



A DEEP YOUNG MAN.

THE other day Miss Fannie Lomar ran across the road to see an intimate friend. As is usual with young ladies they had a good deal to tell one another. In the course of the conversation Fannie said—

"I used to think Gus Simpson was a nice young man, but I just hate him now."

"Why, what has he done?"
"He's treated me shamefully."
"In what way?"

"Why, the other evening, at a party, I said to him, 'Let's play the old game of temptation. If I say yes or no to your questions I'll owe you a box of gloves; and if you say yes or no you'll give me a box.'"

"Then what?"
"Well, after the party he took me home, and all the way there he talked as sweetly as could be about love, and that 'man should not live alone,' and all that, and when we got to the front gate he said, 'Fannie will you marry me?'" I answered "Yes," in a low voice.

"And what did he do then?" inquired her listener, eagerly.

"He—just—chuckled, and said, 'You've lost, Fannie, I take No. 9's'; and then laughed with all his might. That's what he did."

SAINT AND SINNER.

HALF hidden in the pew she sits,
A truant sunbeam softly flits
Across her modest, saint-like face,
As if the angels thought to trace
Upon those features that they love
An Easter blessing from above.
Demure, with modest eyes downcast,
My angel sits. Ah, I would fain
For forty days for just one look
From those sweet eyes bent on the book;
And if she'd give me three or four
I'd be content to eat no more.

HER THOUGHTS.

Those horrid aisles (that dress is brown),
I wish those people would sit down,
Now where could she have got that fan?
Oh, I suppose some silly man.
Dear, dear, that choir-boy has a cold.
How that man stares! He's really bold.
My bonnet! Can it have a crook?
I wish I'd taken one more look.
Umph! Who is that with the Pratts?
What sights they are in those new hats.
There's Percy—won't he be enraged
When 'Lara tells him she's engaged.

My! What a fright Bess is in blue;
It cost her ninety dollars, too!
Well, I paid eighty (what a nuisance!
But, then, pa *always* makes a fuss).
Oh, my! there's the Smithy—such a face!
(Those horrid psalms! I've lost my place).
I hope his sermon won't be long!
The poor, dear fellow isn't strong.
Why, there's Fred? Dear me, what next?
I hope I won't forget the text.

HER SIXTH SENSE.

YABSLEY: "Of course you will admit that woman, as a rule, is far inferior to man in reasoning power, but she seems to have a sort of intuitive sixth sense—a—er—I don't exactly know what to call it—that, as I can testify from personal experience, man is lacking in."
Miss Laura: "Do you refer to common sense, Mr Yabsley?"

WHERE'S YOUR GIMLET?

LITTLE Johnny Yerger has caused a breach between Gus DeSmith, a society gentleman, and the Yerger family. Gus called to make a friendly visit after supper, he having previously informed Colonel Yerger of the intended honour. The whole family and Gus were in the parlour, when Johnny riveted the attention of all present by asking Gus DeSmith:
"Have you brought your gimlet with you?"
"What do you mean, Johnny?" asked Gus.
"I don't mean nuffin', except I heard pa say you were coming up this evening to bore us all."



THE LENGTH AND THE BREADTH OF IT.

MR LATITUDE: "I am opposed to railway companies charging passengers by weight."
MR LONGITUDE: "And I am opposed to their charging them by the mile."



ADVERTISING FOR A SERVANT.

"JOHN. I think we'd better advertise for a girl," said a newly-married lady who resides at Opawa, Christchurch, to her husband, the other day.

"I think so too, my darling," was the reply.

Then she brought pencil and paper to write the 'ad.'

"Wanted a good girl to do general housework," she wrote.

"That's not enough, interposed John, 'put in something about neat. I don't want a girl that isn't neat.'"

"All right, darling." "Wanted, a neat, good girl for general housework."

"Better say at the end, 'No red-headed girl need apply.'"

"Why, dearest?"

"Oh, I don't want any red-headed girl around."

"Very well. 'Wanted, a neat, good girl for general housework. No red-headed girl need apply.'"

"You might add, 'Black-eyed, plump girl preferred.'"

The husband looked reflectively at the ceiling.

"John." The pencil and paper dropped to the floor.

"What is it, my love?"

"I don't believe I want a girl. They are more bother than they are worth. No! I have decided not to advertise for a girl, John."

THE WISE TRAMP.

TRAMP: "Please, ma'am, couldn't you spare me a little—"
Housekeeper: "Go right away from here, or I'll call the dog, you lazy, dirty—"

"Yes, ma'am, that's what I was about to remark. I'm travel-stained from my long journey, and I wanted to ask if you couldn't spare me a little soap."

"Soap! Soap! Mercy on me! Is the world coming to an end? Walk right in, sir, and stay to dinner. You're more than welcome."

PROVIDED FOR ALL CONTINGENCIES.

"I HOPE you are prepared for the solemn ordinance of baptism, Thomas?" said the minister to one of the humblest of his parishioners, who had become a happy father.

"Well, sir," replied Thomas, "I'm noo badly prepared for a person in my humble condition in life. I've a kist fu' o' bannocks, twa stane o' guid cheese, an' a braxy ham."

"Ah Thomas," said the minister, "you are indeed carnally minded; 't's the letter, and not the spirit, of the ordinance you've been keeping in mind."

"No, sir," quite seriously rejoined Thomas; "I didna forget that either, far I borrowed a jar o' rale guid stuff frae Duncan, the innkeeper."

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS TAYLORMAYD: "Do you like men's clothes? Miss Creedmoor: 'Yes; when there is a man inside of them.'"

"I like your cheek," exclaimed the girl when the young man kissed her. "So do I like yours, but I greatly prefer your lips, was the audacious youth's reply."

Bridges: "Is your new baby good-looking? Brooks: 'No; ugly as sin.' Bridges: 'What does your wife say?' Brooks: 'She's content; says it looks like me.'"

Medium: "If you are a spirit, tell me where you live. Spirit (of average woman): 'In Heaven.' 'Are you happy?' 'Not very.' 'Why?' 'There is nobody to look down on.'"

NOTHING AGAINST HIM.—"Lend you a shilling! Why, sir, I never saw you before in my life. I don't know you." "It's that fact which is my only hope you'll lend me the shilling."

Brown: "I say, Dumley, Robinson has threatened that the first time he meets you he proposes to knock some sense into you. You'd better look out for him." Dumley (contemptuously): "Pooh! It would take a dozen men like Robinson to knock any sense into me."

Physician's Wife: "What's the matter, George? You seem depressed to-night." Physician: "I am, my dear. I have a most puzzling case on hand. Old Robinson, whom I've been treating for three years, is getting well in spite of all I can do."

A fond mother having heard that the cholera was coming along the coast, sent her boys to a friend into the country to escape it. After a few days she received a note from her friend, saying: "For any sake come and take your boys away, and send along the cholera instead."

"I'm sorry to hear, Mrs Brown," said the minister, "that you were present last night at a Plymouth Brethren's tea-meeting. I have often told you that their doctrines are highly erroneous." Mrs Brown: "Well, sir, their doctrines may be, but their cake with sultana raisins is excellent."

Rich merchant (to his daughter): "I say, Emma, I think that young man that calls on you so much really means business." Emma: "What makes you think so, pa?" Merchant: "Nothing, except that he called at the Commercial Agency last week to find out how much I was really worth."

A party of vegetarians, who were boarding at a water-cure establishment, while taking a walk in the fields, were attacked by a bull, which chased them furiously out of his pasture. "That's your gratitude, is it, you great hateful thing!" exclaimed one of the ladies, panting with fright and fatigue. "After this I'll eat beef three times a day."

"Who is that terror over there in a green gown?" asked a careless stranger at an 'at home,' pointing out a lady to a man standing next to him. "That's my wife, indignantly answered the man. 'Well, my dear fellow,' was the wholly unexpected rejoinder, 'don't get angry about it. I'm sure you have my heartfelt sympathy.'"

A Frenchman who had purchased a country seat was complaining of the want of birds in his garden. "Set some traps," replied an old officer, "and they'll come. I was once in Africa, and there wasn't supposed to be a woman within two hundred miles. I hung a pair of earrings and a bracelet upon a tree, and the next morning I found two women under the branches."

Doctor, to wife of patient: "Just keep your husband quiet, and give him plenty of champagne and oysters for nourishment, and I will call again in a few days." He did so, and to his question as to whether she had kept to the diet he had prescribed, she replied, "Well, I did for yae day, but I fun' it was jist rather expensive, and he's thrivin' jist as weel on ginger-beer and wulks."

MISUNDERSTOOD.

An owlet into a garden flew,
And perched high over the gate;
A maiden roamed 'mid the flowers and dew,
Although it was late and lonely too,
Alas, she knew!

She warbled a ditty so sweet and clear,
She sang: "To thee my heart is true;
And the owl leaned over the better to hear,
And murmured discreetly: 'To whoo, my dear.
To whoo—to whoo!"

Then the maiden shrieked, as maidens will,
And in trembling haste withdrew;
But the owl stared and smiled in his bill,
And said very blandly—he's saying it still—
'To whoo—too whoo!'



SIX MONTHS AFTER.

SHE (bitterly): "If you had been frank in the first place you might have avoided this unhappiness."
He (thinking of unsuccessful rival): "That so. Frank had a narrow escape."