



AN INDUCEMENT.

"I notice your brother takes a great deal of out-door exercise lately."

"Yes. He was always too lazy to do so until the doctor told him that sunshine and air would make his moustache grow."

FOUND WHAT HE LOOKED FOR.

NOW, Patrick and Mike were of real Irish build, And when whiskey went round they were not easy filled; And one night—returning from Tim Murphy's wake— They purchased a bottle of Jamieson's make.

Then they straightway repaired to a neighboring shed— Which building was owned by Pat's brother, Big Ned; There they settled them down on a bundle of straw, And from the black bottle proceeded to draw.

Well—soon, when the whiskey was nearly all gone, They decided to sleep till the breaking of dawn. But Pat had a notion within his wise head That he'd empty the bottle while Mike was in bed.

So he crept o'er the floor to the corner, by stealth, When he uncorked the bottle and drank to Mike's health; Then quickly again he lay down beside Mike, Says he, "Michael, me boy, ye can wake fwhin ye like."

Scarce a minute elapsed ere poor Michael awoke, And thus to himself meditatively spoke: "Sure I don't think that stuff in the bottle will keep, So I'll put it inside me fwhile Pat is asleep."

But Pat was awake, and he heard this remark, And smiled a broad smile to himself in the dark; So, as Michael crept forth from his dirty straw bed, Pat turned to him quickly and chuckling he said:

"Sure, fwhat are ye lookin' for, Michael, me bye?" "I'm—I'm lookin' for nothin'," was Michael's reply; Then pat chuckled loud as he lifted his head— "Faix, ye'll find it right there in the bottle," he said.

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

G. WRIGHT.

AS USUAL.

Returns from Chicoutimi show the election of Mr. Belley, the straight Government candidate, by a majority of 31 over Mr. Savard, Independent Conservative.—*Empire*.

HE savored too much of non-partizan views, His backbone was not made of jelly, To elect him the voters did promptly refuse— The flesh-pots a party-led crowd always choose. No wonder—their god is their Belley.

DIDN'T RECOGNIZE THE TEXT.

"WELL, I declare," said Uncle Jedediah, pausing to wipe his spectacles on his bandana handkerchief and take a fresh chew of tobacco, "some of the things they put into the papers gits beyond me. They're ailus meddlin' with religion now, printin' sermons and texes from Scriptur' an' sech. They'd a durn sight better stick to politics. Jest listen to this now:—

GABRIEL—"Why did you send that minister down below?"

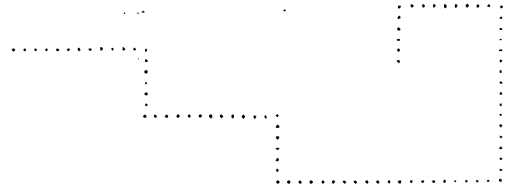
ST. PETER—"When he came up he asked for those of his flock who had come before, and I gave him directions where to find the majority of them."

I uster think I knowed my Bible pretty well from Genesis to Revelations, but that don't seem the least bit familiar. What's more, I don't believe St. Peter ever said anything of the kind. Why, it don't sound like Scriptur'. I shouldn't a bit wonder if it's nothin' but a make-up by some of them smart Alick newspaper fellers."

"It mout, pr'aps," continued the old man reflectively, after a pause, "be in the Apochryfy or the Revised Version. I ain't so sure 'bout that, but I'd bet my bottom dollar—that is ef I was a bettin' man—that ye kaint find no sech a text atween the kivers of the Bible that I was brought up on."

And he rolled over on his back on the lounge and went to sleep, ruminating on the degeneracy of the a ge.

SWINGING AROUND THE CIRCLE.



THIS is not a map of a gerrymandered constituency. It is the route taken by a street railway passenger as the only available one between two given points, in the present chaotic condition of the system resulting from the laying of the new tracks.



ALL THE SAME.

DUDESON—"Aw, I say, can you tell me where I can find a physician near here?"

FARMER (*slightly deaf*)—"Yes. The undertaker lives the third house down the road."

DUDESON—"But I didn't ask you for the undertaker. I want a physician."

FARMER—"Well, I guess you'll need the undertaker by the time old Doc. Carver is through with you, begosh!"