



GOOD DESCRIPTIVE POWERS.

CHOLLY—"Aw—how does *that* strike you for a turn out?"
CHAPPIE—"That's what I call beastly bad form!"

BETTER BUTTER!

BLESSINGS be upon the head of Prof. Dean, of the Agricultural College, who is perambulating the country with a dairy outfit, teaching our farmers how to make good butter! Glorious visions arise before us of the results of this noble mission. In the near future we may escape the necessity of choosing between dry bread, and bread made nauseous by alleged butter, redolent of leeks or turnips, or still worse flavors. Why have we been all this time obliged, as a general rule, to eat bad butter or none? Because our farmers could find a market and get as good a price for the bad article as the good, though most of them knew nothing of butter-making scientifically, and got it good by accident more than anything else. Prof. Dean is impressing it upon the rural mind that there is big money in first-class butter, and that it is well worth the farmer's while to learn how to produce it. His meetings are having great success, and once more we invoke the blessings of the bread-and butter lover on his devoted head.

A FREE AD.

"**B**ELLAMY wants a butcher shop, boot and shoe maker, tailor, druggist, coal and wood yard, boarding house, bakery, blacksmith, lumber yard, barber, weekly newspaper, laundry, homœopathic doctor and allopathic doctor. There is an excellent field for any and all of the above trades and professions." So reads an ad. in the *World*. This is strictly true; in fact, there are several excellent fields in Bellamy, right in the middle of the town.

'EASIER to be played on than a pipe"—A Conflagration.—*Puck*. Also a playground.

"WHAT we want," said the cook, as she dexterously skinned the eel preparatory to placing it in the frying-pan, "is a nude eel."

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

BEWZER—"What did you mean, Mr. Hogaboom, by telling Major Beeswax, yesterday, that I was an unfortunate drunkard? It is an infamous falsehood, sir, and I have a mind to—to—"

HOGABOOM—"But I assure you I never said anything of the kind. I never used any language which would bear that construction."

BEWZER—"The Major positively says you did, and he's a man of his word."

HOGABOOM—"Well, that's most extraordinary."

BEWZER—"Here he comes now. Now we'll see who's a liar. Major, did not you tell me that Mr. Hogaboom told you that I was a poor drunkard?"

MAJOR BEESWAX—"Certainly, so he did. I hardly think he'll deny that he made that statement."

HOGABOOM—"Why, you must be crazy. I said nothing against Mr. Bewzer's reputation at all."

MAJOR BEESWAX—"That is a deliberate falsehood, sir. I can recall every word you spoke. You said: 'I don't know much of Bewzer—he's a poor toper.'"

HOGABOOM—"Ah, I see it all now! It's easily explained. What I did say was, 'he's a Port Hoper,' and you understood me—"

MAJOR BEESWAX—"To mean a poor toper—just so. Well, gentlemen, I think the matter is satisfactorily cleared up."

BEWZER—

HOGABOOM—

BEESWAX—

"So let's go and take something."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"**H**A!" exclaimed the editor of the *Labor Advocate*, as he clawed over his exchanges, "another helper in the grand cause! Here's a new paper called *Onward*—capital name, too, for a Radical labor journal. Let's see if it's up to the standard," and he tore off the wrapper. Then his countenance fell, and so did the paper. It was a Sunday school monthly published by the Methodist Book concern.

THERE is a girl in the London workhouse who speaks a language which nobody can understand.—*Ex*.

She is probably a Browning enthusiast, or an exponent of the higher culture.



JULY IN MUSKOKA.

MRS SUMMERSNAP—"This is simply dreadful! And you told me Muskoka was a lovely place to pass the summer in."

MR. S.—"Well, don't you find it delightfully cool, as I described it?"