

**A Social Innovation.**

Miss H—t:—"Who were the patronesses at your skating party last night?"

Miss T—t—n:—"Professor Greaves was the only one!"

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Miss S—t—t:—"We were just discussing proper names, Mr. M—r—n."

Mr. M—r—n:—"Well, I'm not struck on Eliza."

Mr. M—y:—"It's well for you, you're not!"

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**The Assault-at-Arms in Prospect.**

The Secretary of the Boxing, Wrestling and Fencing Club writing to the Journal of the annual tournament of that organization said—(Now it doesn't matter who is Secretary):—

"For your own information I might say it will be the swellest social event of the season. The military and the executive representatives will grace the affair with their presence. The gowns to be worn will be shocking and debonair. Foster will wear black hose. Big Mac. will look coy in a negligee that will give fine view of his manly breast and outstanding biceps. Yours truly (excuse the personal reference) has had an altercation with his sartorial artist in Barriefield, yet will not be nude. With a prudery far in advance of the age, part of his attire will be a piece of stove pipe wire tied around his loins and done up in Princess style in the back. I hope the editor will be present. Yours truly, with apologies, (Secretary)."

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**Ode to a Lamb.**

"Walter is a little lamb,  
He likes to fuss, you know  
For every time, he takes his Walks  
Up Union St. he goes."

One day upon the ice he falls  
And sorely hurts his knee,  
But give up walks for that would be,  
A thing most rude and small.

(To be continued).

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