



FRENCH vs. ENGLISH.

HE—"Miss Oldegal is a little *chic*, don't you think?"

SHE—"little chick? An old hen, more like!"

ANTI HOME RULE ARGUMENTS.



TORY EDITOR—"Say, Jimson, write an article on the Home Rule question. Point out that the Irish people by abandoning Parnell prove themselves to be a fickle, ungrateful lot, under the thumb of the priests, and therefore unfit for self government."

JIMSON—"But is it so sure that they have abandoned Parnell? Seems to me that he has a pretty strong hold on them yet."

TORY EDITOR—"Oh, is that so? Then write an article pointing out that by continuing to give their confidence to a man of besmirched moral character, and condemned by the Church, they show an utter disregard for the principles of morality and religion, and a slavish devotion to an ambitious leader, which demonstrates their complete unfitness for self government. D'ye catch on?"

JIMSON—"All right. I'll sock it to 'em."

THE DEAR GIRLS

ETHEL—"There are no wrinkles on Miss Frostique's forehead yet."

MAUD—"No. There is no room for them."

UNKIND.

DEBUTANTE—"I simply adore the music in that new opera."

CHAPEUR—"Is the leading tenor really as handsome as all that?"

A COMMONPLACE ROMANCE.



ONEY mansion, spacious grounds,
Fountains, gravel paths, and sich.
Who lives there? Why, Russler does.
Rich? You bet your life he's rich!

That's he, now, just driving home.
How his pair of bloods *do* prance!
Yes, he's had a great career—
Sort of commonplace romance.

When from academic halls
To the business world he came,
'Twas in journalistic field
First he courted wealth and fame.

Pretty soon he chucked the pen,
(Money doesn't come that way),
And renown he couldn't win,
Notwithstanding his B.A.

Next he took to teaching school,
As a step to something higher,
Which was physick, for at length
He to doctoring did aspire.

In which line he almost starved,
Ere he very plainly saw
That by natural aptitude
He was just cut out for law.

So in time he duly passed
The exams. at Osgood Hall,
Then a year or two disclosed
'Twas an error, after all.

Then he took to keeping store,
At which biz he flatly failed,
Then in turn he auctioneered,
Peddled, life-insured and sailed.

Still Dame Fortune held aloof,
He began to curse his fate—
hen—but you have guessed the rest—
He went into Real Estate!

THE dance loved by the ladies—attendance.



HER DEVOTION.

AUNT MELINDY—"I trust you observed Lent as a fast time, dear."

MISS FLY—"Oh, no faster than usual, aunty."