



AT THE ZOO.

MR. WAGGE—"Kangaroo. Poor beast, he's going to die soon."

MR. CHUMP—"What makes you think so?"

MR. WAGGE—"Why, don't you see that he's on his last legs."

"Is it going to be like this all the time?"

"Oh, no. Mr. Bowser had to kill off the microbes and bacteria, you see."

"What's them?"

"I'll have him come out and explain."

"No need of it ma'am, for my bundle is all made up and I'm going. A man who'll drag dead cats through his own house would cheat a poor girl out of her wages at the end of a month. Microbes and bacteria, eh? I don't believe it! Let him show them to me up in the zoological gardens!"

When Mrs. Bowser told Mr. Bowser what had occurred he bristled up, got red in the face and exclaimed:

"I see how it is; couldn't carry your point with me, and so you went out and upset the girl! Mrs. Bowser, you are treading on dangerous ground—very dangerous. A husband may be a worm, but if that worm is stepped on too often, he turns!"

THE SWELL STREET TAILOR.

SCENE.—A Swell Street Merchant Tailor's Shop.
(Not any shop really carried on there, you know, but an imaginary shop).

Enter LARKER (who has just come from a Queen street shop, where he has arranged to have a coat made for \$10—first-rate business coat, good material and workmanlike finish. Thinks he would like to amuse himself with some comparisons of price).

THE TAILOR (coming to meet Larker as he enters, with an air of exclusive hauteur, which is expressed in a peculiarly aristocratic knock-kneed walk).—"Well, sir?"

LARKER.—"Morning, sir."

THE TAILOR.—"Morning. Anything you wished, sir?"

LARKER (slapping his leg).—"Think you could match this trowsering?"

THE TAILOR (severely).—"No, sir. We don't match things here. No; I'm quite sure we can't match it."

LARKER.—"But don't you think you have something

somewhat like it. I'm not very particular as to the exact match."

THE TAILOR.—"No, sir; in fact we don't believe in dark trowserings here, sir."

LARKER.—"Oh, you don't! What do you believe in?"

THE TAILOR.—"Something more like this" (indicating his own trousers, which are made of rough horse-blanketing material of a yellowish-white shade).

LARKER.—"Ah! You don't approve of anything but that sort of thing, hey?"

THE TAILOR.—"No, sir."

LARKER.—"But you don't mean that you would have everybody wearing the same sort and shade of trowsers?"

THE TAILOR.—"Yes, sir; most decidedly, if we could have our way about it, sir."

LARKER.—"Well, I was thinking of getting a pair of pants to go with this coat and vest. What would you suggest?"

THE TAILOR.—"Er—um—well, I should suggest a nice contrast, sir. This, for example" (again indicating his own trowsering).

LARKER.—"Yes? Well, I may perhaps decide to have a coat made, too. What would you charge for a coat like this one?"

THE TAILOR.—"That would depend a good deal on the material, sir."

LARKER.—"Oh, just good serviceable tweed or something of that sort."

THE TAILOR (airily).—"Oh, from thirty to thirty-four dollars—say thirty-two."

LARKER (suppressing a start).—"Yes, quite so; (musingly) Thirty-two, hey? I suppose if I got a vest as well it would be—how much?"

THE TAILOR (with indifference).—"Oh, not much more. The complete suit wouldn't cost more than—say thirty-seven—just a plain business suit, you know."

LARKER.—"I see. Thirty-seven for the suit; thirty-two for the coat—say three for the vest—"

THE TAILOR.—"Yes, about three."

LARKER.—"Well—er—let's see. I guess I'll just get you to make me the trowsers. They ought to be worth two dollars at least, if they look as well as those you have on. Take my measure, now, will you?"

But when Larker who had been examining a roll of cloth, turned round, he found the tailor prone upon the floor in a fit of apoplexy. As Larker passed out, he met two \$5 a week dudes going in to order their summer outfits. They lifted the recumbent form of their clothier, and carried it into the back office.

FOOTBALL AND POLITICS.

AT the committee meeting of the Western Football Association held Saturday evening for the purpose of considering the proposal of sending a Canadian team to England, one of the members suggested delay.

"Better not decide as to who shall go till after the Government has been formed," he said. "Government! what's that got to do with football, I'd like to know?" asked another.

"Well, just this—that we want the best kickers we can get, don't we?"

"Why cert."

"Well, then, just you wait till its known who's going to be Minister of Railways, and if you don't see some of the darnedest kicking ever experienced in this country I'm mightily mistaken."

"Order! order!" said the chairman, "no more of these political allusions, if you please."