



AN ABSTRUSE POINT.

JONES—"See here, Smith, *your* son married *my* daughter, didn't he?"

SMITH—"I believe he did. What of it?"

JONES—"Well, what I want to know is, what relation does that make you and me?"

SMITH—"Pooh! There's no puzzle about that. Fathers-in-law, of course!"

SAMJONES AT LARGE.

HAST been to the Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, Borax? No? Then hie thee thither. I went on varnishing day, and I noticed that some of the pictures sent in had va'nished. But on the whole the Hanging Committee leaned to the side of mercy and relieved many an anxious artist from a state of suspense by putting his pictures in it. Think this out at your leisure, Borax. By the way, I wonder whether the exhibitors "owe for the touch of a varnished hand," as the poet says, or if they have whacked up. I might, were I so disposed, animadvert somewhat on the display, but I forbear, remembering that any mad-version of mine would no doubt be contradicted.

Ha! I notice the occupants of this house are moving. To the reflective mind there is something pathetic in the removal from a house in which a family have lived for some time and which has become dear to them owing to a high rent and other hallowed associations. The severing of the link that binds them to the spot—eh? What's that—"moving spectacle." See here, Borax, that's a nasty habit of yours. If you anticipate me that way again I'll bestow my improving conversation elsewhere. By the way, the devil, when he goeth about like, etc., if he talks at all, must indulge in improving conversation.

But with respect to moving. Don't you think that some of the people who changed their abode early in the month will have May-day mistake? Anyway, it's good for trade—gives employment, you see, to our teaming population. Do I express myself with sufficient clearness?

The cedar block pavement seems to have declined in the aldermanic estimation, and asphalt is now all the rage. But is it not just possible that it in turn may

prove as-phalty as its predecessors? If so, the change will not pay-very well. What's the matter—stomach-ache or something? You gesticulate as though the jest tickled you.

I have been thinking about how I shall spend my summer holidays. I'm afraid the Island will be about the length of my tether, while you, perhaps, will go as far as Europe extends. Do you tumble? Then don't try any Alpine climbing. If you would Basque in the sunlight go to Spain. Try and assimilate these remarks—let their full significance gradually steal over your consciousness while I think of other themes.

Ignorance is to be lamented, and yet methinks extensive learning may also be characterized as deep-lore-able. Verily, the mount of wisdom is hard to ascend, yet in the toilsome path shall we find no-ledge to rest on? Do you give it up? Well, Sir Henry Tyler gave it Tupper!

But the noontide hour approaches, and I must away to my mid-day meal. Which reminds me of what Mohamet said after his flight from his native city. "Some folks," he remarked, "prefer Mecca, but as for me, give me Me-dina." The observation savored of true inwardness.

THE DRY GOODS EXCURSION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the counter attractions elsewhere, the excursion of the Dry Goods Association to Hamilton on the 25th was well attended. The participants went by train, although one might suppose sales-people would naturally prefer the water. You would *serge* in vain for a jollier party, and what with the display of dress goods and the *gents furnishings* there were very few plain figures in the party. When the candy butcher passed through the cars he did a tremendous business in peanuts and lollypops, the gentlemen of the party effecting a complete clearance of his stock, and spending cash in a way that did them credit. Hamilton was reached without accident and its varied points of interest duly marked down. Some of the excursionists who had expected to see a city like Toronto were, of course, sold, but the people there were very courteous and assured them it was no trouble to show the goods. When the day's programme was completed, and the usual question of the salesladies, "will there be anything else?" had been answered in the negative, the party re-embarked for home—quick returns being the motto of the dry goods trade.

ALGIE-BRAICAL

$$\text{[Illustration of a man's head]} + \text{[Illustration of a man's head]} = \text{A SUMMER'S OUTING}$$

$$\text{[Illustration of a man's head]} = \text{A SUMMER'S OUTING} + \text{[Illustration of a man's head]}$$

$$\text{A SUMMER'S OUTING} - \text{[Illustration of a man's head]} = 0$$

$$\text{[Illustration of a man's head]} = 0$$