



**'THE WOMAN WITH A PAST.'**

NOT a 'par' appeared, not a single note,  
To reveal where the lady was banished,  
Not a Prude has gloated a single gloat  
To confirm that she really has vanished.

We look for her vainly, 'tis true, by night,  
Our opera glasses turning,  
As we scan the puppets from left to right  
And the footlights dimly burning.

Long, so long, were the parts she would spout,  
And she harrowed our souls with sorrow,  
But the playwright will mourn her if really played on,  
And he'll bitterly think of the morrow.

He'll think as he lies in his wakeful bed,  
And worries his bump of invention,  
That a different type must be boomed in her stead  
To capture the public attention.

Scarcely they'll think of the lady that's gone—  
The changeable slaves to sensation—  
But little she'll reck, if they let her go on  
In the way she has done since Creation.

Slowly and sadly the 'Fourth Estate,'  
When their intimate discourse is 'shoppy,'  
Will come to admit that she's quite out of date,  
And they'll leave her alone in their 'copy.'

D.M.

**A SMART ANSWER.**

A CERTAIN worthy colonial bishop, who shall be nameless, once had a confab with a rabid Baptist pulpit-pounder, who insisted that there were several places in the Bible where immersion was unquestionably referred to.  
'Yes,' replied the bishop, 'I recall two such instances, where there can be no doubt as to the mode: one is where Pharaoh and his host got lost, and the other where the Gadarene pigs tried to learn swimming!'

**STERN NECESSITY.**

'We should be thankful for small mercies,' said the boarding house mistress.  
'We have to be,' replied the star-boarder, as he gazed at the diminutive turkey.

**CAN THIS BE TRUE?**

THERE had been a meeting of the Synod or something, and the platform of the railway station was afterwards thronged with persons who were returning to their vicarages.  
'And some on 'em used very bad language, too,' observed a porter to a poor curate, who had to travel by a later train.  
'No, no, my good man,' replied the curate, 'you must be mistaken, what you heard was probably some expression in Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew, that you did not understand.'  
'Well,' said the porter, 'all I can say is I don't understand no Latin; I don't understand no Hebrew; and I don't understand no Greek; but he couldn't open the door of the carriage, and what he said was "damn," and I understand that.'



**DEAR FRIENDS.**

ETHEL: 'I wonder if he loves me as he says? He has known me only a week.'  
CHARISSA: 'He may, if that's all the time he has known you.'

**MAN'S RIGHTS.**

HE: 'Do my eyes deceive me? No, it is true. One year ago, on this very seat, in this very park, you promised to become my wife.'  
SHE: 'Did I? Well, never mind; you shall have the privilege of imagining that I kept the promise.'  
HE: 'May I?'  
SHE: 'Yes, indeed. The nurse will be along soon, and you may hold the baby until my husband comes.'



**A NEAR APPROACH.**

MAMMA: 'My darling child, did you ever dream of being in heaven?'  
LITTLE MAUDE: 'No; not exactly; but I dreamt once that I was right in the middle of a big apple dumpling.'

**FRIENDSHIP.**

'YOU horrid, mean, detestable old thing,' said a young woman in brown, stepping up behind a young woman in grey, who was enjoying a solitary ice cream at a confectioner's. 'You're a perfect pig.'  
The young woman in grey turned an astonished face towards the speaker, and the speaker was covered with confusion and blushes.  
'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'I beg your pardon! I thought you were a friend of mine!'  
'Of course, I knew you did, from the way you spoke.'  
Which is commentary on friendship.



**TAKEN LITERALLY.**

HE: 'As to modes, I think modern dress reveals the vanity of the human heart.'  
SHE: 'Oh, I never saw one cut so low as that!'

**COMING EVENTS.**

Now all the college boys bestow  
Upon their hair and muscle  
Consummate care, because they know  
In football they must hustle.

**AN EPITAPH.**

'THAT man Ardop,' said the man in the mackintosh, 'was as good-hearted a fellow as ever lived, but he was always in debt and always hounded by creditors. Poor fellow! he deserves a better epitaph than an unfeeling posterity will engrave on his tombstone.'  
'Well, damned, good and faithful servant,' suggested the man who had his feet on the table; and a deep silence fell upon the group.

**ONE WORD TOO MANY.**

OLD GENT (proposing health of happy pair at the wedding breakfast): 'And as for the bridegroom, I can speak with still more confidence of him, for I was present at his christening. I was present at the banquet given in honour of his coming of age, I am present here to-day, and I trust I may be spared to be present at his funeral!' (Sensation).



**HER FATHER'S SAY.**

HE: 'What do you think your father would say if we were to run away and get married?'  
SHE: 'Really, I don't know; but I imagine he would say I was a bigger fool than he thought I was.'

**A GREAT COMPLIMENT.**

SHE had rejected him and it made him sore, and he was kicking.  
'Why,' she said, 'you couldn't have paid me a higher compliment than by asking me to marry you.'  
He picked up his hat to go.  
'And you could not have done me a greater favour than to refuse me,' he replied with scorn.  
Three months later they were married.

**A PESSIMIST.**

'I WONDER why Jones is so grievous a pessimist?'  
'Well, he was married to the girl of his choice about three years ago—'  
'Yes.'  
'They had been married only two days—'  
'And she died!'  
'No; but he got the influenza, and it lasted right through the honeymoon. Do you wonder that he feels as if he had been robbed, and has a grudge against the universe?'

**EMOTIONAL PERSEVERANCE.**

THEY tell us we can love but once;  
Perhaps they're right; but then,  
How many who have tried it once,  
Will never try again!

**GOOD REASON.**

COUNTRY RECTOR: 'There was a stranger in church this morning.'  
WIFE: 'What did he look like?'  
RECTOR: 'I did not see him.'  
WIFE: 'Then how did you know there was a stranger in the congregation?'  
RECTOR: 'I found a five-pound note in the collection.'

**READY FOR THE FRAY.**

'So you are going to meet that charming Miss Dashleigh.'  
'I expect to have that pleasure.'  
'Suppose she should strike your fancy?'  
'I shall strike back again.'

HE who loves and loves in vain  
Thinks he will not love again;  
Rails at woman and her wiles  
And loves the next time woman smiles



SHE (to one who has been making love in the most approved fashion): 'But, really, Harry, are you serious?'  
HE: 'Serious? You don't suppose I'm doing this thing for the fun of it, do you?'