



IT WORKED.

OLD SNIEGELFRITZ puts out a new sign which seems to attract great attention.

HOW IT WAS CAPTURED

HAVE a cold ; it's nearly better now, but yesterday it was a noticeable sort of cold—lowered my voice two octaves and induced me to wear a fur collar, so my friends were all onto me. Met a man I knew in the street car, and first thing he said was :

"What a horrible cold ! How did you catch it ?" Now, I think that question is perfectly idiotic for any man who's been anywhere in the same concession with a thermometer these last few days.

"Oh," I answered cheerfully, "I set a trap for it in the back-yard, and it came sneaking over the fence to steal chickens and got caught." He merely said he was sorry it had gone to my head, and whistled to the newsboy to bring him a paper. I never saw him read in the car before ; says it's bad for the eyes. When I wanted to get off the conductor said :

"Bad cold, sir ; how did you catch it ?" I told him it was standing on the platform of street cars—which I haven't done since last September—and that the electric cars went so fast they raised a breeze—but he rang the bell twice, and I had to jump off or be "Another Victim of the Trolley" in the evening papers.

The office was just as curious to know the method I had employed to corner that cold as the street car had been. I told the book-keeper I had gone gunning for it out in the country with a Winchester rifle. Then the stenographer, who can never hear anything when she's running that machine, came to a halt and asked sympathetically :

"How did you catch such an awful cold Mr. Scrap ?"

"You see, Miss Keybanger," I began, "I went out into the woods yesterday—she was listening with grave sympathy—" and I took a butterfly net and a specimen box, and really it wasn't hard to do ; they're quite tame." She turned round and began to hit the typewriter, registering two or three vows not to send flowers to my funeral

when that cold settled on my lungs and took me skyward, and trying not to hope that it would be soon. I tried to explain the butterfly net method more at length to the office boy when he came in, but he wouldn't listen. In short, I spent most of yesterday trying to make people listen to answers to their own questions, without the success that usually attends my conversational efforts. And when I got home at night my sweet sister Ethel asked :

"How did you catch such a frightful cold, Tim ? Shall I make you some hot lemonade ?" I didn't want to risk my chance of the lemonade, so I told her the truth.

"Ethel," I said, laying my fur collar in her chair, so she couldn't sit down again before making the lemonade, "This English language Macaulay was so stuck on is nevertheless ambiguous and hilly and uneven in some sections. I didn't catch this cold by my own unaided exertions, as even your brilliant intelligence allows you to believe. Ethel, this cold caught me."

TIMOTHY SCRAP.

"WOMEN WERE BORN THE PETTICOAT TO WEAR."

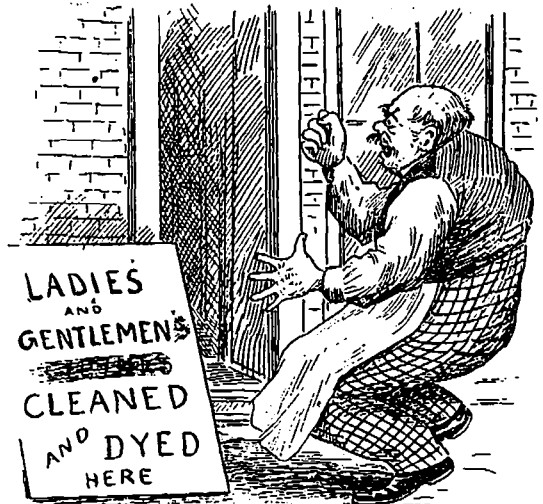
WHEN I behold the Forty-eight,
"The Kilties," pass along,
I'm not so sure the petticoat
To woman doth belong.

The height of fashion at "The Fall,"
A skirt did Adam wear ;
And yet, since then, in petticoats
"A falling off is there."—(Shakespeare.)

As our bra' lads, the Highlanders,
The petticoats put on,
Should we, Toronto lassies scorn
Divided skirts to don ?

Long live brave Jenness-Miller,
May she obtain great riches
In helping us, her sisters,
Who are born to wear the breeches.

POLLY PRATTLE.



AS RACEY.

IT WORKED.

II.

But on coming out later he finds that "dose tam boys" have been fooling with it.