



THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

MERCHANT TAILOR—"Well, sir, have you decided which you prefer?"

GUS SLIMPAY—"Er—I should like to know first whether there is a corresponding length of time allowed for payment? In that case I think—er—the longer one would be my choice."

Still hangs about mine eyes. I did but dream,
And now I wake. 'Twas an illusion all.
Ah me, how sweet 'twould be to dream such dreams
For ages, if I could but wake to find them true!"

(Curtain).

Hoping to hear from you soon concerning the purchase of my invention, I remain, yours truly,

P. KUS.

AT THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL.

A TOBOGGAN is a quiet harmless looking thing, until you once get it started. Mole and I strolled up to the slide last night. We entered into conversation with a couple of jolly, corpulent, Englishmen, who had never been on a toboggan. Mole in his diffident, bashful way, at once volunteered to steer them down the slide. "Was Mr. Mole sure he understood the wily, tricky, toboggan?" Mole assured them that, barring one man in Montreal here, he was considered to be the most expert tobogganist on top of earth. The two stout men were soon seated, on the front of Mole's flyer, and, as soon as they started, the middle man grabbed his friend around the neck, and clung to him with loving tenacity. They went whizzing down like the wind, and when they struck the level country, Mole turned the thing sharply. There was a terrific crash, a couple of "dull thuds" and all nature seemed to weep. Mole staggered to his feet, disgorged the half pail of snow he had swallowed, and then gazed around with a blank look of surprise. One old gentleman had skimmed along the crusty snow, using his nose as a pilot. He was now curled up in the corner of a picket fence with a highly inflamed proboscis, and a heart full of bitterness. The other fat old gentleman had, in a fit of reckless humor, plunged his bulky head into a large snow drift, and was now frantically stabbing the air with a \$2.10 pair of overshoes. The sympathetic bystanders padded and brushed the incensed Englishmen into shape. Mole

tripped up, laughed in a hollow, ghastly way, and enquired if they were hurt, and would they like to go down again? He was very sorry the spill had occurred; but it was a "slight mistake." The two old gentlemen withered him with a stony stare of righteous indignation, clambered into a *coupé* and were driven to their hotel, and Mole had the nerve to insinuate that he had capsized the toboggan on purpose.
E. A. C.

SELF-POSSESSED.

HARRY (referring to conceited acquaintance)—"I don't take any stock in that fellow."

JACK—"You couldn't if you wished to. He has evidently bought up all the shares himself."

QUESTION FOR QUESTION.

CANADIAN VOTER—"Sir John, this present Franchise of yours is a cumbersome, expensive and corrupt contrivance. Why don't you give the country manhood suffrage?"

SIR JOHN—"Why don't the country display its manhood?"

SHE REVIVED.

YOUNG LADY (showing a gentleman a picture by a famous artist for which she had posed as model)—"Isn't it lovely?"

YOUNG GENTLEMAN—"It couldn't be otherwise—(Young lady pretends to faint under the compliment, until her friend finishes the sentence)—being painted by so great an artist."

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.



"Jove, doncherknow, somebody has cut off Dudekin's head." "Too bad; spoils his appearance, but otherwise not a serious loss."



DUDEKIN (awaking).—"What's that?"