

F A C E T I Æ .

THE PRINTER AGAIN.—"It was a very informal affair," wrote an editor in a notice of a select party which he had been specially invited to attend. The compositor made it "a very infernal affair;" and no more special invitations were received at that office.

LIFE INSURANCE.—"What is life insurance?" exclaimed a bold agent in a street car to a victim of a "wrecked" company.—"I can answer that," replied the victim. "It is the art of keeping a man poor all through life in order that he may die rich."

TEMPTATION EXTRAORDINARY.—To sign the pledge, and afterwards to be presented with a bottle of rich old port, is one of those dreadful things which will occasionally happen. People talk about suffering, but they don't know anything about it.

TWO MUCH ALIKE.—There are two brothers who look so much alike they cannot tell each other apart, and one day last week when John was raging like a volcano with the toothache, Henry went down to Dr. Wilson's and had six teeth pulled.

A SINGLE HAIR.—It is said that there is a language of the hair, and we see no good reason for contradicting this assertion. At any rate, we have heard of tolerably well-authenticated cases where a single golden hair on a dark coat collar would talk plainer than a guide-post, and furnish the material for a whole course of lectures.

GREAT CARE NECESSARY.—An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak' guid care o' yoursel', my man, when ye're awa', for, mind ye, they eat puppies in Cheena!"

FORCE OF ASSOCIATION.—A little boy, whose father was a rather immoderate drinker of the moderate kind, one day sprained his wrist, and his mother utilized the whisky in her husband's bottle by bathing the little fellow's wrist with it. After a while the pain began to abate, and the child surprised his mother by exclaiming: "Ma, has pa gct a sprained throat?"

BOWED DOWN.—A young girl asked her mother's consent to engage herself to her beau, showing her at the same time a piece of her own handiwork, a pretty match safe. Her mother drew down her spectacles and exclaimed: "Mary, you can make a match safe, but I have my doubts whether you would make a safe match." Mary sighed involuntarily, and sought consolation in singing "The Heart Bowed Down."

A TALE O' HORRORS.

TAE drink or no tae drink, that is the question--

Whether 'tis easier in the mind tae suffer
The stings and arrows o' a trifle horrors;
Or go and guzzle fowre or five mair glasses,
And, by reclinin' in a sheugh, there lie and sleep

An oor--and by that sleep tae say I end
My heidache, and the ither nervish shocks
That then I'm heir tae--'tis a consummation
Devoutly tae be wished. Tae lie and sleep!--

Tae sleep! perchance tae snore ay, there's
the rub;

For while I snore, may not the "bobby"
come,
And then I'm shuffled--not off this mortal
coil,

But tae a cell, wi' scant respect--
Whilk makes me lose my temper, and re-

sist;--
Get on the "bracelets"---face the gapin'
crood--

The "bobby's screed---the frownin' "beak's"
contumely--

Get fined, or confined---my name next day
In *Witness, Star or Post* illustrated--

Drunk and riotous---re-istin' the police;--
While I cood hae prevented sic a rumpus,

By drinkin' water. Wha'd sic tortures
bear,

As watch, dance roon ye---scorpion griffin,
Satyr, vampire, and mair questionable
shapes--

Hideously grinnin', and frae a nameless
region--

Sic a wnged imp, wi' piercin' een o' fire--
Some wi' but ane it's true, but sic an ee

Makes up for quantity---but a donkey?