



SUCCESS IN SIGHT.

'DR. HENSLow is one of the luckiest men I ever saw.'  
'Lucky? I don't know how you make him out lucky. He's to be tried for heresy, and may lose his pulpit.'  
'That's just it. He wrote a book a few years ago that has never been heard of since it came from the publishers. Now that he is to be tried it will, of course, be one of the literary sensations of the day.'

TOO HASTY.

'I SUPPOSE, Mr King, that you must have perceived that your daughter and I have become much attached to one another,' said the suitor. 'I trust you will give me credit—'  
'Credit, eh? If that's your game, I'd rather you trade elsewhere.'

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

WHEELER: 'I—er—I positively never loved any one before.'  
Sally Van Cliff: 'Oh, that's all right! I'm sure I never dreamed of questioning your amateur standing.'

NATURAL PECULIARITIES.

'I WOULDN'T like to marry an auctioneer,' remarked Miss Northside.  
'Why not?' asked Miss Manchester.  
'Auctioneers are all more bid men.'  
'And I wouldn't like to marry a road commissioner.'  
'Why not?'  
'He is likely to be wayward.'



COOL!

EMPLOYER (as a crushing wind-up to complaint): 'I expect you to take a little interest in my business.'  
Employee: 'Well, I never looked for a partnership, but I shall be only too pleased to accept your generous offer.'

A DIFFERENCE.

THE milkman was plainly irritated. 'Here, just as times are so hard,' he exclaimed, 'you think you must have a new silk dress!'  
'Yes, dear,' said his wife, 'but this is to be only a watered silk, you know!'  
Feminine tact, it seemed, never did a thing but find man an easy mark.

IRISH PUNS.

CHARLES LAMB made some famous puns, and, according to the London *Truth*, his mantle seems to have fallen upon his namesake, Mr Charles Lamb Kenney.  
The popular journalist just mentioned was dining at the house of a friend, and by chance swallowed a bit of cork with his wine, which gave him a severe coughing fit.  
'Take care, my friend,' said his next neighbour, with a very brilliant attempt at a witticism; 'that's not the way for cork.'  
'No,' gasped the sufferer, 'it's the way to kill Kenney.'

'You're a liar!' said the obtuse man in the railway carriage. 'You're a gentleman!' retorted his opponent, sarcastically. 'I say again you're a liar!' snorted the first speaker, hotly; and then the listeners laughed, and he got out at the next station.

WHAT WE HEARD.

Oh, se lilly darling;  
Oh, ze pretty pet,  
See its pinky toes—  
Cunnin' bybyette.  
Mamma's lovely dumpling;  
Hear it murmur 'Gooo!'  
Izzum sweet as sugar?  
Cootchy, cootchy, coo!

Then uprose the student  
With an awful look,  
As against the ceiling  
Banged his heavy book:—  
'Oh, these flats are lovely,  
And these mothers—nit!'  
So he tore his hair out,  
Then he had a fit.

See; 'tis one year later;  
Student's fell in love  
With a maiden dazzling  
As the stars above.  
Proud and happy father  
Now, indeed, is he  
As he walks the infant  
Saying merrily:—

'Impy, umpy oddles;  
Googy, gogy, gee;  
Wait until he toddles,  
He'll be fun for me.  
Apsy, upsy, daisy,  
Papa's caramel.  
See! he understands me—  
Dinggy, dongy bell!'

JEALOUSY.

'ALL their neighbours speak very badly of Mr and Mrs Talboy.'  
'They must be living happily with each other, then, if I know anything of the neighbours.'

A WIDENED HORIZON.

'WHEN I was first married I thought my wife was the only woman on earth.'  
'How do you feel about it now?'  
'Well, there's our cook.'



AFTER THE PROPOSAL.

SHE: 'I cannot marry you until September.'  
He: 'Oh, dearest! Why not?'  
She: 'When I accepted George I promised him it should be a twelve-months' engagement, and I should hate to break my word to the poor fellow.'

OPOSED TO WASHING.

MAMMA JOBSTONS: 'Here's an account of a woman who was fatally pierced by a corset steel while she was washing.'  
Little Johanie: 'I wish I had to wear corsets.'

JUST TERRIBLE.

MISS QUILLING: 'Isn't it perfectly outrageous the way the papers publish people's pictures nowadays! A reporter was after mine yesterday. He said they wanted it to run in their 'Galaxy of New Zealand Beauties.'  
Miss Pankley: 'Dear me! How shocking! Did you get the reporter's address?'



A SUGGESTED PERSONALITY.

ARTIST: 'Now, who do you think is going to buy that picture?'  
CRITIC: 'I really don't know, but I should guess that he has lots of money, and he must be blind.'

WHEN LIFE SEEMS PRECIOUS.

THE DOCTOR: 'You'll be all right soon.'  
The Victim: 'Glad to hear it, doctor. I'd hate to die just now, when I've only had the wheel three weeks.'

HE CAN—IN A WAY.

'You can say what you please about honesty of expression and telling the truth, but in this world it is preposterous to think that a man can say what he thinks upon all occasions. He can't do it, and that's all there is about it.'  
'Oh, yes, he can, if he's careful not to say it aloud.'

AN EXPLANATION.

MISS PRUDE (while out walking with her younger sister thinks she is rudely treated): 'Were you staring at me, sir?'  
Strange Gentleman: 'Bless you, no, madam. I was admiring your little grand daughter.'

MUCH THE SAME.

'Um! I'm sorry,' said the editor, 'but we're not using any dialect verse now.'  
'Dialect!' screamed the poet. 'Why, that's a poem on the Graeco-Turkish war.'

NO WONDER.

TOM: 'So the young lady doctor jilted Harry.'  
Jack: 'Yes.'  
Tom: 'Why?'  
Jack: 'Once he called her a dear little duck, and she thought he meant to insinuate that she was a quack.'



THE CAUSE OF THE STRAIN.

HAIRDRESSER: 'By the 'air of the 'uman 'ead I can always tell the character of a party. Now, for example, you work a lot with your brain.'  
Customer: 'Yes; I have been trying to think out the best way of preventing hairdressers' chatter.'