



X-Ray Rugby.

The Skilligans vs. The Drybones.

The Society Belle.

Evangeline at eight plus ten
 Is quite a despot grown :
 The way to charm the hearts of men
 Too well to her is known.
 Her pater she had learned to rule
 In her first year, 'tis said,
 When he to keep her temper cool
 Forsook his cosy bed.
 Now travel in her courtly train
 Admirers by the score ;
 Yet not content o'er these to reign,
 She longs and sighs for more.
 But 'neath the drooping lash of brown
 Which shades her hazel eye,
 And lurking close beside that frown,
 As flatterers draw nigh,
 A silent voice in passion prays
 The boon of kindred soul
 To pilot her through life's lone way
 And make existence whole.
 Though social belle, from sovereign power
 She gladly would remove,
 To know the joy of one bright hour
 Of undiluted love.

—P. J.

No Comic Papers Then.

St. Paul, to sippancy ne'er lenient,
 Denounces " jesting not convenient."
 Now, jests are made by those who think 'em
 Convenient as a source of income.

The Same Old Trouble.

"Hello, Bilderdick! Are you still running the Way-
 back *Whooper*?"
 "No, Peavick. Threw it up some time since. Couldn't
 please everybody."
 "What was the trouble?"
 "Every advertiser wanted top of column and I couldn't
 fix it. I'm in real estate now."
 "That suits you better, eh?"
 "Oh, no. Just the same old trouble. Can't lay out a
 plan that'll give every buyer a corner lot."

Few things are more enjoyable than the thrills of moral
 conceit.