



GOOD ENOUGH FOR ALGY.

"Algy, dear," remarked a young wife to her husband, "I wish you would taste this milk and see if it is perfectly sweet. If it's the least bit sour I mustn't give any of it to dear little Fido!"



NOT NECESSARY.

"You never come to the club, now, do you?"
 "No, my wife's away from home!"

A LONG TIME AGO.

Hubbubs: "Hello, Subbubs! Have you a good cook now?"
 Subbubs: "I really don't know. I haven't been home since 8 o'clock this morning."

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Jack: Perhaps you don't like my style of dancing?
 Orme (in distress): Well, there is rather too much sameness about it.
 Jack: Er—how may I vary it?
 Orme: Suppose you tread on my left foot once in a while.



Little Girl (at fete held in interests of Stage Orphanage): "Mamma, why do actors have orphans?"

TAKING THE BLAME.

Young lady (to Tommy, who has just announced that he is engaged to a lady aged twelve): Why, I thought you always promised to marry me!
 Tommy: Yes, yes, I know I did. I blame myself entirely.

APPENDICITIS OR CURIOSITY.

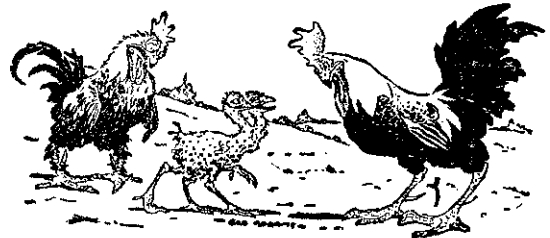
"Did you ever have appendicitis?" said the insurance man. "Well," answered the sceptic, "I was operated on. But I never felt sure whether it was a case of appendicitis or a case of professional curiosity."

A COMPARISON TO HAND.

Pertinent was the rebuke administered by a police magistrate, who is a keen horseman, to a bluejacket who had been using his liberty more for the benefit of sundry saloon-keepers than himself. "You men," said the judge, "earn your money like horses and spend it like asses!"

A MATTER OF FORM.

The evils of tight lacing,
 Why should they raise a storm!
 For wearing stays, nowadays,
 Is only a matter of form.



"Hello, daddy! We are that double-yoked egg mother's been setting on."

AMOR VINCIT OMNIA.

Mother: "And when he proposed, did you tell him to see me?"
 Daughter: "Yes, mamma; and he said he'd seen you several times, but he wanted to marry me just the same."

IMPOSSIBLE.

"But why don't you believe that I have a friend who is much more beautiful than I am?"
 "Because it is impossible that she should be your friend if she is really more beautiful than you."

WHAT COULD HE HAVE MEANT!

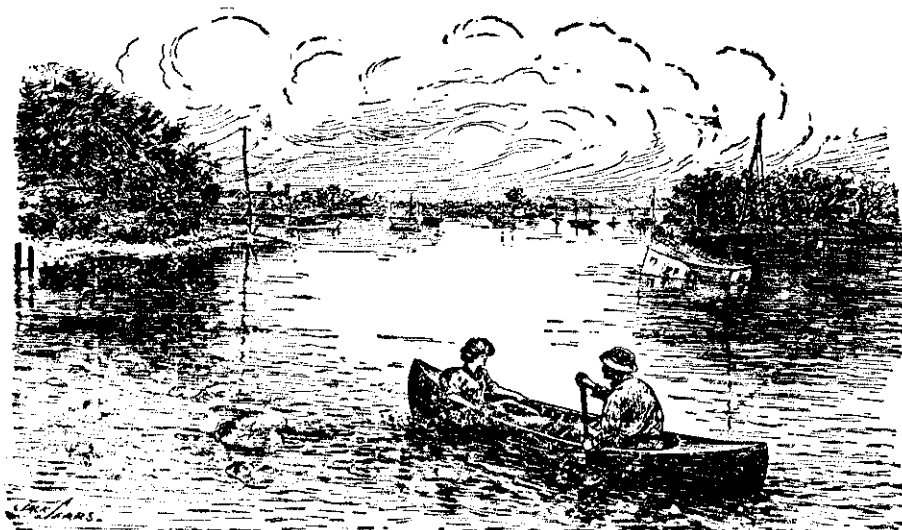
"Do you ever write on an empty stomach?" asked the mere man.
 "Sir!" exclaimed the literary person, "I am a poet, not a tattoo artist!"

A NEW INSOMNIA.

Wigwag (trying to think of insomnia): "When you haven't been able to sleep for about a week, what do you call it?"
 Youngpoo: "What is it—a boy or girl?"

WHEN DIPLOMACY FAILED.

Mistress: "Bridget, it always seems to me that the crankiest mistresses get the best cooks."
 Cook: "Ah, go on wid yer blarney!"



WHAT DID SHE MEAN!

He—"I would kiss you if we were not in a canoe."
 She—"Sir! I wish to be taken ashore instantly."