



CANDID.

"The payple Oi lived wid before," said the new cook, "wor very plain, ma'am."  
 "Well, are we not plain here?"  
 "Troth, ye are, ma'am, but in a different way. The others wor plain in their way o' livin', not in their looks, ma'am."

THE CRUCIAL TEST.

"You say you love my daughter?" growled the old man. "Have you ever heard her sing?"  
 "No, sir," was the trembling reply.  
 "Then how do you know you love her?" demanded the long-suffering parent.

WOMANLIKE.

He—I think a woman's club, to be successful, should aim at something far removed from "female suffrage."  
 She—I can't agree with you, I believe that should be it's sole object.  
 He—Exactly. But if it aims at something else it is more likely to hit that.

VILLAINS! VIPERS!

Mrs. Ruthven—It's a shame that reporters are permitted to put the names of society people in the papers.  
 Mrs. Smythe—Indeed, it is, my dear. They always spell mine wrong.

CAUSE OF HIS SADNESS.

Mr. Goodman—Your little playmate seems sad.  
 Willie—Yes, sir. He had ter stay home from school yestidy.  
 "The ideal! And he's sad on that account?"  
 "No, sir; it's because he had ter come back ter school ter-day."

NOT A CIRCUMSTANCE.

Mr. Colledgebred—Yes, Jack Stalwart got his neck broken in that game yesterday. Pretty tough luck, but not near so bad as what happened to Pickerrupp.  
 Gladys—Oh, dear! What happened to Pickerrupp?  
 Mr. Colledgebred (in a ghastly whisper)—He fumbled the ball!

A FIRST-CLASS LOAFER.

A Hindoo baker's assistant in Bombay, on setting up in business for himself, bethought him of catering for the English community as well as for the native one. With this end in view, accordingly, he had the following notification painted over his doorway: "Ram Rex solicits respectful patronage. He is a first-class British loafer."

Those people who turn up their noses at the world might do well to reflect that it is as good a world as they were ever in, and a much better one than they are likely ever to get into again.

SUCCESS AT LAST.

Dr. Brown: "Did you keep the thermometer in the room at seventy, as I told you?" Mrs. Murphy: "I did indeed, doctor; but I had a hard time to do it. The only place it would stay at sivity was foinst the chimneypiece."

TOO MODEST BY FAR.

Mistress: "Do you think Constable Keegan will ever be promoted, Bridget?"  
 Cook: "O!m afraid not, mum. He nivir asks fer but wan paice o' poi, and he always takes off his hat whole he ates ut."

HER GLAD SURPRISE.

The Bride: "I have found out one thing about my husband that surprises me greatly." Her Friend: "What is it?" The Bride: "His salary is just as big as he told me it was."

THE APPAREL PROCLAIMS THE MAN.

Redd: "No, he doesn't wear anything but an ordinary business suit when he goes on the links."  
 Greene: "How in the world, then, do they know he's playing golf?"

PROSE AND POETRY.

"I will not pay one ha'penny for my advertising this week!" he announced, with a high colour in his cheeks, to the editor of the county paper. "You told me you'd put the notice of my shoe polish in with the reading matter."  
 "And didn't I do it?" inquired the editor, suavely.  
 "No, sir!" roared the advertiser. "No, sir, you did not! You put it in the column with a mess of poetry, sir; that's where you put it!"

WITH THE NINTH.

Mistress: "Maria, whatever has possessed you to cut your hair short like that?"  
 Maria (a good-looking housemaid): "You see, ma'am, the contingent has been ordered to leave, and so I have had to part with a lock of my hair to one or two of my acquaintances."

A HARD HIT.

The Pretty Girl: "Miss Antique was named after her uncle George, wasn't she?"  
 The Spiteful Girl: "I don't know; she looks as if she had been named before him."

SO POETICAL.

"Ah!" he sighed, after she had blushingly whispered "Yes" on his bosom. "My own Mehitabel! Oh, that name's so formal. Surely your friends use some shorter one; some pet name?"  
 "Well," she murmured, "the girls at boarding-school used to call me 'Pickles.'"

A DANGEROUS MAGISTRATE.

A cyclist in Ireland was bitten by a dog. He wrote a complaint to the local paper, and the communication closed with these remarkable words:—"The dog, I understand, belongs to a magistrate, who resides in the neighbourhood, and is allowed to wander on the road unmuzzled, and yet sits on the bench in judgment on others."

A CHRISTIAN ATTITUDE.

He seems to take a great deal of comfort out of his thoughts of heaven."  
 "Yes; he says it pleases him when he thinks of all the hateful people he knows who will never get there."

A TREFLE MIXED.

Chemist (to poor woman): "You must take this medicine three times a day after meals."  
 Patient: "But, sir, I seldom get meals these 'ard times."  
 Chemist (passing on to the next customer): "Then take it before them."

**CURIOUS MARY.**  
 "If Mary hadn't so much curiosity she would be a good piano player."  
 "What does she do?"  
 "Why, she plays so very softly when we get to talking."

**THE PUNISHMENT OF POVERTY.**  
 "Poverty's no crime," said the Job's comforter. "Maybe not," replied the poor man; "but it seems to be punishable by hard labour for life."

**THE REAL DANGER.**  
 "By Jove, I left my purse under my pillow." "Oh, well, your servant is honest, isn't she?" "That's just it—she'll take it to my wife."



**TOO QUICKLY CURED.**  
 Good Samaritan—(to friend doctoring a man at the roadside for snake-bite): There, he's coming around all right, poor fellow! I guess you needn't pour any more of that whiskey down him.  
 Rusty Collins (in a voice faint, but earnest): Let 'im (hic) bite me (hic) once more.

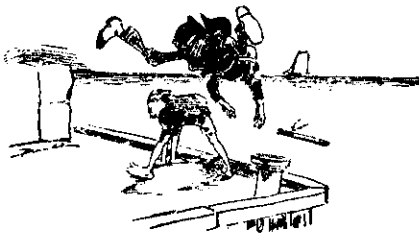
**ANOTHER MAN.**  
 "What," said the visitor to the village of his childhood, "what's become of the one boy I hated—Willie Hawker, the sneek? In prison, no doubt—he bore that fate on his face."  
 "Hush!" said the villager. "He is now Mr. Hawker, the famous millionaire."  
 "What!" cried the visitor. "My dear schoolfellow a millionaire! I must call upon him and revive the old friendship."

**HER PREDICAMENT.**  
 Mammie: "I think Mr. Crustleigh is just too mean for anything."  
 Fanny: "But he married your mamma."  
 Mammie: "I know he did. I jilted him for Harold, then he married mamma, and now he won't let me marry Harold."

**WHEN FOAM IS ON THE BEAKER.**  
 "Does the foam settle?" inquired the man who had just ordered a glass of beer.  
 "It does," answered the mixologist.  
 The man, after drinking the beer, started to walk out, when the bar-keeper called him back to pay for it.  
 "Oh, no," said the man; "you said the foam would settle."



Hogan going at full speed—"Shwim on my bate, will ye, ye water rat? It's tears ye'll be shwimmin' in when I runs ye in."  
 The Water Rat—"Wot's de matter of me, copy—"



—dropping suddenly) runnin' you in?"  
 (Splash—!—!!)



**NOT INDISPENSABLE.**  
 Mrs. Younghusband: Why can't you stay at home this evening, George? Your employer can surely do without you.  
 George: I know it; but I don't want him to find it out.

**NOT ENTIRELY MISAPPLIED.**  
 "I wish," said the young man who is musically ambitious, "that there was a reliable recipe for making a pianist."  
 "Oh, there is," replied his friend, who never learned but one joke. "What is it?"  
 "Why, first catch your hair."

**SHE WAS RIGHT.**  
 Wife: Do you know, I have a very little mouth. In the glass it doesn't look large enough to hold my tongue.  
 Husband (testily): It doesn't.

**THE OLD, OLD STORY.**  
 Jack: I saw a deaf-mute man talking on his fingers to a deaf-mute girl to-day.  
 Kitty: What was he saying?  
 Jack: I love you more than words can utter!

**NOT PLAGIARISM.**  
 "Have you read Billigson's new book?"  
 "No. But I take it for granted that it can't be clever. No one has yet accused him of plagiarism."