



### TRUE TO HIS PARTY.

FIRST TRAMP (*reading prison reform platform*)—"What do you say to that, Jim?"

SECOND TRAMP—"No, thankee, no sich prison reform fur me, thankee. I's agin all reform on princip'l. I's a lib'r'l 'Servativ', I is."

### GLADSTONE'S PERFDY.

"NEVER, so long as I live—no, never," said an alleged humorist, "shall I be able to forgive Gladstone for his shameful desertion of principle in becoming a Radical and a Home Ruler."

"I didn't think you cared very much about politics," said his friend. "You are always saying that one party is just as bad as the other, if not worse, but you appear animated by a feeling of personal vindictiveness whenever you speak of Gladstone."

"Well, perhaps I do regard the matter from a somewhat personal standpoint. You see, his conversion to Home Rule did me a great deal of injury."

"How so?"

"Why, it everlastingly spoiled one of my favorite jokes. He used to be a Whig, you see, and whenever the subject of his skill with the axe came up I used to quote the line,

"Just as the twig (that Whig) is bent the tree's inclined."

It was highly effective. But he isn't a Whig any more, so it don't work. Isn't it enough to make any man indignant? Confound a politician who can't stick to his party!"

### SAYINGS OF SMART ALICK.

IN the race for existence, Luxury is a lap ahead.

SOCIAL discontent is as old as history, and revolution includes among its advocates many illustrious names. Noah, for instance, was an archist, while Moses was certainly a Nilcist.

THE Parnellites in the British Parliament voted for increased royal grants, not because they believed the measure to be right, but from sheer gratitude to old man Gladstone. It is well to be reasonably grateful, but

when that virtue is exercised at the expense of principle and justice, the more appropriate spelling would be this way: "great-fool."

AN American paper contains an account of the finding of a hive of bees in an old drum. They must lead a hum-drum existence, as it were.

WE have now three parties in Canada, Grits, Tories and Equal Righters, and each of them is rather meaner than the other two put together.

"HITCH your wagon to a star," says Emerson. Quite a lot of would-be celebrities, in trying to follow this advice, only succeed in attaching themselves to comets and whirling off into infinite space.

"TRAVELLING enlarges the mind." That explains why so many people who have done Europe are afflicted with the big head.

JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON for Mayor of Toronto! The idea is so good a joke as it stands that I won't spoil it by the vain attempt to make any comment as funny as the text.

### APPEARANCES.

RAYSER (*the new barber*)—"Pardon me, sir, but if I might venture to recommend this 'Specific for Baldness'—"

HARELYS—"Sir! are you not aware that I am the manufacturer of it?"

### OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.

MR. BENEDICT—"You'd better put the baby to bed, if Mr. and Mrs. Sissy are coming in this evening."

MRS. BENEDICT—"Why, don't you remember how they admired it, and how fond of it they used to be?"

MR. BENEDICT—"Yes, but they hadn't any of their own, then."

### VERGING ON THE PROFANE.

MISS BLUSOX—"I find it useful to have paper and pencil at my bedside, and keep a record of my thoughts when I'm wakeful. You've no idea how much one gains, that would otherwise be lost."

MRS. QUILL—"I don't dare to try it. My husband snores, you know, and my night thoughts wouldn't look well in print."

### WOOING FORTUNE.

(*On the Lake Shore.*)

MUFF—"By Jove! he's got another, and a beauty! Tell us how you do it, will you?"

NUFF (*modestly*)—"Oh, it's luck, that's all."

TUFF (*who has fished all day and caught nothing*)—"Say, boss, I'll set 'em up fer de party if you'll spit on my bait!"

### A DEADLY INSULT.

(*At the Longview House.*)

MISS SNOOD—"Jennie, I do believe there's somebody at the keyhole."

MISS ROOD—"Never mind. He can't see much."

MISS SNOOD—"Just speak for yourself, will you?"