

SHE DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING.

CHAWLIE CHIPSON—"Miss Smitherly, this being your birthday, I have taken the liberty to bring you a collah for your pug dawg."

MISS SMITHERLY—"Oh, how lovely. What a handsome one, too. It is very kind of you indeed, Mr. Chipson. But do you not need it yourself?"

WOMAN ENLARGING HER SPHERE.

OF woman's rights and woman's wrongs we hear most every day, But things have changed since Hannah died and women have their way. They're not contented with their lot, they won't have wedded bliss, They change about from this to that, and then from that to this. Boiled shirts and mannish clothes, Binoculars on their nose, Dudish shoes with toothpick toes. Collars like their brothers wear, At the side they part their hair, Ties so loud they make you stare, Puff the fragrant cigarette, Rush the growler, run in debt, Some are even known to bet. Then their walking sticks they twirl, Or on 'cycle take a whirl, When divided skirts unfurl, Jockey caps above their faces Now they've kicked clear over traces, And at last they wear our braces. Thus they've quickly grown mannish In their wants, Till the only thing they've left us Is our pants. And not satisfied with donning The remainder of our clothes, There are women who insist upon Assuming those.

WINNIPEG.

G.G.M.

DOOMED TO PERPETUAL BACHELORHOOD.



MARY! Mary! quite contrary,
How could you treat me so?
You would not even wish me well,
Tho' I knelt right down in the snow.
You look'd aside, as if in thought,
Nor pitied my trousers, newly bought,
As the pent-up tones of my voice besought
Your heart to pity a bachelor's lot,
So lonely and sad, without his dad,

And his trousers absorbing the snow like mad,
Like "grab-all Eating's" cheap blotting-pad.
But I knelt right on till you started to yawn,
Took out your watch—said, "Gracious! how long
We've been standing here talking
When we should have been walking."
And added in tones—must I say they were mocking?—
"I regret, Mr. Broughn, that your hope is a myth,
I'm already engaged to Mr. Broome-Smith."

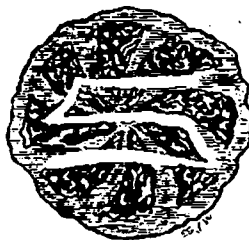
W. COLBORNE THOMSON.

BECOMING EXTINCT.

MR. BICKERSTAFF—"Ah, the world is not what it used to be. There are very few great men now."

MRS. BICKERSTAFF—"Well, my dear, nobody need be surprised at that. Great men are dying all the time, but we don't hear of any being born."

THE LATEST GOVERNMENT COMMISSION.



IR. THOMPSON—"Gentle men, it is useless to close our eyes to the fact that certain prospective changes in the personnel of the administration have resulted in some disaffection."

HON. MR. BOWELL—"There's no denying that I have received numerous assurances from influential

Orangemen that their support can no longer be counted on."

HON. JOHN HAGGART—"Which means, I suppose, that they want to be bought."

HON. MR. CHAPLEAU—"Parbleau! vare is ze difficulty in zat?"

It is when an orator meets his match that we are treated to fiery eloquence.