

A MONOLOGUE.



WHAT do I think of Oliver Mowat? Oh, he's well enough—for a man, I suppose. He doesn't seem to be addicted to drink, and I understand that he keeps pretty respectable hours, and doesn't do much in the lodge-going way. For a man, he is not so bad as one might reasonably expect. But to call him a statesman—that's quite another matter. It makes me sick to hear it over and over every place I go. Just because he came out best in some law cases, and managed to defeat *another man*, everybody seems to have gone crazy about him. That is, of course, the *men* have. Poor things, they don't know any better. A statesman, forsooth! I wonder if they know the meaning of the word? If I understand anything about it, a statesman is a person who possesses wisdom, and uses it for the benefit of the country. Where does Oliver Mowat stand

when you come to measure him by that standard? No-where at all. A statesman! Why, good gracious, he doesn't know enough to enfranchise US!!

THOSE TRIOLETS.

I SAT in my chair,
And the window was near;
Perhaps 'twas not fair,
As I sat in my chair;

But the fool he was there,
And I could not but hear,
As I sat in my chair,
And the window was near.

"To these triolets fair
I will give my whole mind!"
So I heard him declare,
As I sat in my chair;
For the fool, he was there,
And in rapture he whined,
"To these triolets fair
I will give my whole mind!"

His whole *mind*, think of that!
To some triolets silly;
But surely 'twas pat!
His *whole* mind, think of that!
For his head it was flat
Where it should have been hilly.
His *whole* mind think of that!
To some triolets silly!

But they made a good match,
His whole mind and the verses,
Evolved in a batch;
Yes! they made a good match!
And this thought let us catch
Before it disperses;
They made a good match,
His *whole* mind and the verses!

MERLIN.



JONAH AND THE WHALE.

CANCELLED.

CLASSICUS—"What do you think of the decree passed by the College Council prohibiting hazing?"

MODERNUS—"Oh, that's dead. One of the boys wrote "Rats" all over the copy of it that was posted on the notice-board the other day."

IN A FAIR WAY.

BOOK AGENT—"Good morning, doctor. I'm not here as a patient, but—" (*producing his prospectus.*)

DOCTOR—"But you mighty soon will be one, if you don't get out of this office."

AT THE CONVERSAZIONE.

FRESHY—"You look at me as if you thought me cheeky."

STRANGER—"Oh, no! I at first thought you were an old friend of mine. I'll beg his pardon the first time I meet him."

A STAIR-CASE—A telescope.

You should never strike a man when he is down, unless he happens to be down on you.

THE LAW OF AVERAGE.



No. 1—Photo of Miss DeJones after the grand Xmas Ball—December.



No. 2.—Ditto of Ditto after the Rockaway season—July.



No. 3.—Composite photo of Miss DeJones, showing the mean average annual costume of the Canadian belle of the period.