



HER CLOAK.

SHE wears a cloak of white swansdown
Above her evening dress,
And lets it fold, without a frown,
Her form with soft caress.
Her cruel coldness even thaws,
Within its warm embrace,
As with a tender smile she draws
It closer to her face.

Whenever she and I go out,
She wears that cloak to hide
The charms I love to dream about,
While seated at her side.
The next day, too, I think of her,
While hours I devote
To picking bits of fleecy fur
From off my overcoat!

HARRY ROMAINE.

POETRY APPLIED TO COOKERY.

YOUNG HOUSEWIFE: 'I wish to get a pair of chickens.'
Dealer: 'Yes'm. Here are some very nice ones.'
Y. H.: 'Have you any game chickens?'
D.: 'Well, ma'm, they don't often kill game chickens.
They keep 'em for show.'
Y. H.: 'I should prefer game chickens.'
D.: 'For what reason, ma'm?'
Y. H.: 'Because game chickens are brave.'
D.: 'Well, what o' that?'
Y. H.: 'The poet says, "the bravest are the tenderest."'

A FAR-SIGHTED YOUNG MAN.

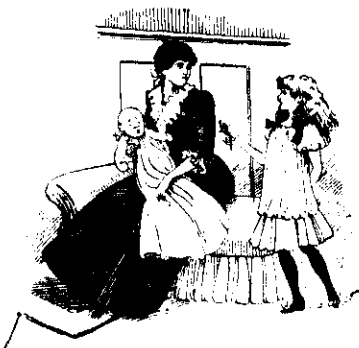
SHIPPEN CLARKE: 'Why do you give so expensive jewellery to your fiancée?'
Cashin Hand: 'I do it from economical motives.'
Shippen Clarke: 'How's that?'
Cashin Hand: 'If I spend money on theatres, flowers, lollies, dance tickets, and the like, it would be sunken capital;—but after we are married I shall be able to raise money on that jewellery. See?'

EXTRAVAGANT.

PHYSICIAN (to dying editor): 'My poor friend, I cannot conceal the truth from you any longer. You have only half an hour to live.'
Editor *Clarion* (feebly): 'Doctor, will you please tell the foreman, when I am gone, to place my obituary on the front page, top of column, next to pure reading matter? I wonder if I am extravagant in indulging myself in that luxury for once in my life?'

HARD LUCK.

I CALLED upon my lady love
Against her stern behest;
So she just pressed the button—
The footman did the rest.



VERY LIKELY.

FOND MOTHER: 'I wonder why baby cries so?'
Small Sister: 'I expect the poor thing feels strange; it hasn't got used to you yet.'

HIS VOCABULARY.

MISS VAN GUYEM: 'Delighted to meet you, Lord Dulstaire.'
Lord Dulstaire: 'Chahmed, I'm shuah.'
Miss Van Guyem: 'So sorry to miss your call the other day!'
Lord Dulstaire: 'Chahmed—I mean—dweadfully sowry.'
Miss Van Guyem: 'But I was actually grieved.'
Lord Dulstaire: 'Chahming of you to—ah—sh—'
Miss Van Guyem: 'If I felt it was an admissible question, I should dearly love to ask you how you liked New Zealand.'
Lord Dulstaire: 'Chahmed—I assure yuh.'
Miss Van Guyem: 'I thought you'd say so. And you went to Rotorua, I believe. Of course you were—'
Lord Dulstaire: 'Vewy much chahmed, weally.'
Miss Van Guyem: 'That just expresses it. But if you stay through the summer you must go to the Sounds. It will charm you, I know, to enjoy the charming scenery; and the atmosphere is such a charm that you will really be—'
Lord Dulstaire: 'Chahmed, I'm shuah!'



MRS FRONTPE (to minister's wife): 'Why is your husband always asking for money, money, money?'
Minister's Wife (wearily): 'I presume it's because he never gets any.'

TRY TO SMILE.

CHEMIST: 'A pennyworth of camphor, did you say, my boy?'
Funny Boy: 'Yes, that's what I canphor!' (Then the chemist wouldn't serve him, and no wonder!)

OVERHEARD IN THE MARKET.—'I say, what do they mark these apple barrels "Open this end" for?'
Should have thought any silly would ha' knowned that. D'ye suppose we can afford to pack big 'uns at both ends of the barrel?'

A wife should be like roast lamb, tender and nicely dressed. No sauce required.

Traveller (taking out a well-filled cigar-case): 'Pardon me, but have you a match?'
Seedy Individual (suggestively): 'Yes; but I have nothing to smoke.'
Traveller: 'Then you won't need the match. Thanks.'

DYING IN HARNESS.—He had been in the Gas Office for most of his life, and the end was at hand. 'Are you resigned?' kindly inquired the minister. 'Never,' cried the old man, fiercely. 'I may die, but I will never resign.' And he passed away as he had lived.

A NEAT COMPLIMENT.—A Miss Wise having married a Mr Young, there was born to the couple a son whose resemblance to his mother was thus immortalized in rhyme:
You have your mother's bonnie face,
A joy to all beholders;
Ah, yours should be a winning pace
Who've Wise head on Young shoulders.

HOW HE SOLD THEM.—Lady of the House: 'I don't need any of your burglar alarms.'
Agent: 'That just what the lady next door said.'
Lady of the House (on the alert): 'Said what?'
Agent: 'That it was no use of me calling here, as you wouldn't need any, because you had nothing to steal, but I thought I—'
Lady of the House (gritting her teeth): 'Give me three.'

'AN' I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LADY.—Lady: 'And what is your Christian name?'
Coachman: 'Nebuchadnezzar, mum.'
Lady: 'What a dreadful long name. I should never be able to pronounce it if I wanted you in a hurry.'
Coachman: 'Yer don't need to pronounce nothin', mum. When yer wants me you've only to stick yer fingers in yer mouth and whistle, and I'll be round afore ye can say Jack Robinson.'



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

ALGY: 'I must be starting now, I think, darling.'
Roosie: 'Your train doesn't go for half an hour yet.'
Algy: 'No; but we've got to say good-night and good-bye yet.'

THE DOCTOR.

THE doctor makes his way in the world by degrees, though sometimes his success is marvellously sudden.

When you are ill, call in the doctor, and he will be certain to relieve you, if not of your ailment, at any rate of some of your cash.

The doctor is somewhat out of it unless he can afford a smart brougham; the man who rides is always more clever in the eyes of the world—by the bye, the world sometimes suffers from the complaint of being blind in one eye, and not being able to see out of the other—than the man who goes on foot, which rather knocks over the saying that 'there's nothing like leather.'

Some people don't believe in doctors, and wouldn't have one in the house if he paid them; while others will call frantically for the doctor if they have an incipient pimple on the end of their nose, or if their hair won't lie down straight.

It is to the doctor's interest to keep one on his hands as long as possible before putting you on your feet; and the great difficulty, when you get him in your house, is to get him out of it. He will stick to you like a leech—is that why in olden times doctors used to be called 'leeches'?—and, so to say, 'bleed' you of every cent you can scrape together. Of course the doctor must live, but he might give you a chance of doing likewise.

'You're all right now, my dear sir,' said a doctor to a patient, as he handed him his bill, 'only you must mind and live well!'

'Then, doctor,' groaned the convalescent, as he paid the bill, 'I shall have to come and live with you, for you've left me nothing to live well on!'

Doctors' fees vary very much. A struggling doctor will make you sick for half-a-crown, whereas, a swell doctor will require five guineas. You can do it yourself for nothing with a little mustard-and-water; but most people are afraid of doctoring themselves; not one man in twenty knows whether he is suffering from hydrophobia, a soft corn, or threatened bankruptcy. In very poor districts you can even get a bottle of medicine—real coloured *ayya pura*, no humbug about it—and medical advice for a shilling; and catch the small-pox for nothing while you wait.

The doctor's life is not all sweet; some of it is as bitter as his prescriptions. At most unearthly hours of the night and morning he is frequently called up to see a patient, though it depends a good deal on the social position of the patient whether he goes or not. If it is only Mrs Jones the washerwoman, he may say he will call round in the morning. He calls round in the morning, but Mrs Jones doesn't want him then—Mrs J. is dead! But we are thankful to say that it is only the black sheep of a noble profession who act so inhumanly.

Personally, we owe a deep debt of gratitude to a doctor. He attended us for an attack of indigestion, and after much assiduous care succeeded in making it chronic; so now we cannot eat anything more solid than a cup of cocoa, which is very economical; in fact, we are saving money fast to pay for our funeral.



AGED LOVER: 'You treat me as if I were a dog.'
Coquette: 'Oh, no, I don't. I like dogs. I pat them on the head, take them out walking, and I even let them kiss me. I don't treat you that way, do I?'