

THE ART SHOWS.

THE exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is closed for another year. The same dismal tale as of yore is to be told as to its success financially. The lover of art, with a quarter to spend for a peep at pictures, either doesn't live in Toronto, or he prefers to squander his substance at the Musee Theatre. Such patronage as the exhibition might otherwise have secured was pretty well killed in advance by the "private view" function, for on that occasion everybody who would be a probable patron was invited to come and see the show free. One tour of the room seems to have satisfied most of the visitors.

Something on a smaller scale, but on the whole more interesting, was the annual exhibition of the Toronto Art Students' League. It consisted of the work done during the past season at the regular meetings, in oil, water-colors, sepia, crayon, and pen-and-ink. There were some capital things on the walls, but the walls are those of a somewhat dingy room away up on the top of a building in a particularly uninteresting part of the city. The League is nothing if not modest. It would probably blush itself to death if the general public came to see its productions. Yet it is to this organization, which works its own independent way without civic or Government aid, that we look for the Canadian artists of the near future. At present Toronto doesn't go in much for art shows, "intellectual centre" though she is. But no mat tar! The time *will* come!

HIS CANDIED OPINION.

PLUGWINCH (*fishing for compliments*)—"Now tell me honestly old man, don't you think that landscape of mine in the exhibition is an improvement on anything I've ever done?"

BIGGLESWADE—"Yes, indeed. It's excellent. Never saw anything better in my life."

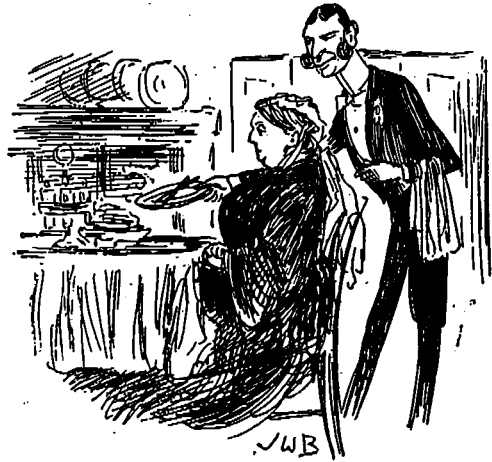
PLUGWINCH—"Delighted to hear you say so. You really think so?"

BIGGLESWADE—"Yes, that's *candied*—(*aside*)—or otherwise taffy."



THE NORTH YORK YEOMAN.

(In the debate on Judge's salaries the other day Mr. Mulock repudiated the assertion that he was a lawyer. "I am a farmer," said the member for North York proudly.)



"TAKING THE QUEEN'S PLATE."

FULLY ANSWERED.

HE (*talked down in argument, and intending to get even with her*)—"Do you know why they call Echo 'she'?"

SHE (*rising to the occasion*)—"Why, certainly! Because of her many good qualities! You know she never speaks unless spoken to. Even when a man yells at her her voice in reply is generally sweet and low, and though she does often repeat what has been said to her, she never adds to the tale, in fact very often leaves a good deal unsaid! (*Kindly*) Is there anything else you want to know?"

WELL DONE, MURPHY!

IN Ireland the farmers are up in arms against fox-hunting squires and peers. The young Earl of Huntingdon, a captain in the Prince of Wales Regiment, was dashing across Farmer Murphy's meadow after a fox and a pack of hounds, when the farmer unexpectedly appeared and seized the Earl's horse by the bridle. The Earl, who traces his ancestry to a steward of the Conqueror, was aghast at such a liberty on the part of a plebeian, and raising his whip struck a blow at the farmer. Murphy held the horse with one powerful arm, while with the other he struck and nearly dismounted the Earl.

HIS NEW ROLE.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY is a prominent member of the new People's Party in the United States, and is spoken of as their probable candidate for President in '92. Bacon will be a live issue, along with beef, wheat and corn. Ignatius sees a cryptogram in the signs of the times which reads "Down with the Money Power."

IT WAS THE RING.

HE—"I never noticed that Miss Smith was left-handed before."

SHE—"She never was—until she became engaged!"

IN CHURCH.

HUSBAND—"Dear me, my foot's asleep!"
WIFE (*anxiously*)—"How dreadful if it should snore, John!"