



### IDIOMATIC.

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"Der town gouncil gif me order dot I baint dot sign, und now der boliceman says I don't vill got baid for him, 'cause der sbelling of English is wrong, or somedings!"

### THE CIVIL SERVICE SYMPOSIUM.

*Scene*:—Assembly Restaurant. *Time*:—Luncheon hour.  
*Present*:—Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson.

BROWN.—Men are content to be laughed at for their wit—

SMITH.—But not for their folly.

JONES.—Wit is folly—

BROWN.—Unless a wise man has the keeping of it.

ROBINSON.—There are many men of wit to one man of sense.

JONES.—(picking up his eyeglasses) It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

SMITH.—Apropos of the glasses, do you know the cup which neither cheers nor inebriates?

BROWN.—I had it last night; the hic-cup.

ROBINSON.—That's as bad as the cake that disagrees with children. The stomach ache, you know.

JONES.—Now about the milk of human kindness that you were speaking of.—What is it?

SMITH.—The sugar of domestic felicity—

BROWN.—The cup of happiness being full—

JONES.—And the butter resembling an actor in a fresh part, because it appears in a new roll—

ROBINSON.—With the appropriate ballad—"Let the toast pass," cracking fresh eggs and stale jokes, simultaneously. Gentlemen, the symposium is ended.—

True Wit is nature to advantage dress'd;  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;  
Something, whose truth convinc'd at length we find,  
That gives us back the image of our mind.—

See you again to-morrow, boys.—

SMITH.—To-morrow!

Live! Live to-day! To-morrow never yet  
On any human being rose or set!

### A DEMAND FROM THE TOILERS.

FRIPPERY, froppery, running up bills;  
This Government House is but tinsel and frills;  
A vestige that's costly, and with us still lingers—  
Twenty thousand a year, from our blistered fingers!  
Now hear the demand put forth by the toilers—  
We'll no longer permit you to be our despoilers;  
This Government House comes a trifle too high,  
And why do you want it? Sir Oliver, Why?

### HE KNEW THE WAYS OF THEM.

SHE had just told him with gentle decision that she was 'awfully sorry, but she couldn't marry him.' She had 'never expected such a thing' as his proposing to her—she thought they were only 'good friends and that sort of thing, you know,; and really was awfully surprised, and wished he hadn't'—and 'why can't people be sensible and nice and just be friends!' She liked him *so much*,—but as a 'sister' might. Why couldn't he let her 'be as a dear sister to him?'

But this was too much.

"Annie," said he, with a quiver of deep disappointment in his tender voice, "if you don't love me well enough to marry me, I suppose I must bear it as best I can, but"—and here a touch of manly firmness steadied the tremulousness of his tone, and a weary look that overspread his face added years to his appearance,— "don't try to work off the 'sister' racket on me! I didn't expect it of you! You see I have real sisters—several of them, and I know," and he sighed reproachfully, "what being a brother *is*. It means taking you here and there when we want to go somewhere else; trying to find you partners at dances—taking myself discreetly away when an eligible man comes round—being requested to flirt with the girl that's trying to cut you out, in order to distract her attention—being expected to fetch and carry, go shopping and accompany you to tea fights (not to mention being talked to *very* plainly on occasions and having one's collars and suspenders borrowed)—no," and here he paused to take breath and shake his head sadly, "another sister is a relation that does not commend herself to me! You'd probably," and here he shuddered, "let me see you some morning with your hair in curl papers, and without the stiff thing that makes a girl's dress fit nicely. Think of the want of sentiment in it all! No! No! The only kind of sister I will ever add to those I already have will be perhaps a sister-in-law. Good bye! Some other fellow may take more kindly to the sister idea"—and he was gone.



### CHEAP DEATH TO SUIT THE TIMES.

HE (after heavy dinner)—"Hang volunteering, I believe I'll drop it all. This drill is an infernal nuisance—turning one out in the cold!"

SHE (consoling)—"I wouldn't do that, dearest, after all these years. Besides, think of it—when you die, they'll give you a military funeral and all you'll have to pay for will be the coffin and grave."