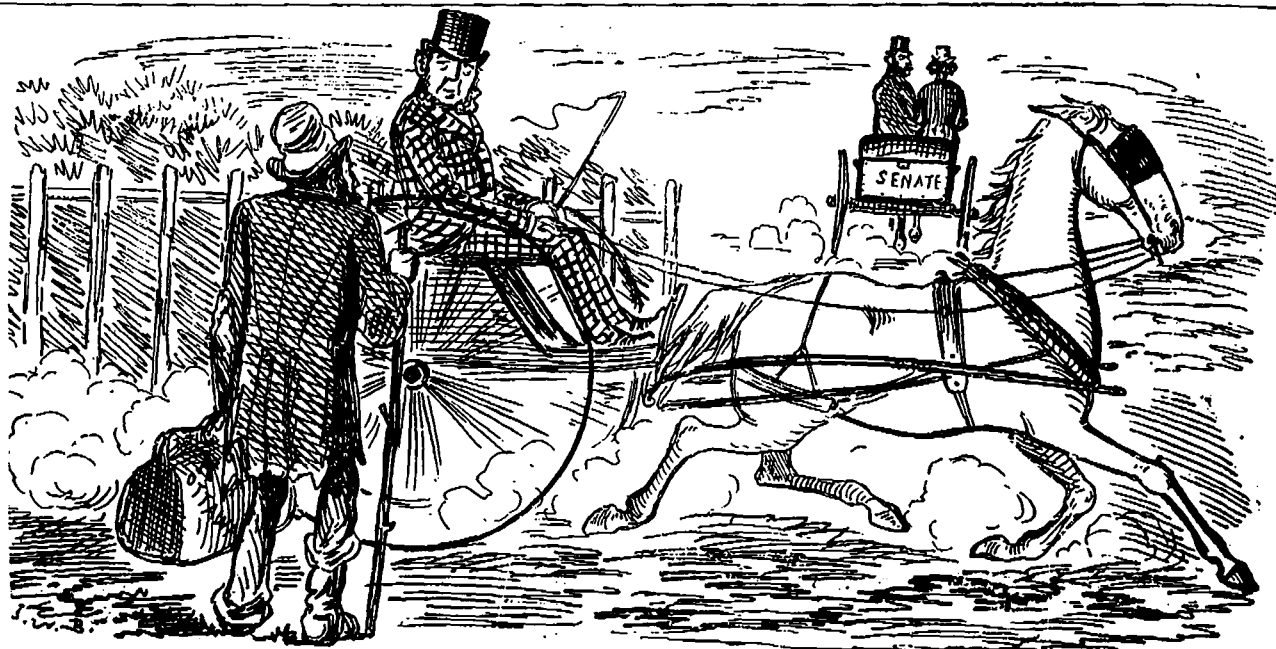


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"GIVE US A LIFT, SIR!"

WEARY TRAVELLER, (who resembles Mr. Robertson, of Montreal!) ON HIS WAY TO THE SENATE CHAMBER AT OTTAWA.

The only thing in this country that is not injured by bursting is applause.—*Marathon Independent.*

If there is ever a time in a man's life when he indulges in reflections about the welfare of his future, it is when he fails in a prolonged effort to get off a pair of boots at least three sizes nearer to nothing than his feet.—*Job Trotter, Boston Times.*

A penny makes more noise in the contribution box than a five dollar bill, and the man who gives the penny makes more noise than the giver of the bill when it comes to saying "amens" or voting on church management.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

Mr. L.—writes to inform us that his son has a taste for poetry, and asks, "What should he do?" Send him to us—he's the very young man we've been looking for! We have two baskets of spring poetry; we will let him eat the whole of it!—*Philadelphia Sun.*

To the humourist who is also a sentimentalist it must be pleasant to reflect that his witticisms have caused red lips to smile with delight, and white throats to swell with laughter that begets no sorrow. A.L.D. by the way, lard is fifteen cents a pound.—*E. R. Wick, Danbury News.*

Where is the use in puzzling one's brains over such intricate problems as the origin of man and the whitherness of his future, when one cannot tell so simple a thing as how the small boy in rubber boots gets his feet wet going twenty rods over frozen ground?—*Boston Transcript.*

W., the lawyer, did not like visitors. One day, being "annoyed" oftener than usual, he determined to insult the next man who entered his room. In came D., and in his usual cheerful manner said, "How are you, old boy," and sat down. W. was boiling over. "What is the difference," he asked, looking savagely at D., "between that stove and a jackass?" D. saw something was wrong, so he got up and walked toward the door. "Can't you answer?" said W. "Not positively," said D., "because I have not a fair rule with me. I'm going to get one to give you fair measurement! Please don't move until I return!" And he shut the door with a bang that made W. jump in his chair!—*Philadelphia Sun.*

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[Montreal (Canada) Post.]

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The man who says that water is not the proper thing to drink is apt to go a-rye.—*Greenbush Gazette.*