

**STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL.**

JASPAR—"Time is the great healer."  
 JUMPUPPE—"Yes. And in his doctoring he is quite professional."  
 JASPAR—"Indeed."  
 JUMPUPPE—"Yes. He brings us death."

**IN THE VERNACULAR.**

MISSION TEACHER—"Tell me what you know about the good Samaritan."  
 MISSION PUPIL—"He was a drummer for some salves and liniments as doctored up a bloke wot wuz knocked out by crooks and gin him a lunch ticket."

**THREATENING THEIR INDUSTRY.**

TOM BROWN—"I attended the meeting of the Moulders Union last night. The feilers all seem to have turned Grits. What makes them so mad against the Ottawa Government?"  
 BILLSMITH—"Ain't you on? Mad? I should say they would be. Didn't the darned old Jesuit Thompson say at the Board of Trade guzzle that he was bound to 'lop the mouldering branch away.'"

**THE LAST RESORT.**

ETHEL—"I can't help it, papa, that Mr. H. comes I have tried everything to discourage and drive him away."  
 PAPA—"Nonsense. You have never tried to sing before him."

**A PERPETUAL TALKER.**

JASPER—"I am told your wife always gets in the last word."  
 MR. TIMIDROY—"Oh, dear, no, she doesn't. She never reaches the last word."

**DON'T SIT ON THE SAFETY VALVE.**

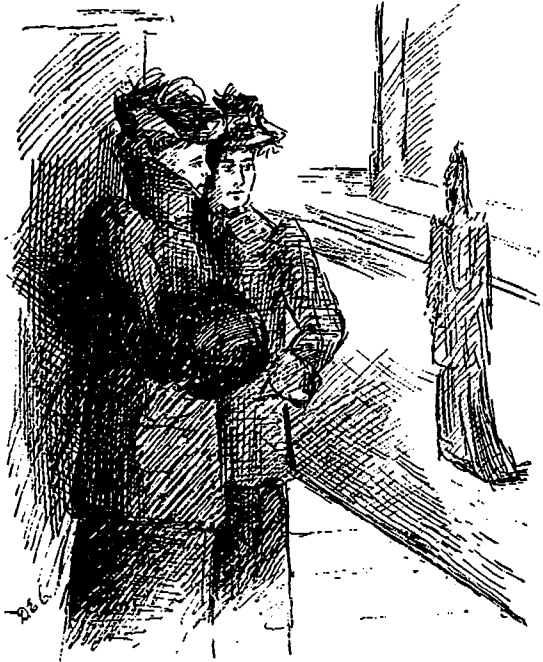
Four erstwhile defenders of freedom of speech  
 Would consistently practice the things which they preach  
 Annexation would die, we should hear less of treason,  
 And the loyalty rot be succeeded by reason.  
 Free speech is a blessing, and where 'tis forbidden  
 Men's thoughts are unspoken, their intentions are hidden.  
 Hypocrisy drives independence from place,  
 And cowards and sycophants win in life's race.  
 Injustice there dwells in luxurious ease,  
 And corruption spreads round like contagious disease  
 Forever exhaling her pestilent breath  
 On an increase of crime, sorrow, suffering and death.  
 Let men speak as they will, be not doubtful but trusting,  
 The steam that escapes saves the boiler from bursting,  
 And true, sturdy manhood not long can abide  
 In a country where freedom of speech is denied.

—G.C.

**A REMINISCENCE OF THE SUMMER GIRL.**

FLIPJACK—"I see by the papers that an ice gorge in the Ohio river has done one hundred thousand dollars' worth of damage."  
 BILDERKIN—"Aw—I can weadily believe it, deah boy. I was nearly wuined myself by the ice gorges of last summah."

BUTCHERS usually walk with a shambling gait.



**ACCOMPLISHED.**

EDNA—"She is really quite an engaging girl."  
 MABEL—"How often up to date?"  
 EDNA—"Nine, with a marriage and a divorce besides."

**THE BUSTED MACHINE.**

I was a Tory engineer  
 To the night winds gave his plaint,  
 'Tis plain to be seen—we've bust the machine,  
 'Tis enough to vex a saint.  
 The old machine has run for years  
 And never made no such breaks,  
 We used her rough and we collared the stuff,  
 But we've made some bad mistakes.  
 Oh merrily ran the old machine  
 As the well-greased wheels went round  
 For all she was worth—but we wanted the earth,  
 And ran things into the ground.  
 And all was grist that came our way,  
 Whether warped, or rotten, or green;  
 If they planked the dust, we'd run or bust,  
 By the ail of the old machine.  
 And candidates by the score we made  
 M.P.'s, legislators, mayors;  
 Though she felt the strain and 'twas very plain  
 That she needed some repairs.  
 Last year she somehow quite gave out,  
 And in vain was all our toil—  
 With Osler for mayor, we couldn't get there,  
 Though it wasn't for want of oil.  
 We patched her up and let her rip,  
 When with Kent we made a start,  
 Then all in the shop heard something drop,  
 For the fly-wheel flew apart.  
 This year electric power we tried,  
 And again are put to rout;  
 For the fluid got loose and played the deuce,  
 And knocked poor Sheppard out.  
 The old machine is past repair,  
 And its usefulness is o'er.  
 It's totally wrecked, and I hardly expect  
 It will ever work any more."