

AT THE END OF A YEAR.

"I DON'T believe," said the millionaire's wife, regretfully, "that our son-in-law has any business ability."

"Business ability!" exclaimed the millionaire. "Huh! He married our only daughter, didn't he?"

A FISH STORY

A WRITER in a well known paper says that not long ago a hawk caught a fish, but while flying with it to the woods to devour it at leisure, the fish floundered from the hawk's hold and dropped into a farmer's yard, where a big mastiff was sitting. The dog caught the fish as it came down, and the hawk swooped after it, but the dog turned and ran into the house, placing his trophy, yet alive, at the feet of his mistress. It proved to be a large bluefish, and it was served up that night to an appreciative family. The dog ever since has been seen to sit in the same place at the same time, evidently impressed with the belief that his good fortune may be repeated. Needless to remark, this story is published in a United States paper.

AT THE ARMOURIES.

RECRUITING OFFICER.—I'm afraid you are not smart enough for the mounted infantry. We want men who can ride right over everything if necessary.

APPLICANT.—That's all right, sir—I've been a Montreal cab-driver for seven years.

THE ice and coal men have a plot
With which to make their sales twofold;
In summer ice bills make us hot,
While coal bills make our blood run cold.

THE LOGICAL CONSEQUENCE.

"YESTERDAY," said a St. James street lawyer, "I refused a poor woman a small sum of money, and, in consequence, I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time."

"Your softness of heart does you credit," said the client. "Who was the woman?"

"My wife."

HE KNEW BY EXPERIENCE.

MRS. SHERBROOKE—I wonder what the New Year will bring us, James?

MR. SHERBROOKE.—Bills, as usual, I suppose.

AS THE ELECTIONS DRAW NIGH.

"THE candidate said he would not talk to our paper for publication," said the reporter, as he hung up his hat.

"Do you think he meant it?" asked the city editor.

"Certainly he did. The language he used was utterly unfit for publication."



AN UNFORESEEN ENEMY.

"So you're one of those women that stole my father's plumes to decorate your headgear, are you?"

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

ELLA.—What is true love?

STELLA.—Marrying a Longueuil man and going there to live.

AT KINGSTON.

"IS the new prison-warder vigilant?"

"Someone told him the gas was escaping, and he grabbed his revolver."

HE'LL OWN THE EARTH.

THE boy who leads his class at school.

A glorious child is he;

We wonder at the boy who plays

The violin at three!

The little one in kilts who knows

His grammar through and through,

Or quotes from Willie Shakespeare gains

Our admiration too.

But greater far than is the boy

Who leads his class, or he

That all the world has heard of as

An infant prodigy

Is one whose lot is lowly but

Whose destiny is high—

The office boy who works on while

The band is marching by.

PEN POINTS.

EVEN the honest blacksmith may be a forger.

The man who pays cash gets no credit for it.

Some fellows raise whiskers because they can't raise the price of a shave.

Nothing pleases a very young man so much as to have the girls call him a cynic.

You can't blame a half-starved actor if his work is bad. A poor liver always refuses to act well.