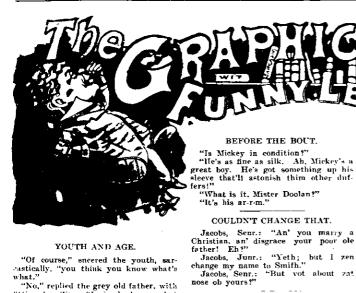
REFORE THE BOUT.

RUE WITH A DIFFERENCE.

A SERIOUS STUDY.



YOUTH AND AGE.

"Of course," succeed the youth, sar-rastically, "you think you know what's what.

"No," replied the grey old father, with fitting humility; "I shaply know what used to be what when a was a boy."

IT HAD WORBIED HER.

Mrs Chatterton: "Bridget, that pitcher you broke this morning belonged to my great-grandmother."

to my great-grandmother."

Bridget (relieved): "Well, Oi'm glad
uv thot! Shure Oi was afraid it was
somethin' yez had bought just lately."

TOO FAST.

Aunt Prim: "Lillian. I insist upon you breaking your engagement with Mr Poundback."

Niece: 'Whatever for, auntie?''
Aunt Prim: "It says here he's undoubtedly the fastest man ever seen on the cycle track."

LIKE A POTATO.

"What do you mean by saying I'm like a potato?"
"Well, you're always bragging about your ancestors, so the best part of you must be underground."

SO NICE.

Mr Monley: "Well, darling, I've had my life insured for £1000."

Mrs M.: "How very sensible of you!

Now I shan't have to keep telling you to he so careful every place you go to."

HASTY AFTERTHOUGHT.

"Policeman," said a stranger, address-"rouceman," said a stranger, addressing the officer that was guarding the
muddy crossing, "can you direct me—"
Here he slipped and fell.
"—to the nearest place," he contined, gathering himself up and surveying
his soiled garments, "where they clear
elether"

DISAPPOINTED. Mrs Richmond: "I never was so disap-pointed in all my life!" Mrs Surbiton: "What is the matter?" Mrs Richmond: "I heard there was au

awful scandal in our church, and come to find out it was only that the treasurer had been misappropriating the fundat"

DIFFICULT.

She: "There must be something be-tween George and Ethel, for Jane saw him kiss her through the keyhole!" He: "Rather difficult, don't you think? I never kiss you through a keyhole. We can manage without, can't we?"

NOT THE ONLY ONE.

Wife: "Really, she's the worst gossip in the neighbourhood. Why, I heard this morning that she—" Husband: "Come now, don't try to beat her at her own game!"

ONE CONSOLATION.

Bill: There's one consolation when a foot goes to sleep.
Jill: What's that!

Bill: It doesn't snore.

TOO BAD.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the eloquent barrister, "I leave the rest to you. You come of a valorous race. As men you would scorn to insult a woman—scorn to ill-treat one—scorn to say aught that is unmanly or unbrecoming to a member of the weaker sex—"

"And only this morning," interrupte I a shrill voice from the gattery, "that man called me a medding old cat."

It was his wife. He lost his case.

TOO HEAVY.

Returned Warrior: "And as I was being carried away in the ammunition waggon, I — " Listener: "Bon't you mean the ambu-

lence waggon?"
Warrior: "No, sir, I was so full of bullets that they put me in the ammunition waggon."

SHE KNEW PAPA.

Daughter: "Papa did not take the

Mother: "He didn't? I'll bet it's got a lot of stuff showing how women can trim their own bonnets."

Husband (coming home from church): "You seemed unusually thoughtful during the sermou, my dear. I was impressed too. There seemed to be something genuine about it." Wife: "Well, there isn't! I'm perfectly sure its only seal-plush, for all Mrs Veneer gives herself such airs over it." GREAT CAESAR.

Daughter: "Wasu't Julius Caesar one of the strongest men that ever lived, pa?"

par?"
Father: "What makes you ask that question, my little girl?"
Daughter: "I was just reading that he threw a bridge over the Rhine."

WOULD TAKE IT ALL.

Bank Cashier: "I can't cash this cheque; it isnt' filled in."
Lady: "Filled in! Why, my husband wrote is name on it."
Cashier: "Yes; but the amount of money is not stated."
Lady: "Oh, never mind that. Gi' me vicat there is."

EARNED HIS MONEY

EARNED HIS MONEY.

It is related that a prisoner arrested in America for murder bribed an Irishman on the jury with a ten-pound note to hold out for a verdict of manslaughter. The jury were out a long time, and finally brought in a verdict of manslaughter. "I'm deeply obliged to you, my friend," said the prisoner, when he had an opportunity of speaking to the Irish juror. "Did you have a hard time?" "Yes," said the Irishman—"an awful time! The other eleven wanted to acquit you!"

