



## AXES TO GRIND.

## TO THE MAN.

When a siren comes up slyly  
And proceeds to flatter you—  
Tells you that your work is grander  
Than your rival e'er can do—  
Don't bow down to her in worship,  
Though you may be so inclined,  
For, perchance—there is no telling—  
She may have an axe to grind.

## TO THE MATRON.

When the charmer whispers to you  
Words that set your brain awhirl!  
Tells you that you look as youthful  
And rosy as a girl,  
Do not listen—do not suffer  
Him to captivate your mind.  
For the chances are, good woman,  
That there is an axe to grind!

## TO THE YOUTH.

When a world-worn woman tells you  
That you are 'a heartless man,'  
That she wishes to forget you,  
But 'ah, that she never can,'  
Then, dear boy, get up and scamper—  
Pray for wings to cleave the wind,  
For 'tis certain that there's some one  
With a gleaming axe to grind.

## THE KING AND THE ELOCUTIONIST.

AID: 'Sire, there is a long-haired stranger in the ante-room, who says he desires to see you on important business.'

The King: 'What does he look like?'

Aid: 'An elocutionist, sire.'

The King: 'Great Marathon, another!'

Aid: 'Yes, sire.'

The King: 'Same old piece?'

Aid: 'Yes, sire.'

The King: 'Not "Marco Bozzaris"?'

Aid: 'The same, sire.'

The King: 'By Leonidas! this has gone far enough! Jam him in a sack and drop him in the blue Aegean. This thing must be stopped right here and now.'

## A MISAPPREHENSION.

'WHAT do you think of my poems?' inquired the young man.

'They betray an astonishing ignorance of anatomy,' replied his medical friend.

'But they're not supposed to be scientific, you know.'

'That may be the case, but it affords no excuse for your saying they "spring from an aching heart," when it is so apparent that they proceed from a deranged liver.'

## HEADERS.

AUNT ELLEN: 'You look thin, haven't you fallen off of late?'

Dorothy: 'Yes. I'm riding a wheel now, you know.'



'Oh, Florrie, what do you think? Arthur has proposed to me.'

Florrie: 'Well, I'm not surprised. When I refused him he said he would do something silly.'

## AN ADMISSION.

ALICE: 'It was so dark in the parlour when young Dr. Plummer came in that I did not notice he had shaved off his moustache.'

Maude: 'Didn't you? I felt the difference while you were getting a light.'

## CHARACTER SKETCH.

'Yes, I remember ole man Billbits,' said the oldest inhabitant. 'He was one of them fellers that had so much religion on Sunday that he didn't seem to need none through the rest of the week.'

## TRUE TO HIS COLOURS.

KIND OLD LADY: 'Give you a drink of water? Why, you look as if you needed a bath, you are so dirty.'  
Casey de Kidder: 'Well, yer see, loidy, I wuz always de black sheep of our family.'

## THE ONE CRAZE.

'I WAS down town to-day looking at the new styles.'

'But isn't it rather early, my dear, for the spring goods to be in?'

'Who is talking of spring goods? I mean wheels.'



FREDDIE: 'Oh, Mr Dudely, may I touch you?'

Mr Dudely: 'Certainly, Freddie; but why do you want to touch me?'

Freddie: 'Well, I heard May say you were so soft, and I want to see for me'self.'

## A CORRECTION.

'MAN wants but little here below,

And wants that little long.'

The saying bears the stamp of age,  
But none the less, it's wrong.

That which man craves most anxiously,

I've uniformly found,

Is not a long-drawn-out affair,

But something nearly round.

And every person wants it, from

The moment of his birth;

The thing that I'm referring to

Is nothing but the earth.

## AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

He: 'You are fond of classical music?'

She: 'Oh, I loathe it beyond expression.'

He: 'Ah, why do you come here so regularly?'

She: 'Well, you see, Mrs De Bounder has gone in for attending scientific lectures, and we simply had to beat her at culture or die.'

## TRUE.

'If it wasn't for me my class in school would not have any standing at all,' said Hubert.

'Nonsense!' said his aunt. 'Your mother says you are at the foot of it.'

'I am,' said Hubert. 'How could it stand if it didn't have a foot?'

## A GOOD BEGINNING.

MINISTER: 'I hope you began the new year well.'

Sable (an undertaker): 'Fairly well, I had two funerals.'

## WHERE HE FAILED.

He's a man of vast achievements  
In a dozen various fields;  
There is grandeur, there is pathos  
In the facile pen he wields;

He has written noble poems  
And produced successful plays,  
And his *fin de siècle* novel  
Has commanded public praise.

He has won respect in science,  
Having made a chart of Mars;  
He invented a contrivance  
Once for ventilating cars;

By his own unaided efforts  
He has earned a pile of pelf,  
But he scored a dismal failure  
When he tried to shave himself.



He: 'What allowance do you think your father ought to make us when we are married?'

She: 'Well, if he makes allowance for your faults, I think he will be doing all that can be expected of him.'

## CONTEMPT OF COURT.

'TWO POUNDS,' said the magistrate.

'But, you Honor,' said the prisoner, 'I protest against this fine. I have the right to make a defence against the charge.'

'But you have already pleaded guilty,' said the magistrate.

'I beg your Honor's pardon. I denied the charge in the plainest terms.'

'Young man,' said the magistrate sternly, 'I want to call your attention to the fact that the Court understands the English language. You have pleaded guilty in unmistakable words. The plaintiff charges you with assault and battery. It is clearly evident that he has been assaulted and battered. According to your statement he approached you on the street and used abusive language toward you. Then you say you "didn't do a thing to him." If the Court understands the language spoken by seventy millions of people, you immediately wiped up the earth with him. The fine stands, and any further reflection upon the Court's knowledge of English will cost you ten more.'

## KEEPING THE CHORDS IN TUNE.

'I SAW that German tenor drink about two gallons of beer last night.'

'Nothing strange about that,' replied the manager. 'He is determined that his voice shall not lose its rich, liquid quality.'

## LITERALLY TRUE.

'SHE had the fatal gift of beauty.'

It was the Coroner who spoke, and his words were literally true.

It was shown at the inquest that an admirer had sent her as a present a new brand of cosmetic. The stuff proved to be poisonous, and she died.

'Do you know Lord Peckham?' a sportsman asked Snobson, who hadn't brought down a single bird all day. 'Oh, dear, yes; I've often shot at his house,' replied Snobson. 'Ever hit it?' asked the sportsman.



BARONE: 'If I had a racehorse I'd name him Money.'

Field: 'Why so?'

Barone: 'Well, money is about the fastest thing to go I know of.'