



THE FEMININE DOCTOR.

BOY—"Mother wants you to come right away, please."

WOMAN DOCTOR—"Has it stopped raining?"

BOY—"No; but please come at once, for my little brother is awful sick."

WOMAN DOCTOR—"Well, I have lost my rubbers, and can't find my umbrella; besides, I must wait here for an hour yet, for I expect my dressmaker."

THE RESULT.

AN ELECTION PEAN OF TRIUMPH WRITTEN BEFORE
POLLING DAY.

OUR political poet, having several important contracts on hand, was obliged to prepare his poem in celebration of the result of the elections in advance of the returns. To accomplish this in a manner which would be suitable to either event cost him no little trouble, but he successfully attained his object in the following spirited (he had to seek inspiration several times in an adjacent gin-mill during the period of incubation) poem. The reader will please observe that it can be read in two ways—either across the whole width of the column so as to make each verse consist of four lines—or in couplets reading straight down:

THE GLORIOUS 5TH OF JUNE.

A glorious victory we've gained,
Triumphantly and well maintained.

Mowat his course indeed has run,
And so we hail the battle won.

And oh! what gladness fills our souls,
The Grits defeated at the polls.

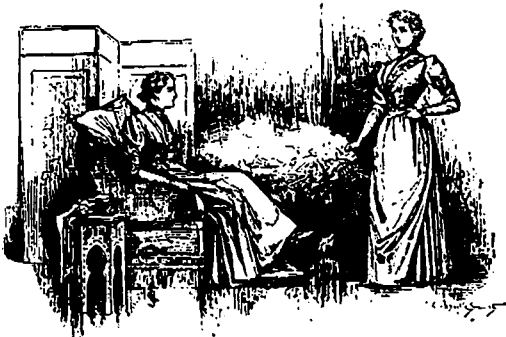
Only a fool could hope to see
Mowat returned triumphantly.

Meredith ruling as premier,
The ship of state he well can steer

No honest man could well abide,
On waves of dark corruptions tide.

The verdict is, Mowat must go
Crushed by this most decisive blow

Along the path where honors wait,
Goes Meredith to meet his fate.



SHE OWNS THE GROUND.

EDITH—"I hear that Mr. Dobbins is going to marry the wealthy Miss Perrill. Do you suppose he is really in love with her?"

MARY—"Undoubtedly—he loves the very ground she walks on."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

THE COMING CENSUS.

A GREAT row is going on in the States over the taking of the census, because the questions asked by the census-takers include some very personal and pointed enquiries, such as whether the victim is a lunatic, a cripple, a convict or a tramp, and whether or not his house is mortgaged. As in all such matters our Government usually follows the example of the States (as witness our Protection and Railway policy) Canadians may expect next year to have to answer questions like the following:

Are you a Grit, Tory, Equal Righter, Third Partyist, Labor Reformer, Single Taxer or Anarchist?

If so, state your reasons. If not, why not?

How many times have you been under the influence of liquor during the past year?

What do you think of the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?"

If married, is your wife or yourself the head of the family?

Are you on fairly good terms with your mother-in-law?



CORRECT ENGLISH.

MR. DE BEAURER—"Aw, Pat, sweeping out the yawd."

PAT—"No sor'r, swapin' out the durrt an' lavin' the yarrud."

What is your favorite beverage?

Do you attend base-ball games, smoke cigarettes, chew tobacco, bet on elections, read *Saturday Night* or indulge in any other vicious practice?

What is your opinion of the Dominion Government?

What is the size of your ears and feet by actual measurement?

Are you bald-headed?

Do you ever expect to run for alderman, mayor or Member of Parliament?

Do your pants bag at the knees?

Are you a dude, a crank, a fakir, a dead-beat, a book-agent, a park-preacher, a spring-poet, an exchange fiend or a party heeler?

NOT FAST COLORS.

"CONSERVATIVES stick to your colors like men
And Mowat will shake in his shoes."

"Alas and alack we're defeated again,
As for colors, all's up with our Hughes (hues)."