



A HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR.

ROUNDER—"I dreamed that I had a dinner at Webb's last night."

STOUNDER—"Did you dream that you paid for it?"

ROUNDER—"Of course not. That wouldn't have been a dream. It would have been a nightmare."

THE USE OF LENT.

NOW maidens all are busy with devotion,
No money on frivolities they spend,
Each saves a pile to buy her a new bonnet,
When Easter brings the fasting to an end.



IT WAS INHERITED.

HE—"I never knew a girl to change like you, Edith."

SHE (*Slippantly*)—"Can you wonder at it? My father bequeathed me lots of it—a million dollars in all."

A VICTIM OF DELUSION.

WHEN working at my trade I'm sure
That I'm hard up and mighty poor,
But when the Budget speech I read
I feel that I am rich indeed.

I find it takes my bottom cent
For food and clothes and coal and rent,
But there in black and white I see
Clear proofs of my prosperity.

Though by-ways oft I sneak to shun
Some strenuous, persistent dun,
Who now by clearest proof I find
Is an illusion of the mind.

I've found it lately hard to get
Free from the incubus of debt;
The Budget speech dispels my care,
Of wealth I have a goodly share.

My books and file of unpaid bills
Demonstrate my financial ills;
I take the paper up, and lo!
Voluminous my assets grow.

Now are things really as they seem,
Or is my poverty a dream?
And how may I regain the sense
Of ample means and competence?



A WEAPON OF OFFENCE.

JACK—"That cigar of yours reminds me of a regiment of infantry."

TOM—"How?"

JACK—"It has so much of the rank and vile about it."

FELONS DON'T TROUBLE THEM.

JINGLESNAP—"Paderewski is in hard luck. Can't play because he has a felon on one of his fingers."

PLUGWINCH—"He must wish he were a detective."

JINGLESNAP—"Why a detective?"

PLUGWINCH—"They ain't often troubled that way. They generally let felons slip through their fingers."

MR. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN has declined to lecture for the Montreal Woman's Club. He says he is afraid they might propose to make him a member.