



IN 1900.

'You advertised for a coachman, sir?' said the applicant.
 'I did,' replied the merchant. 'Do you want the position?'
 'Yes, sir.'
 'Have you had any experience?'
 'I have been in business all my life.'
 'You are used to handling gasoline, then?'
 'Yes, sir.'
 'And you are posted on electricity?'
 'Thoroughly.'
 'Good. Of course you are a machinist also?'
 'Certainly.'
 'And I presume you have an engineer's license?'
 'Of course.'
 'Very well. You may go around to the barn and get the motorcycle ready. My wife wishes to do a little shopping.'

THE TRANSITION PERIOD.

LAURA: 'Er—George?'
 GEORGE: 'W—well, Laura?'
 LAURA: 'I—I think we understand each other, George, but—but is it my place or yours to put the question, and ought I to speak to your mother about it, or ought you to go and ask papa?'

ACREE TO DIFFER.

OLD GREYBEARD: 'It's a pity to keep such a pretty bird in a cage.'
 Mrs De Style: 'Isn't it a shame! How perfectly exquisitely lovely it would look on a hat!'

A NOCTURNE OF THE NILE.

'Ah! my Tony, you will always love me, won't you, dearest?'
 Notwithstanding the fact that Cleopatra's taper fingers were held fast in his strong right hand, and her brick-bronze hair floated around him like a golden dream, a shadow of annoyance passed over Antony's face.
 'Yes,' he said at length, 'I shall always love you, unless—'
 She gazed up at him with a strange fear in her eyes.
 '—you become a victim of that hateful biking habit.'
 Reassured by her expressed belief that she was not built that way, he clasped her tightly in his arms, and through the long, dusky twilight they sat in happy silence, drinking in the lotus-laden breeze from the sleepy Nile.



EXCHANGES.

HE: 'Do you think that blondes have more admirers than brunettes?'
 SHE: 'I don't know. Why not ask some of the girls who have experience in both capacities?'

NOT SO SICK AS SHE MIGHT BE.

OLD LADY: 'There, throw away that cigarette, little boy. It makes me sick to see you smoke.'
 Little Boy: 'Yes, ma'am; but I'll bet you'd be sicker if you smoked one yourself.'

OF COURSE.

HE (waxing serious): 'Do you believe in the truth of the saying, "Man proposes, God disposes?"'
 SHE (archly): 'It depends upon whom man proposes to.'

HIBERNIAN

HOGAN: 'Ye should have seen dther foight betchune Cassidy and Reagan!'
 Haggerty: 'Who got the worst of it?'
 Hogan: 'The both av thim!'

RESTRAINED BY PRIDE.

MAGISTRATE: 'What's the charge against this man?'
 Officer: 'Beating his wife, Your Worship; but here's a statement from his wife that he didn't hurt her.'
 Magistrate: 'Why isn't she here to testify in person?'
 Officer: 'She doesn't like to come into court with two black eyes and a broken nose, Your Honor.'



LANDLORD: 'Look here, Sykes, when I called at your house this morning for the rent that boy of yours was very impertinent; I hope you will punish him as he deserves.'
 Sykes: 'Yaas; I'll cut him off with a shilling.'

ON THE BALL.

THERE is nothing so stimulating or so barbarous, not even a bull fight, as a game of football as conducted nowadays. Here is a biographical notice of one of the fellows who just came out of one:—

He had a crutch, a single eye;
 His arm a bandage carried;
 Had half a nose, the marks of blows,
 As one by cyclone harried.
 They gathered round this hero grim
 With yells that jarred high heaven,
 While all who saw beheld with awe
 The star of their Eleven.



THE WAY NOT TO TELL FIBS.

'DID you tell your sister I'm waiting for her, Dolly?'
 'Yes, Mr Sophty; she told me to tell you she was out.'

FEMINE COURAGE.

'DEAR me,' said Mrs Wickwire, looking up from her paper, 'but women are getting brave nowadays.'
 'Brave?' echoed Mr Wickwire.
 'Yes. Here's a story about a woman who shot a mouse. Pahaw! I read it wrong. It was only a moose.'



A PRACTICAL DOCTOR.

WIFE: 'Well, doctor, how is my husband now?'
 Doctor: 'Very poorly indeed; he wants rest above all things. I have written out a prescription for an opiate.'
 Wife: 'And when must I give him the medicine?'
 Doctor: 'Him? The opiate is for you, madam.'

VERY MUCH AT SEA.

EIGHT Irishmen were emigrating to America. For the first three days out they were very ill. On the morning of the fourth day, when in mid-Atlantic they appeared on deck, and all being in a fearful fright, they went up in a body on to the bridge where the captain was. The captain wanted to know what they wanted. One of them said, 'Shure, your honour, we are a deputation come to ask you to keep as near the side as you possibly can, for not a divil amongst us can swim.'

THE AGE OF NEW VANITIES.

'PRISONER at the bar,' demanded the judge, sternly, 'have you anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?'
 'No, indeed, your Honor,' replied the prisoner, bowing and smiling pleasantly, 'I've had a delightful trial, and the newspapers have very kindly given me seventeen columns more than any murderer has got this year. Don't let me detain you, judge?'

EXPERIENCE.

CUSTOMER: 'Waiter, bring me two boiled eggs.'
 Waiter: 'Beg pardon, sir, couldn't you have them poached? It has been found more satisfactory all round to open the eggs in the kitchen.'

A MATTER OF TASTE.

New missionary to the South Sea tribe: 'Surely you remember Mr Twaddles, who preached the gospel to you ten years ago?'
 Natives in chorus: 'Oh, yes! we remember him well. He was delicious.'

WICH-BRED HENS.

NEIGHBOUR: 'What beautiful hens you have, Mrs Stuckup.'
 Mrs Stuckup: 'Yes, they are all imported fowls.'
 Neighbour: 'You don't tell me so! I suppose they lay eggs every day?'
 Mrs Stuckup (proudly): 'They could do so if they saw proper, but our circumstances are such that my hens are not required to lay eggs every day.'



THE MODERN SHE: 'Don't stay up for me, George. I'm going for a night with the girls.'