

## A STRONG STOMACH.

Farmer Brown (who has given Weary Willie a seat at the dinner table, about to say grace): "Hold on, my man, we say something before we eat."

Weary Willie: "Go ahead, boss, you can't turn my stomach."

The costumes at the Woodbine are simply gorgeous this spring. The ladies of the "smart set" are quite as smart as ever. All are smarting under the loads of truck with which they are half suffocated, while a large percentage of them are in decided agony. What with smarting and roasting and writing-up her ads. for the social columns, a smart woman must indeed be smart to stand the strain.

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## IN THE MELEE

Attorney: "Did you see the plaintiff strike the defendant?"
Witness: "Oi did, sor."

Attorney: "And was the assault committed with malice aforethought?"

Witness: "No, sor; it wor committed wid a mallet behoind th' ear."—Judge.

- "That fellow makes mighty good money."
  - "Indeed?"
- "Sure; he works in the mint."

## THE DEATH OF A HERO.

Tom Wildman was a cabin boy, And sailed the ocean blue; He'd be a man before the mast, Before his mother, too.

Learned was he in ropes and spars, And blocks and all ship's gear; But though he knew no end of ropes, Rope's end knew him, I fear.

When first he went a voyage to sea, He longed for sight of earth; He was so very sick, he wished He could throw up his berth.

But use had stripped the sea of fears
For this bold ocean rambler;
He cared nought now for pitch and toss,
Being nothing of a gambler.

But soon poor Tom was doomed, for winds Of violence 'gan to blow; Great billows swept the vessel's deck And washed her hands below.

They knew not what to do—the ship She reared like any prancer; Till soon they had to axe the mast, But found it would'nt answer.

The ship went down with Tom on board,
Who bravely kept his post;
While with the vessel's log the crew
Made rafts to make the coast.

And when they brought the news unto Tom's dad, he was appalled; He died, poor man, and left no heirs, For he was very bald.