



"POLICEMAN FLYNN," by Elliott Flower, 300 pp. and 12 illustrations, some of them good enough for THE MOON. Toronto: Copp, Clarke Co. This is a very readable book, if you have nothing else to read. The policeman is something of a philosopher as well as a humorist. Here is a good sample of the book:

HE IS WORRIED BY POLITICIANS.

"There do be three gr-grades iv liars," said Policeman Flynn, in a burst of confidence, to his wife.

"To which iv thim do ye belong, Barney?" she inquired solicitously.

"G'wan, now!" retorted Policeman Flynn. "Ye'll be provokin' me to thry to sell ye to a comic pa-aper, ye will that. 'Tis no joke I'm tellin' ye. There do be three gr-grades iv liars in this wor-rlid. First ye have th' common liar, an' 'tis easy carin' f'r him. Nixt ye have th' artistic liar, who can dhress a lie up to ray-simble th' truth, so 's ye have to look f'r th' shtraw-berry ma-ark on th' lift ar-run to tell which is th' other. An' thim ye have th' politician, th' gr-reatest liar iv thim all."

This last remark does not refer, as some may suppose, to the Ontario Government; but just to the ordinary New York politician. —ED.

"THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE," by Emmerson Hough; Toronto: McLeod & Allen; is a novel 7¾ inches long, by 5½ inches wide, by 1 inch thick. It contains between four and five hundred pages, and six good illustrations. The weight of the book is a little over a pound, so that the literary taste of Canadians will be satisfied to the full. We understand that the publishers of the book are selling about half-a-ton of it a day. This is another strong point in its favor.

N.B.—By the way, we may say that the text of "The Mississippi Bubble" is as good as anything else on the market.

Not worth a cent—An English farthing.

When fisherman meets fisherman then comes the string of lies.

Some Little Things.

Little drinks of whiskey,
Little drams of gin,
Make a man feel tipsy
And his head to swim.

Little cups of ice-cream,
At a church bazaar,
Make a dollar bill seem
Scarcely up to par.

Little sheets of paper,
Little drops of ink,
Make a modern writer,
Many people think.

—P. J.

Mrs. Subbubs: "Do you find that these electric fans coul the rooms?"

Mrs. Lonelylots: "No, but they make such a noise we can't hear the mosquitoes."

Irish Father (with commercial aspirations for his son):
"Yis, me bhoy is going in fur booziness."

Visitor (watching door of saloon opposite): "Just so! I can see him going in now."



Mr. Jackson: "Say, dah, Sam Johnsin', what you got in dat yar bag?"

Mr. Johnson: "Ah got cheekins, an' if yo' guess how many dar is I'll give yeh dem bof."

Mr. Jackson: "Dar's two."

Mr. Johnson: "Aw shaw, some one must a tole yeh."