



IT WAS LONG-SHAN(K)S.

"WHAT a chicken! I've heard of Shanghais, but this must be a shang-long."

IT LOOKED LIKE A MISTAKE.

CHOLLY—"I am not going to send m' laundry to that place any moah."

HARRY—"Why?"

CHOLLY—"I sent a pai-ah of cuffs and a collah last week, and the beastly pwopwictoh sent me a note awsking foh the othah cuff, and saying I had only sent a pai-ah and a half. He doesn't seem to be used to doing laundry for fashionable gentlemen."

DIRE VENGEANCE.

SMITH—"I've just had my hair cut, and the barber nearly talked me to death; but I'll have revenge on him."

BROWN—"How are you going to manage it?"

SMITH—"My wife has been talking for some time past about getting her bangs trimmed, and I'll convince her she should go to him"

A TERRIBLE DOWNFALL.

MRS. ROONEY—"Phwat is the matter, Mrs. O'Hoolihan?"

MRS. O'HOOIHAN—"Ochone! Ochone! To tink that pwhen me eldest son was an the foorce and me da-ater wuz wur-kin' fer the quality, me ould man would be after changing his name to Hoolihan-a and selling paynuts on the strate corner loike a scab o' an Eetalyan! Ochone! Ochone!"

AFTER THE SERVICE.

MISS GHOOD—"I was pleased to see you following the service so devoutly this evening. Most young people, nowadays, seem to feel ashamed to be seen kneeling in church."

MISS SNOOD—"Oh, you are giving me too much credit. I am just breaking in a new pair of shoes, and every change of attitude seems so restful."

MAUDLIN SENTIMENTALITY.

PIGSNUFFLE—"What is all this fuss they are making about unsafe scaffolds? People must be hard up for something to agitate about. It is mere maudlin sentimentality."

DINGLEBAT—"I am surprised to hear you talk that way. There have been many serious accidents arising from the insecurity of scaffolds, and it's high time an Inspector was appointed."

PIGSNUFFLE—"Well, who cares, anyway? This thing of sympathy with criminals is going too far. What does it signify whether a murderer falls from a scaffold and breaks his neck before he gets regularly swung off, or afterwards?"

LOVE AND LOGIC.

"LOVE is a luxury." Lightly each word
Fell from my lips and as lightly was heard,
And laughing she made me a merry reply,
Then, frowning, her bosom heaved faintly a sigh.

We sat in a garden where sea-roving airs
To love-breathing roses were sighing their cares;
Where robins and thrushes, a numberless throng,
Were thrilling the wide-sweeping maples with song.

In silence together we pondered and dreamed
Till turning, with eyes that with merriment gleamed,
She bade me the words of my jesting recall
And own that true love was the portion of all.

With phrases well-chosen we argued the case
And my logic she answered with fitting grimace;
But my thoughts syllogistic I shaped till forsooth,
She gravely admitted the maxim a truth.

But never was conquest so bitterly rued;
For though with all arts since that hour I have wooed,
She gaily asserts that she plainly can see
Her "love" is a luxury ne'er meant for me.

P. KUS.

THE CERTIFICATE HE WANTED.



ADVERTISING CANVASSER.—

"I have called, sir, to solicit the advertisement of your celebrated Liver Remedy for the *Bystander*. We reach a large and influential constituency," etc.

MEDICINE MAN—"Yes, I shall be glad to advertise in the *Bystander* on one condition, viz., that the editor will give us a certificate."

CANVASSER—"But he has never used your Liver Remedy."

MEDICINE MAN—"Of course not. That is exactly what I wish him to certify!"

"RIFLE-SHOTS" is the heading of a paragraph column in the *New Party Bulletin*. Naturally they have to

shoot in order to get a bullet-in.

THE Toronto correspondent of the *Montreal Witness* says of Prof. Goldwin Smith: "He keeps himself unsocial and unpopular, when, with many fine qualities and rare accomplishments, he might easily, in spite of truth-telling habits, be the idol of Toronto society." Really, that is the hardest thing that has been said against Toronto society for a long while.