



**RATHER OUT OF SEASON.**

SHE had come up to town for the Cattle Show week, Not to gaze at the cattle, but pleasure to seek; And she was not afraid Of the men, though a maid, For she'd worn off the first blush of youth, so to speak; And a sharpness of visage and redness of beak Nicely suited a voice that was mostly a squeak; And her teeth and her hair Were a bit out of wear, So that really of beauty she hadn't a streak; And although not so ancient as Latin and Greek, It is certain she bordered upon the antique. She was not this season's goods.

She arrived at the station at noon by the clocks, And she carried no trunk, no portmanteau, or box; But she had, all the same, A huge hamper of game, Where she'd hidden her cash, and her very best frocks. And, when she observed citizens passing in flocks, She said, 'Oh!' like the girls viewing fireworks from Brock's; But she saw, by good luck, A young man with a truck, His apparel had suffered from many hard knocks: And his boots, being stranded, and right on the rocks, Gave the office away that he didn't wear socks. They were not this season's goods.

On his truck he'd some hampers, a rather odd set, But our heroine noticed a space there to let; And she thought she would grab At the chance, as a cab Seemed a sheer waste of coin, as she'd only to get To the opposite station—the one on the 'Met'; And economy ne'er rained anyone yet. So she signalled his nibs By a dig in the ribs: And, convinced he could do with the price of a wet, She attracted the fish safely home to her net With a threepenny piece—and, you'll learn with regret, It was not this season's goods.

Still, a loaf that is snide's better biz than no bread, Was the notion that entered the gentleman's head: So the hamper was thrown On the trucks with his own, And he carted it over, but she was misled; For, when he had departed, she noticed with dread That he'd changed it for one of his own lot instead; And she breathed a sad sigh, When she found by-and bye, That it held half a brick, an assortment of lead, And a cat which, although only recently dead, Seemed to wink its off eye in a manner that said, 'I am not this season's goods!' DOSS CHIDERDOSS.

**AT THE OPERA.**

SHE: 'That couple in front of us—do you think they are married?' He: 'Yes: I am sure they are. They have been married a long time too.' She: 'Why, how do you know?' He: 'Haven't you noticed that when a pretty girl comes on the stage she always hands him the opera-glasses right away?'



THE WIFE: 'John, you don't love me. You promised to stop smoking if I'd marry you.' The Husband: 'Then I must have loved you, my dear, or I wouldn't have lied to get you.'

**TOO COSTLY.**

GOODMAN: 'It's a shame he treated you so; you should heap coals of fire on his head!' FURNIA: 'With coal at the present price? Not much—I'm not so fond of revenge.'



**MORE FEMINE AMENITIES.**

'WHAT'S the trouble between Maud and Lily?' 'Why, you see, Maud asked Lily to tell her just what she thought of her.' 'Yes.' 'Lily told her.'

**M-X O'R--LL AGAIN.**

He was a popular lecturer, and he was describing to Jacky and Cholly how he simply appeared on the platform, lectured for an hour, and made hundreds of thousands of pounds by doing so. 'You and I couldn't get thousands of pounds by simply appearing in our dress clothes,' said Jacky to Cholly. 'No,' said Cholly to Jacky, 'but we don't look as funny in dress clothes as he does.' The lecturer says that he doesn't like the youth of the present day.



COUNTRYMAN (to dentist): 'I wouldn't pay nothin' extra fer gas. Jest yank her out if it does hurt.' Dentist: 'You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth.' Countryman: 'Oh, 'tain't me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute.'

**HER GREAT SACRIFICE.**

CLARENCE, dear,' said the sweetly-loving wife, 'I do not see how our little one can go any longer without a new pair of pantaloon. The only ones he has have been patched until he can wear them no longer.' With a deep sigh the husband laid down his paper. 'I don't know what I can do, Phyllis,' he said, 'I can't afford to buy him new ones just at present.' 'Then, my darling,' replied his better half, with a despairing gesture, 'the worst has come. I shall have to have my bicycle trousers cut down for him.'

**SHE MADE HAY, ETC.**

He was obviously desperate. 'Do you love me?' he suddenly demanded. 'Yes,' she answered at once, although it was the first time the subject had been broached. He shifted uneasily in his chair. 'Your frankness,' he faltered, 'is—' 'Enraging,' she suggested, with a sweet smile, which gradually faded when she remembered that she had no witnesses.



**AMBIGUOUS.**

YOUNG GAYBOY: 'I can't make out this letter at all!' Old Gayboy: 'Oh! any donkey can read it.' (And he was annoyed because the youth smiled.)

**THE PARADOX OF TIME.**

Time goes, you say? Ah, no! Alas, Time stays, we go; Or else, were this not so, What need to chain the hours, For Youth were always ours? Time goes, you say!—ah, no! Ours is the eyes' deceit, Of men whose flying feet Lead through some landscape low; We pass, and think we see The earth's fixed surface flee!— Alas, time stays—we go! Once in the days of old, Your locks were curling gold, And mine had shamed the crow. Now, in the self-same stage, We've reached the silver age; Time goes, you say!—ah no! Once, when my voice was strong, I filled the woods with song. To praise your 'rose' and 'snow'; My bird, that song, is dead; Where are your roses fled? Alas, Time stays—we go!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

**SHE WANTED PARTICULARS.**

YOUNG TUTTER: 'I've just bought a new horse, Miss Clara, and I would like to take you out for a drive.' Miss Pinkerly: 'I hope he is not too spirited. You know, Mr Tutter, I am dreadfully timid.' Young Tutter: 'Oh, no. I assure you he isn't. He gives me no trouble at all.' Miss Pinkerly (anxiously): 'Is he so gentle that you can drive him with one hand?'

**KNEW BETTER.**

The rich old suitor assured her that she was mistaken. 'Why,' he impetuously exclaimed, 'I would die for you.' The sweet young thing, who was just budding to womanhood on £1 a week, with four younger sisters, sighed and shook her head. 'You promise that now,' she faltered, 'but after we are married you would forget all about it.'

**CAUTIOUS MAN.**

MRS WORRY (awaking her lord): 'Charles, get up. I think baby has the croup.' Mr Worry: 'Hadn't I better wait till you're sure?'

CHINA offers a reward of two hundred taels for the head of a Jap officer, and one hundred for the head of a private. It's a case of heads they lose, tails the other fellows win.



**L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.**

FLOSSIE: 'Tell me, grandma, how did you like being in the ark with Noah?' Grandma: 'But I was not in the ark, my child.' Flossie: 'Weren't you; then how was it you weren't drowned?'