



THE THEATRICAL FRONT ROW.

BALDENSTEIN (*with an eye to business*)—"Gentlemen, before der curtain vent up, let me call your attention to my patend, Nefer-fail Hair Restorer, varrant to cure balt-heads!"

NEW FABLES WITHOUT MORALS.

THE LAKE AND THE BAY.

LAKE—"I say, Bay, you can't be in such a bad state of health as we are told, if you are supplying ice for the city."

BAY—"Oh! I'm *solid* with the health officer just now. D'ye sce?"

LAKE—"Icy."

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND THE LAMP-POST.

ELECTRIC LIGHT—"Does your mother know you're out Mr. Lamp post?"

LAMP-POST—"Oh, yes, and you're to blame for it, too, you stuck up thing that you are."

ELECTRIC LIGHT—"Well, that's pretty strong now, but then, you always were a little gassy, and a little, *just a little light in the head*, you know."

LAMP-POST—"You needn't talk, for you're a good deal lighter in the head than I ever was."

ELECTRIC LIGHT—"Oh, thank you."

ANOTHER "TRAITOR."

MULDOON (*reading poem on the Canadian elections in London Punch*)—

"Macdonald is magniloquent, perhaps a bit thrasonical, His dark denunciations at a distance sound ironical. And when we read the rows between him and Sir Richard Cartwright, dear, We have our doubts if either chief quite plays the patriot part right, dear."

"Luk at that, now! Sure doesn't it sarve the Tories right fur their toadyin' to the British Government. Devil a bit av good do they get by it at all, at all. Oh, begobs, but it's mighty funny fwthin Sir John do be accusin' Ned Farrer and Wiman of thraison to have *Punch* turn round an' tell the ould omadhaun that he's thrasonical himsilf. Put that in yer poipe and shmoke it, ye Tory devils!"

A FIRE INSURANCE CLAIM.

DIGGS owned a house of ancient date,
That sadly lacked repair,
He kept it heavily insured
And lodged his hired men there.

He bounced the man who never smoked
Or smoked in much concern
Of falling sparks, but yet alas!
That house refused to burn.

There peddlers and the homeless tramp
Found shelter from the rain,
Diggs gave them matches for their pipes,
His bounty was in vain.

In vain to raise a raging blaze
The chimney he would clean,
With stacks of shavings, pitch pine chips
And cans of kerosene.

A cyclone struck that house at last
And flung it o'er a grove,
Smashed everything to kindling wood;
Diggs burnt it in the stove
And then claimed the insurance.

WM. MCGILL.

ADVERTISEMENT.—STICKLERS, ATTENTION!

BAMBOO & CO. beg to announce that they have on hand a large assortment of the latest thing in switches, canes, winter and summer walking-sticks and fashionable bludgeons. Alpenstocks. Carving done. Gents may bring their own trees. Knobs carved into gnarls, death's-heads, spherical bulbs, hook-ems, plug-uglies and every design that there is of the most hideous. Great attention given to ferules. P.S.—A few left of the old-fashioned malaccas with opera-dancers' legs for heads. Also, just published, a brochure on "The Management of the Cane," showing how to carry it in front of the body at "present arms," on the shoulder like a musket, perpendicularly as a falcion, as a half-pike to run into people we have met, as a hanging bar, as a moulinet or windmill, and how to raise Cain. Buy one of Bamboo's latest. No gent is complete without it.