



SHE "DIDN'T HAVE TO."

PAPA: "So you let Miss Fagg get away with all the class honors, eh? I'm almost ashamed of you!"

SWEET GIRL GRADUATE: "Oh, well, if I were as homely as she is, I should have gone in for that sort of thing myself."

SWELL ST. GEORGE'S AVENUE.

(AFTER HORACE.)

WHILE millionaires, for greater gain,
Their rascal consciences are nerving;
Let me forever poor remain,
Though conscious that I am deserving.

While some are building mansions new,
And envy in your bosom hurts you;
On swell St. George's avenue
Let me reside with simple virtue.

Of rising stock I'll calmly read,
I'll calmly read of falling prices;
To foreign wars I'll pay no heed,
Nor fear at home commercial crises.

I'd sooner far if I might choose,—
All fortunately have the choosing—
By having not a son to lose,
Be spared the constant dread of losing.

And those who are admired of all,
For fashion or complexions noted,
Have a tremendous way to fall,
Should fashion prove but sugar coated.

So why should I, as others do,
Contrive my income small to double,
While Swell St. George's Avenue
Is known to neither *you* nor trouble.

Erza H. Stafford.

ALL ROSS' FAULT.

LAST week The Mail quoted, not disapprovingly, a sentence containing the phrase, "false misrepresentations." There can be no sadder commentary on the bungling inefficiency of the Minister of Education than this fact. What the mischief do we pay him \$4,000 a year for—\$40,000 in ten years—if this sort of thing is to go on? What is the use of Upper Canada College, the Veterinary College, and the Normal School? In the face of such flagrancy as this, ministerial nepotism, sinecure registrarships and county hangmanships pale with the unpalpable flicker of utter insignificance. We had hardly recovered from this shock when another case of the same kind came to our notice.

Last Friday's Star refers in big black type to "A Vicious Lie of The News." Surely the truly good Star doesn't regard lying as ordinarily a virtuous practice? We'll have to see Geo. W. Ross about this sort of English, really!

REFLECTIONS OF THE NEW MAYOR.

WELL; I've been elected. So far, so good. It's gratifying to know that my fellow citizens have a proper appreciation of my qualities; to be sure a few of them voted for my opponent, but I can afford to overlook that, as he is really a pretty decent fellow, and it would be going too far to have left him entirely voteless. All the more to my honor to have defeated such a formidable opponent. H'm,—pretty good council elected, too, on the whole. Some of the old gangsters still to the fore, I see, but I guess I'm a match for them. Now, the first thing to do is to take a look at the promises I've made. Let's see—economy; of course, the regular thing. Cut down all unnecessary expense. Wonder how I'm going to know just what is unnecessary? Well, I'll have to trust to luck for that. Retrenchment. Same thing in other words. Fix that same way. "Will devote myself to the interests of the city." That's simple enough—be at council meetings regularly, and in office every day to shake hands with visitors, and do any little kindnesses I can for friends. "Carry out important civic reforms." H'm. That's more of a corker. What reforms, and how? Must have a talk with Hallam and Shaw—latter has become quite a decent sort of alderman of late—and see what's to be done about this reform business. But all this heavy thinking has made me hungry as a hawk. Will drop over to the Club and have lunch. More anon.

A GREAT OCEAN BETWEEN THEM.

WILL you marry me, my pretty maid?"
The Englishman to the Yankee girl said.

"I cannot," replied the American maid,
"I find that your grandfather once was in trade."

"But we are cousins, my pretty maid;
He was *your* grandad, too," the Englishman said.

"It's all right enough," said the pert little maid,
"For a Yankee's ancestors to have been in trade."

But an Englishman's—horror, it's awful!" she said,
So I can never be your pretty maid."

HIS LUCK.

"WELL, Harry, my boy,—I haven't seen you since you were spliced. How do you like married life?" "First rate, Jack, only I have discovered that my wife can't play the piano." "Great Artaxerxes! What a dooce of a lucky dog you are!" "Not so lucky as may appear, Harry: she thinks she can."



AT SCHOOL—(A FACT.)

TEACHER (sharply): "Who is that whistling?"

JUVENILE (on front seat; promptly and triumphantly):
"It's ME, teacher. Didn't you know I could whistle?"