



### DRYGOODSIANA.

LEADING MERCHANT—"Good morning, Mrs. Shopperly, I trust you are finding what you are in quest of?"

MRS. S.—"Oh, yes; but is this really 'below cost,' as you advertise?"

LEADING MERCHANT—"It is, truly. Our motto is, 'small profits and quick returns,' you know."

### DID THE POET SPEAK TRUTH?

DE PAHVENEW—"That's Lawd De Cameron. I have met him quite fwequently."

DE BARNAKL—"He didn't seem to wecogzie you when we pawsed him."

DE PAHVENEW—"Owh! he nevah speaks to me when he is sobah; but he is vevy sociable when he is dwunk."

DE BARNAKL—"Bah jove! I'd cut him if he tweated me like that."

DE PAHVENEW—"Why, my deah fellah, you don't look at this thing pwoperly. I consider myself highly honahed; for lawds ah lawdliest in their wine, doncher-know."

### ROWING.

BY exercising the most rigid economy for three weeks and selling two pair of discarded trousers for \$1.20 I managed to scrape together \$10 and join the Boat Club. I wish I hadn't. I have a dim and shadowy idea that I am about the most expert oarsman living in these parts. I rather think I enjoy a monopoly in this opinion.

I don't feel very well to-day; I feel sad and lonely. The only young lady I ever loved real hard has gone and smiled on my deadly rival, Toodles, an inspired sort of an idiot, who parts his name in the middle. I volunteered last night to take my fair inamorata out for a row. On going to the boathouse I found that all the boats were out or engaged; then in a spirit of reckless daring I chartered a canoe for the trip. The golden sun was sinking in lurid splendor in the west, the gentle sparrows were singing in the trees, and bananas were only 25 cents a dozen. It was a gorgeous evening, and all nature seemed to smile. The large crowd congregated on the bridge unquestionably smiled when they saw me trying to manipulate that diabolical \$2.00 canoe. The unsuspecting and confiding young lady seated herself in the craft. I

gave the paddle a few preliminary flourishes and started out with a fictitious air of coolness that gave me a kink in the neck. I began to think that any man who couldn't paddle a canoe must be numb in the head. I must have made large dents in the heart of my best girl by my artistic work. I prepared to throw still more grace and energy into my stroke as we were approaching the bridge, which contained many spectators. I inflated my chest, gave a wild swoop with the paddle, and then, oh ye gods! the fickle canoe turned over, and we both suddenly disappeared under the water, which was quite wet. I came up very much out of breath and was promptly clutched around the neck by my fair enslaver, who faintly gurgled, "Savc me! save me!" "Le, go, le, go!" I gasped; but as I couldn't speak and swallow water at the same time, I relapsed into silence, and we skirmished around the bottom of the river a second time. We were rescued. I was fished out by the aid of a sharp but friendly rake. Toodles rescued my fair inamorata, took her home in a cab, and was received with open arms by her ma. I met her to-day and she was stiff and frigid in the extreme. Alas! I am afraid all is over. My dream of love is oar. I am forced to *bow* to the *stern* decree of fate. Some idiotic imbecile told all around town that when I came up from under the canoe and opened my mouth the river fell half a foot below its ordinary level. This is a scurrilous slander, and I brand the man as a vivid and picturesque romancer who circulated that report.

E. A. C.

MRS. GUPPY says a two-wheeled cab is the hackney of comfort.

MR. MOWAT will please tread on the tail of Mr. Murphy's coat.

MRS. GUPPY reads that a large number of Swedes reached Winnipeg from Europe yesterday, and wonders why Canadian farmers cannot grow their own.



### DIZZY II.

MR. BULL (to the latest debutante in English politics)—"Hum! Disraeli—Coningsby Disraeli! Well, young man, I should say you'll have something to do to live up to that name."