



The old bird: "My eyes must be getting poor. I can't see the wires on which those birds are sitting."
 The young bird: "Your eyes are all right. That's a wireless telegraph."



IN GLASS HOUSES.

We drove down to the Queen-street wharf yesterday, and, my dear girl, you should have seen the freak clothes some of those poor immigrants landed in."



BOTH BANTING.

"...r, my wife is starving!" said the shivering one.
 "So's mine," responded the genial millionaire. "It's this straight line crass. Foolish fad, eh?"



FROM EXTREME TO EXTREMITY.

Mrs. Galey.—I see that long sleeves are becoming fashionable again.
 Mr. Galey.—O Lord! Now I suppose it will be short skirts and kid stockings.



BE MODERN.

"Yes, Brown is always getting the cart before the horse!"
 "My dear boy, don't be archaic; nowadays we say getting the smell before the automobile."