

## TOO FAIR.

"O HANG the Exhibition!" said a London man wrathfully as he opened the *Free Press* on Thursday, and found it full of "special entries" to the exclusion of everything else.

"Well, pa," said his smart little boy, "you can't deny but what it's a very Fair number, after all."

"Well, yes I must say it is a good deal fairer than usual," replied pa, who of course is a Grit.

## VOTES ALONE TELL.

SAM SMALL says "the true tribunal of the laboring man is to stand forth in the integrity of his character and demand justice, and he'll get it." Well, if he is numerous enough, and has a ballot in his hand, and knows just how to cast it, he has a fair show for justice, but standing forth and demanding things in any other way is lost time, no matter how picturesque the attitude the laboring man may strike. The "practical politicians" and oppressors of the poor have no eye at all for æsthetics.



## FLATTERY.

*Ethel*—Mr. Barnstormer—dear Brutus—pa objects to our union!

*Mr. B.*—On what grounds does he object?

*Ethel*—He says that you're an actor.

*Mr. B.*—Well, he is at least kinder than the newspaper critics.

## THE BRIGHT SIDE OF IT.

"HERE's a good thing," said Dumley, who was reading the paper in the bosom of his family. "Listen: The coal barons of Pennsylvania have called a meeting to decide upon the out-put of coal for the month of December. Isn't it about time that the people held a meeting to decide upon the out-put of the coal monopolists?"

"I don't see anything funny about that," said Mrs. Dumley, "and I think it is real good and kind of the coal barons to regulate the quantity of coal that the public shall have. I'm sure if they left it free Sarah Jane would waste twice as much as she does now. She's the most extravagant creature I've ever had in the house!"

## WARNING TO YOUNG LADIES.

NEVER marry a iacrosse club young man under the impression that he can get up in time to light the fire just because he now regularly attends the practice at 6 a.m.

## THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

HE was reading the Toronto morning paper and she was looking over his shoulder.

"I see the Bunch of Chestnuts Comedy Company had a poor house last night," he remarked.

"Why, no; it says they had a splendid house," she replied, putting her pretty finger on the item.

"That's how I know it was slim," said he.

## AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE.

EDDIE—Ma, are you an angel in disguise?

Ma—Why, child, what put such a silly notion into your head?

Eddie—'Cause I heard pa tell a man that you might be one, but if you was you could hide your identity betterin' any fraud he ever saw.

## REASSURING.

RUSSIA says that Ayoub Khan not make any disturbance between her and England by his actions in Afghanistan.

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

SHE—I thought you said that Mr. Spiffkins never uses tobacco?

He—Yes, dear!

She—Why, I saw him smoking a cigar when he passed just now; I could not be mistaken.

He—(languidly)—Oh, yes; but I smelt it.

## A NAVAL ITEM.

WHEN the sexton stirs up a nest of hornets in the spire, may it not be described as Blue Jackets parading for Divine Service?

## SOUND!

"Do you believe in Commercial Union?" said young Popinjay to his girl the other evening, just to keep up the conversation.

"Commercial union? Certainly not, Archibald," she replied, blushing. "I think marrying for money is mean and low!"

THE cable informs us that Mr. F. C. Burnand, Editor of *Punch*, caught a cold lately while standing with Mr. J. S. Forbes at his villa on the Lake of Geneva. This will probably account for the unusual wheeziness of the great English comic journal of late.

(SARCASTIC woman to letter-carrier whom she has been watching for the last few minutes on his way to the house)—"Ahem! late this morning, ain't you?" "Yes, a little." "Too bad! Some people have no consideration for public servants; why can't they write the message on the card just as plainly as the address. You could get through so much faster, couldn't you?"