



THE NIGGER IN ONTARIO'S WOODPILE.

MOWAT.—“Hi, you there! Drop that timber. And, what's more, square up for all you've taken in the past.”

humorous poet of the late David Kennedy? An' whur's the funny poet in England or Canada that can beat this bit from Robbie Burns:

“Hech, wullie-wallie muckle thrawkie,
Blink-bonnie aiblins unco pawkie;
A fashie wean awa' wi' Jockie an' wadna gang,
Twa blyther mutchkins winna balk ye forbye 'twas wrang.

“Hech, hech! man, isna' that guid? There's humor for ye!”

“You seem to enjoy it so, I suppose we must give you the benefit of the doubt.”

“The verse is undoubtedly humorous,” said the law student, who has begun to set up for a literary authority since he joined the Legal and Literary Society, “but not in any respect witty. Now the essential difference between wit and humor is——”

And furthermore this deponent sayeth not.

A RINK LAY.

THEY have flooded the rink,
And the novice will think,
As she gets 'Tom to buckle
Her straps,
It would be a good plan
To ask this young man
If he'd help her around a
Few laps.

As Tom *can't* object—
He could hardly expect
To decline, as a matter
Of course.
So they start on the trip,
And losing her grip,
She sits down with much vigor
And force.

She's as heavy as lead,
And his face is quite red
With trying to keep her
From falling.
It is getting quite late,
And her talk seems to grate
On his nerves in a way
Quite appalling.

'Tis needless to state,
They skate and they skate
Till Tom is quite ready
To drop.
And he groans in despair,
For his best girl is there,
But this one don't know when
To stop.

E. A. C.

HOW I WAS SHAVED.

FIRST my head he firmly seized it,
Turned it quickly to and fro;
Then my Romau nose he squeezed it
Till the tears began to flow.

Next a towel took he—wettish,
Trailed it right across my eyes,
Heeding not remonstrance frettish,
While his apron strings he ties.

Then his razor dull he stroppeh,
Stroppeh it with all his might;
While his heated brow he moppeth—
Then he grasps my chin full tight.

Lathers be my face, indented
By the knuckles of his hand—
Fills my mouth with Pears' (unscented)—
Listening to the passing band.

Asks me questions—quite a hundred—
Do I think that we were right?
Or has some one grossly blundered
In the Fishery Question Fight?

While I try to answer kindly
That I really do not know,
Down my wearied throat, quite blindly,
Feel I all the lather go!

Then he smileth like a demon:
“I can help you, sir, I'm sure;
Take this box of Epsiremon,
Every ailment it will cure.”

But I rise, unheeding censure,
Far from barber shop I fly,
And if there again I venture,
Well—I shall deserve to die.

B.

The diminutive of *fame* is *famine*.

A poor speculation—The poet's *corner*.



WOMAN'S INTUITION.

MISS HIGHLIFE.—“There's Mrs. Topswell wearing a short seal-skin sacque. They're becoming quite fashionable, aren't they?”

MISS NEWRICH.—“Yes; so are short purses, my dear.”