



A WIRELESS MESSAGE.

They were standing at the front door, and he had just said good-night for the seventeenth consecutive time, when a gruff voice was wafted down from the head of the stairs.

"Going home, young man?" queried the party behind the aforesaid voice.

"Y-yes, sir," stammered the love-lorn youth in the good night scene.

"All-right," said the gruff voice; "I wish you would stop and tell the butcher to send us up some lamb chops for lunch. Good-morning."

WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE

She (angrily): What! all your money gone? Been betting on racehorses, I suppose?"

He (dejectedly): Not on what pretended to be racehorses.

WHY!

Cashleigh: "A dog is a man's best friend, because he never forsakes him."

Harduppe: "That's right. A man cannot borrow money from a dog."

A HUSBAND'S TROUBLE.

Bramble: "You don't seem to be enjoying yourself while your wife is away. Doesn't liberty agree with you?"

Thorne: "What is liberty without money? It costs all I can scrape together to keep my wife at the seashore."

HE RECOGNISED THE ANIMAL.

"Now, children," said the school teacher, "I should like to see how much you remember about the animal kingdom, and the domestic animals which belong to it. Now, what are they?"

There were various replies, specifying the cat, the dog, the cow, and others, but nobody seemed to think of the pig. Then came Tommy Traddles's turn, and the good-natured teacher determined to give him a hint as to the reply she required.

"We've had them nearly all, except one, Tommy," she prompted. "Can't you tell me what that one is? It has bristly hair, is fond of dirt, and loves to get among mud. Now, just think. Can't you tell me what it is?"

"Yes, teacher," said Tommy hesitatingly. "Its me!"

SUGGESTING BUSINESS.

"I want my photograph taken," said the man, as he shuffled into the studio.

"Certainly, sir," said the knight of the camera, as he sat the victim down in a chair and commenced posing him gracefully.

"Would you like a carte or a cabinet?"

The prospective customer glanced at a full-length picture of a small child in a hayfield and wriggled uneasily.

"It doesn't matter much whether there's a cart or a cab in it," he answered; "but if you could manage to put a railway-truck in it I should like it. I am a railway porter."

THE IRISH OF IT.

An English landowner out unusually early one morning for a walk on his estate, in turning a corner came suddenly upon an Irishman whom he knew as an inveterate poacher. This is the conversation that took place between them:

"Good morning, Pat."

"Good mornin', yer haner. An' phwat brings yer haner out so airly this mornin'?"

"I'm just walking around, Pat, to see if I can get an appetite for my breakfast. And what brings you out so early, Pat?"

"Oh, he jabbers. O'm' jest walkin' around to see if Oi can't git a breakfast for me appetite."

WANTED TO SAVE HER.

Mr. Slimpursue: "But why do you insist that our daughter should marry a man whom she does not like? You married for love, didn't you?"

Mrs. Slimpursue: "Yes; but that is no reason why I should let our daughter make the same blunder."

PRaise AT LAST.

He: "But what reason have you for refusing to marry me?"

She: "Fapa objects. He says you are an actor."

He: "Give my regards to the old boy and tell him I'm sorry he isn't a newspaper critic."

OFF THE LINE.

"We were bounding along," said a recent traveller on a Kaipara single-line railway, "at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and the whole train was shaking terribly. I expected every moment to see my bones protruding through my skin. Passengers were falling from one end of the car to the other. I held on firmly to the arms of the seat. Presently we settled down a bit quieter; at least, I could keep my hat on, and my teeth didn't chatter."

"There was a quiet looking man opposite me. I looked up with a ghastly smile, wishing to appear cheerful, and said:

"We are going a bit smoother, I see."

"Yes," he said, "we're off the line now."

She: "Do you remember when we used to go round looking for sequestered spots?"

He: "Yes; I wanted one last night."

"What?"

"I mean cards, dear; but there wasn't one in the pack."



WITH THE SAME TACTICS.

The Irate Lady: "You miserable blackguards! You kept me awake all night with your roystering."

Mynheer Von Boozevant: "That's mighty strange, egad! We put five of our companions to sleep."

NEXT BEST!

Sporting Editor: "Our best football reporter is ill, and can't report the big game."

Managing Editor: "Never mind; we'll send the war correspondent."

Harold: "Ya-as, I went to the reception with a boil on the back of my neck."

Percy: "And what did your friends think of you?"

Harold: "All jealous, dead boy. It was the sweetest thing there."

THE HUSSY!

Excited lady (at the telephone): "I want my husband, please, at once."

Telephone girl (from the Exchange): "Number, please?"

Excited lady (snappishly): "How many do you think I've got, you impudent thing?"

Bessie: "Let's play we're married."

Johnny: "No, I sha'n't; you're bigger'n me. And, besides, mamma told me I mustn't fight."

A FIX.

"Look here, Mr. Editor," exclaimed an irate caller, "you referred to me yesterday as a reformed drunkard. You must apologise, or I'll sue your paper for libel."

"Very well, sir," replied the editor. "I'll retract the statement cheerfully. I'll say you haven't reformed."

VALUABLES.

"Don't you think we had better get a safety deposit box for our valuables?" asked the prudent Mrs. Bliggins.

"What's the use? They don't make any safety deposit boxes big enough to hold a ton of coal."

ONLY CHANCE.

"I have written dozens of articles and never had one accepted," sighed the discouraged author.

"Write something on vaccination," advised the bosom friend.

"Vaccination?"

"Yes; it might take."

THE SLIDING SCALE.

Country Lady: "Mr. Haysseed, I shall send my nurse-girl to you for milk every morning. How much do you charge a quart?"

Farmer: "Fourpence."

Country Lady: "You must give her good pure milk."

Farmer: "That'll be sixpence."

Country Lady: "And I should like my girl to be present at the milking."

Farmer: "Lemme see—I'll hev ter charge a shillin' a quart for that."

Mrs. Casey: "Yistiddy Mrs. Malony's old man pransited her wid a silver taylor-pot."

Mrs. Murphy: "Solid?"

Mrs. Casey: "Sure, yez be jokin'. How could she put tay in it if it was solid?"



GREAT LUCK.

Sportsman: "No, I haven't had any luck yet." "Yes, you have. You missed my cow about ten minutes ago."