

## CHATTER.

THE man who claims to know himself is usually a know-nothing.

KNOCKOUT—"Did your lawyer work hard on your case?"

JUMPUPPE—"I should say he did. He worked me for all I was worth."

JUDGING from the amount of beer-drinking that is done nowadays, this must be the glassical age.

ETHEL—"Clara seems fond of violin playing."

MAUD—"Yes. She is trying to get the fellows on the string."

JACK—"I told her that my heart was on fire with love for her."

TOM—"And what did she do?"

JACK—"She immediately proceeded to throw cold water on my suit."

CHOLLY—"Time flies when I am with you."

MAUD—"Yes, it flies to me. It seems to hang doubly heavy on my hands."

SANSO—"How is the meat market now?"

RODD—"There is a brisk demand for sheep and cows. Spring lamb and veal is in season, you know."

HE—"Will you promise to be my wife?"

SHE—"On one condition."

HE—"A hundred if you wish."

SHE—"One is sufficient—on condition that you do not ask me to fulfil my promise."

SANSO—"Politics are very foul."

RODD—"Very foul indeed! Disgraceful schemes are constantly being hatched out."

CITY COUSIN—"I must hurry back to town. I am going to make my *debut* this season.

AUNT PEASTRAW—"Indeed? What are you goin' teh make it out of?"

SANSO—"Money will do anything for a man in this country."

RODD—"No it won't! It won't come to him of its own accord."

SANSO—"This bacon was not well cured."

RODD—"No, indeed. It tastes very ill."

JACK—"I have quite a pull with the girls at this hotel."

TOM—"You don't say."

JACK—"Yes. Unfortunately I can row."

SANSO—"That musician has a marvellous delicacy of touch."

RODD—"He has indeed. Yesterday he touched me for an X., so gracefully that I couldn't refuse him."

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## "KEEPING LENT."

JUBBINS—"You don't seem to have so many books in your library as you used to have."

DOGSEER—"No; I have made a good number of new friends since I came o live in town."

## A BAD GIVE AWAY.

"YES, somebody did write to the *Mail*, mentioning my name as a candidate for alderman," said Pecvick, the contractor; "and a few of my friends have been urging me to run, but I really couldn't think of it—not at all—haven't time, and if I had I have no inclination to take part in city affairs. You just make enemies and get no thanks for it. No, sir, I'm not in it. My ambition don't lie in that direction—I've all I can do to attend to my own business, and I wish to goodness the *Mail* hadn't have mentioned my name. I've been bothered to death about it since by people that want me to run. I don't think it's right to drag a man's name into the papers that way, without so much as saying by your leave."

Just then the office-boy entered, and laying down a bundle of *Mails*, said: "The newsdealer said he didn't have more'n fifteen of to-day's papers left, but if you like he'll make up the rest of the four dozen from the back numbers. He said he guessed they'd do you as well, seeing they had the coupons in just the same."

## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE old wards are so cut up that they can scarcely recognize their own members. \* \* \* The bereaved alderman may not irreverently be compared to that donkey, who, standing between two haystacks, could not make up his mind which to tackle first, and consequently starved to death.—*World*.

The comparison is not exactly irreverent, but don't you think it's rather rough—on the donkey.

## EXPLAINED.

BINKERTON—"Seen anything of Budger lately?"

MCsorley—"No. He don't show up much now. He's down on his luck, and most of his outfit is at his uncle's."

BINKERTON—"Ah, that explains his absence from his 'aunts."