ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

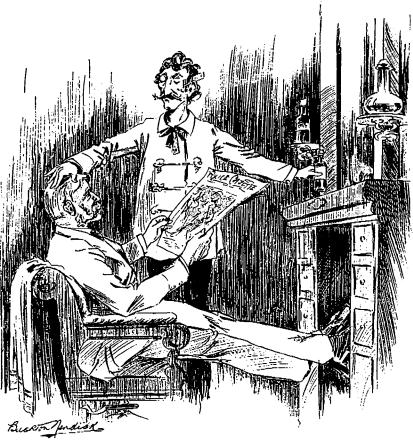
X.Y.Z.—We are not going to the World's Fair for seventeen good reasons. Lack of funds is not one of them, for as everybody knows editors can travel free everywhere—and pay for their board at hotels by a few lines eulogistic of the genial host and gentlemanly clerk.

ORANGEVILLE.—Your suggestion that the tears of a criminal indicate a hardened disposition, inasmuch as they are evidences of a lach-rymo'se character is—is—well it is worthy of Samjones. Why persist in a course which will render you an object of scorn to your fellowbeings?

POET.—We do not regard James L. Hughes' recent patriotic effusion as a glaring success. It breathes the spirit of true loyalty, but it says nothing about the Maple Tree or the War of 1812, without which no Canadian national poem is genuine.

INDIGNANT.—It is not surprising that you were roughly handled by the irate Scotchmen when you told them that "curling was a barber-ous practice." You should have mentioned that it was a joke, and ex. plained it by means of a diagram. Probably its subtle significance may dawn upon them in the not distant future.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—"Why don't poets ever write about the fall?" They do. What's the matter with "Paradise Lost?"



A VALUABLE PREPARATION.

BARBER—"I have a preparation here that will keep the hair from falling out."

CUSTOMER—"Well, I have just made my will, and if it will keep my heirs from falling out, I'll take all you've got."

It is often hard to decide which has the more noticeable pull, the dentist or the barber.



THAT WAS HOW.

MRS. SPENCER—"Well, Mollie, whom were you named after?" MOLLIE—"Sister Ethel."

MRS. S .- "How do you make that out?"

MOLLIE-" Cause she was born before me, you see."

THE HYPOCRITICAL MONOPOLIST.

VE pious frauds who claim to be
Anxious to help the weary toiler,
Are ye surprised to find that he
Regard you as his worst despoiler?
You want protection, so you say,
To aid him, not yourselves, and further
The country's interest,—stop, I pray,
This is too much—ch! Moses! murther!

G. C.

UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION.

FWEDDIE—"Glad to see you, deah boy! How did you come? Did you take the twolley?

CHOLLY—"Take the twolley. Gwacious no! The twolley took me. Bah Jove I've actually made a joke without thinking."

Fweddie—"That's the only way you could make one, don't you know."

A MATRIMONIAL PARTNERSHIP.

M ISS FROSTIQUE—"Yes. He and I have decided to become partners for life."

MISS CAUSTIQUE—"Ah, yes! He will supply the money and you the experience."