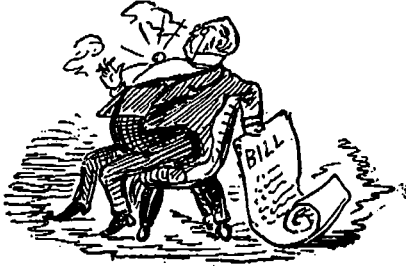




the bivalvular delicacies from which it takes its name. Whence, then, arose that dismal, weird tale of a solitary, used-up and dejected oyster which invariably figures in the funny man's description of a church social stew?



7. When I temporarily accepted the position of book-keeper for a firm of plumbers, I, certainly, after reading all I had done about the wealth of this class of people, and the way in which that wealth was accumulated, expected some very startling revelations, but I must admit that most of the plumber's charges and the bills I had to make out seemed reasonable enough, and when I accepted an invitation to dinner with one of the firm one day, instead of dining off gold plate and sitting on diamond studded chairs as I had expected to do from reading of the plumbers of funny men and their habits, we ate off plain delf and sat on ordinary cane bottom chairs.



8. I have lived a great deal among miles—but I think I had better stop here, for I see that I have laid myself open, in that last statement, to an attack from all the humorously inclined people who read this. Good bye.

SWTZ.

Every man has three characters—that which he exhibits, that which he has and that which he thinks he has.

The paradox of paradoxes is that in the marriage ceremony the woman doesn't get in any more talk than the man.

An exchange has an elaborate article for amateur vocalists, "How to begin to sing." How to get them to quit is still an unsolved problem.

A Vermont editor, in publishing one of Byron's poems, changed the words "Oh gods!" to "Oh gosh!" because the former was too profane for his readers.

"So your husband is a critic? Now tell me, does he always write just what he thinks about a play?" "Oh, dear, no! It wouldn't do. His paper goes into the best families, and profanity is out of the question.

### A LAY OF MODERN PETERBORO'.

Mr. Toker of the Peterboro' *Review*, and Mr. Stratton of the *Examiner*, have been exchanging compliments in the usual way, through the medium of their journals. On Saturday, the two gentlemen met on the street, one armed with a cane and the other with an umbrella, and they began a battle, the like of which had never been witnessed in Peterboro' before. One of the combatants plucked mighty boulders from the street and hurled them at his opponent. The police stood aghast at the spectacle, and did not venture to interfere until the contest was well nigh concluded. — *World*.

#### APOLOGIA.

Oh! would that I were gifted with a minstrel's clarion tongue:  
Both wide and near the story of this warfare should be sung.  
But e'en my best I'll do, forsooth, and let all folks be told  
How journalists in Peterboro' fought in the days of old.  
No grey goose quills the weapons used;—a walking cane  
one feller  
With puissant arm bewielded, and the other his umbrella.  
Come aid me muse; inspire me now for I am fain to sing,  
And cause their martial deeds through all the continent to ring.

#### VE FRAY.

They were two knightly journalists who drove the pencil fleet,  
Who one another had abused, each in his own fair sheet;  
"Now, by my halidome!" quoth he who writeth the  
*Review*,

"I'll teach this varlet courtesy; his insults he shall rue."

"P'fackins!" yelled the other knight, "I'll have the  
caitiff's blood;  
I care not though I hang for it with dull and sickening  
thud;

Go forth, mine herald, sound the trump and let the fray  
begin:  
Grammercy! it shall be to death; and may the best man  
win."

The herald tooted through the streets and out upon the  
pave,  
On Shanks's mare came ambling the gallant knights and  
brave:

"Now, have at thee," the Tory knight exclaimed and  
drew his stick,  
"Draw and defend thy Liberal head, and do it mighty  
quick."

Th' umbrella of the other knight estsoon from scabbard  
sprung;  
Oh! surely such a fray before hath never minstrel sung.  
Like lightning's flash th' umbrella flew and circled through  
the air,  
Whilst from the walking-stick the blows were rattling  
everywhere:

On helmet visor, breast-plate, greava, the blows poured  
down like rain;

Oh! may I never see a fray like of this again!  
"A Strayton to the rescue," swift the blows pour in a  
flood:  
"A Toker, aye, a Toker"—thrice the Tory stick drew  
blood.

"Ha, ha; take that," cried one, and "Ha! there's one  
upon thy ribs,"  
Cried t'other; "That one tickles up the midriff of his  
nibbs."

The minions of the law stood round in awe and blank  
dismay,  
And dreamt not of attempting to end the fearful fray.

When, ci-rash; th' umbrella's bust; and all unarmed  
Knight Strayton stands,  
Then pounces on some paving stones and hurls them with  
his hands;  
Now breathless all the foemen pause, and then as quick  
as thought  
They turn, march through the city street and toward the  
justice court.

And each records a lengthy charge of battery and assault;  
Each knight declares the other knight to be the most in  
fault.

And so the fight was ended. Now let it wide be told  
How Peterboro' scribes have fought in the brave days  
of old.

A lady's boudoir is a powder magazine; preparatory to an expedition into the very heart of the enemy, she has a little brush and then raises her colors.

"There are souls in my church so small," said Mr. Talmage to a reporter, "so infinitesimal, so mean, that fifty of them could dance a schottische on the point of a cambric needle without touching each other."

Dudes who chew the heads of their canes are advised by a medical editor to have the same made of soft rubber instead of silver. It makes less wear and tear on the gums, and helps the teeth to come through just as well.



### AFTER DINNER GOOD HUMOR.

MEREDITH, (IN AGITATION), DO YOU REALLY MEAN THAT, SIR HECTOR, OR IS IT MERELY AFTER DINNER TALK? 'CAUSE IF YOU DO, WHY I SHALL FEEL JUSTIFIED IN RESUMING MY FORMER ATTITUDE IN FAVOUR OF THE RIGHTS OF ONTARIO!