



### The Awful Printer!

MRS. PARTINGTON.—Well now, if here ain't another case of the intelligent impositor! Here's a whole lot about the "Deceased Wife's Sister Bill," when it ought to be "Deceased Wife's Brother Bill!"

### A Legend of Long ago.

BY J. V. KASSER.

A many weary years ago an artist, named O'Bea Was just about the smartest man that ever you did see. In fact he was so clever that not in all the land Could hold a candle to him; at intrigu'ing he was grand. He courted high society and he did so well in short, He was created painter, by appoint, to the Court, And his creations brought him fame and store of shining gold, Till he became the chief of all the artists so I'm told, Alas he grew so selfish that he laid awake all night If any other artist sold a picture, (honor bright), No matter if commissions came for more than he could paint. If any brother made a cent it nearly made him faint. This greed at last became so bad, that crooked things looked straight. His mental balance lost itself, his love was turned to hate, And truth was lies and lies were truth and black looked always white. He did some people grievous harm, by doing wrong for right. At length he got a contract for a car load and a half Of pictures, and to make them he must needs employ a staff Of artists, but he hired none who in Canada did dwell but sent across the lines and got some Yankees, one named —well No matter what he called himself, the fact remains the same. Canadian artists felt enraged at such a paltry game. Now I'm an old, old man, but still, I was a young man then. (For that was in eighteen fifty odd, and now its nineteen ten. But well I remind me of the row that this thing brought about, O'Bea grew mortally afraid that he would be kicked out, So he reformed, behaved himself, and ever since that hour Canadian artists won't be run by any one man power.



### Sad News.

GORDON B.—Why my dear Richard what's the matter? Whence these tears?

CARTWRIGHT.—Oh, Gordon, boo-hoo! haven't you heard the sad intelligence? The price of burley has taken a rise!!

The telegraph tells us "the Kurds have fallen back," which, perhaps, indicates that the whey is clear.—*Free Press*. If this be so, it smears ease of luck with their adversaries, which, when it occurred they should have taken advantage of it.—(*Every Saturday*.) Oh, cheese it.

A noise that can be felt—the broomstick.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*. A top that cannot be spun—the shortstop.—*Rome Sentinel*. The bier that cannot be drank—the undertaker's.—*Yonkers Gazette*. A pen unfit to write with—a pig-pen.—*Whitcomb Times*. A cravat that cannot be worn—a pigstye.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*. The horse that cannot be driven—the clothes horse.—*Agents Herald*. A key that won't open a lock—a don-key.

When is a carpet like a sailboat? When it is tacked.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*. When is it like a riot? When it is put down.—*Richmond Baton*. When is like a note? When it is taken up.—*Every Saturday*. When is it like a defeated candidate? When it is beaten.—*Waterloo Observer*. When is it like a field? When it is ingrain.—*Modera Argo*. When is it like a foreign elime? When it is in Brussels.—*Bloomington Eye*. When is it like a certain fish? When it is carp-eat.



### The Two Great Skulls.

HANLAN.—It takes US to make a sensation in the world, doesn't it Dizzy!

Women's hearts and violins are very much alike. It takes a beau to play each of them.—(*Every Saturday*.) Yes, but the violin wants four strings to its bow; and the average woman needs four beaux to her string.

What three poets are Catholics obliged to abstain from on Fridays? Bacon, Lamb and Hogg, but they can always have Herring or Crabbe.—(*Every Saturday*.) Just so; and they like it done with a little "Browning." If the man who wrote this gets off "Scott" free he must be a Long-fellow.

Making a joke is like spinning a top. If it does not come down on its point it will not spin.—*Herald P. I.* That's a tip top simile.—*N. Y. News*. Peg away we are right ter hum on this sort of thing.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. Spin a long time we've been called upon top publish such jokes as these. This is a lively whirled, isn't it?—*Modern Argo*. We had concluded not to string this subject out any further button the whole have decided to take another turn.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. This is a spun out long enough. Try some other top-ic.



### The Systematic Charity Movement.

MENDICANT.—I hope you don't go in for this scheme of poolin' the charity shops—organizin' of 'em all under one general management, as they talk about, my reverend friend, do you?

CLERGYMAN.—Well, yes, I rather favor the idea. Why do you ask?

MENDICANT.—Why do I ask? Are you aware, sir, that that arrangement will drive hundreds of us to do what we must but shall be very sorry to do?

CLERGYMAN.—(Startled.) What do you mean?

MENDICANT.—Work!

Ice bound to win—win-ter. (*Every Saturday*.) Oh, Ice sea.

"Hair switches." So reads a sign on Washington street. Well, so it does, particularly on the south end of a horse in fly-time.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*. We've had some experience of 'hair-switches' that were not on a horse at all. They were 'hair' switches, and were in a woman's hand.

The telegraph says the Kurds and the Khans are at it in Persia and Armenia. The Khans will no doubt endeavour to force the Kurds to cheese it, but it is doubtful if they Khan accomplish their end. The Kurds have a whey of making it warm for their enemies, and they do not remelt at the first fire. They are mitey warriors and they press all able-bodied men into service. In this sage cheese is strong, and Kurds are next to cheese. Dairy-men say anything against this argument?—*Rome Sentinel*. We Khan. It has oc-Kurd to us that if they Khan get enough cheese pots, they can make considerable whey against their mitey foes.



### In a Rather Bad Mess.

LITTLE BOY CROSBY.—O-o-o! How can I ever appear for the Mayorality in this condition? Oh! Oh! Oh!