



**MY MOTHER (IN-LAW).**

Who ran to greet me when I came,  
Who called me by my Christian name,  
So kind was she, the good old dame—  
My mother—in-law.

Who squeezed my hand with might and main,  
Who often pressed me to remain,  
And said 'Be sure and call again.'—  
My mother—in-law.

Who asked for my advice upon  
The shares bequeathed to Uncle John,  
Which would be 'Flo's' when she was gone—  
My mother—in-law.

Who watched with sweet parental care  
Our 'bill and cooing' on the stair,  
And saw me take that lock of hair—  
My mother—in-law.

Who talked of sweet connubial bliss,  
Then left me all alone with Miss,  
And caught me giving 'Flo' a kiss—  
My mother—in-law.

Who smiled in a peculiar way,  
'And what are your intentions, pray,  
Regarding the dear child, I say?'—  
My mother—in-law.

Who turned a dragon from that hour,  
Who turned a moon of honey song,  
And planted thorns in Cupid's bower—  
My mother—in-law.

Who, when the honeymoon was o'er,  
Brought seventeen boxes to our door,  
'To stay a week'—but left no more—  
My mother—in-law.

Who rules my wife, my house, and me,  
Who makes herself uncommon free,  
Perfumes her breath with O.D.V.—  
My mother—in-law.

A.M.

**EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE.**

COLONIST (to African chief): 'Will you sell me your kingdom for this blue coat and a bottle of spirits?'  
Chief (scornfully): 'How can you dare to make me such an offer? Forfeit the royal title I hold by right of inheritance; abandon the throne of my ancestors; stoop under the yoke of foreign invaders! Never! Ah! if you had made it two bottles of spirits!'



**PLENTY OF WATER.**

THIRSTY LADY: 'Is there any water aboard?'  
Captain (excursion steamer): 'Only 'bout four feet, mum; but please don't tell anybody.'

**A PAIR OF THEM.**

NOT long since a ball was given at a lunatic hospital. Many friends of the inmates were present, and also friends of the governor. Among them was a well known journalist. He had the most difficult time imaginable to pick out the sane from the insane. Finally he saw a young woman close to him. He brushed by her by mistake and begged to be excused. She readily forgave him, and then asked if he were not the King of the Cannibal Islands?

The journalist readily replied that he was, and asked if the young lady were not the Queen? Then followed the funniest conversation. He began telling her of his dominions and of the presents he would purchase her. He would give her a golden throne studded with diamonds, all her dresses should come from Worth's, and she should have the best French chiefs for cooks. Then he described his new palace. The description was ornate in the extreme. This couple talked in this way for at least an hour. Then they separated, the young lady being claimed for a waltz.

'Sad case that,' quoth the journalist to one of the board as the young lady went waltzing with her escort.

'Sad? What is sad about her?'  
'Oh, haven't you met her? Well, she thinks that she is Queen of the Cannibal Islands and that I am her king.'

'Somebody has been having you,' said the heartless governor. She is no more crazy than you are.

This was the sad case. A friend of the young lady had informed her that the journalist was as crazy as a loon. They said, however, that he was harmless, and all that should be done was to humour him into the belief that he was the King of the Cannibal Islands.

The king and queen were not on speaking terms for the rest of the evening.



**MORE RAVAGING THAN TIME.**

MRS CORWIGGER: 'Now, my dear, if you will make the jam just as I tell you, it will keep a year.'  
Mrs Knowem: 'Ah! but you haven't any children.'

**VERY TOUCHING.**

It was only a newspaper story,  
And yet as I read it o'er,  
My eyes grew moist and heavy  
As they have not for years before.

It was not the art of the writer  
That on my heart-strings swept,  
But the story simple and tender,  
Went to my heart, and I wept.

But when I arrived at the 'finis,'  
It caused my heart to ache,  
And I spoke brave words, for that tender tale  
Was a patent medicine 'fake.'

**HE JUMPED.**

AT midnight a man was walking down the street singing 'The Old Folks at Home' at the top of his voice. A window went up and the voice of an indignant citizen shouted at him:

'You, there! You ought to be arrested and sent up for a month.'

'What have I done?' innocently inquired the singer.

'You are bawling along the street and waking everybody up!'

'Bawling!'  
'Yes, bawling.'

'Well, maybe I was; I wasn't paying much attention. I will now do my best, however.'

And he struck up 'The Old Oaken Bucket' about four keys higher, and lifted every baby on the street out of its cradle.

Corsets have filled more graves than whisky, says Miss Willard. So it seems women kill themselves by getting tight, as well as men.

**QUITE DIFFERENT.**

'Who brought about the engagement?'  
'Her little brother.'  
'How?'  
'Told her father—confound the young scamp—that she was kissing us, when the fact was she was only sitting on my lap.'



**CROWDED OUT.**

ETHEL: 'I like this dress very much. It is just too delightfully tight. But where are the pockets?'  
Dressmaker (handing her two small silken bags): 'Here they are. You'll have to carry them in your hands. There's not room in the dress for them.'

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

A DISTINCTION.—Miss Pikestaff: 'He tried to kiss me! How dared he?' Miss Pansley (sympathetically): 'How could he?'

A BACHELOR'S OPINION.—Howe: 'Isn't that a great baby, old man?' Dowe (decisively): 'It's a howling success.'

Small Boy: 'Papa, what makes you so bald?' Papa: 'Oh, that's because my mother used to pat me so much on the head for being a good boy.'

The Sweet Girl Graduate: 'And what do you think, Maudie! Then he winked at me with his alter ego?'  
'His alter ego?' 'His other eye, of course!'

AN ALARMING PROSPECT.—She: 'Would you like to hear me sing "Forever and Forever"?' He: 'Er—well, not quite so long as that.'

Humble Citizen: 'See here, barber; you've cut off a piece of my ear.'  
Tonsorial Artist: 'Yes; they seemed to me a trifle large.'

THE EXCEPTION.—Madison Squeer: 'They say that one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives.'  
Morrison Essex: 'The man who wrote that never lived in a small town.'

'But,' said the hotel-keeper to the striking waiters, 'you get precisely the same food that we serve to the guests.'  
'Yes,' replied the leader, 'that's what we are kicking about.'

'Sambo, where did all those chicken feathers on your coat come from?' 'Dunno, massa, but I hab my spishus—dat measy niggah, Sam Johnson, I jes traded coats wif, am pone too good.'

Husband: 'No blue stocking for me. An ignorant woman makes a far better wife.'  
Wife: 'Am I a good wife, John?' Husband: 'Yes; you are an ideal one.'

NOT AT ALL SURPRISING.—Mrs Eastern: 'My goodness me! Hiram! I see by the papers that a man has just died, aged one hundred and eighteen years.'  
Mr Eastern: 'Well, wan't it 'bout time, Maria?'

Foreigner: 'Zay tell me you hab nearly drees hundred thousand words in your langwiah. How efter can you use so many?' New Zealand solicitor: 'Huh! We use all of 'em, my friend, every time we draw up an indictment.'

A DISTINCTION.—Cholly: 'What's the difference, old chappie, between a woman and a lady? I've heard don't you know, but I can't remember.'  
Dickey: 'My deah boy, a lady is a sort of a woman we are acquainted with, while a woman is a sort of lady other people are acquainted with.'

He: 'O, fair angel, sent from heaven to cheer my lonely life! O, peri, of some undiscovered paradise! O, light of my life, heat of my heart, I kneel before you in humble supplication, adoring you as never woman was adored by mortal man! 1—'  
Sue: 'That's all right, but, say, do you love me?'

'I'll go to him myself,' cried the infuriated shopkeeper. 'I'll see whether he won't pay his debts! I'll tell him he's a rascal, a swindler—'  
'Father,' remarked his more prudent son, grabbing him by the coat tails, 'don't you think it would be wiser to talk that way to him through the telephone?'

AT THE NEWSBOYS' MISSION SCHOOL.—Teacher (to Mickey): 'Now, Mickey, you read the lesson to me first and then tell me, with the book closed, what you read.'  
Mickey (reuning)—'See the cow. Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can the cow run as swiftly as the horse? No, the horse runs swifter than the cow. (Closing up his book to tell what he has read.) Get onto de cow. Kin her jig steps run? Be'cher life she kin run. Kin de cow do up de horse a running? Naw, de cow ain't in it wid de horse.'

She: 'I'm so glad you can stay to tea. Such a joke I'm going to have with my husband! He's always growling about my cooking, and to day his mother happens to drop in, and I got her to make some cakes. Won't he feel foolish when he begins to criticize and then finds out that his mother made them herself! Half an hour later. He: 'My dear, you are becoming an angel of a cook. These cakes are as fine as my mother makes!'