



Burton Anderson

HOW HE GOT THE MOVE ON.

JASPAR—"How did you manage to get the messenger boy to deliver that message so quickly?"

JUMPUPE—"I gave him the impression that the note was about a dog-fight you were conducting, and told him to hurry if he wanted to see it."

CANADA TO ENGLAND.

A PATRIOTIC POEM BY JAMES L. HUGHES.

(With appropriate interpolations.)

OH! Mistress of the mighty sea!
(We owe her more than we can pay.)
Oh! Motherland so great and free!
(Step-motherland some people say)
Canadian hearts shall ever be,
(On hoodle set, in virtue tax;
United in their love for thee,
(And British goods we'll roundly tax.)

CHORUS—Yes, Motherland! dear Motherland!
(Of English blood you have no trace;
Beneath the Union Jack we'll stand,
(Which still enslaves your father's race;) A part of thy imperial whole,
(Hopkins has copyrighted that;) From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
(Not quite so fast—where are you at?) On woodland height and fertile plain,
True British subjects we'll remain,
(Yes! while your salary you retain.)

Thy power shall faith and hope impart,
(Of titles and rewards in store;) Thy liberty inspire each heart,
(To boldly steal—and ask for more;) Thy justice ever guide us right,
(What's grammar as compared with rhyme?) Thy honor be our beacon light,
(Which leads to office every time.)

We share the glories of thy past,
(Which to advantage we can sell;) Thy sailors, brave beneath the mast,
(They couldn't fight above it well;)

And soldiers true on many a field,
(Poor fools! In senseless quarrels slain;) Have taught Canadians not to yield,
(Look at the C.P.R.'s domain.)

We'll build a nation, grand and free,
(Owned by the money kings combine;) And greatest in its love for thee,
(By sending millions o'er the line;) No other fate could be so grand,
(Considering how the racket pays;) As union with our Motherland,
(So we'll be loyal all our days.)

CHORUS—Yes, Motherland! dear Motherland!
(For loyalty is drink and meat;) Beneath the Union Jack we'll stand,
(Too bad you couldn't get a seat;) A part of thy Imperial whole,
(A line that you from Hopkins stole;) From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
(That's true enough while trolleys roll;) On woodland height and fertile plain
True British subjects we'll remain,
(While thousands daily take the train And flee to Uncle Sam's domain.
Hoop la!)

A TERRIBLE INFLICTION.

CLARA—"I have fallen into a very objectionable habit of talking to myself."
MAMIE—"How I pity you."

AN EGOTIST.

LAURA—"I just met Mr. Weedlechick. What a talker he is!"
GWENDOLEN—"What did he talk about?"
LAURA—"Oh, nothing."
GWENDOLEN—"Yes, he's an awful egotist."

PROFESSIONAL HUMOR.

THE following extract from a recent bulletin by Medical Health Officer Sheard, is well worthy a place in our columns. Comment would but detract from the subtle humor it embodies:

Recent analyses to hand this morning show the city water not up to its usual standard of purity.



NO WONDER.

"Dear me! Nineteen to-day! I feel quite old already. How the years do pass, to be sure!"