



GEMS FROM THE ART EXHIBITION.

Wanted, a Provost.

In search of a Provost for Trinity College. Two Bishops have gone to the fountain of knowledge, The High and the Low in the future you'll see, Will in choice of a man be sure to agree.

The reason for this, let every one know, Is not that the High will come down to the Low, But rather that no one will dare to deny That the Low was ever aught else than a High.

In times of election 'mid battle and smoke, Obscurity acts as a capital cloak, And he who's unknown is taken in tow, By the knowing High Churchman to hoodwink the Low.

But if we are living in four or five years, We shall see as the smoke they have made disappear, That matters are settled abroad and at home, For the Anglican Church to become Church of Rome.

A SICK WATERBURY.

Cash and Crockery.

MISSTER GRIP.—Minnys the laugh I hev whin I read av the quare doins that does be carried on in the Polis Coort among the dead-ites, an' the tippers, an' the cultured gentlemin, an' the ladies av aisy varnue; but, begorra, I didn't laugh much whin I seen the account av that poor girrl that broke the tay cup an' the plate an' hadn't the money to pay fur the mindin' av thim, nor cudden git her wages from her masher to foot the bill fur the brocken crockery. Faix an' that same masher must know the thrick av gittin' a lawyer chape to diffind him, fur wan av the papers sayed he didn't appear in coort, but had a "lim' av the law" to stan' the bather fur him. Shure the mindin' av the crockery wuz only to be a dollar, an' 'bedad that itself wuz a purty big price fur the work; an' can yez hov a regular counsellor to plade yer cause for anything less nor that? I'm thinkin' if the man that owns the tay cup ain't a lawyer himself, he must aithor hev grate friens among the lawyers, or else plinty av money to pay the poor sowl her wages, which he'd better have done.

Whin I read that ruyport av the thryal, thinks I to myself, that 'minds me av a good sthory I hoerd whin I wuz a bit av a goosoon in Dublin, about a docthor av divinity that wuz in the collidge. He wuz an owl batchelor an' a grate misard, an' he kept an' owl woman they called Betty to wait upon him. Ivery mornin' Betty used to go fur a ha'porth av milk fur the docthor's tay, an' tuk a weeny little jug wid hor to put it in. So wan mornin', behoud yo, she wint off as usual fur the milk, an' it was winther toime, an' the more betoken, there wuz frost upon the groun', an' by this an' by that the owl woman slipped an' fell an' broke her arrum. She shouted *millia murthor* ye may be shure, an' somebody cum an' lifted her an' led her back to the docthor's rooms, an' her screamin' like the very Owl Nick himself. So whin the docthor opens the doore he stares an' he sez, "Betty," sez he, "may the divil admire me," sez he,—that wuz a grate word av his—"but what's the matther wid ye?" sez he. "Och, yer rivirince," sez she, "one fut slipped," sez she, "an' I got a fall," sez she, "an', worse luck," sez she, "me arrum's broke, yer rivirince, an' I can't stan' the pain av it," sez she. Bedad that same made his rivirince look sayrious, an' sez he, "Betty," sez he, "what's become av the jug?" sez he. "Ah, yer rivirince," sez she, "it flew out av me hon' whin I fell," sez she, "an' it broke into bits, bad luck to it," sez she. Troth that made the owl fellow look more thoughtful still, an' sez he, "An', Betsy, had ye the milk in it," sez he, "whin ye broke the nice little jug?" "No, yer rivirince," sez she, "I wuz only goin' fur it whin I got the fall," sez she. "Au', Betty," sez he, "where's the ha'pinny?" sez he. Now wuzzen't he a mane owl nagur. But, be the hokey, he wuzzen't so bad ather all, for I b'lieve he never wint to law about aither the ha'pinny or the crockery.

TERENCE McGRATH.

No sensible country girl will wear holes in her stockings—she'll see 'em darned first.—N. Y. Programme.