



HIS ENEMY DID IT.

SIR JOHN (*vociferously*)—"It was that sneak Laurier changed that I'll bet."

THE PRIVILEGED CLASS.

OH, all honor and praise to the man that has wealth,
Let his character be what it may;
Though he got all his money by meanness and stealth,
Let his having it hide that, I pray.

He may treat his employees as if they were dogs,
But, of course, has a right to, I hold;
In his greed and his grovelling copy the hogs,
That's all right; his excuse is his gold.

And no matter what dissolute habits he's got,
Let his riches keep them out of sight;
I condemn dissipation in poor men, but not
In the rich, and I think I am right.

Let the man that has wealth be looked up to, I say,
Let him move in the best of society,
"Yes, but shouldn't morality count at all?" Nay!
You should look at the purse, not the piety.

Let the churches with wide open arms receive such,
(And I notice they generally do,
For religion's all right, but they couldn't do much
Without cash, and they know it well, too.)

Let the man that has wealth be respected by all,
Let great honor be heaped on his head;
For Mammon, long since, has sent Right to the wall,
And Justice appears to be dead.

GEO. M. L. BROWN.

IN SOMBRE TONES.

D'AUBER—"I don't much like Pinxit's pictures. He paints everything in such subdued colors."

CHROMER—"Well, his *technique* is good, and as for color, a man must paint what he sees."

D'AUBER—"Ah, that accounts for it. Pinxit has seen a good many duns lately."

PUNISHED FOR SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

NO little excitement was created in one of the London metropolitan police courts the other day by the disgraceful behavior of a man who, on being sentenced to three months' imprisonment for swindling, looked at the judge for a moment, and then shouted at the top of his voice,—

"You are a set of donkeys!"

Then and there he was condemned to an additional two years' imprisonment for "grossly insulting the bench." It might have been imagined that the punishment with which his outrageous conduct had been visited would have deterred any one who might have felt inclined to follow his bad example from doing so, but, strangely enough, the next prisoner who was brought forward acted precisely the same way. Sentenced to a month's imprisonment as a "rogue and vagabond," he cried out lustily, "You are a lot of scoundrels!" and, like his predecessor, will prolong his sojourn in jail for the space of two years.—*Ex.*

The moral of which is that it is dangerous to speak the truth. The judge who regards a personal affront as deserving a penalty from eight to twenty-four times as severe as a criminal offence shows himself to be both a donkey and a scoundrel.

DEATH can make even a politician seem a good man.

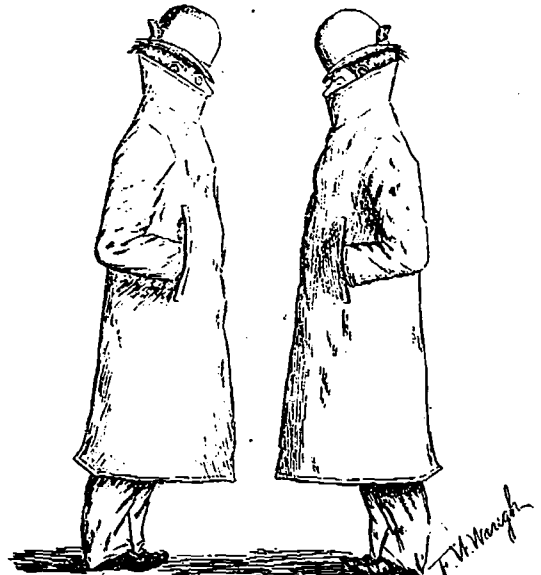
THE WORST OF ALL.

WHEN falls the mercury 'way down,
And boreal breezes roar,
Accursed be the blooming ass
Who will not shut the door.

And still more hateful is the wretch
Who when your nose is blue
Will grin and blandly query, "Is
This cold enough for you?"

But worse, far worse than either fiend,
Or both of them together,
Is the gibbering imbecile who says
"Tis seasonable weather."

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market For sale everywhere.



AT THE UNIVERSITY.

"Did you pass, old fellow?"

"No, old man, got plucked. Failed on the yell."