

Just before they gave way to despair,
They chanced to remember a boon
Still left them:—Death comes to us all,
'Twill sure, they think, come to him soon;
Though a knowing old fellow he be!

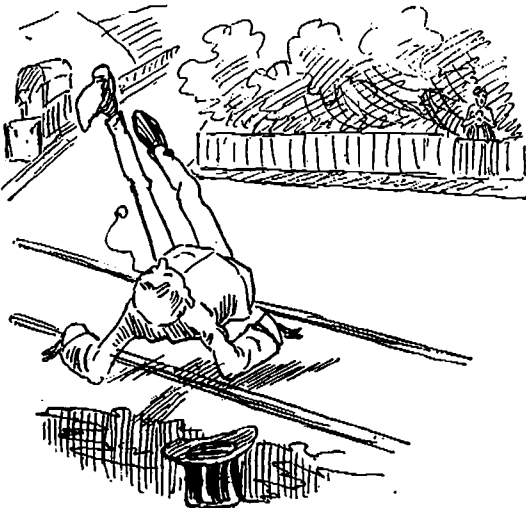
But he stayed there, and smiled quite serene,
And he stays and he smiles there to-day;
His foes fear he'll *never* come down;
And it really is looking that way—
Such a staying old fellow is he!

It may seem rash to say that Shakespeare was a speculator in stocks, and familiar with the workings of a bucket-shop. It is surely not rasher, however, than the assertion that Bacon (observe the concealed joke) wrote Shakespeare; because Hamlet, for instance, doesn't seem able to make a remark that isn't a stock quotation.

A PARKDALE ROMANCE.



1. This is Mr. Fittles, the rising young tailor of Parkdale, taking leave of *Her* after a most enjoyable evening.



2. If one *will* walk backwards while he throws kisses to the girl of his heart, one must not be surprised if accidents occur. There's many a trip 'twixt the kiss and the lip.



3. It is highly unromantic to have to go back (after taking a most gallant leave) to the girl of one's heart to be scraped and generally repaired by her.

MASCULINE, FEMININE, NEUTER.

Jock—"I'm sayin', Sandy, dae ye ken ocht aboot this Wong Chin Foo cratur that's gaun tae lectur i' the city?"

Sandy—"I'm thinkin', Jock, that, gin he's a chin fu' cratur, he'll no' be in guid condeetion tae address onybody."

Jock—"Hoots man, that's what they ca' him, Wong Chin Foo, an' I was wonnerin' gin ye kent onything anent the Chineese buddy's demagogue palaiver."

Sandy—"I never heard tell afore o' a Chineese Buddhist demi-god palaiverin', but what's he gaun tae lectur aboot?"

Jock—"Oh, he's jist gaun tae expawtiate on hoo it is that he's a Heathen."

Sandy—"Humph, is that a'? I'm sure I ken that muckle mysel'."

Jock—"I'm a' lugs, Sandy, my frien'."

Sandy—"Weel, is the chiel no' a man?"

Jock—"Nae doot, Sandy, nae doot."

Sandy—"Hoo the deevil could he be onything else than a He-then, gin the bit eeten-an'-spewt thing had been a woman it would hae been a she-then, would it no'?"

Jock—"I'm rale ill, Sandy—rax the bottle."

FLASHES.

A GENTLEMAN who has just returned from Europe is our authority for the statement that the Strasburg clock is a far more reliable timepiece than the celebrated watch on the Rhine.

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In order that convicts may have the pleasure of noting the flight of time, the Government kindly supplies them during their term of imprisonment with a watch and chain.

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"What is so rare as a day in June?" asks Lowell in a well-known poem. Just now we are having some days that are positively raw.

TRISTRAM S.