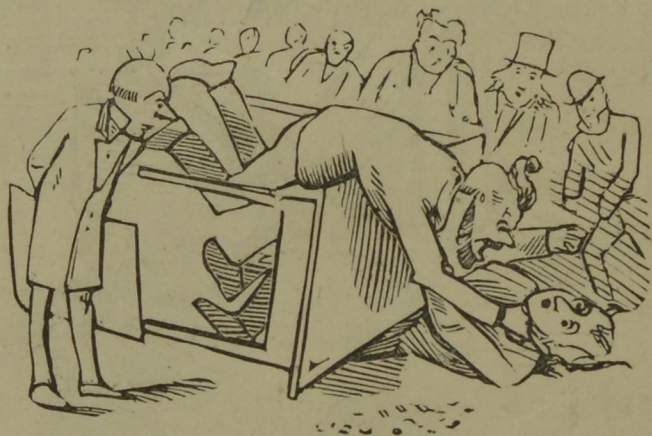


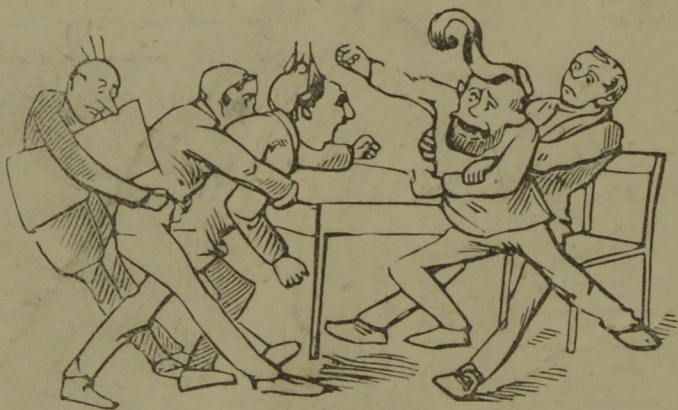
The Game of "Muggins,"—or Settling the Question of "Set."



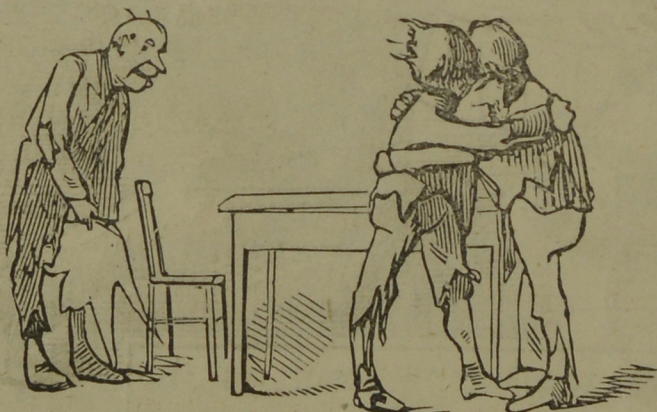
Peacemaker reads his paper while Slocum and Jones dispute over the question as to whose set it is, until—



He is obliged to take the floor on account of the discussion becoming very warm. Other persons also have their attention attracted, and—



By inducing Slocum and Jones to consider the matter apart from each other,



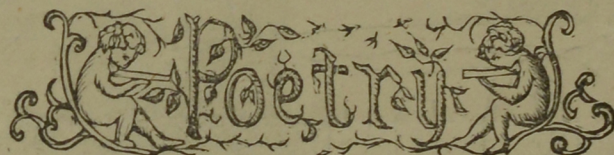
They make up their minds that it was all unnecessary and not worth quarrelling over—



And, feeling satisfied, they resume the game, declaring that a little exercise is sometimes very pleasant.

EPISCOPAL.

A gentleman who would have given up his pew in a certain church when his clergyman began to preach in the surplice, had he had a pew there, commenced to read the *Globe's* report of the recent charge of His Lordship the Bishop, delivered in the Valley Church. He saw that a certain reverend gentleman was spoken of as the "celebrant," and got very angry at what he called "a thunderin' High Church innovation," but when he came to the announcement that "Rev. Canon — read the ante-communion service," patience could sustain itself no more, and he threw down the paper, declaring that if the old issues, which made all the hard feelings in the first year or two of Confederation, were to be trotted out in that manner, he wanted no more to do with the Church of England. He thought the *Globe* was done with its *anti twaddle* long ago.



SMOKED GLASS.

Universal cremation and desolation,  
Earth roasted—half shell—incineration  
Is what awaits us all—tarnation!  
Is there no 'scape from this calcification!  
\* \* \* \* \*  
This fiery, phosphorescent ring-tailed roarer,  
Which, like a railway engine (burning wood),  
Is rushing earthward, carrying all before her,  
Will gobble up the wicked and the good;  
But ere we pyrotechnify and, shrivelled up, combust—  
Ere incandescent fervor calcifies our race—  
Let us, with nerve unstrung, since die we must,  
Stare the great scorifier in the face.  
So take a lamp that burns dog oil or kerosene,  
And get a piece of a translucent pane  
And hold it where the oil combusts until  
'Tis covered o'er and dyed to tinge of flame,  
Then look aloft on starry cloudless night,  
And in old Ursa Major Gamma find;  
Then from him, with mind's eye a line direct,  
Through Alpha out in space get well defined—  
Then Beta find, that's in the little Bear,  
And draw another line to Gamma's place,  
And where these lines each other intersect,  
You'll find the comet rolling on through space!

FROM CAMP TILLEY.

VOLUNTEER TO CITIZEN :—Where is St. Andrews? I've been looking for it ever since we came here and can't find it.  
CITIZEN :—You're nearly as badly sold as we are, for we've been looking ever since your Brigade came for *soldiers* and can't find them.

The "Buttermilk Society" of Milltown, St. Stephen, is coming to St. John on business.

Send \$1.37 and get QUIP, post paid, for one year. All back numbers may be had. D. G. SMITH.