



A FAILURE.

MORE years ago than I shall name
I sought to win a good wife's fame,
I knew not how—but all the same
I made a shirt.

I cut, I stitched, with many a tear;
Hollowed it out, both front and rear;
I carved the armholes wide, for fear
They wouldn't fit.

John's neck I measured to be true,
The band must fit that much I knew,
I'd heard so oft. All else I drew
And puckered in.

At last 'twas done. A work of art,
Complete I hoped, in every part.
'Come, John,' I called, with quaking heart,
Try on your shirt.

I must confess it bulged somewhat
In places where I thought it should not,
But John, the brute, yelled out 'Great Scot!'
Is this a tent?

But such behaviour—language, well!
He muttered things I'd never tell—
I may forget them when I dwell
In higher spheres.

Oh! woman of the present day,
To you's inscribed this tiny lay:
You little know the man you pay
Your homage to.

If his 'true inwardness' you'd know,
Have him your idols overthrow,
And sentiment to four winds blow,
Make him a shirt.

COULDN'T FRIGHTEN THE SQUIRE.

THERE comes from the town of Cornish a story of a gruff, square-edged old squire, one of the first settlers. It was a local saying about Cornish that the squire had never been frightened. Many plots had been laid by practical jokers, but all had come to naught.

Finally some Cornish wags made a last effort. One night the squire attended a party at which the festivities were somewhat prolonged. It was midnight before the squire started for home, his way being by a path through the cemetery. The wags had been busy themselves in digging a big hole across this path, and as the squire proceeded home he suddenly tumbled in. At the same instant a sheeted figure appeared on the edge of the hole and exclaimed in measured sepulchral tones:

'What are you in my grave for?'
'What are you out of it for at this time of night?' retorted the doughty old squire, as he scrambled out and proceeded on his way.



YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER: 'Have you roast beef?'
Butcher: 'Yes, ma'am.'
YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER: 'Do you keep it on ice?'
Butcher: 'Oh, yes, ma'am.'
YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER: 'Then you may send me some. My husband told me only this morning that he was very fond of cold roast beef.'

TWO BIPEDS MEET.

A GENTLEMAN was sauntering down the street the other night when he was startled by a shrill whistle that sounded close beside him. He naturally stopped and looked around, but saw no one. He started on, but had proceeded only a few yards when the whistle, louder and shriller than before was repeated. Again he looked around, and again he saw no one. Then his heart misgave him, for the hour was almost midnight. Vague, unutterable fears clutched at his soul, until his sleek locks grew to resemble the quills of that notoriously fretful porcupine.

But suddenly the mystery was solved. He chanced to glance overhead, when he perceived a parrot in a cage that dangled from a second-story window. The eyes of the feathered and featherless bipeds met, and the parrot quickly and appropriately remarked, 'What are you looking at, you fool!'

A LESSON.

THE CHAPERONE: 'Men are diffident, my dear, and when you discover that one is in love with you you must encourage him as much as possible.'

The Debutante: 'But mamma does not want me to marry for two or three years yet.'

The Chaperone: 'That is all right. You encourage him until he doesn't need any more encouragement, then you begin to discourage him.'



AN AID TO MEMORY.

WAITER (insolently): 'Haven't you forgotten something, sir?'

Customer: 'Ah, yes; I believe I have.' (Raises plate, takes shilling from under it, pockets it and smilingly departs.)

HIS PATIENT WOULDN'T TELL.

A SOMEWHAT breezy incident happened in the office of a dentist. He had concocted a very savoury liquid from a mixture of several choice brands, and invited his friend, a local physician, to 'have something,' which he did. A day or two afterward the invited friend thought he would like another taste, and leisurely wended his way to his friend's office.

When he entered the doctor had a lady in his dental chair, filling her teeth. He looked around, and, seeing his caller, said, 'Hello! come after some more rum?' The caller nearly fainted at the salutation, and simply stared at the dentist, who finally again blurted out: 'You look pale around the gills. Hold on a minute and I'll give you some more rum.'

The caller again was thunderstruck, but finally managed to say, 'Doctor, can I see you a moment in your parlour?'

'Certainly,' said the dentist, and he immediately stepped away from his lady patient and passed into the parlour.

When there, the friend, bridling with indignation, said in a freezing tone: 'Doctor, what is the matter with you, anyway? Are you crazy, are you drunk, or are you the simon-pure extract of a blanked fool? What's the matter with you, anyway?'

'Oh, that's all right,' said the dentist, 'that lady won't give you away—she's deaf and dumb.'

LAWS OF HEALTH.

TRAMP: 'Thankee kindly, mum: I'd no hope of gettin' sich a fine supper to-day, mum. May heaven bliss ye!'

Housekeeper: 'As you've had a good supper, I think you might chop some wood.'

'Yes, mum. But you know the old adage, "After dinner rest awhile, after supper walk a mile." I'll walk the mile first, mum.'

AT THE CLUB.—Gay Bachelor: 'Do you think there is anything in the theory that married men live longer than unmarried ones?' Henpecked Friend (wearily): 'Oh, I don't know—seems longer.'

THE HONEYMOON OVER.

WIFE: 'Harry, I never thought you could change so. You used to say that you might search the world over and over and you never could find a woman equal to me, and now you are scarcely ever at home.'

Husband: 'Oh, that's all right, dear; I'm simply making the search now, to prove the correctness of my assertion.'



WORTH HIS WHILE.

SNOPKINS: 'I see young Toodleby has failed for half a million.'

Pockphly: 'Lucky dog! I'd fail myself for half that amount.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

'DOCTOR,' said Mrs Worrit, 'is it really true that many people are buried alive?' 'None of my patients ever are,' replied Dr. Graves.

'I suppose the baby is a delicate pink—eh, Bronson?' 'No. He's a robust yeller,' replied the proud and sleepy father.

'Beware of vanity, my boy. The birds of gaudy plumage do not make the best eating.' 'No, indeed. The parrot never gets into the soup.'

A coloured philosopher is reported to have said: 'Life, my breddern, am mosly made up of prayin' for rain and then wishin' it would clear off.'

'What's the difference between a Prohibitionist and an old toper?' 'Why, the latter is full of drama and the former of scruples.'

EXCITABLE.—Young Mother: 'Horror! Here's an account in the paper of a woman who sold her baby for 10 cents.' Young Father (wearily): 'Perhaps it was teething.'

'Isaac,' whispered Rachel, 'would you go through fire for me?' 'Yai, I would,' returned Isaac, kissing his fiancée heartily. 'Dot is, I would oh! I was insured.'

'Papa, why does the drum major of a band wear that big thing on his head?' 'Because the natural size of his head is not equal to the occasion, my son.'

American Hostess: 'I wonder why women never fight duels. I am sure they get angry enough.' Foreign Visitor: 'Zey know nozing of weapons, madams. Zey would hurt each ozaire.'

A VETERAN SOLDIER IS RELATING THE STORY OF HIS CAMPAIGNS.—'On that terrible day we lost our brave Captain, whose head was carried off by a cannon ball. His last words were, "Bury me where I fall."'

A lady once consulted St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge. 'Well,' said the saint, 'some pious men object to it, others see no harm in it, but I hold the middle course so you may use it on one cheek.'

CUT AND COME AGAIN.—Beggars: 'Please sir, won't you give me a dollar to buy some medicine for me sick wife?' Gentleman: 'See here! Only a day or two ago you said your wife was dead and you needed money to bury her.'

Beggars: 'Y-e-s. This is another one.'

THE LATEST BERNHART JOKE.—As two gentlemen were passing the Theatre Francaise they observed a man carrying a shotgun into the building. 'I wonder what that is for?' remarked one of them. 'That gun,' replied the other, looking down the barrel, 'is for Sarah. She makes her toilet in it.'

SHORTENING A CALL.—Mother: 'My dear, when ladies call on you, you should not spend the whole time talking about your music, as you did this morning.' Daughter: 'But, mother, the callers this morning were married ladies, and if I hadn't kept them on music, they would have got started talking about their babies, and they wouldn't be through yet.'

A SINECURE.—A certain physician, who has not got much practice, hired a small coloured boy to accompany him on his visits and hold the horse. 'How does yer like yer new place?' asked the boy's mother when he came home on Saturday night. 'I likes it fustrate. We neber has to step at de houses at all, like de udder doctors. I jess gits all de ridin' I wants,' was the reply.

Jane (coming up the stairs to missus): 'I should feel extremely obliged, marm, if you would do me a little favour.' Missus (who knows the value of an inferior 'general'): 'Well, Jane, what is it?' 'I hardly know what to say, marm.' 'Well, of course, I can't comply until I know.' 'Well, marm, my young man is at the back door; and I thought, perhaps, you would be so very kind as to speak with him for a few minutes while I run up stairs and make myself presentable.'

NEW FORM OF THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.—Lady Friend (to Mrs Newlywed): 'Why do I find you so downcast, Maud?' Mrs Newlywed: 'Oh, it's because I saw my Harry kiss something beside me this morning.' Lady Friend (condolingly): 'Poor Maud! Do tell me all about it.' Mrs Newlywed: 'Well, I happened to be looking out of the window this morning just as my Harry boarded a tram, and don't you think the saucy fellow smiled at me and then kissed his hand, and—oh! boo-hoo!—Jennie, you don't know how j-j-jealous I am of that h-hand!'