

A GOOD EXCUSE.

SPACER—"What do you think of that for a joke?"
 PENNER—"I think it is rather far-fetched."
 SPACER—"Oh, far-fetched jokes are all the rage now. Quite a number of papers take their witticisms from the German."

THEY SHOULD BE USED TO THEM.

REPORTER—"Any sensations to-night?"
 DETECTIVE—"Yes, a thrilling one."
 REPORTER—"Can you give me anything about it?"
 DETECTIVE—"Certainly. I have it at my finger's end."
 REPORTER—"What is it all about?"
 DETECTIVE—"A little matter. It is a felon I have on my finger."

A DIFFERENT REASON.

PENNER—"Spacer was telling me the other day that he always gets off more jokes when in your company than at any other time."

JAGGS—"That is only natural. When bright intellects come into contact there are sure to be scintillations."

PENNER—"Oh, that wasn't the reason. He says that you make the best butt for jokes that ever he met."

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" REVISED.

BASSANIO—"Art going to the World's Fair at Chicago?"

SHYLOCK—"Yes, to smell pork!"

EXCEPTING THE EDITORS.

JASSER—"Isn't it strange that humorists should have the reputation of never laughing at their own jokes?"

LASSER—"Not at all. No one knows so well as they do how little there is in them."

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

MR. NUEWED—"There appears to be no chance of succeeding now-a-days unless one belongs to a trust."

MRS. NUEWED—"Then let us organize one."

MR. NUEWED—"What do you mean?"

MRS. NUEWED—"You agree to trust me and I'll agree to trust you."

HE SPELLED IT WITH AN "A."

LOBB—"The editor of this paper is recognized as an authority on political questions."

JOBB—"Yes, and he attained to that eminence by sheer force of intellect."

THE DEADLY MIXED DRINKS.

LABORE—"You should join our Union. In union there is strength, you know."

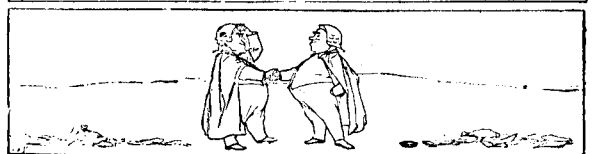
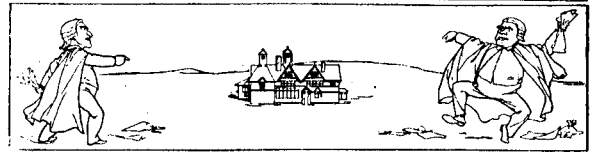
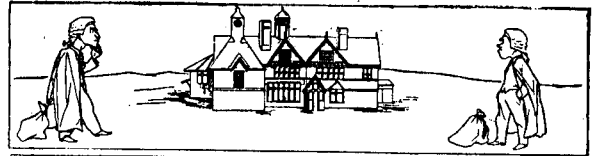
DE TANGUE—"Right you are. I have noticed that that principle runs through almost everything. Even liquors when united seem to have double the strength and effect on a fellow."

USING THEM FOR THE RIGHT PURPOSE.

PONSON—"Why do you place so many loud ties in your window?"

SHOPKEEPER—"To call attention to my stock, of course."

THE securing of the World's Fair is the biggest feat yet heard of from Chicago.



WHERE AND HOW THE PROPERTY WENT.

"THE Heirs and Next-of-Kin disputed the Will, and put the matter into the hands of Eminent Lawyers; the case is now amicably settled."—*Vide Press.*

HEELERS BEFORE POETS.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, whose portrait appeared recently in the *Dominion Illustrated*, of Montreal—showing a young man with most of his troubles to come—is a clerk in the Post-office Department. He is also in the less paying business of a poet. Some of the best critics in Canada and the U.S. have recognized the promise displayed in his little volume *Under the Millet*, and a contemporary of ours calls on the Government to relieve him from post-office drudgery and slip him into one of the numerous "soft places" that Ministers find so convenient in "providing for" their friends and friends' cousins and aunts. Mr. Lampman ought not to delude himself with any such hope. A timid poet has no chance against a brazen political howler. Besides, the administrations under Sir John Macdonald have always sat upon any native talent in their employment, especially when it has taken the shape of poetic inspiration. Sangster and McColl, with others later that might be named, are examples of how systematically all intellect not in bonds to Party is snubbed. Future historians will not be slow to notice that under the present dominant Party literature has been habitually met with coldness and contempt. Who remembers the names of even the most blatant politicians of Elizabeth or Anne's times? It is the literature of those eras that conferred lustre on the reigns. How many men of the present Canadian Ministry, for instance, will be heard of in a hundred years? in fifty years? in one year after they go out of office? Names of literati, Sangster, McColl, Lampman and others will be on record when theirs are forgotten.