



STARTLING EFFECT

Of our arrival in church on the first Sunday of our stay at the little country village where we are spending our well-earned vacation.

VERY UNKIND.

MRS. OLDBOY:—"I have just been reading in the paper that Dr. Brown Sequard has discovered the elixir of life. You should get some of it."

MR. OLDBOY:—"What would be the use? You would use it, too, and then I would be as badly off as ever."

AN UNFORTUNATE SIMILE.

MILK-DEALER (to customer)—"It is nice and cool, isn't it? Just like a glass of ice-water."

CUSTOMER (putting down the glass)—"It is cool, and very much like ice-water; very much, indeed"

A BASEBALL ROMANCE.

SHE was a baseball enthusiast, and he was a professional ball player.

It was midnight: and as they sat together on the steps of the front porch, he gradually edged nearer to his fair companion, just as one is instinctively drawn toward a newly painted fence.

"Will you explain to me the difference between an 'in-curve' and an 'out-curve?' I always get them mixed," she said.

"Well, this is an in-curve," he gently murmured, as his left arm stole around her slender waist.

She "got on to it."

But there was some one else who "got on to it" as well.

It was the old man, who softly whispered as he took up his position in the bay-window, "I guess I'll umpire this game."

Fifteen short minutes passed and the old gentleman became restless. "I think I'll play short stop," he muttered, and as he made for the door the maiden saw him.

"Slide—you've got to slide," she cried frantically to her terrified lover.

But it was too late, for the old man got in a base hit with the toe of his boot, and as the anguish-stricken young man vanished in the twilight the short stop chuckled, "I guess that will be a home run. I'll go in now and make Juliet give him his release!"

THE report that when the C.P.R. gets possession of the earth, it intends to expropriate the moon can scarcely be true, for according to the testimony of reliable authorities there are no water fronts up there.

PURPOSELESS POEMS.

BY THE LYRICAL LUNATIC.

No. 4—"IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"

I IS now forty years—or it may be three-score
Divided by twice seventeen,
Since somebody asked me—some petulant bore,
Whom I quickly laid prostrate and prone on the floor,
And gallantly fled from the scene:

"Is marriage a failure?" Methinks it might be,
Or if not, let the reason be known;
"Is failure a marriage?" Why no! you can see,
By putting it that way, we all can agree
Who live in the temperate zone.

So he died—let him die—but the question remains,
Vitality being innate,
I have sought a solution with infinite pains—

The law of heredity doubtless explains
Why the thing is so much out of date.

But what has McCarthy to say on this theme?
For he seems to be taking the lead;
Is he fishing afar by Muskoka's damp stream?
Or does an illusion lend force to his dream?
(See the *Mail* if perchance you can read.)

It happened just this way—McCarthy was there,
But his absence made chances seem slim;
Till Chris. Fraser rose up with a dignified air,
And, running his hands through his rubicund hair,
Said, "Why do we linger for him?"

"Why, indeed? for the mule tethered fast to the gate,
Champs his bit with impatience and scorn;
I have travelled ten miles, so come rather late;
And if any one thinks that we longer should wait,
I must frankly acknowledge the corn."

So they all shouted "Question!" But then some one cried
That the turnips had scarcely got ripe.
"As for me," said the mover, "I never yet died,
But I came pretty near it the morning I tried
To make all my supper on tripe."

"Shall the question stand over!" the President said,
"Over what?" said the youth from Out West,
"I move we appoint—" then they picked him up dead,
For the chairman had thrown half a brick at his head,
And the oriole sang him to rest.

You can easily see from the state of the poll
Where the failure comes in we lament,
For the man who has not got his name on the roll,
When he travels York roads will be asked to pay toll,
When perhaps he may not have a cent.

But McCarthy still lives, and I hope that some day
He will get there in pretty good shape;
Or, as Darwin would state in his orotund way,
Will prove how mankind has evolved, as they say,
From the—ape.

Fill this up at your leisure—it will not come right;
And I think that when I find the rhyme,
Sitting up till past midnight and so saving light,
Some person who don't want to sleep much at night
May thusly employ his spare time.

But division of labor you'll doubtless agree
Is a thing that we need not pursue,
For if your labor, now, were divided with me,
So that I chewed tobacco while you climbed a tree
Why, who then would steer the canoe?

THE critic airs his feeble wit
Whilst he assails his betters,
But punsters can look down on it,
They are the men of letters.