



"NAKED, IS IT?"

STOREKEEPER—"Buy a trunk cheap, Mickey?"

MICKEY COME HITHER—"Phwat for?"

STOREKEEPER—"Why, to put your clothes in, of course."

MICKEY—"And go naicked, is it?"

MR. BINKS' QUANDARY.

"DON'T talk to me, Maria!" shouted Mr. Binks during a somewhat stormy discussion lately. "You don't know anything about this matter! I have no confidence in your judgment!—A woman has no judgment!" "Perhaps you're right," responded Mrs. B. with sudden meekness—"why, when I married you I was quite sure I was making a good choice; that you were one of the wisest and most amiable of men, and"—with an air of frank admission—"see how mistaken I was! I don't wonder you have no belief in my judgment—I've lost confidence in it myself!" And she went on with her sewing with a "got even" expression on her face, while Mr. Binks strove to think out whether he had been apologized to or insulted.

THE INFANT OF THE PERIOD.

NEW NURSE—"Now, Master Tommy, you must mind me."

MASTER TOMMY—"You great big thing! Aren't you old enough to look after yourself?"

CHANGE OF AIR.

"YES, undoubtedly the Smead-Dowd system of ventilation is the best. It entirely changes the air a number of times during an hour."

"My! As good as a hand-organ, ain't it?"

OUR COMING AUTHORS.

THE following composition on "Winter," written by a small-sized Toronto school-girl, shows some deep thought on the subject:

WINTER.

Winter is that time of the year when it's cold. I like summer better than winter only winter mostly has thanksgiving Day and christmas in it and you dont have turkey and things given you queens birthday and 17th July. The only time I dont wish awful bad I was a boy is in winter. Tommy Dod says its awful cold shulveling the snow mornings. I'd love to throw snow balls ony I'm a girl and girls dont have any fun or nothing, and any way tommy says the pleece are onto you and there aint no fun for a boy any more. One nice thing about winter is you can sit up ever so much longer after dark than you can in summer and there are no flies in the butter.

From the pen of the same gifted young writer there also emanated these remarks upon "Work":

WORK.

Work is anything you have to do. Sometimes if you didn't *have* to do it some work would be nice. If I wasn't made to practise my musick I believe I'd be fond of playing the piano. Some people don't mind working when my father and mother were little they did an awful lot and their mother never had to tell them mor'n once. They always tell us about it. All mothers and fathers do. tommy dod says he's just sick of hearing how much his father had to do when he was a boy and how erly he had to get up. All work is nasty. Only very good people and parents like work. I know lots more to say, but I'm tired.

LA SILHOUETTE.

THE shades of night had fallen fast,
For our tea-time had not yet past,
As I sat in a musing fit—
Dreaming—before the lamps were lit.

Looking across the lighted street
A comic scene my eyes did meet.
A silhouette clear and defined
Pictured upon a window-blind.

My twilight dreams now quite upset,
I, mirthful, watched the silhouette,
Changing in form kaleidoscopic,
Our country's favorite game the topic.

Two objects glowering *vis-a-vis*,
Flitting and dancing cap-a-pie,
Posing, opposing, twisting, fistng,
Bouncing, denouncing, pouncing, trouncing.

No London Punch and Judy show
Could emulate the changeful flow
Of spirits on the window screen.
The play grows serious, I ween.

Fast and more furious danced the sprites,
When—suddenly out went the lights,
And nought was seen and none can tell
What on that night the sprites befel.

But some with bated breath do say
That, hobbling from across the way,
MacLoyal then was heard to holler,
"You stole five hundred every dollar."

And some aver that in the rear
A muffled answer reached their ear,
"Richard's himself again, I wis,"

(The Brampton papers may copy this).