



**A Fine Distinction.**

Sir Wilfrid : " Treat you the same way, Mr. Jap? By no means ! I haven't the remotest intention —not while you have that club !"

**The Hired Man.**

Who is the chap by men most sought,  
Whose services cannot be bought,  
Who answers short and fears us not?  
The hired man.

We hunt for him both day and night,  
To capture him use all our might,  
And give him wages—out of sight,  
The hired man.

Who ne'er from work will let us roam,  
Whose head out-tops St. Peter's dome,  
Who is the boss around our home?  
The hired man.

Who climbs upon a lofty perch,  
And says he'll leave us in the lurch,  
While we saw wood, who goes to church?  
The hired man.

Who has a shiny, stiff-front shirt,  
And hands that show no signs of dirt,  
And wears a look serenely pert?  
The hired man.

To him the profits of our toil are given,  
He gets ten shares while we get seven,  
Who will, we fear, be first in heaven,  
The hired man. —J. S. BRUNDIGE.

Hoaxe : " Did you see the race ?"  
Coaxe : " What race ?"  
Hoaxe : " Between the night-mare and clothes-horse !"  
Coaxe : " Who won ?"  
Hoaxe : " Why clothes-horse did ."  
Coaxe : " I'd a thought the mare would come up first ."  
Hoaxe : " Well, you see, night-mare's driver wasn't wide enough awake ."

Client : " What, according to law, are ' breeches of trust, ' sir ?"  
Lawyer : " Trowsers, bought on credit ."