



THE NEW TIPPLE.

MR. BONIFACE—"Ah! let me offer you a tumbler of boiling water—most refreshing after your walk."

SUCH PROPOSALS ARE PROSAIC.

CLARA—"Jack has just proposed to me by letter."

MAUD—"How ridiculous, when he intends coming to town on Friday! His case must be very pressing."

CLARA (*naively, as she nestles up against the arm of the sofa*)—"In one way it is and in another it isn't."

AT THE TOWNSHIP FAIR.

HIRAM—"Why do they have canvas blankets tied around them merino sheep? Surely it is not to keep their wool clean. It's as dirty as it can be now."

JONAH—"Probably it's to keep the straw they sleep on clean."

WITH FORLORN REASON.

MISS LINA (*making a call on her washerwoman*)—"You look depressed to-day, Mrs. O'Grady. What is the matter?"

MRS. O'GRADY—"Shure an' the ould man sold the pig lasht noight whin I was out callin', and divil the frind hev Oi left in the wur-ruld."

HARD LUCK.

ROADSTER—"I caught the rheumatiz when I slept out de odder night, an' now I can work folks in great style."

SOREFOOT—"You wuz allus in luck. I slept out when it wuz rainin' an' slectin, an' all I got wuz a bath. Ugh!"

THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS TO EVERY RULE.

MR. ROMANZA—"It is fall now, and everything green is turning its color."

MISS MODERN—"Not exactly everything, Mr. Romanza."

He fell into a reverie and when her meaning dawned on him he changed color, too.

NATHAN HIGBEE'S HIRED MAN.

'TIS thirty years since, if it's a day,
Old Nathan told him he could'nt stay.

For ever since the darned slouch was hired,
He wuz always complainin' of bein' tired.

An' he'd want to quit when the sun went down,
Like them no-account fellers they have in town.

He wuz dear at eleven a month and found,
The way he would loaf and mope around.

A darned pernicky cuss wuz he,
With the strangest ways that you ever see.

Fer he never would go, when the work wuz done,
With the boys to the Corners to have some fun.

But he'd set and read, an' all day he'd seem
As though he wuz into a kind of dream.

One day says Higbee, "You're too blamed slow;
Here's winter a-comin'—pack up an' go."

So off he tramped by the Dundas Road,
And whar he went to nobody knowed.

Well, what d'yer think? Only yesterday,
I was down to the village to sell some hay.

A summer hotel they've started there
An' a big American millionaire,

As owns a railroad, a mine out west,
An' real estate, till you could'nt rest,

Is a-stoppin' thar at the big hotel.
The place, I reckon, is doin' well.

Fer the cash that him and his friends throw out,
Makes a feller wild jest ter think about.

I could'nt picter by pen or tongue
One-half the style by them Yankees slung.

I seen him plain—this here millionaire—
In his carriage drawn by a splendid pair.

I swear to you—an' it beats the Dutch—
I'd know his looks 'mong a thousand such,

That millionaire, with his handsome span,
Wuz Nathan Higbee's hired man.

FRANZ BIERZLINGER'S DEFINITIONS.

A OBTIMISDT vas a veller mit a pig pay vinder in vront, mit blenty money, ash trinks beer putty mooch all der vile, and dreats all der boys like a shentlemans.

A Bessimisdt vash a veller mitout no boodles, ven the bartender gits onto him und von't but 'er down on der zlate some more.

A Cynic gums in all alone py himselluf, und don'd nefey zay, "Hello! how you vas, anyhow?" dakes a quiet trink all in der gorner of der bar, und den shlides aus.

A Socialisdt ish a man ash dinks ash how beer don'd oughtd to be no more ash dree cents a schooner. Vell, dot vas voolishness.

A Anargisdt zays der beebble vill zum auf dese tays git id vree, gratis, fur nix, py grashus! Vat you do mit a veller like dot, ennerhow?

SIGNOR DAVIO—"I hear that Hammy is troubled with cold feet."

KENNY—"Poor wretch! He deserves a great deal of sympathy."

S. D.—"Why?"

KENNY—"Because the area of his suffering is so large."