



AGAINST HER PRINCIPLES.
"It is all over between us," said Miss Dinsmore, firmly, to Mr Dolley. "Take your ring."
"Keep it," replied Mr Dolley, mournfully.
"I couldn't think of such a thing. It is my invariable rule to return the ring when I break an engagement."

INSTRUCTIONS.
Indignant Patron: You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?
Doctor Quack: Yes, sir. I never fail when my instructions are followed.
Indignant Patron: My son took your medicine for a year and then died.
Doctor Quack: My instructions were not followed. I told him to take it two years.

HE GOT OUT OF IT.
"Mr Grouch," said the toastmaster, "will now respond to the toast, 'The Ladies.'"
The Savage Bachelor arose, pale and determined.
"The ladies," said he. "The ladies God bless them, nevertheless!"

EFFECTIVE ENERGY.
"Joppo, you make nice, fine garden beds."
"Yes; when my wife sets me to digging I'm mad enough to pulverise everything that comes in my way."

DIFFERENT FIELD.
"I thought his sermon last Sunday was miserable. Yet you told me he was one of the best preachers on earth."
"I didn't say he was; I said he might be. I've only heard him preach on 'Heaven and Hell.'"

GETTING OVER A DIFFICULTY.
Granny: Doctor says I must moisten this plaster with my saliva, but I haven't such a thing in the house.
Gaffer: Never mind; take an' spit on't.



EASILY IDENTIFIED.
Voice (through telephone)—Will you please look if I've left my umbrella?
New Waiter—Yes, sir. Is this it, sir?

THE SENTIMENT OF IT.
His name was James, and when he asked his best girl to write down her favourite flower, she wrote "Jas. mine." The following week the banners were called.

BY ANY OTHER NAME.
A recent traveller gives some amusing words used in conversation by the Indians of Mexico. A kiss is called tetenameguiliztli, and he says it feels just the same as it is spelt.

PERHAPS.
A lady recently ran away from a home for inebriates because she couldn't stand it. Presumably she wanted to stand drinks.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.
She: How the sea sighs!
He: That's what gives it the name.
She: What name?
He: Sea sighed!

OUR GALLANT YACHTSMAN.
"I think the worst experience I ever had was when we ran out of port in a gale of wind."
His Fair Friend: I thought sailors always drank rum. (Then he explained.)

SUNDAY AT THE ZOO.
Mr Murphy: Excuse me, sorr; but can ye direct me to the goin' out entrance?

NOT IN IRELAND.
A newly-appointed French mayor inaugurated his regime by a notice to the following effect:—On the feast of our patron saint the fire brigade will be reviewed in the afternoon if it rains in the morning, and in the morning if it rains in the afternoon.

WAXWORKS AT THE FAIR.
Showman: This is a correct and life-like portrait of Snorker, the fiend who murdered his wife, great-aunt, and twins in cold ber-lood.
Sightseer: What's 'e lookin' so frightened about?
Showman: Oh, 'e's supposed to be sufferin' from the harrering pangs of conscience.

HIS CONVERSATION.
Miss Gabby: Freddy Feathered reminds me of a barometer.
Miss Wunder: Why?
Miss Gabby: Oh, he can't talk of anything except the weather.

THOSE GIRLS.
Nell: Did you see the way that beastly man who passed stared at me?
Belle: Yes; he was probably watching your nose.
Nell: My nose!
Belle: Yes; he's a reporter, and has to keep his eye on anything that turns up.

NOT UP-TO-DATE.
George: It's all very well for Miss Prout to join the ladies' reform association, but why does she wear goggles?
His Wife: How little you know about reform, George. The members think the naked eye is immodest.

A SUGGESTION.
Chubbs: I'm going to have a yacht built this winter. Going to call her the Mermaid. Appropriate name, don't you think?
Dubbs: Fair! Might be still more appropriate though to call her the Barmaid.

Hattie: I'm positive George loves me and wants me to be his wife.
Brother Fred: Has he told you so?
Hattie: No; but he has taken such a strong dislike to mamma.

A DELICATE QUESTION.
Father: I do not require that the man who marries my daughter shall be rich. All that I ask is, that he be able to keep out of debt.
Suitor: Would you consider a man in debt who borrows money from his father-in-law?

FIRST AID CLASSES.
Ramble: I wish my wife hadn't taken in that course of lectures on "First Aid to the Injured."
Thorne: Why?
Ramble: She seems to think I ought to break my arm or something, just to give her a chance to show what she has learned.



Wilson—You know I'm quite a near neighbour of yours now, Mrs. Watson. I've just taken a little house near the river.
Mrs. Watson—Oh, well, I hope you'll drop in some day.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GIFT.
"What did Colonel Stilwell say about the brandied peaches we sent to cheer his convalescence?"
"He said he was not strong enough to eat the fruit," replied the little girl, "but that he appreciated the spirit in which it was sent."

A CURIOSITY.
Polite Shopman (showing goods): Here is something I would like to call your attention to, madam. It is the very latest thing out.
Mrs Rounder (absently): If there's anything out later than my husband I'll take it, if only for a curiosity.

PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF.
Man in the Chair: Look here, you are flaying me alive. This is more than mortal can put up with. Where is the proprietor of the shop?
Barber: I think he has gone out. He usually goes out to get shaved about his time of day.

CANNIBALISM.
Selectman (to whom Mrs O'Flaherty has applied for aid): I notice that you keep hens; why not kill some of them for food?
Mrs O'Flaherty: Dade, an' they've been round th' table so much it wud be loike 'at'n wan av me own family, an' shure it's not meself that's a cannibal.

MIGHT BE WORSE.
"There's no fate so bad that that might not be worse," remarked the man who had been walking the floor from sunset till dawn with his baby.
"I'm glad you are so philosophic," replied his wife.
"Yes; I have a great deal to be thankful for. I have been told that in the Polar regions the nights are six months long."

Mrs Malaprop: "Who are the two young ladies playing that duet on the piano?" Herr Strawitz: "One is the daughter of the hostess." Mrs Malaprop: "And, pray, who is her accomplice?"

NO PROFESSIONAL.
Mrs. Driver—You're hungry, eh? What are you? A professional tramp, I suppose.
Travel-stained Caller—No, lady, I'm not a professional. Only an ammy-tour lady. I never asks for money. Something to eat and drink is all I have ever entered for yet.

THE WEATHER.
"The weather," said the oldest inhabitant, "is not what it used to be when I was a boy."
"For that matter," commented the flippant young man, "the weather is not what it was seven months ago."
And the oldest inhabitant could not be persuaded to talk for more than an hour.

A PAIN(T)FUL JOKE.
She: What an agonised look some artists seem to give their portraits.
He: Hem!—er—yes. Sort of drawn expression!

ALL UNCERTAIN.
Jones—There's no telling what a day may bring forth.
Brown—That's so! A fellow may be rich to-day and married to-morrow.

HARD CASE.
"I think," said the friend of the family, "that you ought to keep a watch on your son."
"Impossible," declared the disgraced father. "He'd exchange it for a pawn ticket the first chance he got."

WHOLESALE.
Miss Oldgirl—I think that was just lovely to give Susan B. Anthony a rose for every year of her age.
Mr. Sourdripp—Good thing they don't do that for everybody.
Miss Oldgirl—Why, pray?
Sourdripp—Some poor fellow'd have to buy a greenhouse for you.

WITH A DISTINCTION.
Clerk—I believe you said, sir, that after the first of the month you would raise my salary.
Employer—You are quite mistaken. What I said was, that after that date you would be worth more to us.



QUITE SO.
Teacher—Now, Tommy, would it be correct to say "you can't learn me nothing?"
Tommy—Yes'm.
Teacher—Why?
Tommy—'Cause you can't.