

AND THE PROCESS IS NOT YET PATENTED.

LITTLE JOHN BLANK is a peculiar specimen of humanity, all wrinkled and ancient-looking, although in disposition and actions quite lively enough.

Further, his furrowed face is and always has been as bare as a babe's.

"I say, John," remarked a jocular chum to his diminutive friend the other day, "it's a good thing nature never grew hair on your face. How on earth would a barber ever have given you a clean scrape with all those wrinkles to worry him?"

And John, who is as fond of a joke on his facial peculiarity as anybody else could be to get one off, soberly replied:

"I guess I could have got shaved all right enough, Jim!"

"How?"

"With a fluting-iron!"

IN THE STREET.

SHADES of twilight, falling, falling,
Slow and sweet;
Muffin men have ceased their calling,
Boys have stopped their caterwauling,
In the street.

See the ragged newsboys yelling,
"Here y' are."

See the cigarette smoke dispelling
From the dudelet it's propelling,
To the car.

See that little courtship nipping,
In the bud;
Throwing arms about and tripping,
As they go down slipping, slipping
With a thud.

See the bright and dainty misses,
As they fall;
Never mind, they'll get new dresses,
Scatter free their sweet caresses,
At the ball.

As I make this brief suggestion,
"Grub" they cry,
And I leave this weighty question
Soon to lose my good digestion
In the pie.

SNAGS



THE COMING YOUTHFUL CENSOR.

(Frances, aged seven, has been absorbed in a book for nearly two hours.)

GRANDMAMMA—"Your book seems very interesting; when you've done with it will you lend it to me?"

FRANCES—"No, Grandma, it's not a proper book for you to read, it's intended for girls."



HE'D PROVED IT.

ANGELINA—"But, Harold, are you quite sure you can support me?"

HAROLD—"Sure? Why, haven't I supported you for hours nearly every evening for months past?"

WE ARE TWELVE.

FECUNDITY is the factor now relied on to establish supremacy. M. Mercier's policy solves the question, "is marriage a failure?" Not when it produces a family of twelve.

By the way, was not something said in Federation times about the Unity, one and indivisible, of Canada? Mercier gives a farm to a faithful father who generates twelve little Jean Baptistes. Sir John Thompson sends to the Penitentiary the Mormon father who takes the shortest way to produce a dozen of little Brighams. This is not Equal Rights, you know. There is something wrong somewhere. From the astounding discoveries made by Science within a few years, it would not astonish if, ere long, Quebecers were hatched in an egg oven.

NOT A BOOTLESS ERRAND.

A SHABBY-GENTEEL lean-visaged man,
Whose coat for winter seemed too thin,
Knocked at my door a rat-a-plan,
So I arose and let him in.

He oped his horrent jaws and smiled,
Showing his breath was peppermint,
And from his aspect weird and wild
I thought at first he was McGinty.

McCarthy crossed my mind. Said he
"Sign this petition, 'tis a crammer!
To send to Parliament, d'ye see?
To make the French speak English grammar."

I usually wear cowhide boots
With copper toes and heavy upper,
Thus, sudden, lo! my foot outshoots,
And smote him fair upon the crupper.

Out through the window shot that man
Until, a lessening speck in distance,
He lit in Beersheba or Dan—
And served him right for his insistence