



CULTURE IN HAMILTON.

EDITOR OF "TIMES"—"Well, Jobbles, have you read Shakespeare's plays, as I advised you?"

JOBBLES—"I have, yes; I've read 'em all."

ED.—"And how do you like them?"

JOBBLES—"Like! That is not the word, sir. They are glorious, sir; far beyond my expectations. There are not twenty men in Hamilton, sir, who could have written those plays!"

MR. ARGUS appears to have been keeping all his eyes open of late, and sets forth the result in an Ottawa paper for the benefit of those who are less gifted with optic nerves. His letter is worthy of attention:

"Editor *Free Press*—The Canadian tax-payers should look calmly at what is going on in Ottawa. There you may see the Orange leaders and the Jesuit leaders in perfect accord, laying their heads together to devise means of pleasing you, laying more postage on your letters and more duties on all you use, to pay the millions of dollars they are voting away to pay for building useless railroads and other works for which ultimately you must pay, and they and their friends and confederates will pocket. In the meantime, to divert your attention from what they are doing, they have scattered over the country lots of sham Orangemen, fighting sham battles with one another over sham Jesuits, and making a tremendous racket, but nobody is hurt. It is the old trick of the thieves at a fair, while with their sham fights they keep you gaping and glowering and helping on the din, they are busy picking your pockets. By and by you will wonder how you could be so green and silly as not to observe their little game, and stop the plundering in time. ARGUS."

PARLIAMENTARY etiquette is one of those things that "no fellow can understand." Here, for example, is Mr. Barron, M.P., who gets up and states in the House that the Government has sold seventy six square miles of timber limits, worth from \$50,000 to \$75,000, to Mr. Robillard, M.P., for \$316 "I would like to know," he says in conclusion, "what the junior member for Ottawa made by this transaction!" To which Mr. R. responds, "I made nothing at all." Just here comes in the etiquette. "I am bound to accept the hon gentleman's statement inside the House," says Barron, with killing politeness, "but if I were outside I would not."

THEY settled the vexed question between the two Aldermen Macdonald and their respective positions on the civic committees by drawing lots the other evening. E. A., with his usual luck, won at the game, and of course placed himself upon the Board of Works instanter; and now Peter is dissatisfied and wants it all

done over again in a more regular manner. Had he given a moment's consideration to the proposition when it was made to him, he would have surely declined, for he knows enough about St. Matthew's Ward real estate to know what an adept the other Mac is at manipulating "lots."

DIE VS. DYE.

DE SENECTUTE (*looking in the glass*)—"Hello! the gray hairs are coming. Ah! well, I suppose we all must die sometime."

LE BEENTHER (*stroking his raven locks*)—"Yes, and it seems a little strange at first; but one gets used to it. I began about three years ago."

SHE KNEW HIM.

"WHERE does Mr. Skithers live now?" asked one lady of another, as they met, the other day "On Gerrard street or College avenue?"

"On neither," was the response. "He lives on his father-in-law."

DISCOUNTED LIGHTNING.

"TALK about your greased lightning being sudden," remarked Grayson, as he came in from the road the other day, "but I saw something last night that can give lightning a handicap and beat it."

"What was it?"

"A Hamilton man accepting an invitation to drink."

WHERE ITS VALUE LAY.

"SEEN my new picture, Jack?"

"Yep—saw it this morning."

"It's worth more than any picture I ever painted."

"Yes, I think so."

"I'm glad you like it. Where does it strike you, old fellow? Think I put more breadth in it?"

"No—more canvas."

TO BE LET—ALONE.



HE was renting rooms in the city,
And as he completed his task,
Quoth he to the housemaid so
pretty,
"Are you let with the rooms,
may I ask?"

Quoth she, to his straightforward
poser—
There was no mistaking the
tone—
"Am I let with the rooms? Oh,
no, sir,
But sure, sir, I'm to be let
alone!" T. C. R.

A LENTEN CONFESSION.

(SCENE—Fashionable French Salon, Quebec. Among guests a Jesuit priest. Enter guest with red beard.)

JESUIT PRIEST—"Here comes a red beard; that man is like Judas."

GUEST (*who has overheard the remark*)—"Reverend father, it has not been proven that Judas had a red beard, but it is beyond peradventure that he was one of 'the Society of Jesus.'"

JESUIT PRIEST (*with conviction*)—"C'est Jesuit."