



### BUSINESS-LIKE.

OLD MONNIBAGGE—"When are you going to pay me that money you borrowed?"

MR. TITEPLAICE—"When you find me a rich wife, as I told you before."

OLD M.—"But, my dear sir, how can I find a rich wife for you?"

MR. T.—"Nothing easier, sir. Give me your daughter."

Oh, but she was mad! It terminated our friendship. Some women are so unreasonable. It got a far bigger circulation than it would have had in the *Times*."

"And what are you going to do now?" inquired the assistant editor.

"Oh, I shall take life easy for awhile. I've made a little, you know. Just looking round. Perhaps I'll go into politics, either as a Tory, or a Grit, or an anti-Jesuit; but I must wait awhile, and see how things drift. In the meantime, I have hit upon a cheap and pleasant way of spending the summer."

"What is that?"

"I like summer excursionizing, leafy glades, cooling breezes, and that sort of thing, interspersed with beer. But that usually costs money, and I don't want to spend more than I can help. But I have lately contrived to enjoy a round of rural pleasure-seeking without expense. You have always treated me well, and I don't object to imparting the secret for the benefit of any of your readers who may be similarly circumstanced. I call upon a real estate agent, and, assuming a business-like air, enquire the price of suburban property. I become deeply interested in some of the lots farthest out—say three or four miles beyond the city limits. In the majority of cases the agent offers to drive me out to inspect them. Of course I accept, and thus secure a pleasant afternoon's outing, with drinks and cigars usually thrown in. If the agent is anyway backward in tendering these courtesies, a judicious remark as to the warmth and dryness of the weather, as we approach a convenient wayside inn, probably recalls him to a sense of his duty in this regard. I scrutinize the lots with a critical eye, and assure him that just so soon as I get some money which I am expecting I will make a purchase. This, you see, keeps him in good humor, and prevents him from feeling that his attentions have been thrown away. On the next day, I call on another real estate man and repeat. As there are some three hundred of them in the city, it will readily be seen how wide a field for securing gratis rides and refreshments is presented."

"And you feel no compunctions of conscience, I suppose, in victimizing them in this fashion?" asked the assistant editor.

"Compunctions? Why should I?" demanded the Fakir. "You are a Henry George man, I believe. Then, according to your principles, I am only reclaiming a very small share of the unearned what-do-you-call-it rightfully belonging to the whole community. But I must go. I've an appointment with a man who's going to drive me out to see some lots in the third concession, about two and a half miles west of Yonge street."

### THE EASTERN "QUESTION."

WHEN the Shah arrived in London Town,  
And found the folks all kneeling down,  
And Albert Edward, Prince of Wales,  
With hosts of other blue-blood swells,  
Providing dinners, parties, shows,  
And putting on their Sunday clothes,  
He couldn't clearly make it out  
What all the grovelling was about,  
Although he thought that he could see  
Some motive of deep "policy,"  
So to his suave interpreter  
He said, "*Bismallah, chirp-y-chyr*?"  
Which, put in English speech, the same  
Means, "Cully, what's their little game?"

### MR. BLAKE'S TASK.

MANY enquiries are being made as to the present occupation of Mr. Edward Blake. For the benefit of all enquirers we may state that we understand the learned gentleman is in seclusion, engaged with all the resources of his great intellect in trying to discover upon what grounds—consistently with the attitude he has taken upon the Jesuit Bill—he could oppose the incorporation and endowment of the Fenian Brotherhood by the Government of Quebec.

### OVERHEARD.

"GOING to Niagara again this summer?" said Nettie to Bella.

"Yes, of course; I wouldn't miss it for anything. Do come, won't you? We have a most delightful time," gushingly replied Bella.

"But I don't see what you do with yourselves, it's such an awfully quiet place," suggested Nettie. "Where does the fun come in?"

"Well, I don't know whether you could really call it *fun*, but it's the exhilaration which comes of a consciousness of superiority, if you understand me. What I mean is, standing around on the Niagara wharf with a camping suit on, and having the people on the *Chicora* or *Cibola* talk about you. It's just lovely!"

Nettie decided to go, of course.

### BOWELL'S DISCRETION.

TWAS in North Hastings riding  
On glorious Orangeman's Day,  
The Irish forces rallied,  
And the loyal bands did play;  
"And Bowell's to be with us—  
He's coming here to speak,"  
Cried some, "He is a hero!"  
Cried others, "He has cheek!"

But now to hear him fairly,  
They crowded to the hall,  
And there they sat and waited—  
He didn't come at all!