



#### A MISCALCULATION.

KETCHAM (*who has been spending a week at a swell summer hotel*)—"What is my bill, please?"

CLERK (*sizing him up*)—"Ninety-five dollars, sir."

KETCHAM (*handing over pocket-book*)—"Oh, no! You mean a hundred dollars. I've got a hundred."

#### A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

IT was a beautiful warm spring day, and the Deacon was standing out on the portico of one of the best hotels in town, when O'Mulligan, an Irish American, came up and accosted him.

"It's a foine day, sor, to be out sun-shinin' yerself on the front piazza. After the manner of yer country, sor, would it be a brache of conduct for one gentleman to ax another gentleman what the name of this town moight be?"

"No, I don't see as it would," answered the Deacon.

"Well, thin, sor, will you plaze tell me its name, for it's the most bambuzzlesome town Oi ever got into in all me loife, sor. There's only one street in the town that runs strate east an' west, an' it's as crooked as a ram's horn, an' (accordin' to my compass) it's contracted the habit of running very much to the north-west and terably to the south-east. Sor, I perceive it's a double geared sort of an arrangement, an' runs two different ways both at the same toime, sor, viz., N.W. and S.E."

"Yer seem to be a stranger here," observed the Deacon, and then continued to answer his interrogation. "The week-day name of this town is Dundas, but they call it Valley City for a Sunday name."

"Bedad, that's loike meself. They call me Pat all the week, when Oi'm workin' in the shop, but when Oi git me boots blacked, an' am inside av me tother clothes, they call me Patrick O'Mulligan, sor."

"Whar d'ye come frum?" queried the Deacon.

"From Michigan, sor," answered Patrick, "but I wasn't born there, howsomever."

"No, it don't take much to guess whar you wuz born," said the Deacon.

"Av you guess I'll trate," said Pat, "an' av ye miss, you put up the dhrinks. Is it a go?"

"Ireland, of course," guessed the Deacon, promptly.

"You're shtuck for the refreshment," responded Pat. "I was born at sea, in an English ship, on German wather. Me father was an Irishman, an' me mother was a Dutchman. I landed at Dublin, where I lived wid me grandfather till he died. Then of course we dissolved partnership, and I came to America, where Oi've lived the rest of my loife. So you see I'm a sea-gull be birth, a Hibernian be virtue of naturalization, an American be oath, and a Dutchman be nature, so now you have it, and you're welcome to it. It's the full pedigree of Sur Patrick O'Mulligan."

"Well, by George!" said the Deacon, "if that don't beat all the pedigrees of all the pigs I ever owned."

Just then the hostler drove out with the Deacon's rig, and that good gentleman climbed in without delay, took up the reins, and nodding pleasantly to Mr. O'Mulligan, said, "Well, good-bye, friend."

"But fwat about that trate?" shouted the latter.

The only answer was the gentle crack of the whip, as Deacon Stout drove away.

WILLARD E. DERBY.

#### THE "TIMES" OUT OF JOINT.

The *Times* says that as Lord Salisbury has no business to bring up before Parliament it is not clear why a speech from the throne should be produced at all.—*Cable despatch.*

WE have long thought that the London *Times* was weakening in its intellectual grasp and this proves it conclusively. No business to bring up! As if that had anything to do with the time-honored institution of the Speech from the Throne (capital letters, please). What business have our Parliament and Local Legislatures half the time anyway, except to indulge in slangwhanging, vote the estimates and draw their pay. And yet who ever heard in this so-called democratic country of such an insidiously subversive proposal?

The *Times* man is getting a good deal too fresh, and we trust that the *Empire* or Castell Hopkins or some other truly loyal authority, whose words will carry weight with right-minded people, will call him down. Or else next thing he'll be proposing to dispense with the macc, the usher of Black Rod, or some other bulwark of the constitution, and then the dark shadows of anarchy and revolution will loom ominously in the background.

#### TOO THICK.

BEESWAX—"They tell me girls are very thick at the summer resorts this year."

FLIPJACK—"Some of them are. The one I mashed at Niagara can't weigh much short of two hundred pounds."

#### A THOUGHTFUL PARENT.

BRADBURY—"Hello, Pignuffle, you ain't going to spoil the look of the street by building a fence round your lot, are you? Fences are out of date now."

PIGNUFFLE—"I know they are, but I've got four unmarried daughters you must remember."

BRADBURY—"What has that to do with it?"

PIGNUFFLE—"Well, don't you see. I can't very well put up a front gate without a fence, can I?"