



POSSIBLY A HINT.

TIMID LOVER—"I think there ought to be a law passed to compel the muzzling of all dogs."

HER FATHER (*severely*)—"Nonsense, sir. I wouldn't give a cent for a dog that wouldn't bite. Come here, Towser, and let this gentleman see your teeth."

PROFESSIONAL HUMOR.

FOR many years there reigned in the *sanctum* of a certain newspaper, in a certain American city not far from Toronto, a Professional Funny-man. His name in due time became as well known throughout America as that of Henry Ward Beecher or P. T. Barnum, and he was regarded as one of the great humorists of the day. His popularity was high in the nation which regards the writers of *Punch* as a lot of dismal fellows who do not know what fun is. At last (just a few weeks ago, in fact), this brilliant wit was captured by one of the big New York dailies, and he now occupies a finely furnished room in a very magnificent newspaper palace, and enjoys "the largest salary paid to any newspaper man in America." With these words of introduction we wish to submit to our discriminating readers a specimen of the sort of thing this great humorist furnishes in fulfilment of his present contract. Those of them who are familiar with the much-abused *Punch* will be able to decide for themselves just in what respects and to what extent the humor is superior to the English article:

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"What's the matter, and what have you got there?" queried Mrs. Bowser as he came home the other day half an hour ahead of his usual time, and being loaded down with a heavy purchase of something.

"Don't ask me any questions now!" he replied as he dropped his hat and squirmed out of his overcoat.

"Is anything wrong—are you sick?" she anxiously demanded.

"Don't say a word—not a word, and don't bother me for ten minutes! I hope I'm in time to avert the danger!"

She turned pale and fell upon the sofa, and he hurriedly broke the string securing the package, seized the

three quart-bottles, which comprised its contents, and rushed upstairs, down the back stairs, down into the basement and up again. A strange, disagreeable odor followed him as he hustled around, and by the time he had returned to the sitting-room Mrs. Bowser had recovered sufficiently to ask:

"Mr. Bowser, what on earth are you doing, and what in the name of goodness is that stuff?"

"What have I been doing? Saving our lives, Mrs. Bowser—saving the life of every one under this roof!"

"But I—I didn't know our lives were in danger."

"Of course not. If the house was on fire from top to bottom and the firemen pitching our furniture out of the windows, you might possibly realize the fact, but it has never struck you that death silently lurks in every room in this house."

"How you talk, Mr. Bowser! What has been the danger hanging over us?"

"Microbes, Mrs. Bowser," he whispered, as he sat down and wiped his heated face. "Microbes and bacteria—millions of 'em!"

"It can't be!" she replied.

"Can't it! You've lived in New York two weeks, been out as far as Broadway once, and you think you know all about it! I knew, of course, but having so many other things to see to, this one slipped my mind until to-day."

"But what causes that terrible odor?"

"Nothing terrible about it, as I see. On the contrary, I rather like it. It is the odor of disinfectants, Mrs. Bowser—the odor of something which has no doubt saved our lives."

"How?"

"By killing off the microbes and bacteria, which would soon have entered our systems and produced terrible illness, if not death."

"Well, I suppose you know best," she said, as she



CANADIAN ARISTOCRACY.

ALGERNON—"Awfully manfish get-up that young lady wears, don't you think?"

CHOLLY—"Oh, she's a daughter of one of our Knights, and wears a shirt of *male* out of respect for the old feudal days."