

Vit-Bits.

Rather Mixed.

Officer—"You are my prisoner, sir."
Smartie (who lives by his wits)—"Eh? On what charge?"
"Using the mails for fraudulent purposes. You have been advertising counterfeit money for sale."

"I haven't. I advertised 'green goods.'"
"It's all the same."
"But I have no counterfeit money—never did have. When fools send me the cash for the 'green goods' which I advertise, I don't send them counterfeit greenbacks. I send them green calls."
"Well, if that isn't a fraud I'd like to know what is. Come along."

Plenty of Exercise.

High Priced Doctor—"You are now convalescent, and all you need is exercise. You should walk ten, twenty, thirty miles a day, sir, but your walking should have an object."

Patient—"All right, doctor. I'll travel around trying to borrow enough to pay your bill."

Pleasing Communication.

"I'm off fishing."
"Let us hear what luck you have."
"I'll drop a line."

The Matrimonial Lottery.

Jinks—"Winks married a woman of intellect, didn't he?"
Blinks—"I don't know. Why?"
Jinks—"I notice he never has any buttons on his clothes."

He Had Forgotten His Name.

Mr. Smith is very particular in instructing his children to speak politely on all occasions. The result of his teaching is something amusing. This was the case one day last week, when he was putting the youngest of four through his preparatory course. The question was asked: "Who tempted Eve?" The little fellow, after a moment's thought, with an air of confidence replied: "It's the gentleman who lives in hell; I've forgotten his name."

Thriving Conditions of the Mendacious Assault Business.

As one of our most prominent young burglars was walking out of court the other morning, just having secured an acquittal by a prompt and business-like "divvy" on his latest job, a well-dressed but anxious looking stranger touched his arm and beckoned him into a doorway.
"You are 'Teddy the Ferret,' aren't you?" asked the gentleman; "the man who was tried to-day for safe-breaking, eh?"
"Well, wot of it?" replied the house breaker.

"Why, just this—you'll excuse my speaking so low—but the fact is I've come all the way from Philadelphia to look up some reliable party in your line of business."

"Exactly—you are a bank cashier down there."
"How did you know that?" stammered the gentleman, much amazed.

"And your cash and accounts are to be gone over by the directors next meeting, and as you can't realize on your stocks, you want me to gag you some night next week, shoot your hat full of holes, find the vault combination in your inside breast pocket and go through the safe in the regular way."
"Great Scott, man! How did you find that out?"

"Why, it's the regular thing, you know. Got three orders to tend to ahead of yours now. Lemme see can't do anything for you next week, but might give you Thurs day night of the week after. How'll that suit you?"

The cashier thought he could make that do; and, having put up the usual retainer, he strolled down Wall street, to see how his Lake Shore shorts were panning out.

No Economy There.

"I have myself."
"Then you must save quite a penny in the course of a year?"
"Well, no, I don't. You see, it costs me a good deal for salve and court plaster."

Circumstantial Evidence.

Mrs. Yerger (to colored servant)—Do you know what Col. Yerger came home last night? Sam—I dunno, mum, but when I tuck his boots at seven o'clock dey was warin.

The Berry Market.

Particular Customer—"I want some berries, but I don't want any which have been standing at your door for a week. Have you any fresh ones?"

Dealer—"Yes, madam; ten crates—just received."

Customer—"I want five boxes."
Dealer—"Yes, madam. John! Bring in five boxes of those sour, green berries just received. Going to make pickles, I presume, eh, dam."

A Warrior Bold.

A lawyer gave a dinner party, after which the gentlemen retired to smoke and chat. All at once he got up, took down a sword which formed part of a trophy, and brandishing it in the air exclaimed:

"Ah, gentlemen, I shall never forget the day when I drew this blade for the first time!"

"Pray, where did you draw it?" said an inquiring guest.

"At a raffie," was the lawyer's rejoinder.

No Indication of Love.

"But do you love me, Alberta?"
The speaker, judging from the tone of his liquid voice, had evidently had enough of trifling.

"Why, Ambrose, you certainly cannot doubt that I am attached to you," and she put a little more arm leverage in the full Nelson neck hold she had on him to emphasize her remarks.

"Yes, Alberta, but that is not sufficient. I am not satisfied. The dog may be attached to the tin-can, but does he therefore love it?"

A Man Without Any Hustle.

Two men sat on a bench at the court house to enjoy the sunshine—one at either end of the bench. One was, apparently, well fed and well-to-do. The other had, apparently, staked his all and gone down with the crash. For the first five minutes not a word was spoken. Then the hard-up man ventured the observation:

"Fine day?"

The other nodded. About five minutes later hard-up remarked:

"Time to think of leaving town."

A second nod. The interval was only three minutes this time, when the speaker inquired:

"Think you could cash a check for me?"

A third nod. It was exactly a minute and a half before he continued:

"It would be a great favor."

The other put his hand into his pocket but let it remain. The hard-up man was now breathing in an excited manner, but he held himself back for fifty seconds before he said:

"It's a small cheque—one for a quarter."

The other extended a quarter in his fingers and looked up to say: "Might have had it fifteen minutes ago."

"But I was afraid of working you too fast. I've been over in Missouri for three months and they took all the hustle out of me there. Why, they are so slow there that they were three weeks sending me to jail for five days and it took me two days to make up my mind to break out and two more to dig through the wall. I'll soon be all right again. By next week I'll be able to ask you for a dollar without losing ten seconds' time."

The Latest Kind in Syndicates.

"Well, old fellow, you seem to be worried. What is the matter?"

"Oh, I am worried to death. I am in debt."

"What. Are you in debt much?"

"No, I don't owe a large amount, but I do owe a great many small sums and you know they are like giants, the smaller they are the more annoying they are. I am endeavoring to get my creditors to form a syndicate and then I will have to pay only to one instead of so many a large number."

Absolute Perfection.

SUGGESTED BY "LOOKING BACKWARD"

We'll abolish competition.

With all its wasteful losses.

We'll abolish politicians.

We'll abolish the bosses:

So one shall be compelled to work

For more than half a minute.

Or he who should attempt to shirk

Will find there's nothing in it;

Then, as the next step toward a state

Of absolute perfection,

Each couple shall be free to mate

By natural selection;

And there are no good reasons why,

Along with death and taxes,

We should not stop the clock of life

A change in the earth's

Unmistakable Evidences of a Crushed Boy.

"John," said Mrs. Billus anxiously, "you whipped Willie too hard. His spirit is utterly broken."

"What makes you think so?" inquired Mr. Billus.

"He asked me a little while ago if I didn't want to cut his hair."

He Envied Her.

"James," exclaimed the wrathful wife, "I have just discharged that impudent cook. She goes at once!"

"Happy girl!" sighed Mr. Enpeek, dreamily.

Prison Out-Jat.

Hangman (to condemned murderer—

"Good morning, I have noose for you."

Condemned Murderer—"What a choker you are. You'll be the death of me yet. Work me off easy, won't you?"

"I'll do it as snappish as I can. Do you tumble?"

"No, I drop."

And later on he did, with a thud.

The Small Boy's Coolness Under Difficulties.

The combination of a small boy with almost anything has in it the possibilities of amusement, and especially is this true of a certain class of lads who are always lively. One of this sort was recently seen riding in a Toronto horse car, twisting about upon the seat and distinguishing himself by the number of shapes into which he contrived to put himself in the shortest possible time. He had his fare in his hand, from time to time putting it down upon the seat or into his mouth when he needed both of his hands in his gymnastics.

He was just in the midst of an unusually lively attempt to pick up a bit of paper with his left hand twisted under his right leg when the conductor came along for the fares. The small boy left off his struggle to get at the bit of paper, sat up in the seat, and began to gasp and choke in a manner really alarming. The conductor stood in evident doubt whether the boy was having a fit, when the little fellow managed to stammer out:

"You'll have to charge my fare to my father Mr. Brown, please, I've swallowed my 5 cents."

Another Artless Creature.

"What does 'tempus fugit' mean, George?"

"Time flies."

"How funny!"

"What is there funny about it?"

"Well, pa said to me to-day: 'Has George asked you to marry him yet, Jennie?' And when I said 'No,' he said: 'Don't forge. 'tempus fugit,' Jennie.' How funny!"

There will be a wedding shortly.

A Blasted Romance.

"Miss Clara," began the young man, "it becomes necessary for me to speak to you upon a subject which deeply concerns us both. I will first ask you to recall to mind the last evening I was here. We parted, if you will remember, upon the steps. As I proceeded slowly across the lawn the full moon came from behind a cloud and enveloped me in a flood of mellow glory. Suddenly, Miss Clara, it seemed to me without a note of warning, I was overwhelmed."

"One moment, Mr. Smithers," interrupted the beautiful girl as she stuck in an extra hairpin and turned down the gas three quarters of an inch. Then drawing her chair still closer, she indicated by a gesture of the hand that he could proceed.

"I was about to observe, Miss Clara," continued the young man, "that I was overwhelmed by the onslaught of your father's dog Grip, who ate up three weeks' salary in half a minute. And unless all antes up for that bit there's a dollar Complaints war."

"Say no more, neither."

the young lady, rising.

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had assumed BORN & CO. Proprietors, Toronto.

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Standing Up For Her Friend.

Mr. Hankinson (at the party)—"What a dainty eater Miss Kajones is!"

Miss Kersmith (bosom friend of Miss Kajones)—"Indeed, Mr. Hankinson, you do the dear girl injustice. After her tea and angel cake at a banquet like this you have never seen her at home in front of a plate of cold sausage."

Sweet Girl.

"Maria."

"Yes, Tom."

"Maria—I—ah."

"Yes, Tom."

"Maria, do you—that is—"

"Yes, Tom."

"O, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Tom. That is the fourth time I've said it. I know what you were driving at all the time."

Small Change.

Inquisitive Citizen—"Do you ever get any money from tender-hearted people?"

German Tramp—"Oh, some dimes."

The Reconciliation of Two Loving Hearts.

We were waiting at a railroad depot in Louisiana and there was a likely lot of colored people hanging about "to see do kivered calls" come in, when a black woman suddenly jumped off the platform and laid herself down across the track.

"Heah, you Lucinda, what you doin'?" called a colored man, as he leaped down after her.

"Gwine ter git smashed to squash," she replied.

"What yer gwine to git smashed to squash fur?"

"Kase you dun doan' like me no mo'."

"Hut! Who said I dun didn't like you no mo'?"

"I seed it wid my own eyes."

"What you see, Lucinda?"

"Seed you dun laff at Miss Fox. Let do engine hurry up an' run ober me and squash me all to muss!"

"Hu! You is foolishness. I nebber laffed at Miss fox. Come away from dar."

"I dun seed you."

"No, you didn't. Gin you my right a'm if I dun laffed at nobody. What I dun laffed fur?"

"Kase you doan' keer fur me no mo'."

"Hu! Ize dyin' fur you."

"Fur shore, Moses?"

"If I dun ain't den I want to be struck dead wid thunder."

"Honest?"

"If I was lyin' den let do thunder come."

"Den I won't let do engine smash me to squash."

"Dat's mo' reasonable. Take my han."

And they clasped hands and walked up and down the track, each black face wearing a smile of joy and each heart full of a joy which didn't care a continental cocked hat for the crowd looking on from the platform.

The National Failing.

Jackson—"I'm going to start a new paper, or, as I think I'll call it 'The Umbrella.'"

Merritt—"Why?"

Jackson—"Because everybody who sees it will take it."

Merritt—"Yes, people would take it; but they wouldn't pay for it."

An Old Leper Hospital.

Recent discussions on leprosy and leper hospitals have will, to the Hospital of San F.

isted in Seville for over a century. It was founded in 1500, and has been known as the Hospital of San F. since that time.

It is situated in the city of Seville, and is one of the oldest and most famous hospitals in the world. It has been the scene of many famous events, and has been the home of many famous people.

The hospital is now in a state of decay, and is in need of repair. It is hoped that the government will soon take steps to restore it to its former glory.

The hospital is a fine example of Spanish architecture, and is a must-see for anyone visiting Seville. It is a testament to the history and culture of the city, and is a reminder of the importance of preserving our heritage.

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