



MONTREAL WEST.

A TIGHT GAME, NOT YET DECIDED.—NOW, BOYS! PLAY FAIR.

CHURCH CHOIR EVANGELIZATION.

A Montreal Synod in legislating ament "Church Discipline" last week, and the preservation of order in the galleries during service, agreed to suspend its decision, believing that the time is not far distant when the members of church choirs, as a whole, will learn how to behave themselves nearly as well as most grown-up children.

A SATISFACTORY OPERATION.

The friends of Drs. FENWICK and WOURMSEY will rejoice to hear the Grand Jury have thrown out the indictments preferred against them for want of evidence. We congratulate the gentlemen and the medical profession generally upon this happy issue. A clear conscience and a good name are the best medicines we know of. The Grand Jury have had enough of ignoramus and we hope the College of Physicians and Surgeons will prescribe a mild purgative in the case of the ignoramus who instituted the proceedings. The knife of calumny is a dull instrument compared with the lancet of public opinion. The former is liable to cut the user, while the latter never fails to prick the conscience of the subject. But, after all, silent contempt is the best treatment in a diagnosis of this kind.

CHEEK AND MUSCLE.

Says BEARDY to HOOD, "you're an angel, my dear. Though your face still sadly needs polish."
 Quoth HOOD, in return, "I very much fear Your face I shall have to demolish."
 Surely, HOOD, you should know, and are doubtless aware, It's wrong to retort with a threat, Sir,
 But if it came to a fight you could hoodwink a Mayor.
 And still have lots of pluck left, Sir.
 You are honest, old boy, as everyone knows,
 And not a mere block of wood, Sir,
 Your own you can hold and we do not suppose
 You have yet lost your sense of *Man Hood*, Sir.

A "GAZETTE" JOKE.

WELL PCT.—While Alderman Wilson was inveighing in strong terms against paying the police \$9 per week, Alderman Donovan tritely asked him how he would like to let his out to be broken at that price.—*Monday's Gazette*.

WELL PCT.—In the Committee of Chairmen on Thursday afternoon, while Alderman Wilson was inveighing in strong terms against paying the policemen so high a salary as \$9 per week, Alderman Donovan tritely asked how he would like to let his own head out to be broken at that price.—*Tuesday's Gazette*.

Now tell us where the joke and the grammar come in.

The best way to find the lost Hair.—Use "Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer." Curlers invariably like it.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

COUNTRY DEALER (who wishes to assign) "Say, mister, I want to make an assignment."

ASSIGNEE.—Shall have much pleasure to accomodate you. What can you pay?"

COUNTRY DEALER.—Well, how much are 'the boys' offering this morning?"

"IF" AND "BUT."

The following is respectfully submitted for the consideration of Mr. HENRY VENNOR, from a Shakesperian point of view. (See HAMLET, Scene 2, Act 5.)

If it be snow, it will not be rain ;
 If it be not rain, it will be snow ;
 If it be not snow or rain, it will be fine ;
 If it be not fine, it will be cloudy—
 The readiness is all.

A HEALTHY SIGN.—We have read through forty six exchanges and we have not yet come across the first symptom of Spring poetry.

All sketches and manuscripts to be addressed to EDITOR, Box 455, P. O. Montreal. Accepted contributions will be paid for. No manuscripts will be returned unless accompanied by postage stamps. Business communications to be sent to G. E. Desbarats, Publisher, Montreal.