

Mr. Ross and the Member for East Scrubville.

In the good old days. Ross : "He's only one."

Times are changed since then. Ross : "He may be THE one."

His Reply to Goldwin Smith.

Oh ! Why should I resign, why should I cry "enough" ?

The place I hold is mine, and I rake in the stuff. I make as much a month as once I made a year, My daily crib just now is twenty dollars clear. I could not earn a tenth in other place I'd fill, For poetry means poverty—my legal lore is *nil*. I couldn't qualify on brains, for there, I guess, I'm out,

The only place for me is one where I've a chance to shout.

For I can talk to beat the band ; it's this is Whitney's fear,

If go I must, then go I will, and start as auctioneer.

Forehanded.

Lotos : "I tell you a publisher has to be wide awake to get along nowadays."

Grolier : "I should say so. He has not only to find and publish successful books, but has to publish all possible imitations of them before any-one else gets in the market."

A financier is a man who has succeeded in doing up a great many would-be financiers.

"What Ho!" rehearsed the farmer boy, member of the village dramatic club, before a piece of mirror.

"The old hoe with the spliced handle," replied his father through the door, "and *you* had better attend to the onions first."

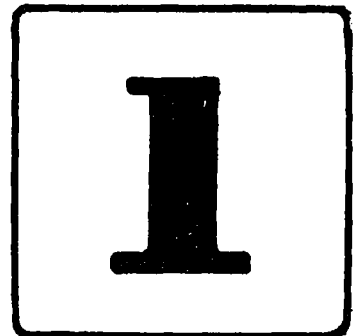
Gayboy : "I am disgusted with life."

Slowboy : "Why?"

Gayboy : "To think that a man with my capacity for borrowing should be forced to circulate among ten dollar lenders when there are men in the country who might be touched for millions."

May : "I wonder why tucks are coming into fashion again."

Belle : "Because lots of people are making their own clothes, and they are useful to hide bad fitting."



In the square above you will see Ross's majority. Find Whitney's.

If you don't see what you want, ask for it.