



**"ONE'S SCARED AND T'OTHER DASSENT."**

"Parliament will do anything with Prohibition but take the Bull by the Horns and try a fall with it."—*Montreal Gazette.*  
(N.B.—The Tory Party is behind the barrel.)

**UNCONSCIOUS JOKES.**

A JOKE is none the worse for being unpremeditated—unconsciousness on the part of its perpetrator rather sets it off. Few jokes are immortal, or deserve to be—only the fittest survive. The criterion of a good joke is the breadth of the grin that duly attends and justifies its recall, as when we think of the *Globe's* unconscious *jeu d'esprit* about registrars' "earnings." But the real fun will come in when, after "serious consideration," Mr. Mowat begins to wrestle with his own paradoxical position on this burning question. Mr. Mowat recognizes "the nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil," and is the professed champion of the good old orthodox principle that the laborer is worthy of his hire, as well as of the other somewhat later evolution of the same principle, that the hire should be proportioned to the work done; at the same time he is the professed champion of the fee system, whereby his favorites draw large salaries for which they toil not neither do they spin.

**"THE HAPPY COUPLE THEN DEPARTED."**

EVIDENTLY it is a very sweet sight to see a pair of lovers journeying on their honeymoon. You can tell them as soon as you set your eyes on them. They bear the mark, and they can no more rid themselves of it than a bob-tailed dog can grow out another caudal appendage.

They don't mean that people shall know that they are lovers; that does not enter into their calculations.

They think they are keeping the whole thing very close. They don't believe that anybody suspects it, and they do not realize it when all the people in the train are laughing at them.

She leans a little way from him, and pretends to view the scenery out of the window, and he holds her hand under her shawl, and they converse about the cows, and the grass, and the brooks, and other natural wonders of

the landscape. He gives her some sweets surreptitiously as if he were passing counterfeit money, and she shies one into her mouth and looks all round out of the corners of her eyes to see if anyone observed the performance.

The young husband picks up everything she drops, and she generally drops her bag and her rug and one of her gloves and her handkerchief and her umbrella about ten times each on a short journey. He buys her a fashion paper, which is supposed to be the only style of paper in which a young lady ought to be interested. She looks at the female figures in the fashion plates, with their round faces like dumplings, their ham-like arms, and their mouths puckered up to the regulation size and contour, and shows them to him, and he looks at them as most of us look at an acrostic, and with a suave smile he agrees with her that they are just "too sweet for anything."

If a man who has imbibed rather freely happens to be in the car and looks at her, the lover bristles up, and his eyes express enough to make that man—should he happen at all to notice his enemy—go on his way without hesitation. When the train reaches its destination you want to look at the lover and see him hand her out. He steps in front of everybody, and hands her down to the platform as if she were an egg-shell painted for a museum, and they both look so happy to think the thing is safely accomplished as they trip off into the dim and distant future.

**COULDN'T SEE THE LINE.**

SNIGGERLY—"Well, I've been to see the art exhibition. Didn't see your picture of 'The Game of Tiddlewinks,' though."

DAUBER—"Didn't, eh? How could you miss it? It was hung right on the line?"

SNIGGERLY—"That's just where I got fooled. Looked all round and couldn't see no line. All the pictures was hanging on the walls. Guess they must have took that line down."