



BILLY McLEAN'S PRIZE WINNER.

A STANDING CHALLENGE TO THE HOG AT THE EXHIBITION OR ANY OTHER ANIMAL OF THE SPECIES.

that I'm not engaged to someone papa objects to, then I would write a novel too. I believe I'll write one and have it ready in case I become engaged."

ETHEL—"O, you mustn't do that and rival me. I'll tell you what to do. Write a play!"

AMY—"With lots of Worth dresses in it! That's a splendid idea. I'll go home right now and commence at it. Won't our folks be surprised when they find out how clever we are."

ETHEL—"Won't they! Well, if you are going, good-bye!"

AMY—"Good bye."

BOTH—"Good bye," (*kisses*). "Good-bye," (*kisses*). "I'll go over to see how you are getting along with your play soon," (*kisses*). "You must show me each chapter of your novel as you complete it." (*Kisses*). Good-bye. (*Curtain.*)

KIPLING CRITICIZED.

BEESWAX—"How do you like Rudyard Kipling?"

JIGGERSNOOT—"Pretty well—but isn't there a good deal of similarity between his stories?"

BEESWAX—"Well, yes, they are somewhat Simla."

THE DEACON'S JOKE.

BEESWAX—"Hello Deacon! Back from the Toronto Exhibition, eh? How did you find things?"

DEACON RODGERS—"Oh, so-so! The show was good enough but the city was so crowded, there was no getting any decent accommodation. Had to sleep two nights on a cot-bed in the hallway of a hotel. I never realized so much the meanin' of that beautiful and touchin' hymn:

"I would not live 'alway, I ask not to stay."

A SEASONABLE ODE.

ELSEWHERE mention is made of our Canadian Poet, Peter X. We find the following fine example of his style in the last issue of the *Berlin Weekly News*, and give it place as being eminently in season just now:—

FAIR TIMES.

A country fair—
Ain't it fun,
At Bobcaygeon
Or at Hamilton!

Charming country girls,
Though not in style,
With eyes that kill
At half a mile.

Rosy cheeks,
Splendid form,
Always the same,
In calm and storm.

Country swain,
With grit and sand,
Walks with ducky,
Hand in hand.

Cocoanut and candy,
Half watermelon each,
Ice cream follows.
Then a pear or peach.

In searching fun
Every one's intent,
Everybody's happy,
Enjoyment innocent.

Home once more
In parlor there,
Big hearted swain,
And maiden fair.

We mustn't wait
To see it through,
Act the same myself,
Wouldn't you?

VERY MUCH SO ALREADY.

PLUGWINCH—"I should like to see Lord Stanley try and get more in touch with the Canadian people."

BEESWAX—"Would you, though? Seems to me he's pretty well in touch with them already. He touches 'em for fifty thousand a year and expenses."

"WHY do they call it a traction engine?" "Don't know—unless it's because it shuns the track."

ALMOST anyone will rise to the emergency, when it takes the form of a bent pin on the chair.