



YE POOR CENSUS MAN.

'Pray what is your age?' said ye census man sage.
 And ye damsel spoke never a word.
 'Are you foolish, insane, deaf, humpbacked or lame?'
 And she smiled at a thought so absurd.
 'Do you powder or paint?' and her smile it grew faint.
 'Do you snore, Miss, and have you cold feet?'
 Ye damsel yet she spake not, you bet,
 But ye man he lay dead in ye street.

A GRAMMATICAL PROPOSAL.

BOTH were young and handsome. Both had only recently graduated—one from a female and the other from a male institution of learning. Both had been silent admirers for over a year. Both were inexperienced in the art of love-making, which, although practised by college students, is not taught in colleges. He wanted to propose; she wanted him to do so. He did not know how to do it; she did not know how to teach him. But the conversation happened upon grammar—nouns and verbs, etc. He saw his opportunity. This is how he improved it and how she snapped at it:—
 He: 'Can you decline "love"?'
 She: 'I cannot.'
 He: 'Can you conjugate?'
 She: 'Certainly. I love, you.'
 He: 'Stop. Can you form a conjunction?'
 She: 'Just ask pa. He is not much of a grammarian, but I'll go and teach him his lesson.'
 Pa was an apt pupil, and in half an hour all the apparently insurmountable obstacles had been overcome.



'Do you think those shoes are worth mending?'
 'Well, yes; if I sole them, and put new uppers on them. The strings are still good.'

NO ONE CARED FOR HIM.

LATELY two enthusiastic, well-dressed, and healthy-looking ladies were busily giving out tracts at the entrance of a theatre. In front of the adjoining saloons were the usual loungers. One of the women invaded the gang and almost put it to flight. An old-time actor in a short coat, with four-inch plaids and shining spring bottom trousers, pretty well frayed at the bottoms, stood his ground. He was in search of information.
 'What's this for, madam?' he inquired.
 'It's for you to read,' was the prompt reply.
 'But who does all this? What's the excitement?'
 'I do it, sir, to save souls.'
 'But who backs you?'
 'Jesus takes care of me,' reverently replied the woman.
 'Well,' said the man in a voice grown suddenly husky, 'I wish somebody would take care of me! I haven't had any breakfast and don't know where I'm going to get my dinner.'
 Before the woman or the bystanders could recover from their astonishment the man had walked away.

SOMETHING WRONG.

MR GUMPY: 'What is the matter with you, Miss Alice? Did someone kiss you while we were going through the tunnel?'
 Alice: 'No; and that's just what's the matter with me. I'm blushing to think how unattractive I must be getting. That's the first tunnel I've come out of un-kissed since I was fourteen years old. They say the road is full of tunnels, too. Oh, dear, what a trial this day will be!'

SPURRING HIM ON.

'GEORGE,' she said, as she lay quivering in his tightly clasped arms, 'what was that noise I heard?'
 'Nothing of importance, Gladys darling,' he answered.
 'A slight rip in my coat, that was all.'
 And then, as the sound of two beating hearts slowly filled the room and floated out through the back door, she murmured softly, 'George, dear, you couldn't make that coat rip a little more, could you?'

CHURCHLY REFLECTIONS.

FROM her summer trip she had just returned,
 And to church she went that autumn day;
 She thought of the offers she had spurned,
 The lessons she had taught—and learned—
 And the sermon was lost while thought held sway.

And her neighbours noticed her pensive air,
 And looked in vain for the mystic ring,
 While a spinster, neither young nor fair,
 Whispered, 'Poor creature, she has to wear,
 The same old bonnet she wore last spring.'

A HUSBAND'S LOVE.

HUSBAND (going away on a business trip): 'I would that I might have the daily assurance of your love.'
 Wife: 'Very well, I'll telegraph it every day.'
 Husband (aghast): 'No, don't do that; save it up and send it all in a lump Saturday night by mail. Remember that, my dear. Now good-bye, and don't put on any more stamps than are necessary.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

WOULDN'T MISS PA.—'Mizpah,' she said softly, as he was about to leave. 'No,' he said firmly, 'I'm not afraid. I shall see him.'
 'Why did your parents call you Gladstone Smith?' asked a woman of a little ragged urchin. 'Cos they thought a good name was better'n great riches.'
 'Ma, the minister is coming.' 'What makes you think so? Did you see him?' 'No; but I saw pa take the parrot and lock it up in the stable.'
 She (enthusiastically): 'Oh, George! don't you think the greatest joy in life is the pursuit of the good, the true, and the beautiful?' He: 'You bet! That's why I'm here to-night.'
 ON THE LANDING.—Penelope: 'Don't! Stop!' Jack: 'I can't help it' (kisses her). Penelope: 'How dare you! when I forbid it!' Jack: 'You merely said, "Don't stop."'

TO A STOUT PRIMA DONNA.
 You've grown by far too stout to suit my taste;
 Your voice to give me satisfaction fails.
 I fear you've let your talent run to waste.
 Although you beat your record on the scales.
 A FAINT HOPE.—Miss Artiste: 'I am so fond of singing. Indeed, I may say that I am wedded to my art.' Her Admirer: 'Would it be any use to inquire whether you have any conscientious scruples against bigamy?'
 He (contentfully): 'There's a—little freckle on your cheek, don't you know? I—I have heard that freckles can be removed by kissing.' She: 'Oh, that is a fraud. Cousin Tom and I have been experimenting on that all summer.'
 Editor of the *Trumpington Clarion*: 'Does it pay to advertise in my paper? Well, I should say it does. Look at Smith, the grocer, for instance. He advertised for a boy last week, and the very next day Mrs Smith had twins—both boys!'

'Will you be offended if I kiss you?' he asked his Boston fiancée after they were engaged. 'I cannot be offended until something is done to offend me.' 'But, dear, I don't like to run the risk.' 'What is not worth risking for is not worth having.'
 The nose of a small boy had been put out of joint by the advent of a baby brother with tremendous lung-power. 'Did little brother come from heaven, ma?' he asked. 'Yes, dear.' He listened to little brother's yells, and said, 'I don't blame the angels for chucking him out; do you, ma?'
 WHAT HE OUGHT TO GET.—Poet—'How much ought I to get for that poem?' Editor: 'Oh, I should think about ten.' Poet (with a sickly smile): 'Yes, I know what you are going to say: "Ten dollars or thirty days." Editor: 'No, sir; ten years.'

A SAD CONDITION.—First Bank President: 'Did you see about the president of the Ninth National? No sooner was he dead than they discovered that he had defaulted to the amount of £80,000.' Second Bank President: 'Yes, I saw it. It is getting so a bank president can't die with any safety.'
 AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.—Miss Cota Arms: 'You take great interest in outdoor sports, I believe, Mr Zing?' Mr Zing: 'No-o-o, I can hardly say that I do.' Miss Cota Arms: 'Well, now, I was told by some one that you were quite a counter-jumper. I presume he must have been mistaken.'
 GIVING IT A FAIR TRIAL.—Van Duder: 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder, they say, Miss Amy. Do you think you would care for me if I were away?' Amy: 'I don't know, Mr Van Duder, but we might try. Supposing you go away for a few years, and then I could tell you.'

THE GAY SCIENCE.

NOTE.—Certain liquors have the effect of dropping a man in certain different directions.

- 'You are drunk, Father William,' the young man cried,
 You are really most shamefully tight;
 But what makes you constantly fall on your side—
 The left it may be, or the right?'
 'To-night,' Father William replied to his son,
 'I called at Pat Murphy's shebeen;
 'Twas whiskey we had, there's no harm in it, none,
 Just a taste of his native potheen.'
- 'You are drunk, Father William,' the young man cried,
 'Again! what a shocking disgrace!
 But why, pray, whenever to raise you I've tried,
 Do you fall every time on your face?'
- 'I met,' Father William made answer, 'a lot
 Of good friends at the Traveller's Resort;
 We'd a few quarts of—hic—penny ale and a bot-
 tle or two of the landlord's ole port.'
- 'You are drunk, Father William,' the young man said,
 'This third night running, slack!
 But why, every time that I lift up your head,
 Do you fall down again on your back?'
- 'I've sworn off the whisky, I've sworn off the beer,
 An' the landlord's ole port: it's all right;
 I've only had cider and perry: look 'ere,
 No more—hic—conundrumsh! God night!'
St. James's Gazette.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

LEOPOLD: 'I say, now, Algy, lend me a shilling, won't ye? I'd like to give alms to that blind fellow. I feel so sorry or blind men, ye know.'
 ALGERNON: 'So do I, me boy. We don't realize what an fattition it is nevah to see the twees and woses, and all that, ye know.'
 Leopold: 'And fawncy selecting twousers when you're blind.'

THE DEAR SELF-SACRIFICING ANGEL.

He had come to spend the evening, and she had received him in the library. The parlours were occupied. The Old Settlers' Association was holding a meeting there.
 'Miss Fredonia,' said a domestic, opening the library door, 'I'm sorry to disturb ye, but they're a-wantin' more chairs. I'll have to take all yez can spare.'
 The face of the fair young girl grew radiant with the glow of generous self-sacrifice.
 'Alfred,' she whispered, resolutely, 'those old people must not stand. Noral, you may take everything except this rocking chair.'



CELTIC POLITENESS.

LADY: 'Thank you, sir; but I don't like to deprive you of your comfortable seat.'
 O'Rooney: 'He th' powers, ma'am, it was comfortable no longer wihin of saw you standin.'



THE END OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON.
 Picture of a popular half-back.