

**TWO OLD CROWS.**

Two old crows confabulous sat perched upon a tree, And all their talk lugubrious was overheard by me. Said one old crow to t' other, and doleful dropped its jaw, Things aren't as they used to be! Caw, caw, caw.

Said t' other crow to this crow, there's the devil to pay; Things get worse and mixed every mortal day! New corn is mouldy on the stalk, it sours in my craw, Alas, the world's degenerate! Caw, caw, caw.

Said this crow to t' other crow, when you and I were young, Sweeter far than mocking birds--no crows so tuneful sung; But now the times are out of joint, crows' throats have got a claw, Brouchitis, asthma, or la grippe? Caw, caw, caw!

Said t' other crow to this crow, alas, aday, alack, We never see a white crow now, ev'ry crow is black! Crows as white as daisies were plentiful as straw! Oh, dear, what are we coming to? Caw, caw, caw!

Said this crow to t' other crow, the great crows are all dead; Crow oratory, statesmanship, and virtue, too, have fled; We've fallen on an evil day; a crow's but a jackdaw! We have no crows of genius now! Caw, caw, caw!

Said t' other crow to this crow, suppose we take a fly; Ah, would that the whole race of crows were as you and I! Then those crows went sailing off, till I no longer saw The flapping of their wings, but heard caw, caw, caw!

R. J. ROBERTS.

**TOO MUCH FOR HER.**

IT was at a dress reform meeting. After a beautiful little talk upon the immense advantages which a woman who dresses healthfully possesses, over her sister who does not, the President said:

'Why, ladies, a woman who dresses hygienically has ten chances of long life and good health against one with a woman who wears corsets, tight collars, belts, and bands. And now,' added the speaker, 'we shall be glad to hear a few words upon this subject from any one present. Will not some one give us her experience?'

A sad-faced little woman rose in the back of the hall. 'I am a firm believer in dress reform,' said she. 'Five years ago my mother being in poor health, took off her corset and wore health waists instead. At the same time she learned to suspend all her akirts by straps which she hung over her shoulders, and she threw away all her stiff white collars and put little ruches in the neck of her dresses. Her garters she threw away because garters stop the circulation of the blood. There was nothing close or confined about her dress anywhere. It was the very pattern of healthfulness.'

A murmur of applause ran around the meeting, while the president nodded a smiling approval. 'And what kind of health is your mother enjoying now?' queried she sweetly and with the look in her face of one who sees a coming triumph. 'She is in heaven,' said the sad-faced woman.



**GIGANTIC LADY** (who is very timid): 'Can you see me across the road, policeman?'  
Policeman: 'See yer across the road, marm? Why, bless yer! I b'lieve I could see yer 'arf a mile off!'

**DIDN'T ACT.**

WHEN orange marmalade was first introduced it was quite extensively advertised as an 'excellent substitute for butter.' A Newhaven fishwife seeing the advertisement, thought she would try a jar of the article. Next morning she presented herself to the shopkeeper in a state of great wrath.

'You sould villain!' she exclaimed; 'what did ye mean by selling me that stuff last night? I nearly poisoned oor John wi't.'

'Hoo woa that, ma'am?'  
'Hoo woa that? Did ye no say it was a substitute for butter?'

'Yes.'  
'Weel, then, I used some o't to fry a bit of fish wi', and it made us a' as sick as cuddies!'

**A GOOD POINT IN HIS FAVOUR.**

O'BROWN: 'They tell me Ziggsby once saved his mother-in-law from drowning!'

Kerzogg: 'Yes, it was a noble act, and if he ever gets into any serious trouble it will be a great help to him.'

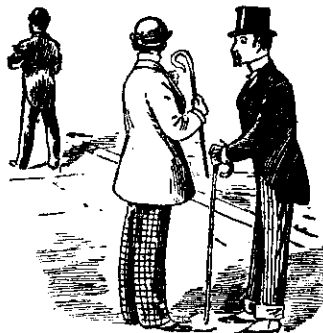
O'Brown: 'How so?'

Kerzogg: 'Why, he can plead insanity.'

**ROUGH.**

CHARLES: 'I am trying as hard as I can, darling, to get ahead.'

Clara: 'Well, the Lord knows, Charles, you need one badly enough.'



**HORRIBLE THOUGHT.**

HOFMANN HOWES: 'Did you know that Willy Weevles buys his clothes weady-made?'

HOWELL GIBBON: 'Oh, Hoffe, don't! Why, the same things he weahts might fit some common, awdinawy pabson just as well. It's howwible to think of!'

**SHE CONFESSED ALL.**

HE looked troubled as he took his accustomed seat in the parlour, and finally he blurted out:

'Maude, have you deceived me?'

'I!' she exclaimed. 'I! Reginald, how can you even think of such a thing?'

'No, no,' he said. 'It cannot be true. And yet--and yet--Maude, do you remember that man who sat just ahead of us at the theatre last night?'

She gave a barely perceptible start as she asked: 'That dapper little fellow with a waxed moustache?'

'Yes,' he replied, gravely. 'I heard him talking familiarly of you between the acts.'

'Of me?' She was nervous; even he could not help noticing that.

'Of you?' he reiterated. 'He said you had one of the smallest waists in the city.'

'He dared?'

'He did. He said it had changed an eighteenth of an inch in eighteen months. When he last put his arm around it it was the same perfect--'

'Did--did you strike him, Reginald?' she asked, anxiously.

'No, he replied. 'Why should I make a scene, and drag your name into--'

'Thank heaven for that,' she exclaimed gratefully.

'Maude! Maude!' he cried wildly, 'he is something to you!'

'Nothing, I swear it!' replied the beautiful girl.

'But his words! his words! Are they true?'

'Alas, Reginald, they are.'

'His arm has been around that waist?'

'Within the week,' she admitted reluctantly. 'But hear me, Reginald--'

'Unhappy woman!' he cried, as he rose to leave. 'Thus do I--'

'Hear me! hear me!' she pleaded. 'I swear--'

He stopped in the doorway.

'I will hear you,' he said with determination. 'I will hear his name. Give it me that I may ask him out. Who is he?'

'My habit-maker,' remarked the beautiful girl, blushing.

'He is making a travelling dress for our wedding tour now.'

**A MILDEN TORTURE.**

BARBER (testing the razor): 'Do I hurt you, sir?'

Baird: 'No; not so badly as the last man who had me in his chair.'

Barber (highly gratified): 'Who was that?'

Baird: 'The dentist.'



**THIS COBBLER SHOULD STICK TO HIS LAST.**

LADY CUSTOMER (to cobbler): 'You've made these soles too thick. I can never wear them.'

Cobbler: 'If you willonly put them on and try them, ma'am, your objection will gradually wear away!'

**TRY TO SMILE.**

THERE is nothing more tantalizing to a man than to go home with something in his mind he wants to scold about, and find company there and be obliged to act agreeably.

Old Lady: 'Oh, policeman, I've lost my dear little dog.'

Policeman: 'What kind of dog, mum?'

Old Lady: 'A sweet little pug. I fear he'll never turn up.'

Policeman (facetiously): 'Well, mum, anyway, his nose will!'

MR SNOODGRASS WAS IN.—Ardup, did you apply to old Snodgrass for a loan? 'I did.' 'How did you come out?'

'Head first.'

AND SHE SNEEZED.  
'Where are you going, my pretty maid?'

'I'm going to sneeze, kind sir,' she said.

'Whom are you sneezing at, my pretty maid?'

'I'm going to sneeze—a-chew!' she said.

NEW ZEALAND WHINES.—Fond Mother: 'What business had darling baby better follow when he grows up, John?'

Distracted father: 'Oh, something in the liquor trade. He seems to understand all about whines!'

Wanted, a servant up-to-date. A late riser preferred. The master cleans his own boots and answers the door. Assistance given every day to do all the dirty work, one hour allowed each day for practising and the loan of the piano or violin. An 'At Home' day once a week, and a not-at-home day when it suits. Everything else found—but the place.

MODERN CHIVALRY.—Young Pippin (who thinks no end of himself, to new acquaintance): 'I say, that's a very pretty girl speaking to young Stubbs. I shall go in for her. I'll lose you which of us two mashes her, (suiting the action to the word). New Acquaintance: 'No, thanks. That lady is my wife!'

CLASSICAL ITEM.  
'HAVE you got a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost"?' asked Gilhooly of Hostetter McGinnis, who is not one of the most educated men in the world.

'What in the world is that?' replied McGinnis.

'It's a book,' responded Gilhooly.

'No, sir. I have not got such a book. Whenever I find anything that is lost I return it to the owner. When did Mr Milton lose his book? What reward is he offering for its return?'



POLLYWAG (to his wife): 'I am writing the history of my life, and I've just finished a sentence in which I call you the sunshine of my existence.'

Wife: 'Oh, John, am I really that?'

Pollywag: 'Yes, my dear; I refer to you as the sunshine of my existence because you make it hot for me.'