



"STICK TO YOUR LAST, COBBLER."

Hullo, Bill, where's your clothes; why don't you come to the shop now?

Bill.—Oh, no more work for me, it's too slow. I bought a dollar ticket for the Louisiana lottery, and won fifty, and I'm putting up all I've got on the big prize, now!

SOCIAL SILHOUETTES.

A SMALL BOY.



Yes, sir, I attend one of the public schools in the city, and I guess they're just about as good 's they have anywhere else, although some fellows that comes in from country places says they ain't. One fellow from Hamilton told me so just the other day, and he says the teachers we have here don't speak as good grammar as the Hamilton teachers does. I said they do, and he said they didn't, and then I just gave him a little touch like that and his nose began to bleed, and he went home crying to his mammy. I think Hamilton boys noses bleeds awful easy, anyway.

What room? I'm in the highest class, and I've passed the entrance exam. to the high school. The reason I don't go there is because father says its old foggy. Yes, I mean the Collegiate Institute. Perhaps I'll go to the new one in the west end. Most folks thinks it'll be a good deal better.

I have went to school for eight years—ever since I was six years old, and I have took certificates of Honor lots of times, and hundreds of prizes. I got a prize last summer for grammar. It was a boss book, you bet. But I want to tell you about them certificates of Honor. All the fellows have big fun about them. They are about

the oldest-fashioned, dingiest looking things you ever seen. I guess they are as old as the Flood, and you would say so if you seen one. I'll show you the last I got. Here it is. Now, isn't it a mangy looking affair? I know boys in the Ryerson and Wellesley schools that could make a better design than that, easy, and it just looks as if it had been bleached in a Muskoka sun all last summer and summer before. Ain't it wooden?

Pa says the wording is very clumsy done, too, and that "regularity," "punctuality," and "attendance," ought to have capitals, or else "Good Conduct" shouldn't have any.

The other boys? They don't care a cent for them. I saw a boy tear his up on the way home. Who wants a mangy thing like that?

Yes, sir. You better believe I do like winter! I often wonder how the boys gets along in Africa and Asia where they don't have any ice—I guess they wish they had, and then you see we don't get blizzards like Dakota and Wisconsin and Minnesota does. We had that up in school to-day.

Of course I'm proud I'm a Canadian.

Didn't we lick the Americans, as they call themselves, at Lundy's Lane, and Chrysler's Farm, and Detroit, and some other places?

I think I'll be a steamboat captain. I would like to boss the "Chicora." Father wants me to be a professional man of some sort. I don't know. I can't talk well enough to be a preacher, although some of the preachers can't brag very much in that line.

Oh yes! I'm awful fond of reading. I've read Jimuel Jinks, the Prairie Pirate; Bled and Died on a Bet; Dick Maguire, the man with the Iron Hand; Florence May, the Angel of the Dark Swamps, and a lot more.

I go reg'lar to Sunday school.

My name is Albert Edward Reginald Jones. S'long.

EPIGRAM.

BY A CLEAR GRIT.

McINTOSH ran for Russell
And played the usual frauds,
But the Government's McInations
Didn't McAny odds.

IS HE JOKING ?

A CORRESPONDENT writes to say that it is a great pity the custom of keeping a Court Jester has gone quite out of use. He proposes that in this democratic country there should be appointed in each city Civic Jesters whose duty it shall be to afford merriment to the community at large for a stated salary per annum. Our correspondent adds that he himself would with pleasure apply for the post in Toronto, did he not think our city is already even too well supplied with Civic Jesters in the shape of our aldermen. Their jokes he thinks are really capital, if a little too practical. The Water Works joke, the Board of Works joke, the hose contract joke, the University lease joke, the losing of documents joke, the being too late with bills joke,—all these, he says, has enabled him to enjoy hearty laughter. Only one thing troubles our correspondent, he thinks he is made to pay a little too highly for these jokes. He confesses they make him laugh and that his digestion has vastly improved since our city fathers recognized what their duties really were, but could not, he asks, Toronto obtain Civic Jesters who would amuse our inhabitants at less cost?