



Too Light for the Place.

The Tory Party: "Jimmy, I'm afraid you won't do. You are not big enough to handle such a case, or to carry out the bundle, and your temper is just a little too waspish."

Rags and Whisky.

A paper, the "Armoury," gravely relates
How whisky is made out of rags in the States—
And the statement appears somewhat risky—
But then it goes on to express a belief
That it knows to be true—very much to its grief—
Rags are frequently made out of whisky.

Sad, indeed, is the vista thus opened, alas!
And the toper who buries his nose in the glass
Sets the onlooker busily thinking;
For whilst he imbibes with a zest that ne'er flags,
And drinks himself into a new suit of rags,
He his old suit of rags may be drinking.

—J. WILDE.

Soul (?) Take Thy Ease.

Horses and women, new turn-outs invented,
Flock to the show both from cities and farms.
Each in their turn have their good points commented,
The beast and the beauty displaying their charms.

What of the old horse a-plowing the furrow?
What of the woman a-scrubbing the floor?
Wealth in self-worship refuses to burrow—
"Toil and its troubles," we show it the door.

—D. S. MAC.

Once our forefathers used to say:
"Marry in haste, repent at leisure;"
The adage now might run this way:
"Marry in haste, divorce at pleasure."