



ONLY A BLUFF.

SHE—"A penny for your thoughts."
 HE—"I take the offer."
 SHE—"Dear me. And I haven't got a penny."
 HE—"Well, why did you make the offer?"
 SHE—"Because I felt sure you wouldn't have a thought."

ON SHERBOURNE STREET.

At early morn my slumbers break,
 Dreams take fast flight and I awake
 From sleep so sweet;
 A noisy, banging "cling, clang, cling,"
 As bells of ponderous motors ring
 On Sherbourne Street.

At nine o'clock I hurry down
 My garden path en route for town,
 And gladly greet
 The welcome noise I hear afar
 Of the fast-flying motor car
 On Sherbourne Street.

At twelve o'clock no need to munch
 A resurrection-restaurant lunch,
 While motors fleet
 Can pick one up and place one soon
 To get a cheaper feed at noon
 On Sherbourne Street.

At six o'clock, when work is done,
 To catch the car I swiftly run,
 And keep my seat,
 Tho' lady fair, or damsel fine,
 May have to stand, for hogs must dine
 On Sherbourne Street.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

CHESTERFIELD STUCKUP—"I noticed that you turned to look behind you when that boy whistled a moment ago. Surely you did not think he was whistling for you?"

BRUMELL McALLISTER—"Of course not. I only turned to see what you were looking at."

CHESTERFIELD STUCKUP—"Why, that is just what I turned for."

BOTH (together)—"What a strange coincidence!"

A QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"WHEN joyous spring is in the air,"
 The poet asked, "who can despair?"
 The wind bore Echo's answer back,
 "The man that doth a spring suit lack."

LARGE INDUCEMENTS NECESSARY.

ETHEL—"Clara seems to want the earth."
 MAUD—"She does. I suppose she thinks if she can get it she will then be able to get a husband."