



SIGNS OF "SPRING."

MRS. CASEY. — "Oh, jisht listen till the frogs croakin' in the swamp, beyant? F'what an early spring we're gettin', to be sure!"

(But what she heard was Mr. Casey winding up his patent back-action Waterbury watch in the adjoining field).

THE KISS THAT FAILED.

"I DO not like large hats," he said—
"When we go out to-night,
Pray wear a smaller one, my dear,
One that is out of sight."

"I know," she said, with blush and smile,
"You mean one minus rim."
"That's it," he answered, and the world
Seemed very bright to him.

But cruel Girlic, laughing, coy,
Made all his plans to fail;
She wore the smaller hat, all right
But, with it, wore a veil!

BELLE WEAVER.

DOUBLE.

WE learn from the *Canadian Gazette* of London, that Sir Charles Tupper, replying to a deputation of tea merchants the other day, "assured them of the earnest wish of the Canadian Government to foster trade between Canada and the United Kingdom in every possible way." The deputation went away highly pleased, thinking no doubt that Sir Charles meant "encourage" when he used the word "foster." The unsuspecting gentlemen did not dream of the double meaning the word contains, but if they had been as familiar with our Finance Minister and his policy as we are, they would know that "fostering" trade sometimes means putting obstacles in its way for the benefit of political friends.

A CONSCIENTIOUS COMPANY.

THE agent of the Union News Company came through the car with his armful of books.

"Have you Stead's book about Chicago?" asked the clerical passenger.

"No, sir," replied the agent, with a reproachful look at the reverend gentleman. "Our Company refuses to handle that work as it considers the title blasphemous and the contents unfit for family reading. But I can let you have 'The James Boys, or a Romance of Outlawry'; 'The life and Battles of John L. Sullivan'; or any of Zolas' works. Look 'em over, sir."

And depositing the armful of choice literature on the

passenger's seat he departed to open up a trade in peanuts and oranges.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE DISAPPOINTED "WORKERS."

AT five o'clock on Election-day two good Citizens entered a Polling Booth to learn the Result of the Voting. They stood by while the Officials proceeded with their Work and as it Progressed they became Excited when they Observed that the Candidate of One or Other of the two Liquor Parties was likely to be declared Elected. (There had only been Two Candidates in the Field, and neither Represented the Prohibition Sentiment.) At length the Good Citizens lost Patience. "This is an outrage on Decency!" they cried. "We are here as the Representatives of the Sober, Virtuous and Respectable section of the Community—the Churches, the Homes, the Women and Children—and we protest against their Opinion on this Awful liquor Curse being Ignored. We have made Thousands of Fervent Speeches and passed Hundreds of Ringing Resolutions—!"

"My dear Sirs," said the Returning Officer cutting them Short, "We are counting *Votes*, and *Votes* only!"

Moral. The liquor Traffic is in Politics and can only be effectually Attacked through the Ballot Box.

A LITERARY SWELL.

JINKS. — "Wasn't that High Constable Jones who passed us just now?"

BINKS. — "Yes; why?"

JINKS. — "Hoity, toity! What's he putting on such a painful amount of style for? Has he come into a fortune, or what's up?"

BINKS. — "Fame, my boy. He's one of the literary swells now. Haven't you heard of his new book and the tremendous hit he's made with it?"

JINKS. — "No; you interest me. What is it, novel, poem, or what?"

BINKS. — "No; something more solid—the title is 'The County Constable's Manual or Handy Book, new edition with additions and improvements.'"

JINKS. — "Oh, ah! ahem."

TYPOGRAPHICAL.

The lady who said she saw a comma in the sky is a near relative to the man who said he had given up buying soda water by the bottle and now drinks it out of a hyphen.



"SELF-HELP."

Jarkins began life as an humble Letter-carrier, but secured a liberal education by reading the postal cards and newspapers he had to deliver, and at length rose to a position of eminence in the Post Office Department.