



MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

CLARA VERE—"So Maud De Smithers jilted you? Well, you must not take it to heart. Believe me, I am sorry for you. She was very handsome, was she not?"

JACK NEVERPAY—"Oh, yes; and worth half a million beside."

CLARA VERE—"Oh, I see. Then I am sorry for your friends."

THE USUAL EXPEDIENT.

WHEN politicians stoop to boodle,
And some confederate be-rays,
Unless they sacrifice some noodle,
In hopes to hide their wicked ways.

The only way their guilt to cover—
To hide it from the public eye—
To daub with mud the accuser over
And make him sorry—is to lie.

G.C.



KEW HIS BUSINESS METHODS.

REBECCA—"But is it a real diamond, Jakey?"

JAKEY—"I bought it from your vader."

REBECCA—"Then it isn't real, Jakey. Our engagement is off."

"THAT UNEXPECTED DIME."

IN a previous existence—in a former state, I've been,
In a better way financially, than in this life, I ween,
For whene'er I open my pocket book, and search its corners o'er,
It always seems to me there should be just one coin the more.

I scan the airy pockets where the cents are wont to roam,
And I search the cosy corners, where the stamps hold their "at-home."

Sometimes it is a quarter, and sometimes it is a dime,
It makes no odds, invariably I find I'm fooled each time.

One mem'able occasion, ah, I never shall forget,
The rapture of that moment, how it stirs my pulses yet!
For counting o'er my money, all my being felt a thrill,
When I drew forth in astonishment, a crisp one dollar bill.

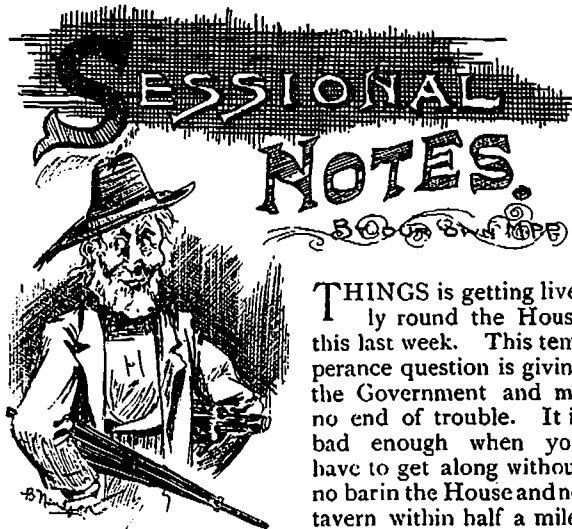
I sat me down at thinking of the things that it would do,
A trip across the Ferry, and a patch upon my shoe;
And my hair, it wanted cutting, and my shirts were full of rents,
And—in there walked a neighbor with "You owe me ninety cents."

No rose without a prickle, no smile without a smack;
I paid the money over, and he gave me ten cents back.
Tho' I really was the gainer, I felt like one bereft,
Still I cheered myself by thinking of the ten cents that were left.

I never found another, and I never shall do more,
Life always has a scarcity of times like these in store.
But I still keep up my searching, disappointed tho' each time,
While I live upon the mem'ry of that unexpected dime.

21 COOLMINE ROAD, TORONTO.

L. CLANTON.



THINGS is getting lively round the House this last week. This temperance question is giving the Government and me no end of trouble. It is bad enough when you have to get along without no bar in the House and no tavern within half a mile, but it's a darn sight worse

when the temperance fellers come at ye in droves threatening that they'd raise blazes if ye don't vote Prohibition, while you know the tavern-keepers carry a knife in their boot for ye if you do. The most of the members has got used by this time to doing without the bar. 'Tain't much trouble to carry a growler and get it filled every morning at the hotel, and them which likes to load up with gin can have a glass right on their desk in the House and nobody know but what it's water they's drinking. There's a style of growler which is very popular, built like a opera-glass, only you can't see nothing through it. You can flourish it round awhile and let on you are looking at folks into the galleries, and it's easy enough to take a snifter behind the lid of your desk and nobody be any the wiser. It's a mighty handy contrivance, and looks tony; but I don't put on no frills, and a ordinary quart flask does me well enough.

But as I was saying, it ain't so easy to git over the diffi-