

AN EXAMPLE TO BRITAIN.

IF our Canadian Ministers are proud
 They're justly so, the fact is now allowed
 They've made the country, for the great N.P.
 Is the sole cause of our prosperity—
 Are we not better off both man and beast?
 Has not the population much increased?
 Is it not natural that now they should
 Desire a larger field for doing good
 And show their loyalty? 'tis very nice
 To hear they're tendering Gladstone good advice—
 The G.O.M. should lend a willing ear
 To men who govern us so wisely here,
 Abandon all ideas of home production
 And rule Great Britain under their instruction.

G. C.

SET RIGHT.

MRS. SANSON—"You are his wife, eh?"
 MRS. BOSSIM (*loftily*)—"He is my husband."



NO RANSOM.

KIDNAPPER—"You made a fine mistake. We'll make no money out of this deal. It was not his wife you kidnapped."

ACCOMPLICE—"Who was it, then?"

KIDNAPPER—"His mother-in-law." [*Both groan dismally.*]

IN THE HONEYMOON.

SHE—"What are you going to do to punish me for having married you?"

HE—"I'm going to smother you with kisses."

SHE—"That is capital punishment."

NOT IF HE KNEW IT.

1ST TRAMP—"Hello, Swipesy! Can you give us a steer where to git a meal?"

2ND TRAMP—"Betcher life! I'll put ye onto a lay-out where ye'll git all you kin hold—pie, cake an' puddin'."

1ST TRAMP—"Yer don't say. Where's that?"

2ND TRAMP—"At the Cookery School on Elm Street."

1ST TRAMP—"No yer don't. Been thar before an' come so blamed nigh croakin' they wan't no fun in it. No more Cookery School grub for me if I know it."



A RUM SORT OF HEATER.

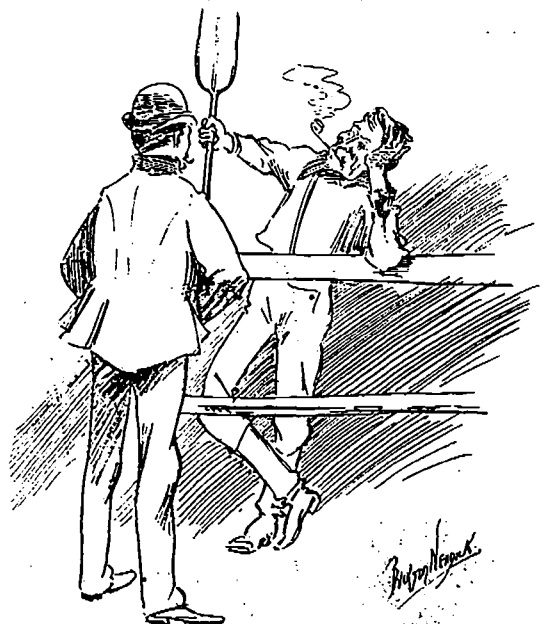
SOAK JR.—"My fingers are so cold, papa."

OLD SOAK—"Well, put them up to my face, dear, and warm them."

A MOVING STRAIN.

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC (*enthusiastically*)—"Ah you should hear my new pupil Miss Oldmaid. Her phrasing is faultless, her time perfect, her execution—"

PROSAIC LANDLORD—"Great Scott, man! I know all about it. Two families have left my houses and another has given me notice. Her execution is terrible."



IT PAYS.

SOSO—"Does it pay to raise chickens?"

FARMER—"Well, I make mine shell out."