

The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF

WIT
LAUGH
SATIRE
JOKE

THE TRUTH.
Young Married Woman: Do you believe that those women who write for the papers telling how to manage husbands get along better with their husbands than we do?
Experienced Friend: Nonsense, dear! They are not married!

POPPER DEFINED AT LAST.
Tommy: Who were Fox's Martyrs that the Sunday school teacher was talking about?
Popper: Well, I guess most of them were the people who had to listen to his sermons.

HITS AND MISSES.
("There is a possibility of an Australian team of lady cricketers visiting us at no distant date."—Daily Paper.)
Advance, Australia! But pray forbear your cricket amazons to us to spare; What team have we to "put them in their places"—
Unless we matched your Beauties with our Graces?—"World."

GEORGE, DON'T.
"Mamma, I know the gentleman's name that called to see Aunt Ellie last night—and nobody told me either."
"Well, then, what is it, Bobbie?"
"Why, George Dont. I heard her say George, Dont' in the parlour four or five times running. That's what his name is."

IRISH REASONING.
Bridget (reading laboriously): Hev you seen this, Pat? It sez here that whin a mon loses wan av his sinuses, his other sinuses get more developed. Fr instants, a blind mon gets more sinse av hearin, an' touch, an—
Pat: Shure, an' it's quite true; Ol've not'ced it meself. Whin a mon has wan leg shorter than the other, be gorra, the other leg's longer, isn't it, now?

A REASONABLE REQUEST.
A preacher in Scotland once found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly begun. On seeing this, he stopped and exclaimed: "Brethren, it's no fair. Wait till I get a start, and then, it I'm no' worth listening to, gang to sleep; but dinna nod yer paws before I get commenced. Gie a buddy a chance."



HIS STANDING.
She: "What makes you call Tom Pizen a beast? I should say he was a man among men."
He: "Yes, but among women he is more or less of a lion."

QUITE SUFFICIENT.
Principal of Ladies' School: Will you have your daughter instructed in the different languages?
Father: No; one tongue is sufficient for a woman.

A BIG DIFFERENCE.
"That is your charming daughter, is it not, sitting at the piano?"
"No, I never saw her before!"
"Then I don't see why the silly goose doesn't stop her tiresome hammering!"

DOING ONE'S BEST.
"Whatever station in life you may be called to occupy, my boy," said the father, in sending his son out into the great world, "always do your best."
"I will," replied the young man, with emotion. He never forgot his promise. Years afterwards, when a prosperous man of business, he did his best friend out of a large sum of money.

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN.
Uncle inquired of little Bobby if he had been a good little boy.
Bobby: No, I haven't.
Uncle: Why, I hope you haven't been very bad?
Bobby: Oh, no; just comfortable.



She: "You admit, my dear friend, that your income would justify marriage, if it were not for your expensive tastes."
He: "I, expensive tastes? You are joking! What expensive tastes have I?"
She: "Well, me, for instance."

TO SILENCE FATHER.
Ethelberta: I want a pair of slippers for pa—number tens, and—squeaky.
Genial Shoemaker: Squeaky, miss? I'm afraid we haven't any of that kind.
Ethelberta: I'm so sorry. Couldn't you make him a squeaky pair? There is a certain young gentleman who visits me frequently, and—and it would be very convenient for him to know just whed pa is coming downstairs.

SHAKESPEARE'S LIMITATIONS.
"It beats me," mused the modern theatre manager. "This here William Shakespeare wrote the play of 'Hamlet,' in which Ophelia gets drowned, yet he leaves the drowning scene out."
"It does seem queer," observed the stage carpenter, with a touch of vanity; "but maybe he didn't know how to make a tank."

GETTING READY FOR THE ENEMY.
"Mother writes that she will be here to-morrow for a short visit, my dear."
"Very well," he replied; and as he left the house he patted his little boy on the head kindly and said, "Bobby, didn't you ask me to buy you a tin whistle and a drum the other day?"
"Yes, pa."
"Well, I will bring them to-night."

AN EASY PROFESSION.
"Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?" Bobby (suffering from paternal discipline: "An orphan.")

A CHANCE TO RISE.
Young Man: I see you advertise a vacancy in your establishment. I should like to have a position where there would be a chance to rise.
Merchant: Well, I want a man to open up and sweep out. You will have a chance to rise every morning at five o'clock.

HOW TO TREAT THEM.
The Victim: If you'll call about this time to-morrow—
The Canvasser (hopefully): This time to-morrow, sir?
The Victim: Yes—I'll be out.

THE PLACE FOR PEACE.
"My husband is more amiable since we live in a flat."
"I don't see the connection."
"Why, he hasn't room enough to kick."

A CONSCIENTIOUS JURY.
First Citizen: "If you had any doubts of the guilt of Mrs Borgia, the alleged poisoner, why did you vote to hang her?"
Second Citizen (who was on the jury): "Well, you see, the trial made her so notorious that we knew if we didn't hang her, she'd soon be appearing on the stage."

A BASE INSINUATION.
O'Rourke: Oh, Dinnia, Dinnis, me heart's broke. Me boy Moike's run away and enlisted. It was the foight-in' blood in him.
McInyre: Well, what's the use worryin', Pat? Oi always tould yez the boy took after his mother.
When the police arrived both were disabled.—Chicago "News."



A FAVOURED CLASS.
Irate Passenger (who has just managed to scramble on to a tramcar that didn't stop): "Suppose I had slipped and lost a leg—what then?"
Conductor (consolingly): "You wouldn't have to do any more running then. We allers stop for a man with a crutch."

HAPPY IN DIFFERENCE.
Booking Clerk: Where for, sir?
Topsy Traveller: Let me' shee—
Booking Clerk: What station do you want?
Topsy Traveller: Er—what stations you got?

IN A SIMILAR PLIGHT.
"I married your daughter, sir, and I must say I have never ceased to regret it."
"Sympathise with you, my boy, I married her mother."

A CANINE INFERENCE.
Father: I wonder what makes that dog afraid of me! He always behaves as if he thought I was going to kill him.
Son: I expect he's seen you whipping me.

A SURE SIGN.
"How did you come out of that last speculation of yours, Glowly?"
"None of your business."
"Sorry that you lost, old man."

HIS FRIEND 'HAMLET.
"Come and dine with us to-morrow," said the old fellow who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society. "Sorry," replied the elegant man, "I can't. I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'" "That's all right," said the hospitable old gentleman, "bring him with you."

BUSINESS FIRST AND LAST.
"You villagers seem to be a rather deliberate lot of people." "I s'pose we be. There wuz a feller drowned down in the creek a spell ago. He yelled 'Help, help!' afore he went down th' last time, an' th' editor of th' village paper heard him, an went back to th' office an' put in his paper two 'help wanted ads.' an' charged 'em up to th' estate, by gum!"

BUSINESS FIRST.
Fussy Man (hurrying into a newspaper office): "I've lost my spectacles somewhere, and I want to advertise for them, but I can't see to write without them, you know."

Advertising Clerk (likely to be general manager some day): "I will write that ad' for you, sir. Any marks on them?"
Fussy Man: "Yes, yes. Gold-rimmed, lenses different focus, and letters L.O.C. on inside. Insert it three times."

Advertising Clerk: "Yes, sir. Eighteen shillings, please."
Fussy Man: "Here it is."
Advertising Clerk: "Thanks. It gives me, sir, great pleasure to inform you, sir, that your spectacles are on the top of your head."
Fussy Man: "My Stars! So they are. Why didn't you say so before?"
Advertising Clerk: "Business before-pleasure, you know."

A LITERARY ACCIDENT.
An exchange tells of an author who was "the victim of a literary accident." He must have received a cheque from a pay-on-publication periodical a few hours before he died.

A COUPLE OF GROWLERS.
"That dog certainly seems almost human at times," said old Mr Fussy.
"Yes," replied Mrs Fussy. "He growls over his food quite as much as you do."

VERY QUESTIONABLE.
Mrs Henpeck: You have been very aggravating at times, and we have not always got along very well together; but still, if I had to do it over again, I'd marry you just the same.
Mr Henpeck (under his breath): I'm not so sure about that.

HELPING ONESELF.
A man who bore unmistakable evidence of impecuniosity looked in at a baker's shop the other day.
"Can you help a poor man?" he asked the proprietor.
"Can't you help yourself?" was the baker's angry inquiry.
"All right, sir," said the caller, as promptly picking up a loaf he walked off.

THE COOK'S CHAPERON.
Mistress: "I saw two policemen sitting in the kitchen with you last night, Bridget."
Bridget: "Well, ma'am, yez wouldn't hor an unmarried lady be sittin' with only one policeman would yez? The other wan wuz a chaperon."