



THE McLACHLAN HOMESTEAD.

The above is a print copy of the magnificent painting of the McLachlan Homestead, now being offered for sale by tender, for the benefit of the fund. The painting is by Mr. Arthur Cox, A. R. C. A., and is 4 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in. It may be seen in the window of the Allan Furniture Co., 5 King East, Toronto. Tenders will close on Nov. 30, and may be addressed to J. L. Morrison, Chairman of Committee, 28 Front St. West.

When Fleming, says he, "What's your price? Name the sum That you'll take for the lot." Why it struck me quite dumb, And the audience thought it rare sport.

Then I finally said, "Why two hundred is what I'd be mighty willing to take for the lot."

And Fleming just nodded his head.

"Put it down at two hundred!" Now just think of that! What a rascally outrage! I grabbed for my hat And quicker than lightning I fled.

What words can express the dismay that I feel?

'Tis a hideous dream. Oh why did I appeal?

'Tis assessed most outrageously high.

Would I sell for that sum? What an ass you must be.

Two hundred, indeed! why the lot is worth three, But that is between you and I.

A BAD GIVE-AWAY.

ITALIAN—"Me wanta license keepa dive on Yorka street."

LICENSE INSPECTOR—"Good gracious! License a dive! Who ever heard of such audacity? Get out!"

ITALIAN—"Whata matter wiz zat? Plenty Irish getta license for dive. Why no Italiano?"

SCOTO-TEUTONIC.

YAWFELSNOOTZ (*meeting McTavish in front of Osgoode Hall*)—"Hey, Migdafish, vos dot you? Vie gehts, mein freund?"

McTAVISH—"Wee gates, is't? Na, mon, them's unco lairge gates, big enech fur ony muckle-wamed Dutchman i' the haill kintra. But ye dinna speak the English verra weel."

YAWFELSNOOTZ—"No, I no mean dot doorway I mean how you vash?"

McTAVISH—"Hoo I wash? Why, wi' soap an' watter, o' course. Hoo else wad ye wash?"

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

WAITER—"Have you given your order yet?"

ROUNDER—"No. I will have a cream stew."

STOUNDER—"And I will have a dry stew."

WAITER (*up the flue*)—"Stew twice!"

AT GORY GULCH.

TENDERFOOT—"Say, I'm kind of new around here, and I'm looking for pointers. Now, you look like a man that ought to know the ropes."

PIZEN BILL—"Wall, I kinder oughter, stranger. I helped to lynch at least a dozen fellers last month."



UNMERITED REBUKE.

MR. SOBERLY—"I'm sorry to see you smoking a cigarette, little boy. Don't you know it's a very bad habit?"

LITTLE BOY—"I ain't smokin' it; I'm jest keepin' it alight for Jimmy there."