



TRY TO SMILE.

TONGUE sandwich ought to have a telling effect on a man's appetite.



was convicted.

Sympathetic Lawyer: 'My innocent client, gentleman of the jury, has passed through many tribulations and trials— Prisoner (interrupting): 'Yes, boss, and the worst of it is I allus

SHE KNEW CHARLIE.—Tom de Witt: 'Whom do you think Charlie Mansford had his arm around last evening?' Bessie Floyd: 'Oh, the nearest young lady, I suppose.'

A CERTAIN bishop rebuked one of his clergy for hunting. 'My lord,' was the answer, 'every man must have some relaxation. I assure you I never go to balls.' 'Oh!' said the bishop, 'I perceive you allude to my having been at the Governor's party; but I give you my word I was never in the same room as the dancers!' 'My lord,' responded the witty parson, 'my horse and I are getting old, and we are never in the same field as the hounds.'

A KISS.

'Tis strange to think what celestial bliss Is centred in one transient kiss. The burning glow of hot red lips. The soft warm touch of finger tips; The thirsty, throbbing, thrilling pain To kiss the loved one yet again. The saddening sound of sobbing sighs. The flaming fire of flashing eyes. Are Heaven! But, oh! when the only one Has tackled a Spanish onion!

DON'T HANKER AFTER IT.—A worthy old farmer was open to bet that he could eat anything, and one of his boarders challenged him to tackle a crow. 'Yes, I ken eat a crow.' 'Bet you a hat you don't,' said the guest. The bet was registered: the crow was shot and nicely roasted, but before it was served up the jokers contrived to season it lavishly with snuff. Old Isaac sat down to his repast, and took a good mouthful of the crow. 'Yes,' he said, as he struggled with the delicacy; 'I ken eat crow, but I'll be— if I hanker arter it!'

OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION GONE.

If ever the wonderful age comes round (Be that age or near or distant) When mothers-in-law by the law are bound To be creatures non-existent— That is to say, when an act unique Requires, if a pair get married, That the mothers of those who the altar seek Shall be to the halter carried: How, how, in that age—alack and alas!— Will the comic journalist earn his brass!

If ever an age comes round when 'booze' Abhorred with such hate intense is, That never a clubman is known to lose His balance, or lose his senses, While homeward bound: if an age comes round, 'When the topper and tie awry gone, And the lamp-post bugged, and the key unfound, Are matters of history bygone; How, how, in that age—alack and alas!— Will the comic journalist earn his brass!

If ever in England there comes a time When the law shall esteem it proper To charge the wretch with a capital crime Who pokes a joke at a 'copper': A time when our butchers are, one and all, With the honesty craze so smitten That the man will be bedlamed who dares to scrawl About sausages made from kitten; A time when some statute will gents restrict From tipping their hostelry waiter; When no bard by the editor-hen is kicked, No dupe by his darling's pater: How, how, in that terrible age—alas!— Will the comic journalist earn his brass!

A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.

HE was the son of a worthy citizen, and had just returned from college. His father was a brusque matter-of-fact man, who had no love for anything pronounced, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with the latest thing in collars and various other insignia of dudedom. The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office, and then blurted out:—

'Young man, you look like an idiot.' Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in. 'Why, hello, Billy, have you returned?' he asked. 'Dear me, how much you resemble your father!' 'So he has been telling me,' replied Billy, smiling covertly.

From that day to this the old gentleman has had no fault to find with his son.



ONE FOR THE BARBER.

BARBER: 'Hair's very thin, sir.' Customer: 'It was thicker than that thirty years ago.' Barber: 'Indeed, sir, you surprise me! Why, you don't look more than thirty now, sir.' Customer (bravely): 'Thirty yesterday.'



AWKWARDLY EXPRESSED.

ANGELINA (anxiously): 'Are you sure, dear, that you don't regret it, and that you don't sometimes miss your life as a bachelor?' Edwin (with cheerful conviction): 'Not a bit, I tell you what, Aopy, I miss it so little that if I was to lose you—a—I'm blessed if I wouldn't marry again.'

MONEY NO OBJECT.

'I WANT a position,' he said as he entered the office. 'I'm sorry,' said the head of the firm, 'but we really have no need of any men at present.' 'Oh, that's all right,' said the caller cheerfully. 'I don't expect any salary. In fact, I'm willing to pay for the privilege of having employment.' 'What kind of a position do you want?' asked the merchant in astonishment.

'I don't much care, as long as its one degree higher than the typist and the office boy.' 'Why those two particularly?' 'Well, you see, it's just this way,' explained the caller confidentially. 'I'm married and have one child—a boy. Now that boy won't mind me, and his mother just laughs when I try to exert my authority. So I've got desperate, and I thought if I could get a position where the typewriter girl would have to obey me and the office boy would have to get up and hustle when I spoke, it would sort of square me with my dignity, which is rapidly getting away from me. Wouldn't do anyone any harm, you know and it would make me feel easier in my mind to realise that I was a man who had to be obeyed.'



DE KALF: 'Will I bet about it? Of course I will; I'll bet anything. I'll bet my head against yours if you like.' Mabel de Mure: 'No, thank you. I object to laying odds.'

THE WAY THEY WORK IN AMERICA.

A WELL DRESSED, smooth faced young man, whose card bore the name of a prominent newspaper, was shown in, and he took out a notebook and pencil, and said:—

'You are J. D. Blank, president of the U and V Railway. Full name, please.'

'Young man, have you any business with me?' sharply demanded the official.

'I have sir. I am the ordinary editor of the Flier. You will die within the next few years, and we want your obituary so that all we will have to do is to go to the pigeon-hole marked "B" and take it out when the time comes. I want your photo, of course. Please give me the full name, age, birthplace, a brief history of your early struggles, date of marriage, name of wife, and so forth, and so forth.'

The official turned red and white, and gasped for breath, and the young man coldly continued:—

'We want about a quarter of a column, including cut, which I guarantee to do you full justice. Which cemetery are you likely to be buried in? What's your religion? Have you made your will? Do you own a vault or only a lot? Going to have a monument, or only a common headstone? Troubled with any disease likely to carry you off suddenly? Strictly temperate or only so so? Belong to any societies, and what church do you attend? How many children?'

The president pointed to the door.

'Yes—um. But business is business. Likely to have a big funeral? What shall I say you are worth, clear of all debts? Honest, upright, and beloved by all, of course? Self-made man, kind husband, and fond father. Our loss is his gain. Got a passable photo of yourself lying around the shanty?'

'Young man, go out!' shouted the president; 'go out, or I'll have you put out.'

'You won't give me no advance obit.' 'No, sir.' 'No photo?' 'No, sir.' 'Don't want no eulo, when you shuffle off?' 'No, sir.'

'Sorry you feel that way, but I'm fixed for it. In case of your demise we'll use a photograph of the porter downstairs and work over the history of the engine driver who was killed a month ago! Got to have these things, you know, and the Flier never gets left on a pigeon hole obituary. Good day, sir!'



KISS THE BOOK!

SHE: 'Do you really mean what you say?' He: 'I swear by those sweet eyes and rosy lips—' She: 'Very well; you've sworn, now why don't you kiss the book?'