



THE DYING MASHER.

JUST shake my pillows up a bit, and take the rocking-chair, The cough's not half so bad to-day, so I'm feeling pretty fair, Not as I used to feel, of course, in the days of old lang syne, When we didn't 'cab it' home until the sun began to shine.

What nights we had together, Bert: the hours weren ten till four A.m., deah boy, a.m., by Jove; and sometimes rather more, We burnt the candle then both ends, and never snuff't the wicks; We started off with squashes straight, but soon began to mix.

I dressed myself last Sunday week, that's bound to make you smile, The pants hung loose and—well, the coat was not the latest style: 'Twas nine months since I'd had it home, the collar seemed so strange, Cut differently to yours. Heigho! how soon the fashions change!

What was I saying, though? Ah, yes, the nights we had, my word! To be in bed at sunrise, Bert, is awfully absurd; When the light comes stealing in my room, I'm often wide awake, And I sigh to be about again, for pretty Flossie's sake.

She misses me, I bet she does; you know what women are; She liked me best of all the boys who patronised her bar; Although we kept the house up late she didn't once complain, Except that night when Phil got 'tight' and wouldn't shout champagne.

Poor Floss! I used to send her flowers, the choicest things in bloom, You never saw her wear 'em—true, she put them in her room. Syd Saunders had a notion that she gave them all away, But I'm sure she always kept 'em, for she told me so one day.

We sowed some wild oats, rather—yes, by Jove! we sowed a crop, Do you recollect those darlings at the tea and coffee shop? Nice girls; the little fair one, not the youngest (she was dark), Pinched my arm last time I saw her, on the vaccination-mark.

Have a cigarette, old fellow, in that box you'll find a few— And tell me, how's the chorus? Have you spotted something new, Or is your heart still constant to the one you mashed that night From the stage-box? You remember, she was dressed in blue and white.

You love her still—you terror! and she's smiling just the same; You ought to try to meet her, Bert, and find out what's her name. My masher, you know, was Maud de Vaux, she mostly played the page. It's hard to have to die before I've seen her off the stage.

Suppose you must be toddling, if you promised Kate you'd call— A daisyid fetching filly, though her eyes are rather small; I'd like to stroll down with you for an hour one afternoon; I would lean across the counter, and, by Jingo! how I'd spoon.

Good-bye, you musn't mind my tears—good-bye, so glad you came; Remember me to all the girls I used to know by name, And raise your hat to Flossie, whom I nevermore may see— Yes, raise your hat to pretty Floss, and kiss your hand—for me.

EDMUND FISHER, in the Bulletin.

HER HAND.

SHE put her little hand in mine And put it there to stay, So very small it was, that I Was suchered right away.

THE WESTERN THIRST.

BIK: 'You western cowboys have a thirst for blood all the time, don't you?' He (with a corkscrew): 'Oh, no, ma'am. We change it sometimes.'

SNUFFED OUT.

He deeply loved the learned editress To whom his pretty verses he directed, But then she blighted all his happiness, For both his suit and verses she rejected!

THE UNVARNISHED FACT.

HE: 'Arctic explorers are the safest men in the world to trust yourself to.' She: 'Why so?' He (with a haw haw): 'They are always cool in the time of greatest danger.'



BEGGAR: 'Thankee, sir.' Stranger: 'Why, how is this? You thank me and your sign reads "Deaf and Dumb"?' Beggar: 'Oh that's all right. I'm just takin' th' other feller's place while he's gone down the Esplanade to hear th' band play.'

A MINE.

THE poor young man was trying to win the rich young woman. 'Be mine,' he implored. 'What kind of mine?' she responded. 'Gold mine!'

SAVED.

HE: 'Carrie, do you know, darling, that you are the only girl I ever—' She: 'There, that will do. Don't tell me any of your fairy stories.' He: 'But hear me out. You are the only girl, I say, that I ever thought was fool enough to have me.' She: 'Which shows I was made for you. Yes, Charley, I think you may buy that ring as soon as you like.'



THOUGHT IT WAS A MAN.

WAITER: 'See here, young feller, you'll bafter put yer coat on or we can't wait on you.'

HER FATHER: 'No young man, my daughter can never be yours.' Her Adorer: 'My dear sir, I don't want her to be my daughter—I want her to be my wife.'



'HE seems to visit you quite frequently. But do you think him steady?' 'Steady? Well, I should say he was. He calls every evening.'

HE WOULD NOT WAIT.

HE was worried, as he sat there, over the six little bundles that he carried. They would drop from his arms or roll from side to side. But, being obivarious, as all men are, he arose when the lady in the white flannel dress entered the car, and consigned his seat to her. Now his bundles harassed him still more. His endeavours to keep them from dropping aroused his friend's amusement.

'Wife send you out shopping?' he inquired. 'O, yes, but I don't mind that. All I'm afraid of is losing one of my bundles.'

After the train had shot around the curve he began to count the parcels again.

'There, I knew it,' he cried, in a tone of worryment. 'I've lost one.'

'Anything of value in it?' queried his friend solicitously.

The other paid no attention to the question. 'One, two, three, four, five,' he counted. 'I had six, and here are five. One's gone,' he observed gloomily.

'Can't you tell what it contained?'

'Wait, I'll see. This is spool cotton, this is braid, this is button; this is soap, and this is ink. O Lord!'

'What's up?' queried his friend.

The man with the bundle glanced about him nervously.

'Sh!' he whispered. 'Don't speak loud, I remember what was in the package I lost.'

'What was it?'

'A couple of eggs. You see, my doctor has ordered me to drink sherry and egg every night. They haven't always fresh ones at home, so I make it a rule to take a couple up with me. O, Jerusalem, but I've done it now!' he groaned.

'Why, what is the matter? Where did you drop the eggs?'

'Didn't drop 'em at all. But I know where I lost 'em. Great Scott! I get off at the next station.'

'No you don't. You live three stations beyond.'

'Yes, but I leave this car at the next station if it takes a lung. I'm going to skip before the war breaks out.' He began to edge nearer the door.

'Why are you so frightened?' insisted his friend.

'You see that lady to whom I gave my seat,' whispered the other.

'Yes.'

'She looks smiling and unconscious now, doesn't she?'

'Yes.'

'Well, she is sitting on those eggs. I left the package on the seat.'

The friend grinned. The man with the parcels bolted from the car as the train stopped.



HE: 'I saw a great deal of you in society last winter. I trust that I shall have the pleasure of seeing as much of you here.' She: 'It's very probable that you will see more of me. My bathing suit is a corker.'