



"THE ASSYRIANS CAME DOWN!"

THIS is not a suspect with the detectives after him; it is only poor old Jobbleson, who happened to mention to a friend that he had some notion of getting his life insured.

TRUE SYMPATHY.

(SCENE—*Real Estate Dealer's Office. Enter Humane Person.*)

HUMANE PERSON—"You put this advertisement in the paper, didn't you?" (*Hands clipping to Real Estate Dealer.*)

DEALER (*reads*)—"Fifty feet—must be sold—owner leaving the city.' Yes: that's right. Want to buy?"

HUMANE P.—"No: can't say I *want* to buy, but let me ask, has the owner really made up his mind to leave Toronto?"

DEALER—"He has, positively."

HUMANE P.—"Is it a matter of choice or whim with him, or—?"

DEALER—"No, sir; he's obliged to go."

HUMANE P.—"Then I guess I'll take the property. If the man has actually got to go, it's too bad that a little thing like this should stand in his way. You can put me down as purchaser and get the papers ready as soon as possible. I suppose he wants to get away shortly?"

DEALER—"Yes: at the earliest moment. Thanks. The papers will be ready by to-morrow."

HUMANE P.—"All right: I'll call. Good-day."

[*Exit.*]

DEALER—"Now, that's what I call a decent sort of—"

[*Re-enter Humane Person.*]

HUMANE P.—"Excuse me, but where is this land, and what's the price of it?"

DEALER—"Oh, it's all right, You'll find it a good bargain."

HUMANE P.—"Very well. Excuse my troubling you. I'll be in to-morrow to sign the papers. Good day."

HER PROPER PRIDE.

MISS DOLLY BANGS, who has graduated at the school of cookery, and is in quest of a situation, declined a very good offer the other day because the party advertised for a "good plain cook." She says she will starve before she will admit that she is plain—which she really isn't, you know.

BALLADE OF CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

LOYAL Britons were the band
Exiled from their native shore,
Who first in this forest land
Found a mighty nation's store
Wrought in shape they knew before,
Ship of State, but not the kind
Which defy old Neptune's roar,
Boldly breast the wave and wind.

Westward moved this conquering band
Farther empires to explore;
Eastward still their fancy spanned
Ocean wastes and awkward bore
Household gods they would adore,
Figure-heads to chain the mind,
Ne'er could such encumbered prone
Boldly breast the wave and wind.

Thus they failed to understand
Features which the future wore,
While from British oak they planned
All repairs, though fungous spore
Filled planks rotten to the core,
To their own resources blind,
Could the hulk they would restore
Boldly breast the wave and wind?

ENVOY.

Canada, fair bark, no more
Drift like scow craft towed behind,
Slip the cable, ship the oar,
boldly breasts the wave and wind.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

TO OUR GRAND OLD MAN.

THE following lines, just written by James Russell Lowell, apropos of the recent banquet to ex-Pres. Cleveland, might form an excellent inscription in honor of our own Alexander Mackenzie:—

Let who has felt compute the strain
Of struggle with abuses strong.
The doubtful course, the helpless pain
Of seeing best intents go wrong;
We, who look on with critic eyes,
Exempt from action's crucial test,
Human ourselves, at least are wise
In honoring one who did his best.

A CHAMPION short-stop—at the railway lunch counter.



"A CANADIAN WINTER."

SKATING SCENE IN TORONTO ON NEW YEAR'S DAY—A FACT.