



WOULD COME OUT SOME DAY.

MRS VERMONT BROWNE: 'Why on earth don't you get your husband to cut off his whiskers?'
Mrs Smith Jones: 'I wouldn't have him do it for the world. I want him to let them grow and get them all out of his system.'

TRY TO SMILE.

FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.—Judge: 'Prisoner, do you acknowledge your guilt?' Prisoner: 'No, my lord. The speech for the defence has convinced even me of my innocence.'

HARD TIMES.—'These are hard times' sighed the young collector of bills. 'Every place I went to-day I was requested to call again, but one, and that was when I dropped in to see my girl.'

PHILOSOPHY.—Master (hearing a tremendous noise on the stairs): 'Hallo, Pat, fallen downstairs?' Pat: 'Yis, sor; but it's no matter at all, sor. Oi was coming down anyway, sor.'

NOT THAT KIND.

He isn't a thief whose act we deplore,
Or a man whom the honest would shun,
Who says when he's taking farewell at the door,
'I've made up my mind to steal one.'

Doctor: 'Troubled with sleeplessness, eh? Eat something before going to bed.' Patient: 'Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed.'
Doctor (with dignity): 'That, madam, was in 1839. Science has made great strides since then.'

A GUIDE TO MATRIMONY.

The right kind of lollies; the right kind of nerve;
A carriage kept handy; good menus to serve;
A theatre party; the jeweller's gold;
A men bithe and hearty; a traitor too bold;
The right kind of chaffing; the right kind of sense;
The joke that sets laughing; the arduous intense;
With these little trifles any man can
Win love—if he's really the right kind of man.

A MIS-NOMER.—Mrs Fitz-Caudle: 'Ah me! there was a time when you always called me "Daisy," now it's "Mrs Fitz-Caudle," as if I were the merest stranger to you.'
Fitz-Caudle: 'Found out my mistake, my dear. Daisies shut up at night. You don't.'

FETCHED THE PHYSICIAN.—Doctor: 'Why, how is this my dear sir? You sent me a letter stating you had been, attacked by measles, and I find you suffering from rheumatism.'
Patient: 'Well, you see, doctor, it is like this, there wasn't a soul in the house that knew how to spell rheumatism.'

THE WHY.—Tommy: 'What's that bird, papa?' Papa: 'That my boy, is the toucan; but we call it the "millinery bird."'
Tommy: 'Why, papa?' Papa (who had been there many a time): 'On account of the size of its bill.'



FADDLE: 'I'll sue you for damages, you scoundrel! You've drawn the wrong tooth.'
Dentist: 'Don't grow so excited about a little thing of that kind. It will cost you only £1 to have a new one inserted.'

HIS FATHER WOULDN'T CATCH ON.

THE young man laid a cigarette down on the hall table while he went to interview his father on the financial situation. After a few preliminaries he said—

'By the way, dad, can I have a few "stamps" to-day?'
'Postage stamps' inquired the father, innocently.
'No, sir,' was the impatient reply; 'I mean "scads,"'
'"Scads," my son?' inquired the old gentleman, in mild astonishment.

'I mean the "tin," of course.'
'And what is the "tin," may I ask?'
'Oh, the "ready," don't you know?'
'No; I don't know.'
'Don't you know, "spondulix"?'
'I can't say that I do. Who is he?'
'Aw, come off, Guv. What I'm out for is the "stuff,"'
'What stuff?'
'Why, the "soap," of course.'
'The "soap"? Are you in need of a bath?' and the father looked over his specs inquiringly.
'No, no, impatiently. I mean the sugar.'
'Oh. Sugar and soap? Going to make a plaster, are you?'

'Plaster nothing. I want the "chink,"'
'"Chink"? What's chink, pray?'
'Why, it's "dust." Anybody knows that.'
'Oh, yes, excuse me. Got the brush over here?'
'Tisn't that kind I want. It's "rocks,"'
'Well, there's dust in rocks, isn't there?'
'Won't you ever catch on?' exclaimed the young man. I want the "dnff," the "wherewithal," don't you know; the "rhino," the "boodle," plain, ordinary, everyday cash, dad; that's what I want.'
'Oh,' exclaimed the father in a greatly relieved tone, 'here's a pound,' and that's all the young man got.

HE UNDERSTOOD.

MISS MAMIE (as her father returns from the office): 'Oh, there you are at last, you dear, sweet old thing.'
The Dear, Sweet Old Thing: 'No you don't, Mamie. You had a new £3 hat only two days ago, and now you've got to wait awhile.'



HER FATHER: 'Look here, young man, you are paying marked attention to my daughter, what are your intentions?'
Jones: 'Aw—marriage.'
Her Father: 'But how are you going to support her in the style she is accustomed to?'
Jones: 'Well, we thought we'd live with you!'

THE HUMORIST.

I.
'Who is that man?' I heard him say;
'What makes him look so sad?'
Why don't he smile like other folks?
Or is he feeling bad?
Can he not see the genial sun
That's shining in the sky?
Could he not smile on this fair day
Just once if he should try?'

II.
'Oh, no!' the other man replied,
'He is not made that way;
He writes jokes for the newspapers,
And yet he's never gay.
His jokes cause other folks to laugh,
Yet solemn still is he;
If joking spoils a man like this,
Then just deliver me!'

III.
'They say that in his family, too,
He's always cross and sour;
He gazes into vacancy
Many a weary hour.
And if his children speak to him,
He angrily retorts;
They seldom dare to interrupt
The current of his thoughts.'

FRANK MARION.

SUCCESS AT LAST.

A GRAY-HAIRED, broken-down old man
With sunken eye and cheek,
Climbed up the steps one winter's day,
With humble mien and meek.

He rang the bell, and a woman came
And stood in the open door,
And a smile spread over his wrinkled face
As he saw his wife once more.

And the old glad light shone in his eyes,
And his husky voice grew clear,
As he said, 'It almost knocked me out,
But I matched that ribbon, dear.'



HIT HIM BADLY.

HE: 'I like smart women well enough, but I would not care to marry a woman who knew more than I did.'
SHE: 'I see, and so you have been forced to remain single?'

AT THE COMMERCIAL LAW EXAM.

PROFESSOR: 'What is a commercial bill?'
Pupil (after a long think): 'I don't know sir.'
Professor (pensively): 'Lucky fellow!'

A YOUNG DIPLOMAT.

MRS BROWN: 'I'm afraid to let you have a bicycle.'
Little Johnnie: 'Don't feel that way, ma. Even if it did kill me, remember that it would be the last thing I ever asked you for.'



GIVING HER WINGS.

ENFANT TERRIBLE: 'Ma, dear, have angels got wings?'
Mother: 'Yes, dear.'
Enfant Terrible: 'And can they fly?'
Mother: 'Yes, dear.'
Enfant Terrible: 'Well, pa told our new governors she was an angel—and she can't fly.'
Mother: 'Indeed! But she will fly—soon!'