

JAPAN SCORES AGAIN.



A CIVIC PATRIOTIC ODE.

WHAT'S the matter with Toronto?
She's all right!
Talk ruin if you want to,
She's all right!
Go to Island and to Park
See Toronto on a lark
And her buoyant spirit mark
She's all right.

Toronto's had hard times
But she's all right!
Some scarcity of dimes
But she's all right!
Ask them down at city hall
And they'll tell you that on call
We paid pretty nearly all,
O, we're all right!

Take Toronto's railway line
She's all right!
It's a veritable mine,
She's all right!
Sixty thousand dollars more
Than July the year before
Toronto's not so poor!
O! she's all right!

INVERSE GENIUS.

THE editor of the magazine was absorbed when the poet with the poem walked into the office. They had thus met frequently before, and the coming of the poet did not greatly disturb the editor, and he paid no attention to his visitor. At last the poet spoke.

"Good morning," was what he said.

"Ah!" responded the editor, "is that you? I am seeking food for thought."

The poet gave a hungry sigh as he laid a manuscript on the desk.

"I don't think I can help you on that line," he said, "but I can give you thought for food," and the editor helped the poet to get a meal.

"DOAN lose sight ob do fuchah too much," said Uncle Eben. "De man dat grabs de bigges' piece ob watah million ain' likely ter be de one dat gits de mos' invitations ter jine in when annuddah one's bein' cut."

THE latest strong language is—You lie like a despatch from the Chinese war!

HOW SPITEFUL.

FIRST LADY: "Do you know the Baron to-day paid me the compliment of saying that I looked as young as a girl of eighteen?"

Second Ditto: "Really? Then the report that the Baron is growing blind proves correct after all."

WELL KNOWN.

I WANT you to publish these poems in book form," said a seedy-looking man to a New York publisher.

PUBLISHER—"I'll look over them, but I cannot promise to bring them out unless you have a well-known name."

POET—"That's all right. My name is known wherever the English language is spoken."

"Ah, indeed! What is your name?"

"John Smith."

HER WANTS.

BUTCHER—"Have you any orders this morning, madame?"

YOUNG WIFE (*who is keeping house*)—"Yes; that calf's liver you brought me last week was very fine. I want another one, but be sure and get it from the same calf, as my husband is very particular."

THE BILL MAY FIT THE CRIME.

CLIENT (*angrily*)—"Say, this bill of yours is a down-right robbery!"

GREAT CRIMINAL LAWYER (*who has won client's case*).—"So was your crime."

"CONSISTENCY," remarked the fly, "may be a jewel, but I fail to see it."

He made one more effort to advance through the molasses into which he had wandered, and then abandoned hope.

HANDICAPPED BY HIS SURROUNDINGS.

CHAPLAIN.—"This prison is run on wise and modern plans. You can occupy yourself at the tasks you prefer. If you have a trade or a business, you can work at that. Have you one?"

NUMBER 2248.—"Yes, sir; but I don't s'pose there's much show fer me here; I was an aeronaut, boss."

LAWYER—"But, Madam, you certainly don't want any cheap notoriety?"

DIVORCE LITIGANT—"Yes; I must practice economy."



THE GENTLEANNIE.

A queer biped found at some of the Summer Resorts.