

A SPORTING EVENT.

FIRST VARSITY MAN—"What was the result of the football match to-day?"

SECOND DITTO—"Oh, we beat them easily. We had only one collar-bone fractured, while they had three broken legs and a couple of sprained ankles. They can't play football."

THE WORST SCARE YET

SECRETARY POPE—"Sir John! Sir John!"

SIR JOHN—"What is it? What terrible thing has happened?"

SECRETARY POPE—"Oh! the papers are full of it. 'The greatest sensation of the age' they call it. They say it will upset the Government."

SIR JOHN (*horrified*)—"Ugh! These hands are clean! I swear it! These hands are clean!"

SECRETARY POPE—"Calm yourself, most noble master and prepare for the awful news."

SIR JOHN—"Out with it, minion! For heaven's sake let me hear the worst!"

SECRETARY POPE—"The members of the Senate have commenced using Brown-Sequard's Elixir of Life. And there will be no more vacancies for party hacks to look forward to." (*Sir John swoons away.*)

A BRILLIANT SCHEME.

JACK—"What possessed you to go to the front of the church with such an ugly-looking girl?"

HARRY—"She is visiting at our place and I had to go with her, and I thought that by making a plunge and getting to the front, people would only get one look at her face. The back of her head would be all they could see when we got seated."

NO WONDER HE GOT THRASHED.

TABBY—"Hello, Tom! you look all broken up. How did you come to get such a thrashing?"

TOM—"Well, I went over to Jones' back yard to lick that Maltese dude he has over there, and when we got nicely started Jones began to play the fiddle. The Maltese was used to it and I wasn't, and the horrible scraping unnerved me so that I got one ear chewed off and my hide scratched into a sieve before I knew what I was doing."

IT WOULDN'T BE UNUSUAL.

ROUNDER—"Waiter! bring me an oyster stew."

WAITER—"There are none to be had in town, sir."

ROUNDER (*settling himself in his chair*)—"Well, send



BREACHES OF PROMISE.

MR. WUZZLE—"Oi'm a-goin' to be married nex' week, an' Oi wants a pair of lavender trous—"

MADAME SMITH—"Sir! We only make ladies' wedding outfits."

MR. W.—"Only for ladies! Why, what ha' you got that ther wrote up fur, then?"

to New York for some, and I will wait. I don't suppose it will take much longer than it usually takes to get a stew here."

HIS STORY WOULDN'T HOLD.

FARMER—"How did you come to get your constitution spoiled so that you couldn't work any more?"

TRAMP—"I went over the Niagara Falls last summer."

FARMER—"You can't make me swallow that. You haven't had a bath in two years."

HE WAS A KNOWING ONE.

JACK—"Why do you mark passages in new books. when you merely skim through them and never read them?"

HARRY—"I want to convince the fellows who will borrow them that I have read them carefully. That is the way to acquire the reputation of being a great reader and student."

SHE COULD SPECIFY.

HUSBAND—"Now, dear you must admit tha you often talk too much."

WIFE—"I never spoke but one word too many in my life."

HUSBAND—"And when was that, pray?"

WIFE—"When I said 'yes' to you when you asked me if I would marry you."