



WANTED WORK FOR HIS JAWS.

HUNGRY HIGGINS—"Say, Judge, send me up for three days, will yer?"

JUDGE—"What do you want me to do that for?"

HUNGRY HIGGINS—"Well, yer see, I'm wantin' ter git a whack at the Christmas dinner they're goin' to serve up at the jail."

MR. MASSEY threatens to lay out \$100,000 in a music hall for the use of Toronto, but it is probable that the new edifice will remain under the control of his family all the same, as it intended to be for the benefit of the masses.

A DEAD GIVE-AWAY.

"I HEARD of a dead give-away to-day."

"What was it?"

"Old Jones gave each of his employees a turkey as a Christmas present."

OVERLOOKED.

AWTHAW—"At what hour do you dine on Christmas Day?"

ALGY—"I don't know yet, deah boy. I haven't received any invitations yet."

THOSE QUEBEC TAXES.

DICKERY, dickory, dock;
The Bleus have had a shock;
They've found every one,
Merchant son-of-a-gun,
'Gainst that tax as firm as a rock.

Len.

AN APT CITATION.

SQUIRE—"S'death! Lumpkin, I charge thee halt and do me thy obeisance."

LUMPKIN—"Go hang. I will do obedience to no man. I know my place and I shan't Cotton to no man. I stand, walk or run as I please. I can eat and drink as well as anything on two legs, and I can lie as it behooveth me or my mates."—*Quoted from old play by Mr. Wallace.*

AN INVITING OPPORTUNITY.

JACK—"Cholly seems all broken up this morning."
TOM—"Yes. Ethel's papa came down stairs to bid him good-night last night, and he got so excited that he dropped his cane while going out through the door and stooped to pick it up."

MY HUSBAND.

WHO tries his best my nerves to hurt
When buttons fly from off his shirt
Who likes with other girls to flirt?

My Husband.

Who, while I at the washing tub
His flannels, cuffs and collars rub,
Is basking idly at his club?

My Husband.

Who, when I ask him for a cent
To buy a hat or pay the rent,
To naughty words will give full vent?

My Husband.

Who says that he would like in force
Chicago laws for a divorce?
(And then a saint he'd wed of course.)

My Husband.

Who thumps the dog and kicks the cats
And calls the children "Noisy brats,"
And when I murmur says "Oh, rats?"

My Husband.

Who, when the clock is striking four
A. M., will fumble at the door,
And then lie helpless on the floor?

My Husband.

—POLLY PRATTLE.



HEARD ON THE MARKET.

"Marnin' t'ye, Mickey! An' f'what have ye there, now?"

"F'what have I, is it? Sure it's the time o' day I have."

"Go 'wa-a, now, 'tis jokin' y'are. F'what are ye manin' by that, anyway?"

"Whist! Sure isn't it a quarther to ate I have?"