



RAPID WEATHER CHANGE.

MUGGINS—"Ha! I'm glad to see this thaw; it means an early spring."



But a sudden roof-slide occurred, and it turned out to be an early fall.

THE NATIONAL POETRY RACKET.

HOW many different kinds of a national poet and patriot is W. Douglas Sladen anyhow? He began by being born in England, as they mostly all do. Then he emigrated to Australia and applied himself vigorously to the business of developing a native Australian literature. After having acquired a reputation as an "Australian" poet, he comes to Canada in search of another infant literature requiring to be developed, and straightway proceeds to grind out Canadian national poetry of the regular kind—vast Niagara, untracked forest, Chrysler's Farm, Chateauguay, and all that sort of thing you know—the usual loyal and patriotic business. Well, just after making a very good beginning in the truly native Canadian literature line, Bro. Sladen suddenly pulls up stakes and departs to take up his abode in New York. He can't very well expect a job at developing American literature because that is already healthy and robust, and were it otherwise the Americans would hardly let the contract to an unnaturalized foreigner.

Any colony or settlement the literature of which is in a crude form could, no doubt, make advantageous arrangements for its satisfactory development by addressing Poet Sladen at New York. What's to hinder them shipping him

the raw material and having him fill the bill by mail?—that is provided the McKinley bill doesn't intervene.

MRS. PARTINGTON STILL LIVES.

A PATIENT went into Dr. Ed. King's office the other day and said that his child had been some time in a *catamount* state.

Another had an *intimation* of the heart when about four years of age.

Another felt a peculiar *consation* around his heart after a very hearty meal.

KOCH'S LYMPH.

MRS. DELANEY—"Did yez hear about the new disease they do be havin'?"

MRS. BLANEY—"Did I hear about it, is it? Faix, I do be throubled wid it mesilf. It commenced wid a pain in me left knee, and sorra step did I walk widout limpin' for the lasht two wakes."

SEAL SENSE.

YOUNG SEAL—"I thought you said the other day that we were being protected by the American Government. Our friends are still being killed and our lives are in danger every day."

OLD SEAL—"Certainly, my dear; but you do not seem to grasp the idea of American Protection. It is a system by which the Government secures to itself the right of destroying or permitting to be destroyed those about it ~~and~~ *is* *not* *to* *protect*."

VERY TRUE.

PLAYLEE—"Shakespeare was not strong in the part of old Adam, when he used to act it."

CALVINIST—"Ah, no! but the Old Adam was always strong in Shakespeare."

KNOWS NO ONE.

JACK—"Are you acquainted with young Telfer?"

TOM—"I used to be."

JACK—"???"

TOM—"He secured a position as a bank cashier last week, and now he doesn't know any of his old friends."

A DIFFERENCE.

MRS. CUMSO—"Did your cousin Tom expect you when you called on him at the farm the other day?"

CUMSO—"Not exactly."

MRS. CUMSO—"Not exactly?"

CUMSO—"No. He only expectorated."

VERY NECESSARY.

ST. PAUL—"What is that you are studying? A slang dictionary?"

ST. PETER—"Yes, I'm studying up so that I'll be able to cross-examine Sam Jones, when he comes, in language that will be intelligible to him."