

grief the wealthy often depart unlamented. Would'st like to have genuine mourning at thy obsequies? Then fix the hour at 10 a.m.,

So early in the mourning.

"By the way, talking about obsequies, has it never occurred to you that undertakers are a very obsequious class? Despite their calling they are generally cheerful, whereas auctioneers are mostly of a more-bid temperament."

"I suppose you do not take much interest in politics, yet it can hardly have escaped your observation that the administration is very Harrison to its opponents. But I think the Democrats are more the party of the masses. For instance, when I see the husbandman—or even the bachelor—driving his team afield and turning up the soil with his sturdy ploughshare, I naturally set him down as a Cleveland man. But that is a mere matter of detail. *Au revoir*, Bro. Pemberton. Do not worry. Try and take a cheerful view of things. You may not realize the full effulgence and poignancy of my jests at first, but read them over slowly to yourself in the silence of your sick-room, ponder them in your heart, and their significance will gradually dawn on you and fill you with joy."

Yours irrelevantly,

"SAMJONES."

"P.S.—Please remit by P.O. order."

S."

"And so he didn't appreciate it," said Borax when he had finished the perusal of the letter.

"No," said Samjones gloomily. "I got an indignant letter from his secretary two or three days afterwards saying that when he had read the first few sentences he turned his face to the wall with a piteous moan of anguish, and had since refused all nourishment. He enclosed the \$5 and declared the contract off. But a few days afterwards I got another letter from the old man's nephew, who was his only heir, expressing his warmest appreciation of my efforts to entertain his invalid relative, and stating his willingness to pay for the continuation of the series. But before I could write another, old Pemberton had passed in his checks. He never got over the shock."

"I can hardly wonder at it," said Borax. "You are an acquired taste, Samjones. People have got to get used to your humor by slow degrees while in the enjoyment of full mental and bodily vigor. As the poet says, we first endure, then pity, then—stand the beer, as I shall be pleased to do if you feel in a receptive mood."

THE CITY ENGINEERSHIP.

O! really we may well begin to fear
We shall never get a city engineer.

For Rust

He is bust,

And with Keating

We are treating,

And though he had the pull at the latest council meeting,
We can't stand an extra thousand, that is clear.

GOOD REASON WHY.

TORY M.P.—"The House will never pass this two-cents-a-mile amendment of Maclean's."

GRIT M.P.—"Oh, no. If it were to pass the House the railroads wouldn't."

"How does the financial situation look?"

"It depends on the lucre."



A STRAIGHT TIP.

SPORT—"I say, Jack, can't you give me a tip on the Suburban?"

JOCKEY—"I never gives tips; I sells 'em."

SPORT—"Well, here's a fiver."

JOCKEY—"Thanks. Don't bet on nothin'; that's the straightest tip against losin' your dust I knows of."—*Harper's Weekly*.

NEVER TOO LATE TO WED.

Mr. William Webb, of London, Ont., in his 88th year, has just been married to Mrs. Way, aged 46, of the same city.

THOUGH low the tide of life may ebb,

They seize the passing day;

She's meshed in matrimony's Webb

And he has got his Way.

"THE HIGHER TONE OF ENGLISH POLITICS"

A CANADIAN POLITICIAN GAINS AN INSIGHT INTO
BRITISH ELECTION AMENITIES.

I.

LORD VAVASSEUR—"So you have come over, Sir Hoggery, to gain an insight into English public life. I need hardly assure you that you are heartily welcome to Vavasaur Hall, and that I am at your service so far as I can in any way further your objects."

SIR HOGGERY GRABSNEAK—"Many thanks, my lord. I am sure I thoroughly appreciate the honor. We in Canada of course take the strongest interest in Imperial affairs, and it struck me that during the election I might get a few pointers that would be of value."

LORD VAVASSEUR—"Pointers? Ah, yes, I'll see the gamekeeper about it to-morrow. There are few better judges of a dog than Blenkinsop."

SIR HOGGERY—"Beg pardon, my lord, but I fear your lordship has misunderstood me. I wasn't referring to dogs. I meant some hints—information, you know, as to the way you manage things."

LORD VAVASSEUR—"Oh, of course. So a pointer means information in America? How very extraordinary! Excuse my smiling, but you know you Americans are really too amusing for anything."

SIR HOGGERY—"May I ask your lordship to bear in mind that I am a Canadian?"