



"So the world wags."

The Rev. Sydney Smith was pleased to make merry at the expense of the Scotchman's inability to see a joke, but from my own observations, I think a good many Englishmen are just as obtuse in the matter of seeing the point of a joke as their "brithren awa' ayant the Tweed." As an instance; I told my friend Ponsonby that old story about the barrister who had a female client named Tickell. Every one knows the anecdote: how the lawyer arose in court and addressing the judge, began, "Tickell, my client, my lord—" when the judge interrupted him with, "Tickle her yourself, Mr. —, you are as well able to do it as I." Well, Ponsonby was dumb for several minutes, without a smile on his typical Saxon face, and then he said, "But, you know, I suppose the lawyer was just as well able to tickle her as the judge. He was probably a younger man, you know, eh?" Certainly there are some Scotchmen who do take an unconscionably long time to get at the pith of a jest, as witness the story told by Bannochcraig o' Auchtermuchtie about his friend, Hector Muoklepenny, laird o' Drumskillie, in these words. "The laird, while rogalin' himsel' wi' the pickin's o' a tup's heed, before retiring for the night, leapt frae his chair, an' droppin' the hane, clappit his hauns an' cried, "The brindle coo! the brindle coo! I hae it a' noo," and wi' a lood laugh fell deid on the floor. A' was consternation till his auld frien' an' crony, McMutckin o' that ilk, cam' in, an' was tauld about the circumstances. 'Aye, aye,' said he 'I see it a'. Twa weeks ago the night, we were haein' a bit feast wi' O'Brien, who keepit us a' laughing wi' his crack, an' tauld a queer story about a brindle coo that ate a piper. I didna see the joke mysel' for twa days, an' it just took twa weeks to fin' its way into the heid o' puir Hector. Ay! but he was a fine henchman, an' fond o' a gude drapple."

It sometimes happens that a barrister gets more than he bargains for when cross-examining a witness. Such was the case when a clothes-line robbery was being investigated in a certain court, and the counsel for the defendant had browbeaten and bullied the prosecutrix almost past endurance. The legal gentleman insisted upon the witness stating what the man alleged to have stolen the clothes looked like, as she had already sworn that she had seen the man who she knew was the thief, looking over the fence as she was hanging out the garments. "Come," said the lawyer, "you must answer. How did he look?" The witness seemed puzzled. "Did he look," asked the counsel, glancing round for a simile, "did he look like—like me, for instance?" "Oh, 'deed, no, sah," replied the witness. "If he looked de least bit like you, sah, dere wouldn't be no robbery at all." "Ah," said the counsellor, "how's that?" "I'd made udder arrangements." "Indeed!" he continued, smiling. "What might they have

been?" "Why, if he looked at all as you does, I wouldn't have dar'd to hang dem clothes out at all!"

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A few days ago I saw something that made me wonder. A lady, accompanied by a child and a white Spitz dog, were about to cross the street, which was pretty well crowded with vehicles, and not altogether free from mud. She regarded her two companions with an air of perplexity for a few moments, and then, stooping down, she picked up the little brute of a dog, and carefully carried it over, leaving the child to follow at its own sweet will, and at the imminent peril of being run over by one of the many carts and carriages that thronged the thoroughfare.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

"What do you think of women for doctors?" asked a lady of her family physician. "They are invaluable, madam," replied the doctor; "we derive at least two-thirds of our income from them."

In the cure of severe coughs, weak lungs, spitting of blood, and the early stages of Consumption, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has astonished the medical faculty. While it cures the severest coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood. By druggists.

A fourteen-year-old girl in Sandy Hill, N. Y. eloped with a schoolboy, got married, and returned home with him to be forgiven. She was well spanked by her mother, and the husband on his way out of the house was kicked eighteen times by her mother. They had never read anything like that in novels.

Mynheer Snoffengrozen thus tells how he felt "on a time." It verges on the agonizing: "Oonce, ven I vas court mine Catarine, I vas gone on mine field to hoe mine potatoes corn. Vell, den I sec my Caterine coming der road, so I dinks I give her a boo, so I climbs a tree, and shust as I vas going to boo her, I fallis off on der hemlock fence, and stick a pine-knot hole in my pantaloons, and Caterine vas laff, and make me more shame den a sheep mit one tief on his back.

One of the funniest, most aggravating typographical errors on record has just produced a hurricane, accompanied by thunder and lightning, in the office of the Lynchburg *Virginian*. Its editor on glancing over his powerful leader at the breakfast table on Thursday morning last, was astonished to find that he was made to say that the farmers would forget their "pantry and nursery" in the excitement of politics. The manuscript read poverty and misery.

A Brantford editor, while recently traveling, had his wallet abstracted from his pocket by an adroit pickpocket, while indulging in a short nap. The thief was so disgusted with the result of his exploit, that he returned the plunder by express, to the address written in the wallet, with the following note:—"You miserabil skunk, hears your pockit-book. Fur a man dressed as well as you was to go round with a wellit with nuthin in it but a lot of noospapur scraps, a ivory tooth-comb, two noospapur stamps, an' a pass from a ralerode directur, is a contemterble impurition on the public. As I hear your a editor, I return your trash. I never robs any only gentlemen."

The only thing that causes us to think that the editor referred to was not a Brantford man, is the statement about his being well dressed.

EVENING.

A LITTLE THING OF MY OWN.

Slowly the setting sun seeks the salt sea,
(Weirdly the willows will wave in the wind)
Love laden lilies lie low on the lea;
Cow-bells are clanging their cul-cul-luls kind.

Nightingales notify night now is near,
(Weird in the wind the willows will wave)
Pellucid planets peering appear;
Bright burns the beacon blessed by the brave.

Humble bees homeward hie to their hives,
(Weirdly the wind will wave the wet willow)
Lovers long for the ladies loved as their lives,
And, played out, the poet pants on his pillow.
—OSWILDE CARR.

ADDRESS TO A DUDE.

Oh! being, wonderful,
And none the less wonderful from being incomprehensible,
What art thou? and
Whence camest thou, and
Where in thunder art thou going?
Where are thy floating ribs, and by
What art immaculate dost thou
Thy paunch suppress?
And by what means dost thou conceal and make invisible
Thy abdominal viscera.
As though they were not?
Where didst thou steal that umbrella?
And to what circumstance are we indebted
For thy presence, anyhow?
Forgone: we want thee not, thou being who should'st not be,
Yet being, art.
Hast thou such a thing as a quarter of a dollar
About thine immaculate duds? and
If so, may we be under
A temporary obligation to thee
For the loan of that same?
Ha! thou goest: tis well. 'Thou art
But mortal after all.
Farewell,
Dude.

[In publishing this poem, be it distinctly understood that we are not responsible for the title.—Ed.]

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Written after being caught in a Snow Storm in April.

Oh, Beautiful Snow! Oh, Beautiful Snow!
Covering the ground in April so:
'Tis smilingly beckoned by Phobus' bright ray
Still seemest thou loth to hie thee away
To thy summer retreat in the desolate North,
The scene of thy prowess, the land of thy birth;
O, deem me not harsh when I wish thee to go
And leave us a season, oh, Beautiful Snow!

Oh, Frolicsome Snow! oh, Frolicsome Snow!
No more can I welcome thy whirling so;
'Tis all very well in a cold winter night
To enshroud a poor soul in your mantle of white:
When snugly enveloped in great coat of fur,
I never did then at thy frolics demur;
But now in fair April to bother me so,
'Tis what I don't fancy, oh, Frolicsome Snow!

Oh, Pitiless Snow! Oh, Pitiless Snow!
Canst see I am coatless, and gloveless also?
When Phobus shone brightly I threw them away,
Ne'er thinking that thou wouldst seize me as prey.
But, ah, how short-sighted we poor mortals are;
Nor can we, like war horse, scent battle afar.
So, as with quick footsteps to shelter I go,
I cannot forgive thee, O, Pitiless Snow!

Oh, Merciless Snow! Oh, Merciless Snow,
Laughing and sporting and jesting at woe.
Near the laborer's home thou'rt an unwelcome guest,
And unto all those who by want are oppressed;
Who shiver and shrink before thy cold blast,
Praying each onslaught shall e'en be thy last.
To such thou art truly a conquering foe,
Thou dread of the widow, Oh, Merciless Snow!

Oh, Cowardly Snow! Oh, Cowardly Snow!
Skulking round wood piles and fences so;
Why dost thou not leave for thy northern lair
And treat to thy friendship the Polar Bear,
For truly thou'rt very unwelcome here,
Covering the ground with thy mantle so drear:
For a season thy presence we well could forego,
Then come from thy shelter O! Cowardly Snow.

Oh, Treacherous Snow! Oh, Treacherous Snow!
How I laugh when I see thee commencing to go,
Because thou'rt unwillingly passing from sight,
For Boreas, the Frost King, still urges the fight.
But Sol, the all-powerful monarch of day,
Hath determined to meet thee in battle array.
And the brooklets unbound, will soon with thee o'erflow,
And the birds chant thy requiem, O! Treacherous Snow.
—MCTUFF.