



II.

She turned, he saw her bonnet—
And then began to kick.

BLACK VIOLETS.

"BLACK violets are all the fashion," read Mr. Pencherman from 'The Woman's Page' of his paper. "It's a queer thing that florists must pander to the female craving for novelty by producing such hybrid monstrosities, if they must experiment on something, why couldn't they try their hands on some common weed, and let our old favorites alone! At this rate, sweet flowers will disappear as quickly as sweet women are doing."

"Or good tempered men," interrupted Mrs. Pencherman, "but if you'll read a little further on, my dear, you'll find that its only the millinery violet that has blushed black."

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. P. as he quickly skimmed the next paragraph. "I suppose it's some of the nonsense that is being crammed into women's heads sprouting up through their bonnets, but I don't suppose they'll be any cheaper than ordinary purple violets?"

"Certainly not: a little dearer, if anything, but you oughtn't to grumble, I expect the hideous flowers are manufactured specially to match the gloom that envelopes all the men just now: we *feminine* women shouldn't be blamed when we try to follow your lead, but I suppose the compliment is too delicate for you to appreciate. You might have noticed if you ever looked in a shop window, that the flowers are like all our business men, a little green, as well as black, and I fancy it is also to be sympathetic that every costume to be complete must have at least a touch of black in it, a sort of skeleton in the gown as it were."

"If you mean that every gown has a skeleton in the form of a bill, I know all about that, like every other husband; what I object to is the tendency of humanity to prefer sombre-hued garments to those that follow the tints of nature. Are we all so joyous that we want a bit of black, a scrap of tragedy in everything? Don't talk of the realism of your time: it's morbidism women are full of, and if a man is going to be obliged to stare at his wife in gloomy gowns and black violets he isn't going to pay for them."

"Oh, Louis," exclaimed Mrs. Pencherman, "you've given me an idea. I believe I've found out another reason for the decline of marriage. Every one says that a faithful wife should always look cheerful, but how can she when she has eternally to stare at her husband's weekday tweed suits, and his Sunday broadcloth?"

J. M. Loes.

Ginsox of Huron, who is the wit of the Provincial Legislature since the translation of Metcalfe to Ottawa, says, "No doubt if the Mowat Administration becomes defunct, the Opposition will consider it a Merry death, by which I want you to understand I mean a Mercedith; Mercedith or Merry death, don't you see?"

'TIS OFTEN THUS.

NOW, dear boy, this will not do;
Your pace is rather fast, I'm thinking;
Pray be advised while yet there's time,
And stop forthwith this thing of drinking.

I know of course you are no sot,
But still the habit may grow stronger,
It's safer that you should refrain,
And cease to trifle with it longer.

Besides, example leads astray,
And weaker ones your lead may follow,
Until, at last, when 'tis too late,
They find the pleasure ringeth hollow.

Then quit it, Tom—refuse the glass;
Your course is altogether risky—
What's that you say,—*come, have a drink?*
W-e-l-l thanks, I'll take a little whisky.
John West.

JOURNALISTIC.

JONES.—"I hear you had a baby left at your house last night."

McLEOD.—"Yes."

JONES.—"How did it get there?"

McLEOD.—"It came around the 'Globe' by 'Mail' with a *coup on.*"

JONES.—"That will be good 'News' for the 'Empire' won't it?"

McLEOD.—"Ha! ha! I will send them a 'Telegram' on 'Saturday Night.'"

TRUE ENOUGH.

"AND the agent told us there was a good yard to this house," exclaimed Mrs. Nutenant to her husband, in a disgusted voice, as she surveyed the fraction of ground in the rear of the new "Semi" they had moved into.

"Well, my dear," as he measured it with his eye, "don't be too hard on the man, he didn't altogether deceive us. I suppose he figured on the well-known fact that a little over three feet make a good yard."

OBJECTS OUT OF PLACE.



No. 2. THE CLAY PIPE.