

A BARGAIN.

BARBER—"Will you have bay rum, lavender water, witch hazel or cologne on your face?"

CUSTOMER—"Do you search enny dings extra?"

BARBER—"No."

CUSTOMER—"Den gif me all of tem."

THE Methodist conference has thought it best to make a change in the editorship of the *Christian Guardian*. Our good old friend Dr. Dewart is to be succeeded by Rev. Mr. Courtice. The Doctor has, it appears, become somewhat dogmatic, especially in his treatment of correspondents, and it is hoped the new editor will have a more Courtice style.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.



THERE'S but one sphere for man and woman,
This little ball that flies through space:

Dominion over it, in common
God gave to all the human race.
The devil hates this double tether,
He likes to take us single-handed,
And knows that when we pull together
To Hades he'll be soon remanded.
And that's the case with all his minions;
They like to see a woman "shielded
From dirty politics"; they've wielded
That weapon dull to cut her pinions,
Lest, like the lark, she soar in beauty,
When, in a hencoop's safe dominions,
To scratch and hatch her only duty.
I've not observed the uncaged bird
To nest or offspring less devoted:
For nature has a quiet word
That settled things, though oft mis-

quoted,
And instinct, that the bird has mated,
Will keep this old world populated.
Once introduce the washing-tub
In government and there's the rub!
The very halls of state they'll scrub,
These women, bent on purifying,

O how they'll keep the suds a-flying!
Clean streets, clean alleys and clean marts,
Clean halls, clean faces and clean hearts!
They like to see things sweet and clean.
And when they've tried it, fact discloses
That even election day's serene,
When polling booths are decked with posies,
And gentle women take their place
By gentlemen, to serve their race.

Ella Gilbert Ives.

"AFTER THE FAIR."

As sung by Manager Hill. Air—"After the Ball."

ONCE more it's over, finished and done,
All the exhibits and visitors gone:
And once more, despite the snarls of the *News*,
O'er the results we may fairly enthuse!

Chorus—After the Fair is over,
After the crowd is gone,
We reckon up our huddle—
All that we counted upon:
Better than ever this season,
So say all who were there—
Let the *News* take a tumble,
After the Fair!

Give me some supper and let me to bed,
Where I may rest my hot, throbbing head.
Two weeks of turmoil has quite played me out,
Tho' o'er my foes I triumphantly shout—

Chorus—After the Fair is over,
Notwithstanding the rain,
All our expenses we cover,
And show a substantial gain;
Better than ever the verdict
Making our enemies swear—
So let the *News* take a tumble,
After the Fair!

HUNGRY HANK—"Say Mose, did yer ever see anything as hard as de times is now?"

MEANDERING MOSES—"Yaas."

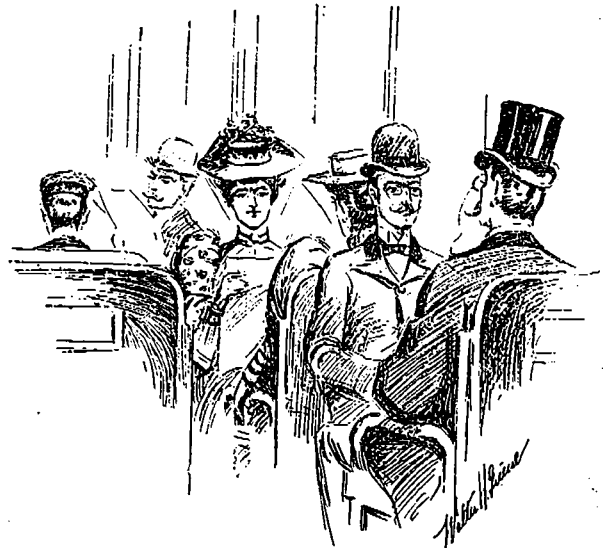
H. H.—"Wot? Work?"

M. M.—"Naw. De crust on dat pie we got at de last house we struck."

PROF. WIGGINS asserts that the inhabitants of Mars are signalling to us with electric lights, and Prof. Campbell comes along and demonstrates that Mars has no atmosphere. Wiggins, old boy, what *air* you going to do about it?

"THIS fish is pretty gamey," remarked the boarder with a doubtful sniff.

"Certainly," snapped the landlady, "it's black bass, the gamiest fish that swims."



THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

FRIEND OF THE FAMILY—"Well, Harry; now that you've finished your course at college, what do you propose to go in for?"

HARRY—"I hardly know yet, but my taste runs to finance. Think I'll go in for—an heiress."