

biting, inventive and satirical abuse. Inquisitiveness is always productive of evil, and omniscience is the least of all the qualities a law student is expected to possess. Vorily the polymath of old was as nothing compared with one of you. With a protean character that must change to suit all sorts and conditions of men, with a versatility of genius that as a financier would enable you to prove the ruin of all your friends, with a persevering industry compared with which the labors of Hercules were but child's-play, with a power of consuming summer drinks and letting others pay for them, that would make the proverbial prince at the sea-side resort weaken and die, with an honesty that has its limits defined by the chances of undetected dishonesty, with all these virtues and others many and manifold, ignorant people might imagine that the commercial value of the law student would be, to say the least, \$20,000 a year. There can be no doubt it should be; but such is the blinded prejudice and primeval stupidity of mankind, that you can buy just all you want of the commodity for a price varying from nothing up to the munificent sum of \$200 a year. The price, however, is generally nothing. But his impecuniosity has this benefit that, unlike his natty rival the bank-clerk, he cannot, if he would, become a dude and a Pharisee.



VERY LIKELY.

Bootblack—Shine, Sir?
Dude—No. My servant at home cleans my shoes.
Bootblack—Your old mother, I s'pose, hey?

THE ISLAND SANDS.

They sat upon the Island,
Upon the sand together;
They had wandered many a mile, and
Doubtful was the weather;
For the wind o'er Lake Ontario
Was blowing from the East;
And both of them looked scary
As they wrestled with the feast
They had brought o'er in a basket—
It was sandwiches and pop.
While they hummed an air from *Mascotte*,
Lo! the rain begins to drop;
See now the gallant feller
Whom the lady was to wed,
Open up his umbrella,
And now holds it o'er her head.
But the freshening blast did strike it,
And turned it inside out;
And away they both did pike it,
And the lady loud did shout,
And wailed, and cried, and blubbered,
As she held up both her hands;
For she spoiled her Mother Hubbard
On the melancholy sands.

"One thing at a time," said the man, on being informed that he was the father of twins.
—*Pertzel's Weekly*.



EXPLAINED.

Small Boy—Wot do you hev that board over the cow's eyes for, Mister? D'ye think she'd blush if she saw you doin' this?"

THINGS YOU CAN BET ON.

That some of the striking wage-earners are now sojourners.

That the party organs will not let the Boundary Award settle, Privy Council or no Privy Council.

That no matter what else you have to say about Hon. Bella Flint, you must admit that he has a hard name.

That the Manitoba Farmer's Union mean to save the country, but do not intend to let the crops spoil in carrying out the job.

That the buns served out at most of the political picnics are fairly entitled to super-annuation, together with the speeches.

That the M.P.P. elect for Algoma understood that the Tory party understood that he understood how he stood, before he gracefully stood down.

That the inquiry of the Royal Commission into the bribery business was, in so far as the brawling brood could make it, a non est proceeding.

That a certain eminent statesman, but somewhat unsuccessful politician, knew what he was doing when he indited a column article for the *Mail* formally setting forth the reasons why a telegraph company were not legally bound to preserve copies of the despatches passing over their wires.

DAN DOODY ON LACROSSE.

Lacrosse comboynes physical pertynacity wid mental combasity. Yez play 't wid a crukkid slitick criss-me-crossed wid fiddle shtrings. Ye musht run like a fawn, and foight like a forret. Ye must havo the hardy-ness of Harkules and the sacraacy av Socrates. Dead, yis.

The sphort is imminse. Its shewet and confusing loike fwiskey punch. And the possybilitties is prodigyus. Sum

av the possyibilities is moighty mistyfoyin. It requoyres a dale of talent to know whin to thrip up yere oppowment and whin to lace him over the head. The lasht koorse is the safest, for if ye miss thrippin him he'll be afther thrippin ye, and the result is surpoyysin.

Av koorse ye can play a noice ginteel game, oh, yis! But ye'll be bate like a brass gong. Shillelah and lakrass is thwin sports, only the lakrass is the youngest an' the shportyest. Yiz kin get a college degree widout an experimental knowledge of lakrass, but I'd rather be Rossh Mackenzie nor the Provost av Thrinity wid the fakilty thrown in.

Body-chuckin' is an ornymant av the game; 'tis very divartin'. I'm short two teet wid it. I shtruv to bodychuck Barney O'Boffin, and I got a shquint av ashthronomy.

He tassed me up like a cat in a blanket—I seen the satelites of Jupither.

Barny's a Bingawl toyger av lakrass.

Let others prayze wid genial lays,
Lawn-tennis and croquay;
Ye muses nite, the tash be moine,
Ma duty for to pay
To the lacrass, the king and boss,
Of every shport and play—
Luk at that now!

DAN DOODY.



"MIXED DRINKS."

Highland Waiter (who has received an order for two cups of coffee and one of tea) shouts down to kitchen—Tea for coffee, ant twa for wan!

"WOOL GATHERINGS" OF PROVOST ARISTIPPUS GUNWHALE.

An aquasintanc wid de leguminousness ob vegetables am not essential to de recognition ob beans.

De bull-dog am capable of forming strong attachments.

De educated hog am occasionally a biped. Dexterity wid de dinner-knife am a doubtful accomplishment.

A clean collah am even mo' necessary to de formation ob character dan a clean conscience.

De old soaker am no more capable of legislatin' dan a swill bar'l.

De butcher's boss ken expeciate de luxury ob wo!

"Soled again!" exclaimed the young man as he went flying down the front steps for the third time inside a week, propelled by the vigorous foot of his charmer's papa.—*Burlington Free Press*.