



AN ARTLESS DISGUISE.

CLARA—"I saw Ella on the street to-day. She was trying to travel incognito."

MAMIE—"You don't say so. What had she done to disguise herself?"

CLARA—"She didn't paint."

CUPID-ITY.

YOUTH is rash
And scarce of cash,
But age is cold
And blessed with gold.
Yet when they strive at winning love
Age doth the happier wooer prove.



TOO MUCH CLASSICS.

"Fwhat do ye think av the election, O'Doolan?"

"Well, me frind, I view wid alarum the introduction av the furrin illimint into politics. I was at the nominations, an' fwhat between Dockter Ryerson wid his Gratiano and Thompson's Swiss referendum the devil a wan av me knows fwhere I am at all."

PROTECTED TO DEATH.

"INCREASE protection," bold McKinley cried,
"Twill surely make us prosperous and great."
Up taxes went—the scheme was fairly tried,
And now McKinley's meets a bankrupt's fate.

Protected, tariffed, taxed to his desire,
Blessed with restrictions till he couldn't rest;
From frying-pan he jumped into the fire;
He's stripped of all the wealth he late possessed.

Fools in a mortar you may vainly bray,
If thus to cure their folly you expect,
As thousands pauperized the self same way
Still tell us that "protection does protect."

And were ten times as many brought to grief
Doubtless they'll give us that familiar guff:
"A higher tariff yet would bring relief;
We haven't been protected half enough."

We all despise thieves, but sometimes umbrellas are a necessity.



FACILIS DESCENSUS.

SUSAN—"Harry fell in love, you say."

TOM—"Yes; and fell so hard that he is broke."

BOOKS OF DEVOTION.

"PRETTY fair library, isn't it?" said Beeswax, "for a man of moderate means like myself."

"Yes," replied Plugwinch. "You have some good novels and a lot of poets. But you don't seem to have many religious books."

"Oh, yes. Many of my favorite volumes are very religious. At least I judge so by the way they keep Lent."

APPRECIATED.

THE Albert, N.B., *Maple Leaf* speaks thus appreciatively of one of our recent cartoons:

A telling cartoon in the last number of GRIP represents an officer of the Salvation Army rescuing a woman from perishing in the snow. At her side is a bottle of old rye. In the background another Salvationist is leading a staggering drunkard home. A bishop, with eyes uplifted to heaven, is evidently thanking God that he is not as other men are, nor even as this salvationist. Below is this inscription: "The only association from which we may hope any good."