



A RACING DITTY.

HE WASN'T WELL.

By the book he looks a moral,
His condition's of the best;
In a trial only lately
All the touts were much impressed.
Yet he's beaten very badly,
And you say, 'Another sell.'
'Not at all, you simple punter,
Can't you see he isn't well.

'The course was long or short, or
Elas the pace was much too slow;
If they'd only kept together
He'd have been there, don't you know.
He's been off his feed this two days,
As any mug might tell,
And we knew we had no chance, because
He wasn't very well.'

But wait another month or two,
When the time is ripe to spin—
When he's not a public faucey,
For they think he'll never win,
But the stable have their boots on,
And deluded backers yell
As they recognise the winner in
The gee that 'wasn't well.'

M.U.G.

TAKING HIM TO TASK.

YOUNG Mr Snickers had long loved Miss Gilgal, and one evening he succeeded in mustering enough courage to ask her to marry him.
'Before I give you an answer, Mr Snickers,' she replied, 'I want to ask you a few questions.'
'Ask one.'
'You write a great many jokes?'
'I plead guilty.'
'You have often written jokes in which mothers-in-law were held up to ridicule?'
'I have used that subject once or twice.'
'You have also written jokes which turn on the general unhappiness of married life, and imply a wish on the part of married men that they had never married?'
'Possibly I have, Miss Gilgal.'
'Possibly? You mean positively, don't you?'
'Yes.'
'Well, then, Mr Snickers, how do you have the effrontery to ask me—or any girl—to marry you after maligning marriage and mothers-in-law? If you think I would, you are very much mistaken.'
'Why, my dear girl, when I wrote those things I was only joking!' the young man declared.
'Were you?' replied the maiden gleefully. 'Then I was only joking when I said I wouldn't marry you.'
Engagement announced next day.



TEACHER: 'How much do eight and four make?'
Scholar: 'Nine.'
Teacher: 'Try again.'
Scholar: 'Ten, eleven—thirteen.'
Teacher: 'How above twelve?'
Scholar (deceitfully): 'That's where you're wrong. Six and six is twelve.'
(Left explaining.)

IT IRRITATES A QUIET CUSTOMER AND CAUSES A SCENE.

THE bald-headed man, with four days' growth of beard on his chin, went into a barber's shop and sat down in one of the operating chairs. To him presently went a knight of the razor, who remarked, interrogatively:
'Shave, sir?'
'No,' growled the man in the chair, 'I want to be measured for a suit of clothes.'
This statement seemed to surprise the barber, but he managed to say:
'This isn't a tailor's shop, sir.'
'Isn't it?'
'No, sir.'
'What is it?'
'It's a barber's shop.'
'What sort of work do you do in this shop?'
'Shave men and cut their hair, sir.'
'Do you think a man with no hair on his head would come in here to have his hair cut?'
'No, sir.'
'Do I look like a lunatic?'
This was replied by a silent shake of the head, but the barber doubtless thought he was acting like one.
'Then, presuming me to be a sane man, but bald-headed, what would you naturally suppose I came here for?'
'For a shave.'
'Then, dear sir, why did you ask me if I wanted a shave when I took a seat in your chair? Why didn't you go to work at once? If some of you barbers would cultivate a habit of inferring, from easily ascertained data, instead of developing such wonderful conversational and catechetical powers, it would be of material aid in advancing you in your chosen vocation and of expanding your profits. Do you comprehend?'
'Yes, sir,' replied the man as he began to lather the customer's face in a dazed sort of way, and he never even asked him if he wanted oil on his hair when the operation was performed.



OUR office boy was holding an improving conversation with the Helping Hand boy.
'You know my dog Barca and your cat Darling?' he said.
'Yes.'
'Well, my dog had a piece of meat, and he thought your cat was going to take it away from him.'
'Thought?' exclaimed the Helping Hand boy. 'What makes you say the dog thought? You know dogs don't think—it was instinct.'
'Well,' said the boy, 'I don't know whether he thought it or whether he instigated it, but anyhow, your cat's dead.'

WHO WAS THE GUILTY MAN.

A WELLINGTON woman has a husband who has done such a thing as to forget to do what his wife had requested. The other evening about 5 o'clock he came home and she was at him.
'John,' she said, 'did you tell that expressman to come here this afternoon?'
'Yes, Mary,' he answered meekly.
'Well, he hasn't come.'
'Is that so?'
'Yes, it is. Now, how do you account for it?'
John gave the matter a few moments' consideration.
'Well, my dear,' he said finally, 'either he's lying or I am, and to relieve us both from your suspicions I'll just step down to his place and see what's the matter,' and the charitable John went to see the expressman.

WHAT'S THE USE?

'YOU never sit and talk to me as you did before we were married,' sighed the young wife.
'No,' replied the husband, who was a draper's assistant, 'the gov'nor told me to stop praising the goods as soon as the bargain was struck.'

A THOUGHTFUL CRANGER.

'No, sir,' said Father Begoah. 'Tain't no use to argy calamity politics ter me. I ain't one o' the people that thinks er man her got to believe the country's goin' ter ruin in order ter have its welfare at heart.'

THE HINT WAS SUFFICIENT.

'You don't call on Miss Cutting any more, I hear, Blobber.'
'No.'
'Did she reject you?'
'Not exactly, but when I first began calling there was a mat at the door with the word "welcome" woven on it, and a motto on the wall that read "Let Us Love One Another." Later I noticed that the doormat was changed for one that said "wipe your feet," and a motto declaring that "Early to Bed and Early to Rise Makes you Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise," and taken the place of the other one.'



'GLAD I brought my coat. Chilly later on.'



The meeting. 'Nice day—a bit cold.'

III.



'I think I'll slip on my coat!' Tableau.

THE MODERN YOUTH.

'MA,' asked Centurion's eldest, 'what's the difference between the wax figure of a woman and dad's keeping me from going to see Fills' Circus to-day?'
Mrs Cent.: 'Why, I don't know, my boy. What is it?'
'One's a sham dame and the other's a — Oh! let go my ear, will you? I've got to go to schoo-oo-oo!' [Fact.]