



A PINK SHIRT WAIST.

There's a lustre in her optics  
And a heaven in her smile;  
There's poetry in her carriage,  
There's decorum in her style.

Pink Shirt Waist.

With her sunny tresses falling  
Like a cataract of gold  
O'er divinely moulded shoulders,  
Snowy white, but never cold—  
Oh, the heart with rapture's boiling  
While I view the blue eyes chaste  
Of the maiden who's attired  
In the

Pink Shirt Waist.

She adorns the baggy bloomers  
So suggestive of the Turk;  
She affects no stumping costumes—  
Calls them all the devil's work;  
She is pleased and well contented  
To be modest, pure, and chaste,  
And adorn her perfect figure  
With a

Pink Shirt Waist.

She's familiar with the flowers,  
Knows their origin and name;  
She has read the classic authors  
Who've achieved immortal fame.  
You may bet she is a corker,  
For she rode a mile unpaired  
In fifty-seven seconds  
And a

Pink Shirt Waist.

HER VENGEANCE.

'I'm sure I need not have married you,' said Mrs Hammer, tartly. 'I had many better chances.'  
'And what had I ever done to you,' said Mr Hammer fiercely, 'that you should deliberately select me as the object of your vengeance?'

THE NEW RULE.

Early to bed and early to rise  
May once have made people rich, healthy  
and wise,  
But at present the man who would fain  
make his mark,  
Has got to keep hustling until long after  
dark.

MA'S DISADVANTAGE.

'Want to ride a bicycle, do you?' snapped the old man. 'Your mother never went whizzing about on the streets on a wheel.'  
'Yes,' retorted the dutiful daughter, 'that is just what ma told me. She says that maybe if she had she would have caught a better-looking man.'



WITHERING!

'Dusman (to rather slow four-wheeled cab in front): Now, then, you in the trance! 'Ave another 'our's sleep, an' yer night wake up alive!

HAD DONE HIS SHARE.

The only people who are positive they are fitted to bring up children in the way they should go are very old gentlemen and maiden ladies.

An amusing little scene, in which the 'helpful old gentleman' figured, occurred the other day at Dunedin. Quite a family party were assembled, of the class that believe in making the most of a free country, to await the arrival of an expected guest. Children were there galore, playing tag around the old gentleman's feet, falling periodically over his canvas-bag, squealing wildly as they ran into passengers, and retreating in heaps as a 'cop' approached.

The 'helpful old man' stood it as long as he could conscientiously—then, looking over his spectacles, said, severely: 'Stop that racket—you children!'

'Well, I like that,' answered one of the mothers in a loud, angry tone. But if she did the old gentleman didn't, and faced the woman as he continued:

'Now look here, ma'am: I've raised three families of children, and not a single child was ever allowed to annoy my neighbours.'

'Well,' replied the irate lady, 'if you've raised three families you've certainly done your duty, and I'll thank you to allow me to raise mine.'



NOT APTLY PUT.

Friend from Town: 'Yes, it's a pretty place, but isn't it rather awkward, being an hour away from the station?'  
Ruralist: 'Well, even that's an advantage, for it means that visitors are obliged to start away early to catch the train.'

UNCERTAIN.

She: I am quite sure you had too much champagne when you called on me yesterday afternoon.

He: Yes; I thought I'd just look around to-day to see if I was engaged to you.

CERTAIN.

'Do you believe that the air-ship will be perfected soon?'

'Yes,' replied the man who is always mournful. 'I used to have my doubts, but when I look back over my luck I'm convinced that we'll have a flying machine in a week or two.'

'For what reason?'

'I have just perfected and patented a remedy for sea sickness.'

HIS AMBITION.

Kindly Old Lady—You say that you are a fancy lucker?

Casey do Kidder—Yes'm: I'm tryin' to make de biggest loaf on record.

NO SATISFACTION IN IT.

'She says she was lugged by a ghost.'

'And what did she do?'

'Screamed.'

'Well, I should think she would if she couldn't get anything more tangible than that.'

THE HEART OF IT.

Mother: 'What did your father say when he saw his broken pipe?'

Innocent: 'Shall I leave out the wicked words, mamma?'

Mother: 'Certainly.'

Innocent: 'Then I don't believe there is anything to tell you, mamma.'

JONAH AND THE WHALE.

Sunday-school Teacher: 'Now, what is the striking feature in the story of Jonah and the whale?' Pupil: 'They separated on account of mutual incompatibility.'



A COMFORTING SUGGESTION.

Patient: 'Now that I'm better, doctor, are you going to send me to a warmer climate?'

Physician: 'Good gracious, man, that's what I've been trying to keep you out of!'

ANTIQUITY.

'Yes,' remarked a Chicago girl, 'he represents one of the oldest families.'

'Does he date before the fire?'

'No, not quite so far back as that, but he's one of the people who have ridden the old style high wheels.'

IN THE PARK.

She: 'How is it that you always manage to have an entire seat to yourself?'

He: 'I always have a bag of peanuts in my pocket, and when I see a seat that I want I crowd upon one end of it and begin eating. It doesn't take more than about three seconds to make the others get out.'

YOUR NEIGHBOUR.

Little Girl: 'Mrs. Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen of eggs. She wants to put 'em under a hen.'

Neighbour: 'So you've got a hen setting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens.'

Little Girl: 'No, ma'am, we don't, but Mrs. Smith's going to lend us a hen that's goin' to set, an' ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs we'd find a nest ourselves.'

A SONG OF THE WHEEL.

Oh! sing me a song of bolts and of sprockets,  
Of gongs and of tandems, of punctures and sockets!

Oh! chant me a lay of the pneumatic tire,  
And burn on an old-fashioned, social pyre  
Your driving, your croquet, your creeling,  
your tennis,

For the name of a man not a wheeler is—  
Dennis!

Come with me o'er country you never have seen,  
Where breezes blow softly and Flora is green,  
Where Nature's soft music will ravish your heart,  
As sweet as Beethoven, op. B, or Mozart,

Where every true pleasure to you will appeal,  
So make life all beauty by buying—a wheel!

HE EXPLAINS.

Wife—John, what's the matter with you to-night? Here, I've been talking to you for half an hour, and all you've done was grunt and occasionally nod your head!

Husband—Well, I've found it possible to do that without interrupting you.

PITY THE BLIND.

Mary: 'I actually gave a quarter to a beggar last afternoon, and I am honest enough to admit that I would not have done it if he had not called me "pretty lady."'

Sarah: 'Did you learn how he lost his sight?'

THEIR FIRST TRIP TO TOWN.

'Here's some more of the horrible work of the blamed monopolists,' said Farmer Hayricks, as he hung his coat over the foot of the bed.

'Goodness, where?' asked his wife.

'Here's a sign what says "Don't blow out the gas." I guess they make these folks burn it all night, so's to run up their bills on 'em. Gosh, I don't know what this country's comin' to!'

ONE CONDITION.

'Yes,' said the pretty typewriter, in reply to her employers' proposal of marriage. 'I will become your wife upon one condition.'

'Name it, my darling.'

'That after we are married you will employ a man in my place.'

THE CONDITIONS SUPPLIED.

'A few bottles of beer were taken up in Andree's balloon,' remarked Mr Hazelwood.

'Do you suppose he intends to have a high old time?' replied Mr Glenwood.

GETTING EVEN.

'John,' she said, thoughtfully, 'tomorrow is the birthday of that little Jones boy next door.'

'What of it?' he demanded.

'Oh, nothing much,' she replied; 'only I happened to recall that Mr Jones gave our Willie a drum on his birthday.'

'Well, do you think I feel under any obligations to him for that?' he asked irritably. 'If you do you are mistaken. If I owe him anything it's a grudge.'

'Of course,' she answered sweetly. 'That's why I thought that perhaps you might want to give the Jones' boy a big brass trumpet.'

THE TELL-TALE BREATH.

Benedict (proudly): My wife kisses me good-night regularly.

Rounder (bitterly): Women are suspicious creatures, ain't they?

HOW HE WAS COMPLIMENTED.

'John,' said Mrs Harkins, 'I heard nice compliment for you to-day.'

Mr Harkins put his paper down, twisted up the ends of his moustache, looked pleased and said—

'Well, that's nothing so remarkable. I receive compliments nearly every day.'

Mrs Harkins went on sipping her tea and her husband waited for her to resume. Finally he said—

'Well, why don't you tell me what it was? Who was it that complimented me?'

'Oh, you couldn't guess in a week.'

'Mrs Deering?'

'No.'

'Not Bessie Fallington?' he rather eagerly suggested.

'No.'

'Oh, well, of course if there's any secret about it I don't care to hear what it was or who said it.'

'There isn't any secret about it,' Mrs Harkins sweetly replied. 'Mr Hannaford told me that every time he and I met he became thoroughly convinced that you were a man of excellent taste.'

John Harkins then shoved his hands down his pockets and walked out upon the verandah to ruminate.



AN AMICABLE COMPROMISE.

Office Boy: 'Please, sir, that gentleman you wouldn't see 'e sez 'e must see you, and if 'e don't see you in five minutes 'e'll ave a ha'poretic fit an' die on the mat.'

Editor: 'Oh, well, tell him we don't object to that.'

PRECAUTION.

'Say, missus,' said Meandering Mike, 'do you wante hire anybody?'

'No.'

'Ye don't think yer husband wants ter hire anybody, do yer?'

'I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I am sure he does not.'

'Tain't no disappointment. I jes' wanted de assurance dat I could go ter sleep in dis next lot without bein' disturbed by offers of work.'