



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

#### DIDN'T TRY IT AGAIN.

**A** MIMICO man who thought he knew it all, undertook to keep "bachelor's hall" for a week, a short time ago, in the absence of his wife.

He didn't know that porridge needs stirring, and what didn't stick to the dish during his first attempt, was too lumpy to eat.

He thought that an easy method to make toast would be to use the coal oil lamp, but the result was quite unsatisfactory.

He absent-mindedly boiled a nest-egg which he found in the pantry, but found it rather indigestible.

He accidentally dropped a piece of soap in the potato-pot, and, by the way, he has never eaten potatoes since.

He attempted making macaroni soup, but from too hasty cooking, the outcome was more like chips and water.

He used too much coal-oil the second morning in putting on the fire, and a black ceiling bears evidence of the fact.

He foolishly tried to rush a four pound roast through in half an hour, with a poor fire, but after trying a slice, he generously helped the cat to all she could eat and finally allowed her to help herself to the remainder.

He didn't attempt dishwashing till the third day, and the accumulation was pretty large. Accidents will occur in the best regulated households, and so the general smash-up that ensued should be looked on in that light. Besides vowing in Capital Italics that he will never attempt house-keeping again, he has entered his vow in red ink in his account book where the cost of the little experience in black and white adds great weight to his decision.

#### MORE MONEY IN IT.

**1ST MEDICAL GRADUATE.**—"Are you going to start practice in Toronto?"

**2ND M. G.**—"Not much. Too many doctors here now."

**1ST M. G.**—"Still, they all seem to do well."

**2ND M. G.**—"Well, if I were going to be a Toronto doctor, I wouldn't be a doctor at all, I'd be an undertaker."

#### THEY HAD A SPAT.

"You miserable thing, you have no soul!" said the boot to the gaiter.

"You needn't look so black at me—I'm a good deal above you, anyway; in fact you're too much beneath me to notice," returned the gaiter scornfully.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF BRICKBATS.

**G**RIP has from time to time hinted that there is a fundamental injustice underlying our system of society, and accounting for the phenomenon of concurrent "progress and poverty,"—the spectacle of the classes faring sumptuously without working at all, and the masses on the verge of starvation and unable to get the work they are anxious to do, to keep body and soul together. There is a radical, practicable remedy for this fundamental injustice, but it is a long labor to get it considered by our lawmakers. Meanwhile the masses see the outward demonstration of the difference in condition, and go for a remedy instinctively with the weapons that happen to be ready at hand. This is the philosophy of that incident at Jersey city the other day when the society stage-coach "Alert," laden with members of the exclusive "400," was attacked by an angry mob and almost wrecked with brickbats, stones and clubs. Such an incident would be impossible in a Republic based on really republican principles.

#### THEY GENERALLY DO.

**R**EUBEN. Reuben, I've been thinking,  
Where I'll go some time this week—  
To the House of Parliament, O!  
For to hear the Members speak.

Cynthia, Cynthia, I've been thinking  
Something sad will meet your ears,  
For I'm told, what'er the joke is,  
All the visitors sit in tiers!

*Belle Weaver.*

**SURPRISED YOUTH** (*to suddenly discovered budding moustache.*)—"Hello! When did you come down?"



#### ETIQUETTE.

**AUNTIE.**—"Ethel, don't you know it is very bad form to hold your fork in that manner?"

**ETHEL.**—"Is it very good form, auntie, to stare at folks while they're eating?"