



NO PLACE TO JUDGE.

MR. BULTITUDE—"Young Mr. Dawdle wants me to give him a position in the office, Flora. You're acquainted with him. Is he a man of brains?"

FLORA—"Really, papa, I don't know. I've never met him except in society."

"CASUAL HALLUCINATIONS."

A LEARNED scientist in England has been lecturing on "Casual Hallucinations of the Sane." Amongst the interesting instances he referred to as illustrating his theme, the following were probably overlooked:

The Casual Hallucination of Sir John A. Macdonald—That he is really a statesman.

Do. of Edward Blake—That dead silence will justify his action on the Jesuit question with the people of Canada.

Do. of Sir C. Tupper—That the High Commissioner-ship is really of some use to the country that pays for it.

Do. of Mr. Peter Ryan—That the Reform Party is a party of Reform.

Do. of Mr. W. R. Meredith—That somehow, sometime, Mowat will go.

Do. of Hon. O. Mowat—That Messrs. Hardy and Fraser are really wicked partners to have in the firm.

Do. of Hon. Geo. W. Ross—That there is really no difference between the German schools and the French schools of Ontario.

Do. of Hon. Frank Smith—That the Street Railway is a losing speculation, and he would like very much to be well out of it.

Do. of Mr. Chris. Bunting—That the popularity of the *Mail* is not due to Mr. Ned Farrer's writing, but to—ahem—

Do. of Rev. Principal Caven—That Party leaders occasionally act on lofty moral principle, regardless of political considerations.

Do. of Mr. Van Horne—That the Government controls the C.P.R., and not *vice versa*.

Do. of MR. GRIP—That there are Canadians in existence who have never put their names on his subscription list.

It is said that a sailor appeared before the Police Magistrate the other day to answer to a charge of drunkenness, and that the Colonel dealt with the case as one of a salt.

NOT IN THE BOOK.

"I WISH to goodness a score of vessels would go on the rocks here, and become total wrecks, while we brought the crews ashore," said Mr. Robinson Crusoe one day, in the course of a conversation with Mr. Friday.

"Well, massa, dat's kind er hard ob you, but 'course it would be bully to hab nabers, and dey would help you work, wouldn't um?" responded Friday.

"Work?" replied Crusoe, "I wouldn't work another stroke. That's what I want 'em here for. I'd just turn landlord and lie round on the grass, and live on the fat of the land by the sweat of *their* brow. It doesn't do me any good to own this island while it hasn't any rental value."

"No," said Friday, sympathetically, "it's altogether too bad!"

And he burst into tears.

HE SHOULD IF HE DIDN'T.

DE RYTER—"Here is a joke I have brought you." EDITOR (*after reading it*)—"That is not a joke."

DE RYTER—"But I say it is. I made it, and I ought to know."

BUCOLIC WAYS.

EBENEZER—"Did you water the cows to-night, Hiram?"

HIRAM—"No, I forgot."

EBENEZER—"You shouldn't have forgotten, but then we will water the milk, and that will do just as well."

NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

BIGBEE—"Isn't it remarkable what a number of new drinks we get each year? I wonder who invented the milk shake?"

SYSEE—"Oh, I suppose some sharper of a milk-dealer, who didn't want to let the chalk settle to the bottom of his glasses."

PERSONAL.

PROF. CHAPMAN, of University College, while walking across Queen's Park, the other day, fell into a brown study. We are glad to learn the popular gentleman was not seriously injured.

HE FOOLED THEM.

A WEE tot of a newsboy, barefooted, coatless and ragged, slipped into a street-car the other night and offered his papers for sale. The warm-hearted passengers, touched by his piteous appeal, bought out his whole stock. When safely outside, the urchin gleefully cried to his companion, "Gimme me coat, Jimmy. I've worked off all me yesterday's papers on de blokes in dere."

A CASE FOR THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

MRS. JASSAXE (*reading the account of the last baseball match*)—"The Skyfliers then went to bat, and knocked pitcher Upshoot all over the field. Oh! the brutes, to abuse a man that way! I'll go right down and tell the Humane Society, so I will!"