



THE FACTS TO BE GOT OVER.

MR. KRIBBS—"Hem! Let's see. I've got to make out that the traffic which produces this sort of thing as its legitimate fruit is—er—a blessing to the country. Pretty tough contract!"

[Mr. L. P. Kribbs has resigned his position on the *Empire* and accepted the job of preparing a case favorable to the Liquor Trade for presentation to the Prohibition Royal Commission.]

THE HOME RULERS' APPEAL.

COME across, Teddy Blake, sure Hibernia 's waiting
To welcome you warmly and find you a sate,
And to give to your janius its well deserved rating
In the very first rank of the gallant and great.

Just look at the compliment to you we're payin'
In axin' you over to take the command;
Sure nothin' so purty, we're safe now in sayin',
Was ever proposed to a soul in your land.

An' why not accept? Av you're hungry for glory,
An' sigh for a sphere that is worthy and wide,
Come an' fight for Home Rule against landlord and Tory—
Don't stand there a-switherin', but bouldly decide.

Why not? Sure you're out av a job there completely,
An' nothin' at all seems to be to your taste,
You could av you plased slip away very nately
An' wuddn't be missed be your friends in the laste.

Besides, you've no stomach for Ottawa's puddle—
Gerrymanders and boodle and lies an' decate,
You've pulled yourself out av the muck an' the muddle,
So come right along now, an' take a clean sate.

VERY ANOMALOUS.

CHARLIE—"There is something very anomalous
about the summer girl."

FREDDIE—"How so?"

CHARLIE—"Why, when you meet afterwards she is
more summary in her treatment of you than ever."

TOO COLONIAL.

SMILAX—"It has always struck me that there was a
narrow provincial tone about Snoggleshorpe's
works."

BORAX—"Well, judging from his punctuation, he is a
good deal of a colon-ist."

THEY ALL CAME UP.

"HOW are you getting on with your garden, Weedle-
chick? Did your seeds come up?"

"Oh, yes—they all came up in about two days. My
neighbors keep hens."