



WHY HE LEFT.

THERE was firmness, when he entered,
In his manner and his strut;
Satisfaction lodged and centered
In his manly bosom—but—

When his sweetheart's little sister
Seemed to talk to him inclined,
He was left when he had kissed her,
Nearly destitute of mind.

'You are nicer than the other,'
Said this interesting child;
And he hoped she meant her brother,
Though he felt that hope was wild.

'Yes, I saw him kissing Molly,
And I heard her call him dear';
Which was rather melancholy
And unnerving news to hear.

Then he told the little traitor,
As he gave the door a slam,
That 'when Molly came down
Say I just had a telegram.'

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

'JAMES,' said Mrs Blink to her ten-year old son, 'what were you saying about the new moon to-night?'

'Saw it over my left shoulder, so I guess I'm going to have bad luck, ma,' answered Master James, promptly.

'My son,' said Mrs Blink, kindly but firmly, 'I am both surprised and grieved to find you a believer in idle and foolish superstitions. I cannot imagine where you get such silly ideas! There never was a particle of superstition in my nature. G-o-o-d-n-e-s-s, g-r-a-c-i-o-u-s! child, what is that awful noise?'

'That ain't nothin', ma, but a dog a-howlin'.'

'Oh, mercy, child, go and see who is sick in the block! Somebody is going to die. I never knew it to fail when a dog howled. Run and drive him away, James. I hope it isn't meant for any of us!'

And James is still wondering at the difference betwixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

DRAWING-ROOM DIALOGUES.

MAUD: 'What sort of a fellow is Jack?'

Ethel: 'Not bad.'

Maud: 'How interesting he must be.'

QUITE ANOTHER COLOUR.

MAHL STYCK (of Bohemia): 'You poets make a great mistake in writing about the grey dawn.'

The Long-haired One: 'How?'

Mahl Styck: 'I've been out all night many a time, and I've found nothing but blues in early morning.'



MIND-READING.

MRS SNIFFWELL: 'Why, Bridget, you have been eating olives!'

Bridget: 'Sure, mum, you're a mind-reader.'

AN IMPORTANT PROVISION.

GENT: 'Does a watch run as well when it is hung up as when it is lying down?'

Jeweller: 'Yes, sir, if your uncle doesn't forget to wind it.'

FALSE HOPES.

FLANNIGAN: 'Say, Moike, this won't do. Paps say you are swats on Mrs Flaherty—and she a married woman.'

Moike: 'Phwist! Not a wurrd. That's only so Oi can go on borryin' terbaccey av old Flaherty. He's in hopes Oi'll elope wid'er.'



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

LITTLE GIRL: 'Mrs Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs? She wants to put 'em under a hen.'

Neighbour: 'You've got a hen sitting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens.'

Little Girl: 'No, ma'am, we don't; but Mrs Smith's going to lend us a hen that's going to set, an' ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs we'd find a nest ourselves.'

A SMALL YOUTH'S RETORT.

THE pompous schoolmaster sometimes finds himself in a position which is not entirely to his taste. A great English wit, Mark Lemon, once wrote a book, in which he told of a chubby-faced little urchin who passed his conceited instructor upon the street without bowing. The schoolmaster stopped and frowned.

'What has become of your manners, sir?' he roared. 'It seems to me that you are better fed than taught.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the little boy; 'that's because you teaches me; but I feeds myself, sir.'

VERY PARTICULAR.

SHOPPER: 'Have you any toys a child can play with on Sunday?'

Salesman: 'Yes; here's a box of soldiers.'

Shopper: 'Play with soldiers on the Sabbath?'

Salesman: 'But these belong to the Salvation Army.'



NOT A DIPLOMAT.

MISS PASSEE (giving a dinner): 'This wine is over forty years old.'

Pilot (thoughtfully): 'Bottle it yourself!'

MUCH WORSE.

JINKS: 'How's your wife?'

Binks: 'Her head troubles her a good deal.'

Jinks: 'Neuralgia?'

Binks: 'No, she wants a new hat.'

TWO SIDES TO THE MEDAL.

EVERYBODY knows the woman who says society is such a bore. Few of us know her intimately, for, in point of fact, she does not go about much. I ran across her at a friend's house the other day and remarked her languid air. The hostess was indiscreet enough to refer to it, and even the teacups shuddered with horror at the woman's reply.

'Yes,' said she, 'paying calls is so tiresome.'

'Oh,' responded the hostess, 'but think how much more tiresome it is to receive them.'

And the teacups scored one for the hostess.



THE ENGAGED COUPLE.

ETHEL: 'I kissed your photo yesterday because it was so much like you.'

George: 'Did it kiss you back?'

Ethel: 'No.'

George: 'Then it wasn't much like me!'

IN THE PROVINCES.



STAGE MANAGER (to Super): 'Now, understand, you've only to say, "My lord, we have wounded Buckingham."'



Super: 'My lord, we have killed Buckingham.'
Tragedian: 'Oh, you 'ave, 'ave you. Then you've been and busted the whole bloomin' show, you 'ave.'

A MODERN ESTIMATE.

'ARE you sure the girl to whom you are engaged will be able to make you happy?'

'Positive,' the young man replied.

'Has she common sense?'

'She has more than that. She has the uncommon dollar.'