



YES, "IF."

CHOLLIE—"Have you read Lord Tennyson's last poem in the magazine?"

CHAPPIE—"Yaas; but I don't think much of it, don't you know. I could write as well myself, if I had a mind."

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUESTION.

NEWFOUNDLAND—

You fishing Frenchmen on my coast,
You get right out of here.

Fishing French—

Bah! Vat you do about it, sare?
Ve 'ave treaty rights, by gar!

Newfoundland—

John Bull, hear that! We call on you.
Those treaty rights must go!

John Bull—

Er—well, no doubt—ahem—that is—
Er—er—exactly so.

Newfoundland—

We'll stand no fooling, Mister Bull,
We're mad as we can be.

John Bull—

Dear France—ahem—would you oblige—
It's awkward, don't you see?

France—

Certainment—ve oblige ver' quick
If you oblige us too.

John Bull—

Ah—mutual concessions—hem!
What would you have me do?

France—

Our fishermen will leave dat coast
If you from Egypt get.

John Bull—

Indeed—well, er—that's fair, of course,
But still—ahem—but yet—

(The question stands.)

NONCHALANT.

CUSTOMER—"Confound you, you have spilled that water all over me!"

WAITER—"Very sorry, sir. But it's good it wasn't soup I spilled on your clothes, isn't it?"

THE THIEF OF TIME.

MR. FUNNIEBONE (at detective headquarters)—"My house was burglarized last night and a couple of watches stolen."

DETECTIVE (taking out note-book)—"Have you any clue?"

MR. F.—"No, nothing beyond the name of the deprecator."

DETECTIVE—"Ah, that's a pretty straight one. Let's have it."

MR. F.—"Procrastination."

DETECTIVE (puzzled)—"He must be some new crook from across the line. Never heard of him before."

EXPLAINED.

BOBBY—"Why do they call it Good Friday, ma?"

MA—"Because, as a general thing, my dear, Friday is a very unlucky day."

SOMETHING OUGHT TO DROP.

PEMBERTON—"I understand that Dr. Allen is of opinion that the city water is full of organic matter."

MRS. PEMBERTON—"You don't say! Some dirty Italian organ-grinder I suppose has fell into the reservoir and got drowned! Ugh! It's about time that Mayor Clarke was unseated, or something."

SOMEWHAT DUBIOUS.

GEORGE—"Oh, Amelia, ever since our first meeting have I yearned for the solace of thy love! Do not spurn me thus. Oh, say that you will be a helpmate to me."

AMELIA—"Well, since you put it that way, I may safely promise to be assister to you."

AN intending immigrant writes to the Commissioner asking if the bears that infest the country would prevent the keeping of sheep in Nova Scotia? The difficulty in the settled parts of the Dominion is not so much from the bears as from the bores. In the absence of the High Commissioner on important business in Canada, this reply has been sent by one of the numerous Deputies.

KNOWN AIM.

A FEATURE of our enterprising contemporary, the Boston *Arena*, is the publication every month of a "No-Name Paper"—good scheme—so many of the papers published in the magazines these days have an unknown aim, so far as the ordinary reader can discover.

OUR PROPOSAL.

[West Toronto Junction wants to have the "West" omitted from its name.]

A THREE-PRONGED name, it really is absurd, By all means let em ldp the initial word; And while they're at it cut off "Junction" too, Annull the town and let "Toronto, do!"