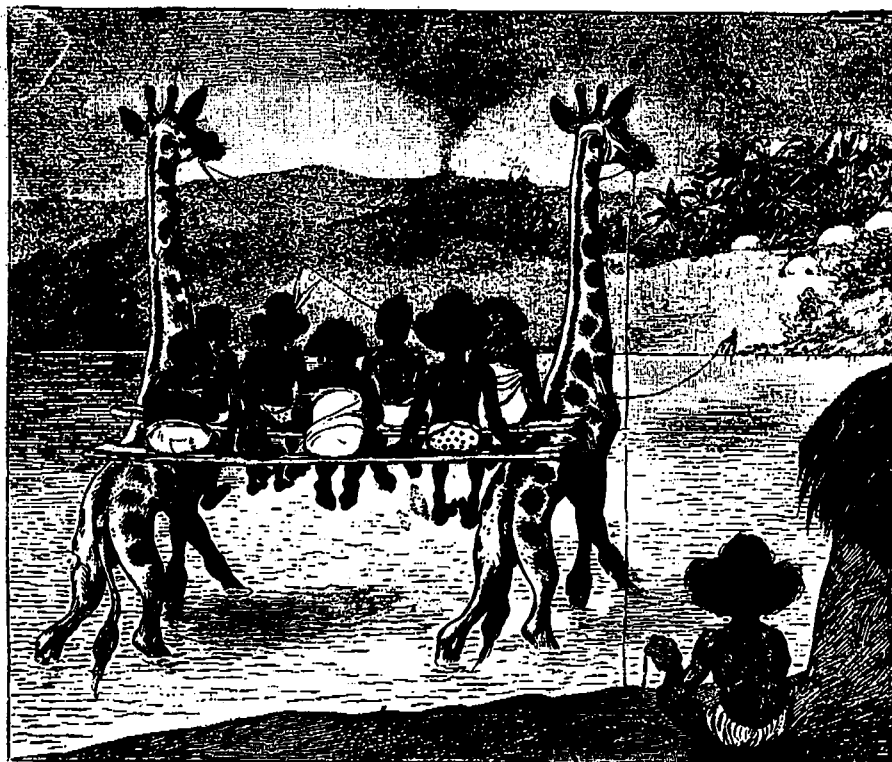


THE AFRICAN FERRY—No. 1.



LOW TIDE.

NOT FOR ROYALTY.

"HEW to the line, let the chips fall where they may," is a good enough rule for a carpenter, but it would never do for Wales to act on that principle while presiding at a baccarat game.

THEY PROVED THEIR POINT.

IRATE CITIZEN—"What a lot of rascals you aldermen are to allow yourselves to be bribed by a syndicate."

ALDERMAN (*triumphantly*)—"Well, didn't I always tell you that the Council wasn't honest enough to run the road? Perhaps you'll believe me now."

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

EPISCOPAL VISITOR—"You have no lecturn in your church, I see."

METHODIST DEACON—"Well, we did used to afore the lecture room was added, but the lecturin' is done there now."

IT WOULD NOT BE BOOTLESS.

GEORGE—"Oh Amelia! If I were boldly to approach your father and ask him for your hand do you think my appeal would be a bootless one?"

AMELIA—"Oh no, George. From what I know of pa I do not think it would be altogether bootless. Much otherwise."

MRS. JIMPSECUTE ON JOURNALISM.

"THE power of the press," said Mrs. Jimpsecute, snappishly, "don't talk to me about the press, Henry. I'm sick and tired of hearing about the press, and I think if there ever were a lot of liars and scoundrels and fools on earth it is those newspaper men, for of all the drunken, dissipated vagabonds in town, the biggest are those reporters. I never yet knew a man to come to any good after he once took to writing for the newspapers, and they never do go on the papers, either, until they've tried everything else and failed, and then when they find out they are no use at all for any decent trade they take to writing lies for the papers, because they are too lazy and worthless and drunken to get a living any other way."

"I don't believe half the things happen that we read about in the papers. The newspaper men just sit

down and light their pipes, and perhaps send out for some whiskey, and then think of all the lies and ridiculous stories they can, and the mean, nasty things they can say about people who have never done any harm, just to fill up their papers and make them sell; and then, when they've abused everybody else they even take to abusing each other and calling names—liars and scoundrels and such—and indeed, I wonder that people don't go and thrash them for the shameful way they go on, only men are such cowards nowadays. I don't see what the world's coming to that they are allowed to take such liberties; in old times they wouldn't have dared to do it, because people had more spirit then and wouldn't have stood it, and they'd have been sent to jail, which is the proper place for them."

"I wonder they have the face to tell the shameful lies they do, when everybody must know it, if it's only by the way they contradict each other. Why, you'll read in one paper about a meeting which was packed so full that hundreds was actually turned away from the doors because there was no room for them, and how Mr. Somebody got up and made the most powerful and eloquent and brilliant speech that was ever heard, and everybody applauded him; and then when you take up another paper, it'll tell you that there wasn't hardly anybody there, and most of the seats was empty, and Mr. Somebody talked in a dreary, rambling way, so that them that was there couldn't hear him, and the people was disgusted with his nonsense. Now, what I want to know is, if they take people for fools to think they can be took in by lies like that, for one of them must be lying, that's sure. No; you can't believe one word you read in the papers, and the advertisements are the worst of all, for