



DISCOVERED.

"Golly! dem ears am of some use, anyhow."—Puck.

the highest legal tribunal in the Republic. It has been far too long a mere box of tricks with which the magnetic statesman from Maine could beguile the Irish vote for party purposes.

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SIR JOHN THOMPSON comes prominently forward in connection with this diplomatic business, and although we do not know that anything will be gained by the move, we wish to take the opportunity of indicating our opinion that Sir John is no slouch. He appears to have the best head in the Cabinet, and taken all around is a decided credit to his country. The Conservative party needn't worry over the question of Sir John's successor as long as this other Sir John is on deck.

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THERE is one consolation for Mr. Parnell. If he cannot go down in history as the leader under whom the Irish achieved Home Rule, he is tolerably certain of a high place amongst the phenomenal liars of the nineteenth century. He has gone to the bottom of the well, sure enough, but he doesn't seem to have carried letters of introduction to Mme. Truth, who is reputed to have her residence there.

THE MUSICAL DOCTOR.

A CERTAIN dealer in pianos and organs in a small Ontario town, after failing in business, decided to enter the medical profession. The force of habit was so strong, however, that he found it very difficult to divest his speech of the technical terms of his previous business.

His first patient was a lady, and he diagnosed her case thus: "My dear madam, judging from what you tell me I should say that you have been living so long on a dull flat scale that the monotony has resulted in an overstrung system. What you need is tone. You do not take sufficient exercise—your action needs regulating," so to speak. Your color appears good, nevertheless this may be merely the rosewood veneer of health covering the basswood of disease. Still I do not wish to alarm you, your bellows—pardon me, I mean your lungs—may be sound, but to prevent mistakes allow me to apply this

stethoscope to your sounding board—you really must pardon me—ha, ha, ha! force of habit, you know—I mean your chest. No, the action seems perfect. Now let me recommend that you take exercise, starting pianissimo and working up by a gradual crescendo to a double forte, so to speak. The result will be the grand chord of perfect health."

The patient, who was an excellent musician and as witty as she was fair, took his measure at once and replied: "Sir! from the tenor of your remarks, I think you are altogether off your base, and I advise you to at once change your key. I am quavering with emotion already, and if you do not soon quit harping on this theme I shall call my husband who is quite energico and who will kick you con juoco. In order to stave off or at least to minimize these bars to your present happiness, I would advise you leave the house at once and not to da capo for a year."
SNIGGLESBY GODFREY.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

DEACON PUNKIN, in presence of the township clerk, has subscribed to the following solemn affirmations:

That in his opinion Fenimore Cooper called his hero Leatherstocking because he was never worsted.

That a hurdy-gurdy should discourse the sweetest music because it is played by a Handel.

That some bee-attitudes involve more pain than pleasure.

That a red nose is a good bar-ometer to indicate dry weather.

That women are not so successful as men in their ventures, e.g., Edward Bellamy made a lot by Looking Backward, but Lot's wife only made her salt.

That a fast youth is generally dizzy-pated.

That the man who originated the slander that a woman could never strike a nail on the head should have been sent to Jael.

WILLIAM MCGILL.



THE KANSAS CLIMATE.

COMESO—"Hello! back home again, hey? How'r things out West?"

RAMLER—"No good; had to give up my store in Kansas on account of shop-lifting."

COMESO—"What, thieves so thick as that?"

RAMLER—"Not thieves—cyclones."—H. B. S.