



CAUGHT.

JONES—"I've got a conundrum for you, Smith. What are you going to do about that V you borrowed from me last year?"

SMITH—"Give it up."

JONES—"That's right, old man—hand it over."

A MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

"NOW, whom shall I marry?" a maiden said,
 "I must make up my mind to-day;
 So many admirers have sought for my hand,
 Now whom shall I marry, I pray?"

"There's Edward, I love with the tenderest love
 Ever given by woman to man,—
 But marry a man with an empty purse
 Is more than ever I can.

"There's Godfrey, the last of a noble line,
 Has asked me his lady to be,
 But to live on naught but a fading fame
 Presents no temptation to me.

"There's William, whose genius is awfully great,
 Has begged me his fortunes to share,
 But to starve on embryo inventions is more
 Than the spirit of woman could bear.

"There's Alfred, a poet of exquisite taste,
 Has made me the queen of his song,
 But numbers in this highly practical age
 Won't keep me in fashion for long.

"There's Herbert, the biggest and rudest of fools,
 To gain my affection has tried;
 I scorn him, but still he is awfully rich,
 And I think I will be his bride."

BRANDON, MAN.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

FOLLOW Iago's advice and "Put money in thy purse."

Buy all the papers and carefully read the summer boarder advertisements.

Don't believe any of them.

Ask all your friends for advice.

Don't take any of it.

Once more "put money in thy purse."

Don't go to the seaside. Your yachting suit would look out of place there.

Don't go to the mountains. You might meet some of the wonderful bears and snakes that we read about in the *Saturday Globe*.

Don't go to the country. The country is always malarial and your friends might object to the rustic wife you would inevitably bring home with you.

Don't go to Europe. You would find hob-nobbing with the monarchs very wearing on you, and in that way would lose all the benefits of your holiday.

Finally make up your mind where you will go

Then don't go.

FORESTRY ITEM.

R. W. PHIPPS—"It is to be regretted that the lumbermen do not take more interest in preserving the timber."

HON. MR. BRONSON—"But I can assure you that we do. You ought to see how interested we are when there is a jam of logs in the river."

MET HIS JUST DOOM.

"**SAY**, is this hot—" His astral shade
 Passed through the gash the weapon made,
 And gently as the evening dew
 Fell a low voice—"enough for you?"



"RISE UP, WILLIE RILEY, AND GO ALONG
 WID ME."

—Old Song.