



A PRODIGY.

YOUNG MOTHER—"Don't you think he's a very bright intelligent looking little fellow, uncle?"

OLD BACH, UNCLE—"Er—I'm not much of a judge of babies, but I *will* say, Marthy, that I never did hear a child *hiccough* more intelligently!"

MY TROUBLE.

I AM greatly alarmed and disgusted
By an ugly annoyance of late,—
My fortune's financially busted—
My purse in a pitiful state.

To some it may seem somewhat funny,
(To me, be assured, 'tis no joke),
That a fellow should be without money
Who isn't a blackguard or "bloke."

'Tis true I've a generous father—
That is, when I'm clear of a row—
But, to tell you the truth, I had rather
Not be over-impertunate now.

If still I were able to borrow
(I may say, by the way, I am not),
My creditors come on the morrow,
And make it unpleasantly hot.

My brains have been ever a "fuzzle,"
Nor ever sufficiently keen
For producing some novelty puzzle,
Or inventing some patent machine.

As for wealth, that oft goes with position,
Misfortune again has been mine
n placing me (luckless condition!)
Upon the wrong side of the line.

Or if I were a great politician
(But I stand in an honest man's shoes),
I could quickly improve my position
By some of the plans which they use.

But no! Dame Fortune's against me,
I'm a victim of contrary Fate;
No! Ha! I have it! I have it!
I'll go into "Real Estate!"

HOW A LIFE WAS SAVED.

"SEE here, Mr. Goggles," exclaimed the irate editor to the proof-reader, "I wrote the heading of this article: 'A Talk to the Toilers.' You have let it go as: A Talk to the Tailors."

Mr. Goggles simply grunted: "Is that sew?"
The pun was his pardon.

"MAROONED."

WE knew it!
Alas and alack-a-day!!
There was no help for it!!!
It had to come, by gum!!!!

O, Emperor, in thine hours of ease, did'st never have presentiment of a possible rival? Had'st no thought that some day the pasture fields of Tory journalism would down its bars and let in another to crop the succulent blades of a paternal Government's grass, on which thou chiefly hast been fattening?

Thou had'st nary a thought, say'st thou? Nor hast thou one right now?

Sad, sad-iron indifference! Fateful, fatal free-and-easiness!

Here, read your doom and fall down off your chair:

The Norwich Literary Society has begun the publication of a paper. It is called the *Literary Sun*.

Nemesis!

Supplanted!!

Marooned!!!

Please keep off the grass!!!!

P.S.—Sir John never was particularly stuck on the *Empire*, anyway.

THE BEST HE COULD DO.

CUSTOMER (to newsdealer)—"Have you the *Golden Weekly*?"

NEWSDEALER—"No; don't keep it."

CUSTOMER—"Well, you have other publications of the same sort. Give me something as near like it as you can."

NEWSDEALER (hands him *Bystander*)—"Here's the *Goldwin* monthly. That's about the nearest I can come to it."

IT'S SO DIFFERENT IN FRENCH.



O sing us something, Mr. Biggleswade," said the hostess, as the conversation at the evening party was beginning to flag.

"Oh, yes, *do*. It's a shame that when a gentleman really can sing, as we know you can, he should not be willing to oblige," chimed

in the eldest Miss Pignuffle.

"Ah, really, Mrs. Dodworthy, you're very kind, but—ah—I'm so out of practice, you know. 'Fraid I don't know any English songs just appropriate."

"Oh, please do try, Mr. Biggleswade; we're not a critical audience, you know."

"Well, then, I'll give you a little *chans'on du peuple* that I heard when I was last in *Paree*." And he sang a few verses with this chorus:

"J'ai quinze piastres dans ma poche au-dessous
Voilà donc!
Ecoutez moi, galliards du Quartier Latin!
Tous les Samedis soirs je vais
M'assommer au cabaret.
Et pas un sou e trouve le prochain matin."