

THANKS AND 'BLANKS.'

WHEN a man receives a favour, of ingratitude 'twould savour
If he didn't his acknowledgements convey;
So, without much hesitation, when he owns an obligation,
He will shake hands with his friend, and warmly say
To his provider, that he thanks him very much.

He has touched him for a fiver, and it acts as a reviver,
And he hurries off at once to get the cash;
But, alas! the shock's a strong 'un when he's told the cheque's a wrong 'un,
And he thinks his pal deserves the prison lash,
For he's a snider, and he 'blanks' him very much.

When a man runs through his pittance, and is waiting a remittance,
He feels pleased to hear a warning from below:
'It has just gone eight o'clock air, and there goes the post-man's knock, sir!'
And he says, 'Don't trouble, Mrs Smith, I'll go!'
And, having bluffed it, then he thanks her very much.

Then he quits his room instanter, clears the staircase in a canter,
And across the passage does a rapid fit;
Then the street door opened quickly, but his countenance grows sickly,
And he says when someone hands him in a writ,
That he has snuffed it, and he 'blanks' him very much.

If you've aspirations fetic, and ambitions pugilistic,
You'll be certain in the end to have your way;
So if some established braiser, who has never been a loser,
Says he'll teach you all he knows, you can but say
That you'll be very careful, and you thank him very much.

He desires your strict attention, and is good enough to mention
That, to start with, you must learn to stop his blows;
Then he bungs you in a slapper, and you stop it on your napper,
While the next one's barricaded by your nose,
And then you're aweftal, and you 'blank' him very much.

When a lover woos his charmer he refuses to grow calmer,
Until he has urged his suit, and gained it, too;
'For your answer now I press, dear!' there's a pause, and then a 'Yes, dear!'
Then in melting accents she will bear him coo,
'Ah, this is rapture!' and he thanks her very much.

But, when he becomes a hubby, then his temper gets more scrubby,
In this world you can't have everything you like,
And he's forced, one way and t'other, to trot out her fat old mother,
Clad in 'rationals,' upon a tandem 'bike,'
And it's no capture, so he 'blanks' her very much.

DOSS CHIDKROSS.



SHE: 'How old would you say I was?'
He: 'Um - well I should say you were old enough to know better than to think I would answer a question like that.'

A LAW LYRIC.

'DELAY me not, I'm off to court,'
The hustling lawyer said;
Then off he went to court the girl
That he was going to wed.

THE CAUSE OF HER TROUBLE.

'GEORGE!' It wasn't what she said so much as the way in which she said it. She took the word and drew it out until it was a long, tremulous filament of sweetness. Yet there was a tinge of reproof in her tone. 'George!' She only said it once in reality, but it is customary with story writers to say 'George' twice under these circumstances.

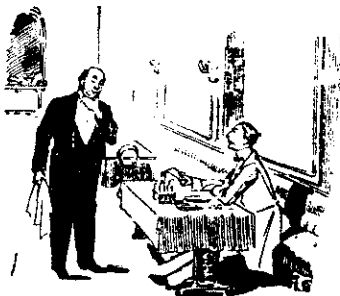
'What is it?'
'You have been squeezing my hand with great regularity and emphasis for some time.'
'I know it,' he replied, with a frankness that was characteristic of his manly nature.
'Please don't do it any more,' and her voice dropped almost to a whisper.
'No more?' This sounded like heart throbs of anguish (whatever they are), and his form shook with emotion.
'Why not?'
'Because——' she faltered.
'Go on.'
'Because I have got a blister on my little finger.'

HE COULDN'T SEE.

MOTHER: 'Johnny, don't you know it is wicked to throw away that bread and butter? If you live to my age, you'll see the time when you'll wish you had it.'
Johnny: 'That's just what Aunt Lizzie, Cousin Jane, and grandma always tell me. What good would it do to me then if I ate it up now.'

THE NEW WOMAN AGAIN.

FINKS: 'Is your wife still doing her own cooking?'
Ginks: 'Oh, no; we found a new woman yesterday.'
Finks: 'To cook?'
Ginks: 'Certainly. Why not?'
Finks: 'I thought the new woman aspired to something higher than the kitchen.'



ONE FOR HIS NOB.

SLIMPURSE (airily): 'Aw, my good man, is it customary to tip waitahs beah?'
Head Waiter (condescendingly): 'Not unless you are richer than the waitah, sir.'

SHE HAD PERMISSION.

MISS JONES is really quite a little angel, for she is hardly four years old, and therefore has no man's blighted affection on her hands, and no jealous sister's tears upon her conscience, says an American contemporary. Miss Jones is not fond of saying her prayers at night, and the other night during the cold weather she compromised the matter by saying them in bed, to the horror of her nurse, who remonstrated with her, and finally compelled her to get out of her cot, and say them on the cold floor.
You remember the cold spell lasted for two days and over. On the second night Miss Jones was discovered by nurse saying her prayers in bed again. The nurse ordered her out upon the floor. Miss Jones refused to budge an inch from her warm bed. The nurse tried all her arguments in vain, then played her trump card.
'See here, missy,' she said, 'if you don't say yo' pray'rs on de flore de Lord won't like it.'
'Humph,' granted Miss Jones, curling up, prepared for slumber, 'I done asked him last night, after you had left me. I told him it was too cold, and that I was 'fraid of the cold, and he said "That's all right, Miss Jones, don't mention it, don't mention it."'

SOWING THE SEEDS OF ENVY.

MRS MEKERTON was standing on the front doorstep when her husband came home.
'Henry,' she said in a loud tone, 'here's your income tax blank. You'd better fill it out right away.'
'Great Scott, Maria!' he exclaimed, 'what do I want with an income tax blank?'
'Don't talk so loud,' was the admonition, in a subdued but stern key: 'It's a summons to serve on the jury. The next door neighbours on both sides of us have been sitting behind the closed window blinds waiting for you to come home, so they could find out what the officer was here for; and I'm just giving their imaginations a treat.'

THE SCORNER SCORMED.

A SCEPTIC, engaged in a religious discussion with a country pastor, thought to end the whole matter by declaring that there was no such place as heaven, and that, for his part, he believed in metempsychosis.
'You believe, then,' said the pastor, 'that your soul may enter the body of a beast after your death?'
'Certainly.'
'And you expect to feel quite at home, I suppose?'
Thereupon the sceptic decided that the last word was with his antagonist.

A FITTING TITLE.

'My dear,' said Mr Nubba to Mrs Nubba, 'what name did I understand you to call the new girl?'
'Japan,' replied Mrs Nubba, sweetly.
'And pray, why such an odd name, my dear?'
'Because she is so hard on China, love,' and the domestic *entente cordiale* remained serene.



FRIENDS NO LONGER.

SHE: 'Very peculiar weather we're having just now, don't you think so, Aubrey?'
Aubrey: 'Yes, but very similar, if you remember, to the weather we had in 1850.'

SHE KNEW HIM.

'He will turn the tables on you if you are not careful,' said one woman to another who was berating her husband.
'Turn nothing,' she exclaimed, 'he's so lazy he wouldn't turn a table if it was on wheels.'

SUITED HER.

She said, 'I like that lamp so much.'
Said he, 'Why is that so?'
And she replied, 'Because, you see, it will turn down so low.'

AT THE EUCHRE TABLE.

HE: 'Let me take your hand, Miss —'
SHE: 'Oh, this is so sudden.'

EXPERIENCE.

HE: 'Now, darling, I shall go and ask your father for you.'
SHE: 'He won't give his consent.'
HE: 'How do you know?'
SHE: 'Because four or five have tried it before you.'

HE KNEW HOW A WOMAN THROWS.

THE small son and heir had been sent into the garden to fetch a stick with which he was to be punished. After some delay he returned, saying with a sigh, 'Couldn't find a stick, mother; but here's a little stone you might throw at me.'

AFTER THE OPERA.

SHE: 'That tenor was positively painful, wasn't he?'
HE: 'Not more so than the tenor I gave up for the seats.'



ON THE HONEYMOON.

FREDDY: 'It's no use, Arabella, everyone seems to know we're a newly-married couple.'
Arabella: 'Why? what makes you think so?'
Freddy: 'Well, don't you see the waiter's brought us rice pudding.'