

You may bet that not once in a quarter
The men who control the supply
Ever taste of this same city water,
And then that they wish 'twere ould Rye.

When the terrible blizzard is raging,
With every fresh blast it appears
As though wind and frost too were waging
A war on our noses and ears.
When we tremble like lambs led to slaughter
For something to warm us we sigh,
Sure we can't stop to boil city water—
We have to fall back on ould Rye.

When the mercury's ninety in summer
We thirst and are ready to sink,
It would help to keep sober the "bummer,"
I had he but pure water to drink.
Sure he knows well that whiskey will slaughter,
But what should he do when he's dhry,
The sewage soup, called city water,
Just sends him straight back to ould Rye

For the whiskey requires no inspection
From wigglers, and pollywogs free,
And it warms up the sate of affection
Far better nor coffee or tea.
Now I'll just take another—a snorter—
For singing has made me feel dhry,
Till they give us good pure city water,
Begorra! I'll stick to ould Rye.

—G. C.

DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.



APPLICANT—"Doctor, this man, a relative of mine, is hopelessly imbecile. You can easily convince yourself of that by a brief examination."

DOCTOR—"Ah, sad, sad. But he looks somewhat intelligent. I'll question him. Good morning, sir. What do you think of the future of Canada?"

PATIENT—"Oh, I don't know. Times is a litt'e dull, but I guess things'll come out right after a while."

DOCTOR—"This annexation movement is creating some attention."

PATIENT—"Yes, I suppose so."

DOCTOR—"You are not an annexationist yourself, I presume?"

PATIENT—"Me? I guess not."

DOCTOR—"Perhaps you would prefer Imperial Federation?"

PATIENT—"No, I can't say as I would."

DOCTOR—"Or Canadian Independence?"

PATIENT—"I don't see as that would do us much good."

DOCTOR—"Unrestricted reciprocity, or some readjustment of the tariff would possibly meet your views?"

PATIENT—"Oh, I don't know. I'm not worrying any over the tariff."

DOCTOR—"Ah, you are a staunch supporter of the 'N.P.', then?"

PATIENT—"No. Fact is, I never took much interest in it either one way or other."

DOCTOR—"What! Am I to understand that you have never written any letters to the papers on the future of the country or our tariff system?"

PATIENT—"Never once."

DOCTOR (*shaking his head*)—"Bad, very bad. But no doubt you have some pet scheme for restoring the prosperity of Toronto which completely absorbs your attention?"

PATIENT—"Not a scheme."

DOCTOR—"Is it possible? Then you never advocated bringing water from Lake Simcoe?"

PATIENT—"No."

DOCTOR—"Nor a new drainage system?"

PATIENT—"No."

DOCTOR—"Nor bonusing factories, building a smelting works, putting all taxes on land, or anything of that kind?"

PATIENT—"No. I tell you I've all I can do to tend to my own business."

DOCTOR—"That's quite sufficient, sir. (*To friend.*) The subject, I'm sorry to say, sir, is evidently insane. He is unfit to be at large, and must be committed to the asylum without delay."

APPLICANT—"Yes, I suppose that's the only explanation of his singular eccentricity."

DOCTOR—"Yes, unless it be that he is sane while the majority of the community are *non compos*. But majorities rule, you know. I am not without hopes that by keeping him plentifully supplied with daily newspapers and writing materials we may effect a cure."

It may not savor of Baconic philosophy, but is nevertheless true, that there is something decidedly peculiar about swine being killed first and cured afterwards.

A CERTAIN bookseller advertises "that he is to be found at the old stand." A mistake, surely. He means the news-stand.



TOO FUNNY FOR ANYTHING.

MARTHY JANE—"Did ye see Sol Smith Russell when you were in Toronto, Jedediah?"

JEDEDIAH—"Yes, Marty, I scen him. Funniest feller ye ever heerd in yer life. I declare to gracious 'twas all I could do to keep from laughin' right out afore the folks."