

Here and There.

A rope is always an interesting noose item.

Even sugar has its drawbacks in the United States.

Can anybody tell us what degree was Joan of Arc?

A chemist's affairs are generally in a state of liquid-ation.

The man who has one foot in the grave—must wear a cork leg.

"He that goes to bed thirsty rises healthy." This is dry wisdom.

Some matches never strike fire. What a fortunate thing that must be for the husband.

Cold weather in June sets corn in tune.—*Old Proverb.* Then it gets on its Ear as it were.

Don't be too sensitive, the best of friends will occasionally turn the cold shoulder in the winter.

"Humility often gains more than pride." Yes. And if you trade upon it, it brings a Heap of profit.

Mr. Random is staying at the Windsor.—*Ex.* That's the man the National Policy people have been aiming at.

If the male inhabitants of Michigan are called "Michiganders," by the same rule the females must be Michi-geese.

When a doctor happens to come across patients who won't pay, then he has every need for exercising his spirit of fee-loss-of-fee.

The only unmortgaged piece of ground in Chicago is on exhibition at twenty-five cents a foot.—*Ex.* What about the grave lots?

People who make "flying trips to Europe" would find it to their advantage to make them on the wings of time. Don't trust to Bradshaw.

Professor (assigning a lesson in Meteorology): "Well," (with considerable impatience), "you may begin at Chapter VI. and go to Thunder."—*Ex.*

Ladies wear long clothes this winter.—*Ex.* Do they. That's sensible. The times are so hard that one is obliged to wear anything as long as possible.

The man who began life on his own account with ten cents, doesn't talk about it so much as he used to, in case somebody should want to borrow something. The hard times has its lessons.

"Poor Jones will hardly recover, his constitution is all gone," said Brown. "Then I can't see how he's going to live, anyway," responded Green. "Oh, he'll live on the by-laws," returned Brown.—*Ex.*

"FREEZE TO IT, THOMAS."

This is the season when icicles drop upon you suddenly and slides trip you up. The City Policemen assumes greater importance and terrifies weak minded females by demanding that "that roof should be cleared right off." So between the fear of fine or imprisonment and the possibility of somebody's head getting cracked before its time, the poor wife suffers and waits for Thomas' return to his domestic hearth. But before he has time to remove his overcoat the partner of his joys thinks it better "he should see to that roof, right away." Then Thomas thinks he'll see to it to-morrow.

"But you'll have to get a man" says Eliza. "You aint going to scramble around that roof like a cat. Are you?"

Thomas wants to know "if he looks like a cat, anyway," and at once subsides into slippers. He is going for that roof bright and early in the morning. Morning comes and he sleeps. He is awakened, and it is then he begins to enquire how much that fine is. But Eliza, careful woman, brings in her tact and says it represents about half a ton of coals. So Thomas dresses hastily; gets a wood axe; and removes the double window. Endeavours to mount on to the roof. Having succeeded in attaining so much prominence, he finds he has forgotten the snow-shovel. Down he gets for the snow-shovel, and discovers that a neighbor has borrowed it and has forgotten to return it. Then the neighbor who comes home late at night gets mad at being aroused from his first sleep; puts on his drawers; thrusts his foot into the first boot he can find which is an odd one and made for the other leg, and limps to the wood cellar and brings back the snow-shovel—broken at the handle. By this time Thomas is not in that genial mood he used to be; but he mounts the roof and in his endeavour to get through the double window nearly scares Eliza to death. "Does he want to leave her a widow?" Finding the ice harder than he expected he comes to the conclusion that if he removed the lower window he could knock off the icicles better. So he descends, and after unfastening the "other window" he cuts his knuckles severely while trying to knock away the particles of ice around the edges. Then Thomas gets mad and concludes to hunt up a man to do the job. Eliza wants to know why he didn't do that at first?

FACTS VS. FICTION.

HIS HONOR (to young practitioner).—"I want facts, not words, the Court hasn't time for forensic eloquence.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.—"Never mind Your Honor I can wait. I simply wish to learn the argument he is going to take at the next debate of the University Literary Society."

AMONG THE FAILURES.

The greatest is the last Irish one—MacMahon. The Home Rulers are, however, rejoicing upon the elevation of another Irishman McGravy, as a set off to the failure of the redoubtable Marshal.

Still another failure—Herman Linde as Macbeth.

SUMMER RESORTS.

To take a little run

For a week or two is fun,

Especially if you go to "Orchard Beach".

For, besides the change of air,

There's such jolly bathing there,

And, again, it isn't difficult to reach.

But never could I see

What pleasure there could be

In closing up one's residence in town

To rent a little cell

In some dirty little—well,

You know the kind of place I'm running down.

Some folks mature their plans

For a summer at "St Ann's,"

While others are contented with "Lachine";

"Cacouna" tempts a few,

While at "Kamouraska," too,

A few unhappy mortals may be seen.

"Longueuil"ers, while they tittle,

Listen to the river's ripple,

(And really it amounts to nothing more),

For the Sabbath-breaker he's

About the only "breaker" we

Have seen in our experience on that shore.

EYES RIGHT.

Scene.—Telegraph Office, at Gananoque, principal Operator about leaving for dinner.

PRINCIPAL OPERATOR—"Keep your eye on No. 4, William, for a message from Cape Vincent. If it don't come quickly, punch him up."
(*Query—Who is William "to punch"?*)

ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF.

NEWSBOY—"This week's JESTER Sir, only two cents."

VINEGAR VISAGED INDIVIDUAL—"I never read the JESTER."

NEWSBOY (to his "partner" across the street).—"I say Bill, here's a cove wot never reads the JESTER. Lend him a quarter to have his potograft tuk, and send it to the Heditur."

Ground Town.

Thrice happy is the man who heads

The City by-laws voice

Who with his snow-shovel obeys

From policy—not choice.

Motto for the wearied househunter—"Move on."

"Let us have peace" as the newsboy said to Potter.

It is not generally known that axe-handles are used as chop-sticks.

Now is ye tyme for ye ancient spinster to putte upe her sygne "To let."

Hot weather is a fair fighter, it never strikes the thermometer when it is down.

Rents and tears seem to be about equally divided between landlords and tenants just now.

A wintry smile is the sort of thing that warm the bartender's heart at this season of the year.

The "Boy with the Sled" wants to know who is going to look after the coasting interests of the country.

The Fish and Game Protection Club have sent a deputation to Ottawa. You see they all do it. Birds of prey so to speak.

"Why will you chew tobacco?" said a respectable old gentleman to a newsboy. "'Cos I wants' to be sick and have done with it."

A good example.—One of the most eminent Queen's Counsel in Montreal began life as a Carter. And yet we find no mention of it in any of those Sunday School Books.

One of our local Real Estate Agents states in the newspapers "that he is prepared to receive houses, stores and offices." Where is he going to get his warehouse receipts for all these stores? But then there are many people who don't object to receiving offices now-a-days.

Every two or three days one or other of the local papers inform us that "Lorne and Louise" was written by the Rev. J. B. Green. We know it, we knew it the first night we heard it sung, and it is a very meritorious composition. But why this continual wearing of the Green? It is getting wear-isome.

Mr. Sullivan David is a candidate for the Chief of Police.—*Ex.* Now David we are quite sure that if your illustrious ancestor had been aware that one of his descendants ever came down so low in the world as to seek a position on the Montreal Police Force, he would have—well he wouldn't have been pleased.

A RELIABLE REMEDY.—The Peristaltic Lozenges are all they are recommended to be, and should be kept in every family. See advertisement on first page.