



"HIMS" ANCIENT AND MODERN.

"There now, Charles, that's how we should look if we didn't wear no clothes."

A SAM-LE OF PORT.

THE standard drink among the miners of the Black Country is beer. Beyond that homely beverage the bibular education of the natives has been neglected. *Apropos* of this David Christie Murray tells a good story. Three of the mine bosses were sitting one day in the local "pub" contemplating a treat

"Dids't iver taste port Jim?" asked one.

"Noa; w'at's port?" replied Jim.

"W'y, port - port wine, stuff as the gentry drinks," explained the posted one.

"It'll be main expensive then, I'm thinkin'," commented Jim.

"Landlord," roared the other, "ave you any port in the 'ouse?"

"I 'ave," said the landlord, "some o' t' best in t' country."

"W'at'll it come at?"

"Three an' six a bottle." was the reply.

"I reckon the three on us can stand that," concluded the spokesman of the party, after making an arithmetical calculation. "Fetch us a bottle, will you?"

"I sent my man down cellar for't," said the landlord in relating the incident, "w'ile I went out to look at my pigs. W'en I coom back I seed the three on 'em sittin' makin' sour faces and starin' at the thick muddy lookin' stuff in the glasses.

"Well," says Jim, "if that's t' soort t' gentry loikes, they're welcome to 'em fur's L'm concerned!"

"Jarge," I says to my man, "w'ere did you get that port wine from?"

"From the first bin on t' left 'and side down cellar," replied Jarge.

"You ode idiot!" says I, "you've fetched 'em mushroom ketchup!"

The old adage seems to be quite true that if contractors wish to dance to civic music, somebody has to pay the Piper.

GOLDWIN Smith gives it as his opinion that every commercial question which arises between the States and Canada will be settled on the part of the Americans "in the Protectionist sense." But the question is, is there and such thing as Protectionist sense?

ADVERTISER (*angrily*)—"If you think I'm going to pay you for this advertisement you're very much mistaken."

ADVERTISEMENT AGENT—"But why? What's the matter with it?"

ADVERTISER—"You promised to put it in next to reading matter, and you've got it alongside a column of poetry."

MAMA (*to hubby who has been nursing the baby*)—"Has the little darling been good when mama was gone?"

PAPA (*ex base ball pitcher—tenderly rubbing his nose*)—"Well, I've held him down to four hits so far, but he's got them pretty well bunched."

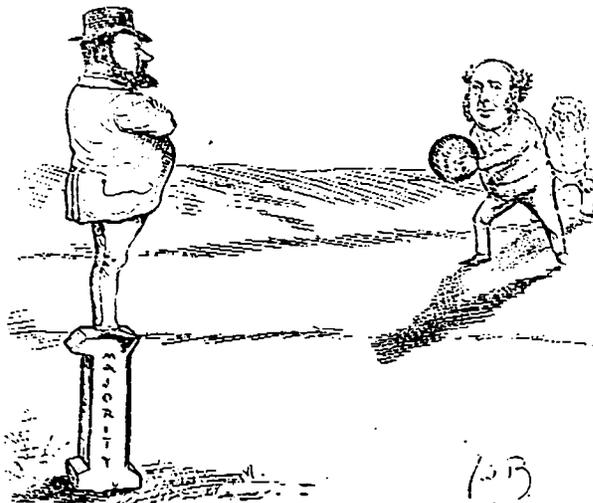
It will be necessary, we presume, to have a couple of buy-elections to fill the places vacated by Aldermen Hewitt and Stewart.

WHEN a young man takes a country girl home and does not kiss her at the gate, she feels indignant.

THE GIRL WHO PLAYS THE PIANO.

MOST people can tell this young lady by the manner in which she sits when no one is speaking to her. She appears to be lost in meditation; her fingers move on her knees as on a piano; her head is thrown back and her eyes are half closed. It appears to take some time to arouse her from this apparent coma, but in reality she is wide awake to what is going on around her and is closely watching the effect on her neighbors.

She requires to be much pressed before she will consent to play, and after she has consented much preparation is necessary before she can delight her audience. The stool is too high or too low; too far from or too near the piano. The top of the instrument has to be put open, which, in the case of a cottage piano, covered with photographs, draped flower-pots, books and every other conceivable thing, except music, with which people adorn the top of their instruments, is a work likely to occupy some considerable time, as everyone in the room has to be asked to move to admit of the various articles being stowed away under their chairs, on or behind tables, etc. At last, however, the performance begins, and then—Bedlam takes a back seat.



WILL HE KNOCK OUT DR. SMYTHE'S PROP?