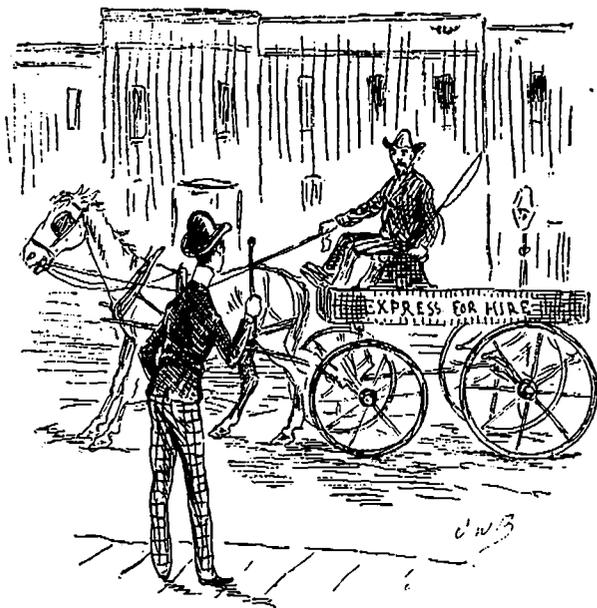


quare names. I heard thim talkin' about the battery that the Hamiltons had, an' whin I up an axed if it gev the players good shocks, the onrasonable craythurs luffed right out at me, an' said that the shocks it gev was too strong fer the Torontos. An' all because I preshumed it was an electric masheen, which it seems it wasn't. Oh, I say, Mrs. Nelligan, was ye iver at a baseball match? No? I was goin' to ax ye if ye iver saw anny goose eggs there. Narry a wan did I see, although Mickey said the Torontos got sivin. An' yet there must have been eggs there, for I heard him as they calls the empire yell out time an' again, "fowl! fowl! fowl!" Ah, thin, me dear, but it's a funny game that I don't seem to scarcely onderstand, aven a little bit. Mickey an' Hanora tould me that I would yet learn, but, by me soul, I fear I niver will. Next sayson I will not attend baseball matches, but I will thry an' fix me attention on long tinpis.



DUDESON'S LITTLE JOKE.

Dudeson—Aw—I say, my man, do you do *expressing* to awdaw?
Driver—Yes; of course I do.

Dudeson—Well—aw—would you mind *expressing an opinion on Commercial Union*?

A FUNNY EXCURSION.

THE summer is past and gone, and though there were some sad incidents in it, there were some very funny ones.

The congregation of St. Paul's church in the village of R—, the western suburb of N—, decided to have an excursion. They wanted to paint the church, or something of that sort, and it was so much easier, they thought, to raise the money by an excursion than to pull it out of their pockets and give it. So they chartered a steamboat, made ice-cream and cakes, and had everything ready to grasp success.

Relying however, on some assistance from the city, they arranged that the boat should start from the city wharf, and call at R— for the expected congregation.

The sun rose bright; the sky was clear; the lake calm, and the city folk said to themselves and to one an-

other:—"The St. Paul's people are to have an excursion to-day. Their excursions are always so quiet—let's go." So they went, and so many of them, that the boat was crowded to its legal capacity.

At the other end of the city, on the R— wharf, stood the holiday-making members of the church—the rector, officious church-wardens swelling with importance, the sexton, and all the rank and file. Ladies with baskets of choice cake, tubs of ice cream, ginger-pop, and everything to make life enjoyable on a summer day.

The steamer hove in sight and expectancy rose to fever pitch. The ladies sopranoed "I see him"! The wardens sententiously exclaimed, as if they were first to make the discovery, "Here she is!!!" The children chorused amid excitement, "Hello! here she comes!"

And so she came. As she drew near they were all pleased, especially the grasping and avaricious wardens, to see so many passengers. As she drew nearer, the ladies became anxious as to securing seats. As she drew nearest, close to the wharf, the captain shouted, that he dare not take another soul on board. He had already exceeded his limit.

The people said they must go. The ladies said they would go to their own excursion. The wardens said it was absolutely necessary they should go at any rate. They were wardens of St. Paul's. They had chartered the boat. It was their very own dear excursion and they demanded to be taken.

The Rector did not say much but scrambled aboard and no one had the courage, the profane audacity to lay hands on the Lord's anointed, or say him nay. But not another soul was allowed to board and the steamer put off for P—. Most of the congregation saw the ludicrous side of the affair, and had a good laugh over it, which took the edge off their disappointment. But the wardens with the ice-cream, came in for no end of chaff. The *gamin*, who abound in that locality, shouted out, "Hello! my eye, here is a rum go. Ain't yer going to the 'cursion Mr.? What'll yer take fur ice-cream? Say! how much a plate? Does yer mother know yer stayed at home? Got any tickets to sell cheap Mr.?" So ended St. Paul's excursion with St. Paul's left out.

THE NOVEMBER POET.

At this sweet season of the year,
When autumn leaves are burning,
He lifts his quill from off his ear,
To wonted task returning.

The giant, Winter, white and tall,
October's flight is timing;
Once more the poet of the Fall
Is frozen into rhyming.

His heart is sad, one eye is shut,
He grieves for summer dying;
He squinteth at the rafters, but
No fancies there are flying.

He works himself to awful pitch
While struggling to remember,
The annual words and phrases which
Are written on November.

J.J.F.

The *'Varsity* says:—"The late president of Victoria united in his person qualities which eminently fitted him for the discharge of his arduous and difficult position." Will the scholarly editor kindly explain how a position is discharged?