

could possibly produce in the way of airy persiflage, could be funnier than a simple reading of the lists lately published of those who have been admitted within the bar.

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THE Young Liberals of London have organized a minstrel troupe, which has performed with great success at the Asylum in that city. If the end-men of the organization are in need of some fine old chestnuts for the first part, they should apply to Mr. T. W. R. Preston, of the Reform Club here, for an outfit of his campaign documents. The joke, for instance, that the party is for temperance, would be sure to bring down the house.

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THE following startling intelligence appeared in the *Mail* on Thursday, 9th:

NEW YORK HERALD BUREAU.
Nicc. Jan. 8, '90.

Miss Mary Anderson gives an absolute denial to the report that she is engaged to be married.

Let not the gentle reader be too much perturbed at this. It only means that Mary is about to reappear on the stage. She has been doing this sort of thing regularly for a good many years, and will no doubt keep it up as long as she is marriageable—which won't be much longer, fortunately. If it wouldn't be considered rude we *might* ask, who the dickens cares whether the report is true or not?

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It was in Chester village
That out spake bold E. A.,
"Let's have incorporation,
And have it right away!"
"No, no!" cried John F. Taylor,
"Twill make our taxes high;
If you dare pass that by-law,
I'll knock it into pi!"

They duly passed the By-law,
And John F. entered suit
To quash the same instant
Beneath the Judge's boot;
"The case comes up for hearing
The seventh day of Jan."
So spake his lordship gravely,
And thus the suit began.

But meanwhile, the election
For reeve and council, too,
Upon the 6th was coming,
And there was great ado,
John F. 'gainst Mac. was pitted,
And hotly they did fight,
And Mac. was badly beaten
Upon that fateful night!

"Ha! beaten but not vanquished,"
He hissed, with clenched teeth,
"I've yet a weapon left me
Within the legal sheath."
So down he goes next morning
To where the judges sat—
"Quash it," said he, "your lordships,
We don't object to that!"

"Our judgment is for Taylor—
We rule the by-law out."
So spake their reverend lordships,
And E. A. gave a shout;
And John F. and his council
Their teeth do vainly grit,
Tho' regularly elected
They have no place to sit!

ECHOES FROM CAMELOT.

BY P. M'ARTHUR.

ANTIQUÉ GALLANTRY.

ELAINE—"What thinkest thou, my I launcelot, of the saying that we who are provincial born are over-proud, or, as Dagonet, the fool, phrases it, 'suffer from swelled head.'"

LAUNCELOT (*tenderly drawing her head over until it rested on his shoulder*)—"Heed them not, queen of my heart: I will help thee to carry it."

QUOTING SHAKESPEARE BEFORE HIS TIME.

SIR GAWAIN—"I marvel much, wizard, that thou art not a director of the Consumers' Gas Company of Camelot."

MERLIN—"Why admirest thou, Sir Knight?"

SIR GAWAIN—"Verily, because thou art a bard, and they are all men of the same kidney."

Merlin—"How provest thou that, with all thy wit?"

SIR GAWAIN—"Truly, their occupation is to 'give an airy nothing a local habitation and a name.'"



DURING A NEW YEAR'S CALL.—A FACT.

MISS HARDCASH—"Oh, Mr. Hightone, it's awfully hard having no older brother to take one to parties and concerts, and all that sort of thing."

MR. HIGHTONE—"Could not I be your brother, Miss Hardcash?"

MASTER HARDCASH—"Don't you, unless you want to get left. She's loads of brothers in the summer time!"

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH."

HE was an inveterate punster. He was also a bold but inexperienced yachtsman, and had come to grief in a squall.

They rescued him, and managed to bring him around to a knowledge of existence and an appreciation of the strength of brandy.

"How did it happen?" some one unguardedly asked.

Whereupon the half-drowned yachtsman opened his eyes slowly, gazed at the inquirer dreamily, and, as a faint smile flickered over his wan face, softly said:—

"The sail came between the wind and my no ability."

Then, as the crowd fell back in horror, the subject of our sketch fainted away in an interesting manner.

Names are withheld, out of consideration for the feelings of surviving relatives and other persons.