

FUN.

"It's cool to-day," said a mother to her little son. "Yes, its school five days out of the week," replied the embryonic paragonist.

A clergyman in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the banns of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk reading the hymn beginning with the words: "Deluded souls, that dream of heaven!"

A very large lot of White Blankets, just received. The cheapest in the City, at H. H. PIGEON & Co., 551 Sussex Street.

A young woman applying for the situation as teacher to a village school, being questioned by the trustees as to her qualifications, replied: "I ain't much on Arithmeticker, but I am an elegant Grammarist."

The Ottawa Herald has discovered that it has a mission to perform. Its editor is now imitating "Ajax defying lightning"—he defies the Bishop of Ottawa, and kicks around viciously at several contemporaries. "The gods first make mad those whom they wish to destroy."

Just received a great lot of Dry Goods, cheaper than ever, at H. H. PIGEON & Co., 551 Sussex Street.

Some men, when they fail in other lines of business, start publishing a newspaper, under the impression that fame and fortune awaits them, but find in less than three months that they have made a mistake. A youth at Port Hope is trying the experiment, and has already begun butting his head against a stone wall.

The best and the cheapest assortment of Dry Goods in Lower Town, at H. H. PIGEON & Co., 551 Sussex Street.

Conundrum—Did the hen lay the egg first or did the egg lay the hen? If so where did the egg come from?

Lady—"And put just a tint of curmine on the cheeks, but not too much, you know." Photographer—"Exactly, madame; I perfectly understand; about as much as you have on now."

A New York woman says with much truth: "Were it not for the self-sacrificing women of the land who marry and support so many men, the number of tramps would be largely increased."

"Have you a mother-in-law?" asked a man of a disconsolate-looking person. "No," he replied, "but I've a father in jail."

CARRIED OFF THE PRIZE.

He was a large sized bumpkin,
With down upon his chin,
Who from the "rural district"
With pumpkins had rolled in.

The pumpkins were placed on view
At the great Dominion show;
And this bumpkin, with his sisters
And his cousins there did go

To see the sights and "do" the fair,
To skirmish all around,
And enjoy themselves as best they could
While out upon the ground.

A wag he noticed bumpkin big,
And resolved to have some fun;
So quickly securing a ticket red,
The deed it soon was done.

And as the bumpkin strode around;
The people loud did laugh;
For the ticket on his coat-tail read,
"First Prize,—Best Fatted Calf."

And you, dear reader, too, may laugh,
That is if you deem it wise,
When you think of the country calf
Which carried off the prize.

THE SQUEEZING MACHINE.

A Canadian of inventive mind,
Observing once that womankind
Were blessed with rather larger waists
Than seemed to ladies' tastes,
Planned out and made of polished steel,
With many a secret spring and wheel,
A queer machine, to work a sure
And altogether perfect cure
On every waist that might not be
Of small enough periphery.
His great machine at last come let's
He advertised in many a sheet:

In this poetic style:
"Attention, ladies! one and all,
Throughout this great country,
And mind and make an early call
The Waist Decreaser to see—
Patented and made by Jacob Jile.

Then Jacob sat in his office at ease
Awaiting, of course, a waist to squeeze;
But he did not have long to wait
For soon a lady dressed in state,
With rustling robes and smile serene,
Came in to try the new machine;
And laying aside her cloak and hat,
With coolness quite right down she sat
Among the wheels and numerous springs.
And screws and other curious things.
Jacob proceeded at once to biz,
While a pleasant smile lit up his phiz,
For he could not tell what "might have been,"
Had he never invented his patent "masheco,"
"Turn, turn—ever so gently—if you please
For I'd like a little—just a little squeeze."
These were the words of the lady fair
As Jacob took his place beside the new-fangled
chair;

Gently, so gently, around the crank was turned,
While thro'ts of loves labor within his bosom
burned;

And as the springs of the machine grew tight
The woman smiled with purest delight.
He turned it more; she sighed, and then
He turned the polished crank again.
She smiled again, and whispered low
"My dearest Jacob, turn it slow;
I'd linger long in joy like this."

He turned again, she murmured "Bliss,"
Again she smiled, and strove to speak,
But with ecstatic joy growin' weak,
Could only whisper, "Dear Jacob please,
Another little—just a little squeeze."
The crank went round, and with a crash,
The new machine went all to smash;

And the victim fair, with largo-sized waist,
Who of the Squeezer had the first taste,
Fell amidst the wreck—dead!
And Jacob the Inventor, fled.
The above is a warning—a warning sad,
Or at least as good as any to be had,
Against machines for waist-compressing—
The present mode needs no redressing,
And all will agree with me when I say,
That there's no style so good as the old-fashioned
way.

A drunken man was swaying unsteadily on the street, when a dog with a tin pan tied to his tail ran between his legs. The collision was so forcible that the man was upset, and the dog ran on minus a piece of its tail. The man got up bewildered, rubbed the bruised end of his spinal column, picked up the dog's tail, and thus soliloquized: "This is (hic) unfortunate! Never before knowed or suspected I had sich a thing as a tail till I go an' fall down an' break it off. Might made a (hic) fortune 'zibitin' myself as man with tail. There'd bin millions in it—millions (hic) in it! 'Tis my luck. Whenever I get hold of a good thing it's always gone before I (hic) find it out."

Nine out of ten groups of young ladies one overhears in talking in the street or elsewhere will be found to use the pronoun he, his, or him just two hundred times oftener than any other word.

Get a woman started on the subject of a prospective marriage in the neighborhood, and you will come out as near perpetual motion as mortal man will ever get.

Repentance is like a married woman rushing for an excursion train. It usually arrives too late.

Little girls believe in the man in the moon; big girls in the man in the honeymoon.

A duck of a lover makes a goose of a husband.

Little Johnny Smart came home from Sunday school the other day, and his mother asked him if he had learned any new hymns. He said, "Yes 'm." "What?" asked his mother. "The cross-eyed bear," replied Johnny Smart. His mother went out for the strap, and when she returned with about a yard and a-half of it, Johnny had the hymn-book ready, and pointed out the tune to his mother. It was "The consecrated cross I bear." Punishment deferred for consultation with associate judges.

Never try to learn how much temptation you can resist.

Judge a man not by what he has on him, but by what he has in him.