



Explorer Fly : " By Jove, this must be the North Pole ! "

A Corker.

There is a young lady in Hague,
Who wears a cute little cork legue ;
She has numerous beaux,
But not one of them kneaux
That her swinging gait hangs on a pegue.

This maiden has never a doubt
Of the power of a smile and a poubt ;
And the play of her eyes
Is a pretty surpreyes,
When one of her beaux is about.

When the favored one urges his suit,
She will blush in a manner most cuit ;
She will yield him her heart
With an exquisite eart,
And her hand and her cork leg to buit.

And the fellow that's doomed to be caught
Will rejoice at his fortunate lought ;
But we sha'n't think it queer
If he gets on his eer,
When he finds what a corker he's gought.

—JIM WILEY.

A Timely Moral.

In an Ontario country churchyard is the grave of a child, eleven months and two days old. Beneath the name and age on the headstone is this inscription : " Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land ! "

More Familiar.

Sunday School Superintendent : " But Peter had another name. After he had been with the disciples, and they knew his character, by what other name did they call him ? Tommy, can you tell us ? "

Tommy : " Pete. "

Come To Stay.

Young Hightalk (grandiloquently) : " Look where you will, in science, in commerce, in literature, the day is his. The young man has come to stay. "

Old Brown : " That's what I think, whenever young Baffles spends the evening with Minnie. "

Unanswered Prayer.

Gentleman : " What are you crying about, my boy ? "

Boy : " The preacher—said that—we'd get—whatever we petitioned for,—and I prayed that Tuck Williams ud get killed—and he only got his arm broken. "

The Best He Could.

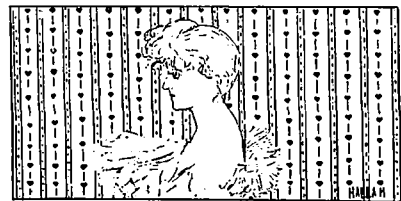
Fond Mother : " O, Willie, how was it that you hit poor little Harry Smith with a stick ? "

Little Willie : " I hit him with a stick 'cause I couldn't find a stone. "

We Humbly Trust.

We would recall, and that right soon,
Those saturated days of June ;
Or if we can't we fain would try
The moistened ones of past July ;
But failing these we humbly trust
We wont quite sizzle through August.

—P.J.



My Summer Girl.

I told her one evening that she was a peach,
As we sat in the arbour alone ;
Yet when she refused me, I started to preach
And declared that her heart was a stone.

That pleased her so much, she did straightway relent
And we settled the date then and there,
And that strawberry-blonde has no cause to repent
That the minister made us a pair.

—HALLAM