



IT WAS FAMILIAR.

BY THE DEACON.

My memory is very good,  
That sermon I have heard before,  
But then it's new to all the rest,  
So I'll doze off without a snore.

BY THE TRUSTEE.

That sermon I have got to heart,  
I heard it first in sixty-seven,  
But then it's fresh to other folks,  
And would be were it preached in heaven.

BY THE ELDER.

I've heard that sermon many times,  
Expect to hear it ten times more,  
But it's a comfort that his bar!  
Won't last to reach the other shore.

BY THE PASTOR.

This week my children have been sick,  
It seemed at times that I must fall,  
So in place of the sermon I have read  
An epistle from St. Paul.

MATHEMATICS.

TEACHER: 'If your mother had twenty-five yards of stuff and made a dress requiring but eighteen yards, how much would she have left?'

Little Girl: 'Mamma can't make her own dresses. She has tried often, and they are always either too—'

Teacher: 'Suppose she sent it to a dressmaker, how much would the dressmaker send back?'

Little Girl: 'Depends on which dressmaker she sent it to. Some wouldn't send back any.'

Teacher (impatiently): 'Suppose she sent it to an honest one.'

Little Girl: 'Some of the honestest ones cut things to waste so that there is never anything left, no matter how much you send 'em.'

EASY TO FIND.

A RATHER fresh-looking man entered a drug store and said to the druggist:

'See if you can find me the address of Mr Theophilus Thompson.'

After looking through the directory for some time the druggist gave it up, remarking:

'I can't find him at all.'

'Nonsense. Why, you can't help finding him. He is a little fat man with a bald head and a little black moustache, waxed at the ends. He is the easiest man in the world to find. Gimme that book.'



'How stylishly you shake hands, Mr Softsleigh.'  
'Ya as, I got it from the Prince of Wales.'  
'Why, have you been presented to him?'  
'No; but Cholly Davis saw him meet a friend in the street one day.'

A NATURAL INQUIRY.

A TEXAS clergyman, who was a reformed gambler, was absorbed in thought one Sunday morning just before divine service began, when he was approached by the organist, who asked, referring to the opening hymn—

'What kind of a hand have you got?' responded the absent minded clergyman.

DECREE ENTERED.

LAWYER: 'So you want to get a divorce from your husband? What is the cause of your disagreement?'

Despairing Wife: 'I just simply can't stand it any more. He makes home a perfect hell. He wants the marrow out of the soup bone every day, and so do I.'

HAPPY WITH GOOD REASON.

QUICKLY: 'Did any man ever kiss you before?'

Miss Gettington: 'Never, Mr Quickly, in my whole life, I assure you.'

Quickly: 'Then I am positively the first?'

Miss Gettington: 'You are, indeed, you happy man.'

Quickly: 'Happy? Well I should say I am; I'm ten in on Jenkins.'



PARSON: 'Now, Pincher, my good man, don't you think it would pay you a great deal better to keep a pig instead of those useless dogs?'

Pincher (notorious poacher): 'Why, mebbe, parson; mebbe 'twould, but what a fool ah should luk to goa rabbitin' wi' a pig.'

NOT QUITE FINISHED.

CALLER: 'Your daughter is at home now, is she not? I heard she had graduated at the Artistic Literary and Scientific University.'

Hostess: 'She is not at home. She has gone to a finishing school.'

Caller: 'Why, what for?'

Hostess: 'Oh, to learn how to enter a room, and to sit down, and hold a fan, and blush, you know.'

PATERNAL PROFANITY.

MISS GUSH: 'And Ethel, dear, what is the baby's name?'

Mrs Newmother: 'I've named him Ethelbert Algernon.'

Miss Gush: 'But I always thought the father named the boys?'

Mrs Newmother: 'If you could hear what his father calls him when he is walking the floor with him in the early dawn you wouldn't wonder I took matters in my own hands.'

BORROWED HUMOUR.

EXAMINER: 'I am surprised that you all made mistakes in answering the question, "Where was the Magna Charta signed?" Think it over—can no one tell me?'

Little Boy: 'I can, sir.'

Examiner: 'Well?'

Little Boy: 'At the bottom of the page.'

'Please, ma, mayn't I have a lock of papa's hair? I want it so bad.' 'Yes, my child. Just see there, George, what an affectionate little fellow he is. That child has more heart than any child of his age I ever saw. He wants to keep a lock of your hair as a keepsake.' 'What do you want the hair for, Johnny?' asked Mr Peterby. 'I want to tie it on the tail of my hobby-horse; his tail is so thin,' replied the affectionate little creature.

There is a story that some children had a discussion concerning the services in one of the fashionable temples. One youngster who had reached the mature age of seven, said: 'I'd just like to know what preaching is for.' 'Oh, don't you know?' inquired his five-year-old sister. 'It's to give the singers a rest, of course.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS BREEZY (with hammer): 'There, I've hit the nail on the head at last.' Mr Breezy: 'Why do you put your finger in your mouth?' Mrs Breezy: 'That was the nail I hit.'

Mother: 'Arthur, this hurts me more than it does you.' Arthur: 'Yes, mamma, but not in the same place.'

'Well, congratulate me, old fellow. I am a father!' 'Good! Boy or girl?' 'By Jove! So excited I forgot to ask.'

A woman loves to talk. Anybody can tell when a woman's dead, but it takes an expert to tell when a man's dead. A woman is never dead until she stops talking.

Judge (to a very homely old maid): 'Miss, in what year were you born?' Witness: 'In the year 1866.' Judge: 'Before or after Christ?'

Jones: 'Red herring, blue fish, white fish, green peas, green corn and yellow label.' Artist: 'Jove, old fellow, you ought to belong to the Palette Club.'

Judge: 'Well, officer, who is this person, and what is she charged with?' Officer: 'Sure, it's the "magnetic girl," yer honor, and she's charged with electricity.'

Bunker: 'Bloomer is looking pretty well lately. Has he had any luck?' Hill: 'Why, haven't you heard? He married a Harlem widow, and her former husband's clothes just fit him.'

Stranger (to Bridget, scrubbing the front steps): 'While you're on your knees, Biddy, pray for me.' Bridget: 'O Lord, make this fellow a gentilemon!'

EVOLUTION OF A PROPOSAL.—Act I.—The belle poses. Act II.—The beau proposes. Act III.—The father disposes. Act IV.—The wife imposes. Act V.—The mother-in-law interposes. Act VI.—The husband opposes. Act VII.—The divorce court exposes. (Curtain).

Young Football Player: 'Say, if you hit me, papa, I'll have you ruled off for slugging!' Father: 'Who'll do it?' 'Mamma. She's the referee, and what she says goes. See!'

Smythe: 'I dropped a cent in front of a blind beggar today to see if he'd pick it up.' Thomson: 'Well, did he?' Smythe: 'No,' he said, 'Make it a half-a-crown boss, and I'll forget myself.'

Enthusiastic Professor of Physics (discussing the organic and inorganic kingdoms): 'Now if I should shut my eyes— and drop my head—so—and should not move you would say I was a clod. But I move, I leap, I run, I hop—then what do you call me?' Voice from the rear: 'A clod-hopper.' Class is dismissed.

'Why, Jimmy,' said one professional beggar to another, 'are you going to knock off already? It's only two o'clock.'

'No, you mutton head,' responded the other, who was engaged in unbuckling his wooden leg, 'I'm only going to put it on the other knee. You don't suppose a fellow can beg all day on the same leg, do you?'

THE TRAMP'S REVENGE.—Sour-faced Woman: 'You get right out of here or I'll call my husband.' Tramp: 'Y'r husband ain't at home.' Sour-faced woman: 'How do you know he ain't?' Tramp: 'I've allers noticed, mum, that w'en a man is married to a woman wot looks like you he never is at home except at meal time.'

Aunt Jessie: 'Wish Mr Happiman good morning, dear. You know he will soon be your uncle.' The fiancé: 'Good morning, little sweetness! Did you have pleasant dreams?'

Florie: 'No, sir. I dreamed there was a big locomotive shrieking by the side of me. Ah! then I woked up, and it was nothin' but Aunt Jessie snoring.'

'Buckle my shoe, Egbert,' said a belle to her near-sighted fiancé. Egbert went down on his knees like a true knight, but, as he had lost his eyeglass, his vision was a little uncertain. 'Is this your foot, darling?' he inquired. 'Yes.'

'Aw, pawdon—I—thought it was the lounge.' Egbert is now disengaged.

Candidate (in chemist's shop (of prohibition town): 'Come, gentleman, walk right up to the prescription counter. One and all, gentz; it's my treat. Here, Mr Drug Clerk, plenty of patients for ye. Now, gentlemen, name y'r diseases and the clerk will mix y'r medicine.'

POESY.

Oh, Minnie! You're a ripper,  
You're a wild and woolly skipper,  
You're the girl to kick your slipper  
Up into the very skies.

You have captured the persimmon,  
You have squeezed the yaller lemon,  
You're a waving of your penon  
At the gate of Paradise.

Mr de Seiner (on being introduced to Adored One's Mother): 'Pardon me, madam, but have we not met before? Your face seems strangely familiar.' Adored One's Mother: 'Yes; I am the woman who stood up before you for fourteen blocks in a street car the other day, while you sat reading a paper.'



THE JUDGE: 'How can you swear the handkerchief is yours?'

Plaintiff: 'By the colour.'

The Judge: 'But I have one exactly like it.'

Plaintiff: 'That does not astonish me; I had several stolen.'