



AN OFF-SET TO THE EXODUS.

FIANCE (a rising bank clerk)—“In a year, dearest, I shall be cashier.”

FIANCEE (who reads the papers)—“Oh, you dear, clever fellow. And I’ve always longed to see something of Canada.”

LITTLE ONES FOR FIFTEEN CENTS.

WHEN the last census was taken, the enumerators employed received fifteen cents for each manufacturing industry discovered, the stimulating effect of which provision is seen in the extraordinarily large number of new industries reported, notwithstanding the stringency of the times. The following gives an idea of how the thing worked.

ENUMERATOR (to farmer, after having filled in the usual details)—“You don’t happen to know of any manufacturing industries around here, do you?”

FARMER—“Kain’t say as I do. Lemme see, they’s a tavern at the Corners. Mout you call that a industry, now?”

ENUMERATOR (regretfully)—“H’m. I’m afraid not. Is there nothing else there?”

FARMER—“Oh, yes—a hard-shell Baptist church an’ a blacksmith shop, but I guess they ain’t runnin’ the

church much now. The last pasture wuz starved out, seein’ most of the people has gone—”

ENUMERATOR—“Never mind about the church. Blacksmith there you say. Makes horse-shoes, I suppose?”

FARMER—“Reckon not. Git ’em ready made now.”

ENUMERATOR—“But he could make horse-shoes if he was put to it, I suppose?”

FARMER—“Well, he mout ef he wan’t too full. He ain’t doin’ much work of any kind now.”

ENUMERATOR—“Could make horse-shoes—good. I’ll ring him in anyway. Got to have some industries in this township. And yourself, now. Don’t you manufacture anything here—say axe handles, or shir gles, or something?”

FARMER—“Say, look here, mister, I ain’t no Injun nor yet no lumberman. Got hard enough work to