said I, nay, not so. The worm-would turn if trodden on, as they have been by the Gaul. (Groans.)

"It's mechtly hard for a politecian to ken what to do the noo," continued the Scotchman. "Doon in Quebec the Catholics are in a great majority—in fac' it's the Popeular religion, as you mecht say. Mon, I'm afraid I'm gettin' a'thegither corrupted by bad company, to be makin' feckless jokes like you."

"You'll do—you are progressing. But to change the subject, what is the difference between Talmage, who you know gesticulates considerably in his discourses, and a noted Ritualist preacher who recently visited Toronto?"

"Something about a cannon, I'll bet," put in Smart Aleck.

"No, sir, you're way off your base. That canon joke has been exploded. The answer runs as thus: Because Talmage knocks much, and the other—"Knox-Little," exclaimed the company simultaneously.

"Signs of Spring—I hear a hand-organ on the street. The merry Italian exile Mozartfully rendering the strains of Handel, reminds me of the voice of the sluggard. Why? Because I hear him *come-playin'.* (Solemn silence.)

"Why thus gloomful, my friends? Is't not the gleeful

spring tide, when the birdlets warble in the forest, and the politicians wobble on the fence? If I have said anything to hurt your feelings, please don't apologize. In the meantime kindly pass me them buckwheat cakes and syrup, and give me a chance to catch up."

"By the way, why is—"

At this point Smart Aleck ostentatiously thrust a large piece of cheese, accompanied by a dough-nut, upon my plate. As these articles, in the symbolical language of the hashery, signify "cheese it," and "do not," and as there seemed to be a general movement of the boarders towards the door, I accepted the suggestion and reserved my observations for a future occasion. The capacity of some people for assimilating home-made humor is limited.

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM!

THE following slogan, written by Evan McColl in 1858, fits the present situation so accurately that we make no apology for reprinting it:

FRIENDS of Freedom, tried and true,
All who would the Right pursue,
Up! there's work enough to do!

By the light of Rome aflame
Nero fiddled: To our shame
We have rulers much the same.

Little as some traitors reck
There's a foot upon our neck—
A base yoke that we must break.

Need I tell you how or when?
Now's the time if you are men,
Now or never! Choose ye, then.

On the standard you must rear,
Trace these words, distinct and clear,
No dictators for us here!

Down with every pap-fed knave,
Men who for a bribe or "shave"
Glad would dance on Freedom's grave.

Up and at them! Give no rest,
If no other may seem best
Smoke the vermin in their nest!

Thus and thus alone will ye
Be absolved from infamy,
Ever great or ever free!

DEACON PUNKIN ON THE JESUITS' BILL.

"WHAT I can't see into nohow," said Deacon Punkin, "is this Jew suits' Bill comin' to \$400,000. 'All the Jew suits in the kentry ain't wuth that money.'"

W. MCG.



THEY'RE BOTH IN THE SOUP!