



IN VINO VERITAS.

(Mr. Skinner Flint having promised his friends a bottle of claret that has not seen the light of day for years, to him enters the greengrocer, carefully disguised as a butler.)

Mr. Skinner Flint (with mystery).—WARTS, A BOTTLE OF THAT CLARET—YOU KNOW.

Warts.—OH! YESSIR. MISSUS TOLD ME TO SAY IN A HUNDER-TONE, SIR, AS THEY NEVER SENT IT. (Panic.)

Mr. S. F.—NEVER WHAT, SIR? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

Warts.—THE GROCCER, SIR. (Tableau.)

—self-preservation is the first law of nature, as is seen in the fact that all animals eat rather than starve to death, but of course we all eat, don't we? Eating seems to be absolutely necessary, as also drinking, which reminds me that I have said all I wished to say, thank you, gentlemen," and he sat down, apparently satisfied that he had made a most profound and valuable suggestion.

The President thereupon rose and thanking Mr. Sploggs for the hint which he had thrown out, which he designated as alike creditable to his (Mr. Sploggs') head and heart, promised that it should meet with all the attention it deserved.

"I will now," he continued, when he had finished covering the last speaker with blushes of pride and confusion, "I will now proceed to name those gentlemen whom I consider as being eminently worthy to represent us wherever they may go, feeling confident that they will never conduct themselves in any way calculated to bring disgrace or contumely upon themselves, nor on us as an organization whose fame will yet, aye, shall ring in the ears of the whole, as well as the scientific, literary and artistic world." (Vociferous cheering.)

(To be continued.)

GAME LAWS.—Hoyle's.

WHEN you find yourself a polly wiggles in your milk, dots besser you oexchange der milk vaggon.

WHAT IRELAND WANTS.

SHE wants Home Rule at first you see,
And then she wants a crown
For Parnell's head; while next she wants
The Earth—fried nice and brown.
She wants the Sun, Moon, Planets, Stars,—
The whole celestial "biz";
And then the seas and oceans, oh,
And all that in them is.
She wants all these, but England says,
With great emphatic heft;
"Th' H' emerald H' isle will h' only get
One thing, ye knaw,—get left!"

JEF. JOSLYN.

SIGNS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.

(With acknowledgments to the author of "Signs of Rain.")

The House is closed, the Cabinet's "deep";
Contractors from their contracts creep;
The subsidies fly here and there;
The Tory agent's everywhere;
The *Mail* is as an oyster dumb;
And through the ranks the word is Mum;
The telegrams in cypher go,
Through the Dominion to and fro;
Big promises are whispered here,
And timber limits given there;
Revising barristers in haste,
Upon the lists new names do paste;
Fine schemes are hatched to thwart the law,
And boodle flows to Ottawa;
These signs foretell election nigh
And rarely are they known to lie.