

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Ethel: Do you allow Charles to kiss you when you are not engaged to him? Maud: It isn't an allowance. He calls it a perquisite.

"I notice that you always sit at your wife's left, Mr. Meggs." "Yes," frankly returned Mr. Meggs, "that's the side her glass eye is on."

Mrs. Henpeck (soliloquizing): It is when I read of Solomon's many wives that I begin to doubt the great wisdom he is said to have had.

Young Gotnix (sadly): I saw a sign in a window down the street that exactly described my condition. Jinks: What was it? "Cash girl wanted."

Jones: I walked ten miles to help a man poorer than myself. Brown: Well, what did you get for that act of charity? Jones: Blisters on my heels.

A doctor was asked what he would do first in the case of a man who was blown up by gunpowder. "I should wait until he came down," he replied.

What is the difference between a donkey in the possession of the Shah and a spiteful accusation? The one is a Persian ass and the other is an aspersion.

The borrower has evidently a high regard for cleanliness. He generally treats his friends to a little "soft soap" before he begins to "sponge" upon them.

Daughter: The Count comes of a very old family, papa. Papa: Yes, I know. His father and mother kept an ice-cream stall, and both lived to be past ninety.

Mrs Bungle (looking at card left by insurance agent): I don't 'old with a man putting on 'is card that 'e's a gent. If 'e thinks 'e is a gent, 'e should let people find it out.

"Who is that raw-boned fellow who nodded to you as he passed us?" "Oh, he does hack work for a living." "A journalist?" "No; he's a professional football player."

"I shall certainly join the Women's Volunteer Medical Corps, John. But I don't like the name—it doesn't sound military enough." "Why not call yourselves the lancers, dear."

Pat was trying on a new pair of boots, and they were rather hard to get on. "Bedad," says he, "I shall never be able to get these boots on till I've worn them a time or two."

Hawkes: Hullo! I've got to leave to-day because I haven't paid my rent for over a year. Brown: Funny! Just my case. Hawkes: Oh, well then, just exchange lodgings, then.

Mrs. Newrich (back from honeymooning in Switzerland): Do you remember that lovely gorge up in the mountains, Arthur? Mr. Newrich: I do. It was the only square meal I ate in Switzerland.

"Hullo, old boy! Heard you're going to be married—a fine girl, too, eh?" "Well, yes, she has a very comely figure." "Oh, but that's aside from the question. How about the incomely figure?"

Bertha: This is the very day to ask papa's consent, Arthur. Arthur: Why? Is he in good humour? Bertha: No; he's frantic over my dressmaker's bill, and will let you take me off his hands at once.

"Say, waiter, I reckon you've taken my order all wrong. I ordered a spring chicken and a bottle of '71 claret; I think from the quality of the goods, you've brought me a '71 chicken and a bottle of spring claret."

Foreman: (of the *Sharptown Star*)—I see you've marked the paragraph about water-melons being in our midst for the editorial page?

Editor: Well, and what if I have?

Foreman: Don't you think it would be safer to put it between the pain killer and Jamaica ginger ads?

"Can't you stay a little while longer?" asked the criminal, as his friend was about to leave. "No, Bob, I haven't time to-day." "Well," said Bob, "take some of mine; I've got ten years more than I want here."

A Shiny Feature: Dear Creature (speaking metaphorically): The absurd Maud Forsyth can't see an inch beyond her nose. The Other Dear Creature (speaking spitefully): Perhaps she is dazzled by its brilliance.

Dr. M'Sikker: Hech, man Fobson, but ye maun be the vera happiest man i' a' creation! Fobson (flattered): Why, doctor? Dr. M'Sikker: For why? Sure, because ye're in love wi' yersel', an' ye hae no a rival on earth, laddie.

Little Ethel: Johnny took my banana. Mother: Johnny! what do you mean—It was all in the game, mamma. I said: "Let's play Broadway," and she said "All wight," and so she got a table for a banana stand, and then I was a policeman and walked past.

French has, as I am told, become a popular study at the night schools which are now so general throughout the country, for the purpose of what is called "higher education." At a recent examination a young lady was asked the English equivalent for "pas deux." She promptly replied: A father of two.

"By the way, Miss Hanby—I meant to tell you last Sunday to meetin'—ye know that last lot o' sugar you bought o' me?" "Do I? Waal rather. Made a cake with it, an' all the family took sick." "Well, I forgot to tell ye. It was rat pizen ye took, stead o' sugar; an' it's fi' cents more a pound."

"How far is it to Worcester, mum?" "We don't harbor tramps here." "I ain't no tramp, mum. I'm one o' them Hartvard stugents, an' I bet \$17 an' me return ticket on de foot ball match at Springfield on de crimson." "Say no more. Come in and have dinner with us, poor fellow!"

"Josiar," said Farmer Cornrossell's wife, "the roof's a-leekin' agin." "Is it? Well, I'll investigate it ter morrow." "Josiar"—and she spoke with something like asperity which was not usual with her—"I don't read the newspapers fur nothin'. Whut thet roof wants ain't investigation. It wants tendin' to."

A braw and bonnie laddie from Banffshire, says a Scotch paper, who visited London for the first time, was much exercised in his mind at seeing some policemen signalling to each other by flashing their bull's-eye lanterns. The following conversation ensued between him and a Londoner whom he accosted in the street. Laddie (piano): Fat is a' thae loonies daein' wi' the wee bits o' lichties? Londoner: I beg your pardon, sir. Laddie (forte): Fat is a' thae loonies daein' wi' the wee bits o' lichties? Londoner: How much? Laddie (fortissimo): Fat is a' thae loonies daein' wi' the wee bits o' lichties? Londoner: Get out, you bloomin' Portugee!

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