



## LA CRIPPE.

My desk and my paper, my pen and my ink  
Are ready for business; but where is my 'think'!  
Whenever a blossoming thought I would nip,  
My head begins humming the lay of La Grippe.

I've earnestly sought how I best may evade  
The loathsome embraces of that wicked jade;  
Am told many ways how to give her the slip,  
But none have yet saved me from Madame La Grippe.

One told me to stick out my tongue, which I did,  
When on it a teaspoon of sulphur was slid.  
Expecting, I think, that the madame would skip,  
So much 't would remind her of home, poor La Grippe!

Another assured me quinine was the best  
To quiet the groaning and give friends a rest;  
Another that whisky was just the right whip  
To use in a conflict with Madame La Grippe.

Oh, fudge, I can't write, and it's no use to try!  
A buzz in my head and a flood in my eye!  
And here's a big sneeze getting ready to—  
Oh! put in a word there to rhyme with La—La—Grippe!

## HE SAW THE IRISHMAN.

He was a swellish looking little man, but he had a loud voice, and evidently wanted every one to know what he said. He and a companion, who, he it said to his credit, seemed ashamed of the company he was in, stood in the hotel rotunda one Saturday night. The little fellow was talking about Ireland, and he said many hard things concerning the country and the people. A great big man stood by, listening to the little man's vapourings. He merely smiled, until the little fellow said in a very loud tone:—  
'Show me an Irishman; and I'll show you a coward.'

Then the big fellow slipped up, and touching the little fellow on the shoulder, said in a heavy bass voice: 'What's that you said?'

'I said show me an Irishman, and I'll show you a coward,' said the little fellow, whose knees were shaking under him.

'Well, I'm an Irishman,' said the big fellow.  
'You are an Irishman?' 'Well,' and a smile of joy flitted over the little fellow's countenance as he saw a hole through which he could crawl. 'I'm a coward.'

## QUITE DIFFERENT.

He: 'Is she a friend of yours?'  
She: 'No; we've known each other for years.'



## EXPERIENTIA DOGET!

THE Rev. Mr. Blank: 'Good-morning, Sandy, I hope you are well?'

Oh, ay, thank ye, sir—I'm a' right the noo!

This is the election day,' began the minister.

Ay, I ken that well,' said Sandy.

'Are you going to plump for me this time?'

'Na, deed; I'll plump the mair for anybody! Fegs, the last man I plumped for went clean bilk!'

'How was that, Sandy?'

'Hoo, I dinna ken; but he met me the day after the election and didna see me!'

## A GREEN YOUNG BACHELOR.

He was a bachelor, while the other man upon whom he was calling was a young married man, and the visitor felt very much like a fish out of water.

The year before they had been inseparable chums, with the same tastes, the same habits.

Now everything was changed to be just as sociable and talkative as ever, but his old chum was ill at ease.

He felt like making a bolt for the door, and with difficulty restrained himself.

His nerves were at high tension, and he sat watching the door pathetically, expectantly, like the felon awaiting the coming of his executioner.

The door opened finally and a woman wearing a white cap and apron entered with a very young baby in her arms.

'Here he is,' said the married one. 'Here's my son and heir. Isn't he a beauty, Jack, eh?'

Jack made some idiotic remark about the baby's sex.

'Oh, yes,' said the father. 'Hadh't you heard? It's a boy, of course.'

'Certainly, I might have known,' Jack gasped. 'It's got hair on its head.'

The father laughed, but Jack looked solemn.

'Baby's got a tooth,' said the father, proudly.

'Only one?' queried the bachelor, and then he had a bright idea. 'Of course, that needn't worry you,' he said;

'I should think you might get a false set pretty cheap. Such a small kid, y'know.'

## ELEVATOR WIT.

THE elevator boy in the big flat was airing his views to a passenger on the proper conduct of children.

'What do you know about it?' laughed the passenger; 'you're not married, are you?'

'Well, no,' replied the boy, 'but I've brought up a good many families in my time,' and then he gazed up the elevator shaft with a rapturous expression.



## NONPLUSED.

BOUNCING LAWYER: 'Then you are prepared to swear that the parties came to high words.'

Coater Witness: 'Nay! I dinna say that. I should say they are particularly low words.'

## THEIR FATAL MISTAKE.

RETURNED TRAVELLER: 'What has become of Catchem and Chemtem, the rich lawyers? Retired, I presume?'

Resident: 'Yes, retired. They are both in the poor-house.'

'Phew! What happened?'

'They had a quarrel, and sued each other.'

## ALREADY SETTLED.

VISITOR: 'What are they going to name your new twin brothers, Willy?'

Willy: 'Thunder and Lightning.'

Visitor: 'Why, Willy, you must be mistaken!'

Willy: 'Well, anyhow, that's what pa called 'em when the nurse told him about them.'

## A WISE COUNSELLOR.

DOCTOR: 'You mustn't stay out late at night.'

Patient (a married man): 'Is the night air bad for me?'

Doctor: 'No, it's the excitement after getting home that hurts you.'

## VENGEANCE.

HER FATHER: 'I'd like to know of some way in which I could pay that young scoundrel out.'

Herself (dutifully): 'Let me marry him.'

## THE GREATEST.

KIND words are more than coronets,

No doubt of it, and still

Cold cash is better than them both,

To pay a bill.

## A VERY FAINT CLUE.

Haverly: 'Do you think there is any chance of the detectives catching the burglar who broke into your house?'

Austen: 'No, not much. They only have a very faint clue.'

Haverly: 'What is it?'

Austen: 'The burglar left behind him a photograph of himself, with his name and address on it.'



MISS FINDERICKLE: 'My contention is that women can do everything quite as well as men.'

Mr. Dude: 'Oh, I don't quite see it; she couldn't be a fireman, or a policeman, or—or—an auctioneer!'

Miss Finderickle: 'Why not an auctioneer, pray?'

Mr. Dude: 'Well! fancy a woman before a crowd shouting, "Now, gentlemen, who will make me an offer, eh?"'

'FOR marriage choose your opposite.'

At first I thought that rash;

But I shall choose my opposite—

I want a girl with cash.

## A FAIR INFERENCE.

'SOME people do their best work in the winter. Now I can do the clearest and most brilliant thinking when the weather is hot.'

'How brilliant you will be when you die!'

## IT DEPENDED.

'MR. HAWKINS,' said Abe, 'I wish you'd decide a bet. Mr. Johnson says it is only five hundred feet from here to the beach, and I say it's one thousand.'

'Well,' said the diplomatic Hawkins, 'I should say you were both right. It's about five hundred of Johnson's feet and a thousand of yours.'

## DRAWN IN.

HANSON: 'How did you come to marry the widow Boncoeur instead of her daughter? I thought it was the daughter you were after.'

Janzon: 'Well, so I was, to tell the truth; but when I asked Marie to marry me one day, she said, "Ask mamma," and so when I started to do it I stammered so with nervousness that mamma said "Yes" before I had the question out.'

## THEN THE PEACEMAKER GOT IT.

PEACEMAKER: 'I wouldn't fight, my good men.'

First Combatant: 'He called me a liar, sir.'

Second Combatant: 'An' he called me a lazy loafer.'

Peacemaker: 'Well, I wouldn't fight over a difference of opinion. You may both be right.'

When you find two women conversing to-day,  
With earnestness, if not afraid  
To listen, you'll surely hear one of them say,  
'And how are you having it made?'



## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

MABEL: 'But, papa dear, I know he must have money—why, he's a silver-chaser.'

Papa: 'That don't prove anything; what I want to know is, does he catch it? Silver-chaser indeed—so'm I.'