

Glen—"Do men ever get to heaven?"

Prof.—"Why certainly, but what makes you ask such an odd question?"

Glen—"Well, how is it we never see angels with whiskers?"

Prof.—"Because men get there only by a close shave."

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If the British have a navy, have the Germ-any?

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Sunday School Teacher—"What do you understand by suffering for righteousness' sake?"

Little Boy—"Please miss, it means having to come to Sunday School."

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The Customary Place. Reckless says he has been whipped as far back as he can remember.

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Of the iron age we often hear  
And the fabled age of gold,  
But now the fox-tax brings us near  
An age of wealth untold.

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Alex.—"My hair is falling out. Could you give me anything to keep it in?"

Philip—"Why yes, certainly, here is a nice cardboard box."

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Prof. (in geography)—"How are senators appointed?"

St. Clair—"By the Governor-in-Council and they hold office for life unless they die in the meantime."

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With the Authors

The Mills by the Seaside  
How to Become a Barber  
Why Girls Leave Home  
A Busy Day at Iona Bank  
The Heir of Glenfinnan  
The Siamese Twins  
Essays on Eli(z)a  
When Mildred Receives

Pope McMahon  
Henri Crepeau  
J. T. Valley  
Frank McKenna  
John Archie  
Dinny and St. Claire  
Alex. McIntyre  
C. Conway



A strange sight greets the wildered gaze  
A phantom host is seen  
Their faces masked and robes of white  
Glimmer in ghostly sheen.

They enter where the criminal lies,  
Two stay to guard the door,  
The rest with slow and measured steps  
Tread the complaining floor.

On every side start sleepers up  
Who gaze with wondering eyes  
And see the weird procession halt  
By the bed where the Red man lies.

He, startled from his dreams, springs up  
But quick he's gagged and bound  
The cruel clippers sounding snip  
Startles the stillness 'round.

The work well done, the workers went  
As weirdly as they came,  
No more like the sun does Red arise  
Crowned with a halo of flame.

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#### REMINISCENCES

I wonder what's on in the smoker?  
And what is the noise I hear?  
I wonder who is the joker?  
That has made so much good cheer.

Can it be an initiation?  
Have the times of the past returned?  
Have they met with such approbation?  
The scenes for which we yearned.

Can it be that the old time members  
Have returned for a smoke once more?  
And the "old chum" we all remember  
Is again scattered o'er the floor?

No these are not the causes,  
For the "smoker" has changed since when  
The Directors were "Tom" and "Moses"  
And the committee was "Ynak" and "Hen."

They are now smoking "velvet" only  
The password is heard no more,  
The "old smoker" now seems lonely  
With no "old chum" on the floor.



## BREAD POULTICES VS COLD FEET.

Poor Fatty was troubled with cold feet  
To overcome this complaint it is said  
Some kind friend, twixt his blanket and sheet,  
Put a poultice of water and bread.

When Fatty had prepared to retire  
As usual he bound into bed  
And ere many seconds transpired  
He had placed his feet right in the bread.

With much haste from his couch he rebound  
And there twixt his blanket and sheet  
He found the bread poultice confounded,  
Less of course—what remained on his feet.

## FATTY'S MORAL

A bread poultice is good for a bealing  
For mine I prefer bread to eat ;  
It may be of great service in healing  
But it's a mighty poor cure for cold feet.

## STUNG

Is it a dream or "Forest and Stream  
In reality now before me ?  
Oh can you're new. If that be true  
I simply do adore thee.

My steps I quicken, my lips they thicken  
The prize is right at hand,  
I bow I ween to god Nicotine  
And raise him from the sand.

A friend draws near, he notes I fear  
My foregone proceeding.  
I walk along and hum a song  
His nearness now unheeding.

He joins me soon, I almost swoon  
My spirits quickly sag,  
When he so rude does thus intrude  
And asks me for a "drag."

Now I regain and will I fain  
Divide my find with vigor,  
The can I ope' ; my ! what a dope  
It simply is brown sugar.



## THE PARTING ADVICE

"Good-bye, my boy," the mother said,  
And wiped away a tear ;  
" I may not see you home again,  
And for your life I fear."

" Behave your-self most bravely when  
Upon the battle field ;  
And fight most nobly for your flag,  
And ne'er to cowardice yield.

I hate to see you go, my boy,  
It seems but yesterday  
I dressed you in your corduroy  
And sent you out to play.

I slapped you for your naughty work  
When out upon the street ;  
But now you're leaving me alone,  
Going forth your death to meet."

The brave boy then restrained his tears  
And kissed his mother's cheek,  
And whispering said, " Do not be sad  
Nor let your hope grow weak.

And when you'll see me lying low  
Or hear about my death,  
E'en then do not for me despair  
Nor yield to vain regret."

And now that noble boy he draws  
His breath as in a dream,  
And leaves for college once again  
To join the foot-ball team

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" Three dozen films ;" (Her face was fair ;)  
Her orders she did trill 'em.  
Her voice it so entranced the clerk  
He really couldn't fill 'em.

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" I'm going to turn you down," she said.  
He had an awful fright.  
But she didn't mean what he thought she meant  
For she meant the parlor light.