



DEADLY INDEED.

"Sonjack," said Kinstom, "look at that cane Upgrdson carries."
 "What's peculiar about it?" asked Sonjack.
 "It's a deadly weapon—that's all."
 "Sword?"
 "Worse than that."
 "Rifle?"
 "Worse than that," said Kinstom, in an agitated voice. "It's a flute."

BUT HE DID!

"There," said the tailor; "that suit certainly fits you perfectly!"
 "Yes, indeed, you may justly feel proud of that," replied the customer. "It's a credit to you."
 "Well—er—I hope you won't forget it's a debit to you."

WHY THERE ARE NO MEN ANGELS.

"How is it all the angels in the picture books are women?" asked the lay members. "There don't appear to be any men at all in heaven!"
 "It may be," replied Brother Dickey, "that the men go the other way to get peace!"

LIKE A DOG!

"Your husband says that he has been working like a dog," said the next-door neighbour.
 "Does he?" rejoined the woman with the dingy gown and the tired look. "The only canines I ever got acquainted with put in their time barking at nothing, racing around without any special object in view, and sleeping about two-thirds of the time in a nice warm corner close to the stove. It's a rather unfortunate comparison."

OUTRAGED!

"Would you like the music arranged for four hands, or only two?" asked the shopman.
 "Two, of course," snapped the elderly maiden. "What do you think I am—a freak?"

JUST THAT!

Willie: Pa, who are the deserving poor?
 Sagacious father: Those who don't deserve to be poor, my son.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

Ruskin had just finished his "Seven Lamps of Architecture."
 "Very good," said the critics, "but can you throw any light on how much a house will cost after the architect gives his estimate?"
 Wishing to change the subject, the great man hastily began to write on another topic.

STILL WITH US.

Rip Van Winkle looked about in a dazed manner.
 "And are they all, all gone?" he faltered, tearfully.
 "No," replied the villagers, consolingly. "Patti is still giving her farewell performance."
 Shouting with joy at the discovery that one thing at least was unchanged by the lapse of years, he hastened to don his evening clothes.

HAD HIM.

Bar-keeper: "Hi, mishter! Dish money vas nicht goot."
 Gentleman of Leisure: "Dat makes us square, then. Dat liquor wasn't no good neither. Good-day, Schneider. How you vas?"

TOO BAD.

Mr Binks: "The fools are not all dead yet."
 Mrs Binks: "I'm glad of it, dear. I never did look well in black."

WHAT HE WOULD DO.

"Henry," she asked, "what would you do if brigands should steal me and demand half a million for my ransom?"
 "I'd try to earn the money as a day labourer—indeed I would," replied Mr. Henpeck, with a serious look.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

Visitor (indignantly): "I beg to inform you, sir, I was born a gentleman."
 Clerk (cheerfully): "Really! I don't wonder at your being proud, then; so many people are only born a baby!"

FAR-FETCHED.

"Oh, but mamma objects to kissing!"
 "Well, I am not going to kiss your mamma, am I?"

NO RESERVATIONS.

"Sir," said the timorous youth, "I have come to ask for your daughter's hand."
 "You'll have to take all or none, young fellow," asserted her father. "If you are thinking of a future with only one glove to buy occasionally you are off in your calculations."

RIISING TO THE OCCASION.

"I'm going to give you back our engagement ring. I can never marry you; I love another."
 "Give me his name and address."
 "Do you want to kill him?"
 "No. I want to sell him the ring!"

HE HAD PLENTY OF THEM.

Mrs Le Rounder (angrily): "You have no excuse for staying out so late."
 Mr Le Rounder: "Haven't I? What-chu s'pose I've been standin' down on the corner thinkin' 'bout fer last half hour!"—"Puck."

A POSER.

A teacher was recounting to some children the story of the loss of one of the King's ships, and finished up by telling them that, after hearing of his son's death, King Henry never smiled again.
 One little girl in the class, on hearing this, said—
 "Please, teacher, what did he do when they tickled him?"

EMBARRASSING.

Mr Tibbs: "Ah, good morning, Miss Prim; is your sister at home?"
 Miss Prim: "Yes, but she's having her bath at present."
 Mr Tibbs (slightly deaf): "Oh, that's capital. Will you kindly tell her that I should very much like to see her?" (Horror of Miss Prim.)

AT THE CONCERT.

"When the leaves—when the leaves—when the le-e-aves—" sang the tenor.
 "What's the matter with him?" inquired the rural visitor of his neighbour. "Can't he remember what comes next?"

MAKING PROGRESS.

Caller: "How is your new servant doing?"
 Hostess: "Excellently. She only came two days ago, and already she can ride my bicycle."

ANSWERED.

Nothing so helps a paper as the imparting of useful information. "How shall I keep the flies out of the sugar bowl?" asked a correspondent of a country editor.
 "Fill the sugar-bowl with salt," was the prompt reply.

THEY DON'T SPEAK NOW.

Mrs Newriche: "Now, here's my latest portrait in oils, and I must say I'm perfectly satisfied with it. I'm sure it does me justice. Don't you think so?"
 Mrs Cutting: "Yes, indeed; justice tempered with mercy."



EXPECTED AN INVITATION.

The Lawyer (interrupted): Haven't you got anything to do, Robert?
 The Office Boy: N-n-no, sir; but I promised mother never to play cards!

"I WAS WITH GRANT."

Captain: "Well, what do you want?"
 Tramp: "Captain, believe me, I'm no ordinary beggar; I was at the front."
 Captain (with interest): "Really?"
 Tramp: "Yes, sir; but I couldn't make anybody hear, so I came round to the back."

A DIPLOMATIST.

A little girl at a "mixed" party was not receiving that amount of attention she thought she was entitled to. She looked round enviously at the well-filled plates of the majority of the guests, then in a voice which told of tears perilously near escaping point, inquired: "Does anybody want a clean plate?"

RATHER CRUEL.

"Yes," said the actor, who claimed to have been in the Russo-Japo war, "a big shell burst at my feet, and I barely escaped with my life."
 "So?" queried the insurance canvasser. "And did they find the fellow who threw the egg?"

CUTE BOBBY.

Bobby: "Grandma, do your glasses magnify?"
 Grandma: "Yes, dear."
 "Well, when you cut my cake will you please take them off."

A PERFECT CURE.

"Why did you give up that fashionable doctor you had?"
 "I found his bills relieved me more than his medicines."

DEAR FRIENDS;

Madge: "When he proposed she asked for a little time to make up her mind."
 Marjorie: "Oh, so she makes that up, too, does she!"



SET TO MUSIC.

AFTER A VISIT OF CONDOLENCE.
 Mrs Rogan: "Och, shure, poor Mrs Casey is bearin' up foine."
 Mr R.: "And pwhat about Kitty?"
 Mrs R.: "Och, divid by away wid Kitty, the flash ship, wid her new black dress! But wait a while, Rogan. Shure there may be a deat' in our family yet, and thin I'll shiffen her wid invy!"

AN EGOTIST.

"Love," remarked the beautiful girl, "is said to be the greatest thing in the world."
 "But I am greater than love," protested the young man, "because I can make it."

HE KNEW!

Blodgett: "I should think it would be awful to be in debt as you are."
 Tiddling: "Oh, I don't know! I've known lots of people who owed money, and I've known some who had money owing to them; and the latter always seemed to be the more unhappy."

RATHER MIXED.

"What do you think of the new Japanese ultimatum?" asked the young man who was trying to make conversation.
 "Very nice," answered Mrs Muddle. "Although, to tell you the truth, I like plain, old-fashioned fruits the best."

IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Lady visitor (to shopkeeper): Have you any more of those sixpenny Dickens' Calendars?
 Shopkeeper: No, madam; but we have several of these Scripture ones in stock.
 Lady visitor: Oh, no, thanks; I prefer standard works!



The Leading Man: It's hard for a person to forget the past.
 The Ingenue: That's so. I've often noticed that you side-step involuntarily when a bouquet is suddenly thrown at you.