



NEWFOUNDLAND AROUSED.

JOHN BULL (to French Fisherman)—“Make him lie down? That’s all well enough, but the question is, *how*?”

GOOD COMBINATION.

THE Bank of Commerce is one of our solid old institutions, wealthy, cautious and safe. And now it has secured the great head of Mr. Geo. A. Cox to guide its affairs as President. He will take good care of the strong box. Box and Cox—a fine financial combination.

CLARENCE’S DREAM.

THE Duke of Clarence, better known amongst the club chappies as Prince Albert Victor, having learned to roll his own cigarettes, has taken his seat in the House of Lords. No fears need be entertained, however, of his mind giving way under the terrible strain of his Parliamentary duties.

MARRIAGE BELLS RING OUT A CHESTNUT.

IT is with feelings of gratitude that we record the marriage of Miss Mary Anderson, the actress. At last we are delivered from the wearisome repetition of the

journalistic chestnut: “Miss Anderson is said to be engaged to Lord So-and-So,” “Miss Anderson gives a denial to the rumor of her engagement,” etc., etc.

SATISFACTORILY EXPLAINED.

JAGGERS—“Wonder why all you artists must go to Paris to complete your studies.”

DAUBER—“We find it impossible to secure the requisite tone and finish unless surrounded by an art atmosphere.”

JAGGERS—“Art atmosphere, eh? That accounts for the airs so many artists put on, I guess.”

SOMEWHAT STRAINED.

PEDUNCLE—“Did it ever occur to you that when the Israelites went down to Egypt to buy wheat they were treated sack-cornfully?”

BUDGER—“No, and it would never have occurred to you, either, if you didn’t have to ransack all creation for alleged jokes.”