

TRY TO SMILE.

The defeat of the Valkyrie was keenly felt; in fact, they haven't *Dunraen* about it yet.

SHE: 'Writing for the Press is thankless work, is it not?' He: 'No; everything I write is returned with thanks.'

A LOST DOG.—Miss Murray-Hill: 'Have you seen a lost dog around here, little boy?' Patsy: 'Was he a one-eyed bulldog wid bot' ears chewed off?' Miss Murray-Hill: 'Mercy, no! People was a dear little curly—' Patsy (solemnly): 'Don't say no more, ma'am. You're dog is done fer. De one-eyed bulldog outclassed him an' won de fight han's down.'

WHAT SHE SAID.—'Did you tell sister I had come?' 'Yeth, thir.' 'That's a good boy, and here is some candy. Now, what did sister say?' 'I told her that her bean wath in de parlour, and she thaid, 'Which one?' and when I told her it wath you she thaid, 'O, how provoking.'

SAW THEIR CHANCE AND TOOK IT.—Scene: *Strangers' Gallery, House of Representatives*—Mr Shorte: 'These members are going to talk on for ever.' Mr Standall: 'That comes from their being married men.' Mr Shorte: 'How so?' Mr Standall: 'They don't have anything to say at home, so they make up for it when they get a chance in the House.'

A REGULAR BAD 'UN.—Knight: 'You ought not to complain now; before we married I told you how bad I was.' Mrs Knight: 'Yes; but you never told me how you'd lie about it afterwards!'

LIVELY.—Customer: 'Why, this meat is alive!' Face-tious Butcher: 'Yes, mum, the animal has only jist bin pole-axed, and it's so fresh that it ain't quite dead yet!'

KEEPING HIS WORD FOR ONCE.—'I used to think you were not a man of your word, Jones, but I've changed my mind.' 'Ah, you understand me now, Friend Smith. But what led you to change your mind?' 'You remember that £10 you borrowed from me?' 'Yes.' 'You said if I lent it to you you would be indebted to me for ever.' 'Yes.' 'Well, you are keeping your word like a man.'

Johnny had justr put on his father's flannel shirt, which, was too large by several sizes. 'Hoh!' he exclaimed 'This shirt wouldn't fit me if I was two pair o' twins.'



WHO HE TOOK AFTER.

ALGIE: 'Don't you think I—sw—shall have a good beard?' BARBER (after a close inspection): 'I'm afraid not, sir.'

ALGIE: 'Aw, weally. My fawther has aw werry fine beard, you know.'

BARBER: 'Maybe you take after your mamma, sir!'

CONCLUSIVE.

'Habit' is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another, you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take another, it is not 't' totally used up. All of which shows that if you wish to be rid of a 'habit' you must throw it off altogether.

CORRECT ENGLISH.

Boy: 'I say, father, how blight the moon do shine to-night.' Father: 'Why, boy, you don't speak proper.' Mother: 'More don't broth on ye.'



THE SECRET OF HER SUCCESS.

MISTRESS: 'Why, Bridget, you are quite an artist. How did you manage to ornament this pie so beautifully?' BIDDY: 'Indade it was meself that did it, mum; in't it purty, mum? I did it with your false tayth, maam!'

FATHERS.

BY OUR OFFICE BOY.

It is astonishin' wot a lot of farthers there are in the world; they are as kommun as dirt. And yet a very yung farther is mitey proud of bein' wun, and walks about as if all this world, and a good share of the next, belonged to him. I wonder he don't charge peepo so much a head to look at 'im! But this sort of feelin' don't larst long; wun child is all very well, but wen he has, so to say, a pod-full of 'em, and has to 'shell out' no end of muneey, he kursets the day he was ever a farther.

There are all sorts of farthers—good, bad, and indifferent. It's an ortul responsibility to be a farther; the futur of yure child or children depends upon how yu train 'em up, and they are more differknit to train than wite nice; and sum farthers have no more idea of trainin' a child than a monkey has of ridin' a leadin' artikel. Why, there are sum farthers no older than eighteen—mere yuths. How are they to kno' enythink about trainin' children? Grate Chicago Nibishun! they want trainin' themselves.

A good many farthers think that the princerpel thing is to be firm wath yure children; not to let them have their own way. Ev'rythink the pore child asks if it may do is met wath a decided 'No!' As a consequence, the child, after a bit, don't ask at all, but jist goes and does it. Then the firm farther wacks that child sick, and the child hates its farther; it bekums hardened, and so soon as it is old enuf it will shake hands wath the 'gentleman in undertaker's clothes,' and walk about wath him arm-in-arm, and will bring down its farther's grey hairs—if he ain't toterly bald—with sorrow to the grave. Amen!

Then there are farthers who err the other way. They let a child do exactly wot it likes, and children do like to do such queer things; there tastes are reely very pekuliar. If yu never korrekt a child it will very soon begin to korrekt yu, and order you about as if yu was an offis boy. (That's wun for *him*—no names menthoned—ain't it?)

Wun of these easy-going farthers wunce araked his little son to do sumthink, and the little sun flaly refused to do it.

'How dare yu disobey me!' sed the farther, angrily.

'Am I not your farther?'

The littel sun eyed him all over, and then sed, coolly.

'I don't kno', I'm sure. I've only got your wurd for it.'

Then there are sum farthers who take no notia at all of their children if they have large families; they kan skarsely tell yu how many children they have until they check them off on their fingers. And wen the eldest dorter kums and asks if she kan marry Mister Jones, or her life will be blighted for ever—or, at any rate, for three monthe—the farther opuns his eyes and exclaims:

'Marry! Why yu're only a child—at least—good grasshuss! How yu have grown! How old are yu, Lucy—I mean Gerbie!'

'I shall be twenty next September, paps, and I do so luv Horace!'

'Well, well, I will see the yung lady—I mene yung gentleman, and hear wot he has to say. Now run away and play, there's a good girl. I'm busy.'

Of course, such men ort not to be farthers, and it is a toas-up wot will bekum of these neglected children, unless they have a good muther, a sort of a muther-father; there are a few sich wimmun about. They are wurrth sumthink, they are.

I must say that persunally speakin', I dred the idear of bein' a farther. It keeps me awake at nite thinkin' of it, and my appyrite is fallin' me; jam don't seem to taste so nice as it used to, and pudden goea down hevvy—very hevvy. I must see a dookter, tho' I don't kno' wether there is eny kure for 'dredin' bein' a farther.'

This is a serus artikel, but I kan tell yu I feel serius. Yu kannot laif wen yu reflect that the futur is like a soessige—no wun knos wot it may koutain.



'BOUND TO KEEP THE PEACE.'

THAT FATAL VERSE.

'WILL YOU WRITE in my autograph book?' said she, And he dared not answer nay, Though his heart beat quick, and his breath came thick, And he trembled in dismay; For he loved the maid, and was sore afraid— And he dared not answer nay.

So he took the book and prayed for a thought, And long for a thought did pray, And long did he look in the dictionary book, And the cy-clo-pe-dia. 'I will write a verse,' said he, 'that is terse And bang-up and O. K.'

And he search-ed thro' the 'Library of Song,' And he search-ed many a day. 'I will show the maid that the poetry trade,' Said he, 'is jist my lay. I will find a verse that is sweet and terse, If I hant forever and aye!'

And he search-ed long, and he found a verse At the end of the fortieth day. 'She will think every line,' he chuckled, 'is mine,' And he laughed full loud and gay. 'I'm a gen-ri-us, and I make no fuss To write good verse. Hoo-ray!'

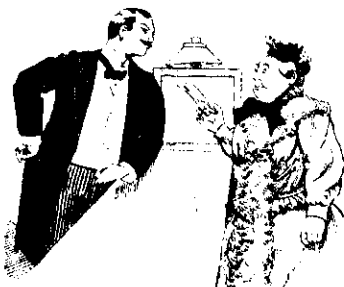
Then he turned the page, and his rival's name Was writ with much display 'Neath the very same verse, and it made him curse; And his raven locks turned grey; And he fell on his side, and quickly died Of hy-po-chon-dria. S. W. Foss.

THE NOAH'S ARK ANOMALY.

AMONG the animals resident in a certain Noah's Ark, there was one anomalous creature that all EXCEPT NOAH, WHO WORE A TOP-HAT AND WAS HIGHLY RESPECTABLE,

delighted in taunting. It was not a pig because it had a bushy tail, and it could not be regarded as a fox, because it was covered with large blue spots. This latter misfortune, Ham, with his customary politeness, emphasized by bestowing on the unfortunate animal the nick-name of 'Messles.' Confronted with unkindness on all sides, because of its unconventional aspect, the unhappy beast almost lost all self-respect, sadly wondering why it had ever been saved. Now Noah and his animals were in the habit of daily going two and two round by the nursery fire-guard, or across the polished Table Land, under the generalship of somebody who was at least a thousand times bigger and wiser than Noah himself. But there came a day when the customary scenes of their perambulations were deserted for the mountainous realm of Counterpane Land, and the spotted out-cast marched in front, like a regimental goat; for the general seemed to regard it with particular favour. By-and-bye, he banished Noah and all the other animals into the ark, but he would not be parted from the ill-favoured beast with the blue spots and the bushy tail. Then the tired general went to sleep and forgot to wake; but the anomaly of the Ark remained shut in his hand, content at last that his career had not been wholly without purpose.

MORAL: Beauty isn't everything.



AN EASY WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY.

HANK CLERK: 'This cheque is crossed; we can't pay it over the counter, my good woman.' MRS FANSYMINN: 'All right, sir, I'll come round, then.'