

TWO EXQUISITE RIDDLES.

"What beautiful little animals those are frisking about so playfully on the lawn, Miss Delamere!" remarked Mr. Slim Slimson to the lady above named, and whom he greatly admired in a mild, milk-and-watery way, and on whom he was making a morning call, "what are they? they greatly resemble young sheep."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the fair Clara, in her silvery, rippling voice, "ho, he, he! no, Mr. Slimson, those are *not* young sheep; don't you see they have no wool? Those are papa's four young goats—kids, they are called."

"But why do they knock their heads one against another?" queried the vapid Slim.

"They are playing: the performance you allude to is called butting," remarked the fair one.

Mr. Slimson was silent for some minutes: he imagined he was thinking. Finally he looked up in his charmer's, but not charmed one's, face, and said solemnly and slowly:

"Miss Delamere, I—do—believe—I've—made—a riddle."

"How clever you are, Mr. Slimson! but what is the riddle?"

"This: Why are those little goats out there like the gloves you won from me on the Haulan-Beach race?"

"Dear me; I'm sure I could *never* guess it. Do tell me, Mr. Slimson," replied the satirical Clara, who evidently knew what was coming.

"Well, Miss Delamere, it is because they are four buttin' kids."

"What a brain you have, to be sure! Now, do you know, I think I've made a riddle: shall I ask it? No: you are so clever you will laugh at poor little me. Well, I will then, as you say I *must*. What is the difference between Mr. Slim Slimson and an animal said to prefer thistles to grass? Oh! I'm all in a tremble."

"One is a—*one* is a—*really* now, I can't see any difference," said Slim, after some moments profound conjecture.

"Nor can I. Te-he-he-he" and again rang the rippling laughter through the room.

"Why that isn't a riddle."

"No? I thought it was, but I'm so silly." Soon after Mr. Slimson seemed to suddenly see that it was a riddle, and rising he bade the fair but satirical Clara Delamere a hasty good morning.

OLLA PODRIDA.

"Soap cheaper than dirt" (sign in grocer's window on Church Street). Enter girl. "Are they all one scent?" "No, dear, they're all ten cents." This is the funniest the O. P. man can do when funerals are as thick in Toronto just now as blackberries.

Scott Acter's Toast—"Here's to the vine that makes this wine." The toast is drunk in milk. Do you catch on? No. Then let us explain: Bo-vine!!—*Punch* in his best vein.

Many young men who are troubled with weak eyes forget often that they are in a weak place.

Many Toronto men are eating their own heads off, since it has been discovered that calves' brains are good brain food.

"A young lady wishes a room mate, address box," etc., etc., appeared in a Toronto evening paper recently. Although the writer of the "ad" has very capacious pockets in her overskirt, and carries a fair-sized reticule, she had more responses than she could conveniently take home. It pays to advertise if

you have anything to offer which is really wanted.

The wife of a Jarvis Street stove dealer is named Dilla Terry. If she is as dilatory as her spouse she takes not only the bun, but the bakery, confectionery and all the establishment.

LIFE.—Man respire, aspires, conspires, perspires, and expires.

The Scott Acters have become logical. One luminary advances that a saloon-keeper should always have another business to fall back upon, and confine himself to it.

"Why do you say so?" said the centenarian, when the tailor remarked of the coat which he was fitting upon him would last longer than he would, "I begin this hundred years a great deal stronger than I did the last."

Behind some scene: "Is that your wife's hair?" said one of the players to his 'vis a vis,' "ho'ding up a long specimen. "Of course it is," was the reply. "Well, I'm very sorry for it, for I picked it from that gentleman's coat at the next table."

A recent medical work says that the Arabic tree-toad secretes from its back when captured an acrid yellowish fluid, having a disagreeable odor, and that it is doubtless to this fluid that they owe their property of curing the most distressing toothache when placed alive in the hollow tooth.



AN UNDERTAKING.

Angus and Allan, two crofters, are discussing the late factor whose funeral is about to take place.

Allan (*impressively*).—Wheesht, wheesht, Angus, there's ta funeral comin', an', forbye, you'll no should say anysing against ta deid!

Angus (*awed*).—Ay, ay! Weel, I'll pe mute tull ta coffin passes, onyway!

—*The Bailie.*

SUCCEEDED TOO WELL.

"Now," said the bride, "Henry, I want you to understand distinctly that I do not wish to be taken for a bride. I am going to behave exactly as if I were an old married woman. So, dearest, do not think me cold and unloving if I treat you very practically when there is anybody by."

"I don't believe I can pass for an old mar-

ried man. I am so fond of you that I am bound to show it. I am sure to give the snap away."

"No, you mustn't. It's easy enough. And I insist that you behave just like all old married men do. Do you hear?"

"Well, darling, I'll try; but I know I will not succeed."

The first evening of their arrival the bride retired to her chamber, and the groom fell in with a poker party, with whom he sat playing cards until four o'clock in the morning. His wife spent the weary hours weeping. At last he turned up and met his grief-stricken bride with the hilarious question:

"Well, ain't I doing the old married man like a daisy?"

She never referred to the subject again, and everybody knew after that they had just been married.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

BAD SIGNATURES.

There are some persons who really make a point of concocting a signature which cannot be read. Occasionally we receive letters every word of which is legible except the name of the sender, and it is necessary to cut off the signature, and paste it on the reply envelope in the hope that the postmaster may know to whom the scrawl belongs.

The eminent Dr. Potts, when a clerk in Philadelphia, took a bill to a Quaker, and had signed the receipt with one of those hieroglyphics sometimes seen on bank notes. The Quaker, taking up the paper, said blandly:

"Friend, what is that at the bottom?"

"That, sir, is my name."

"What is thy name?"

"William B. Potts."

"Well, William, will thee please to write it down here plainly, so that a witness in court would know it."

William learned a lesson that day, and ever afterward he wrote his name so it could be read.—*Exchange.*

PAUL DRESSER.

"Now, Eddie, what is a city?"
 "It's a town."
 "Well, what is a town?"
 "It's a city."
 "Well, what is a city composed of?"
 "Oh, people."
 "What else?"
 "Streets."
 "What else?"
 "Burns and bad whiskey."
 "What is most useful in a city?"
 "A council."
 "What is a council most needed for?"
 "To make motions and turn each other over."
 "What do the motions mostly consist of?"
 "Tapping sewers and beer kegs."
 "What is the moon?"
 "It's red."
 "Is it inhabited?"
 "Don't know."
 "Suppose it was, and you were one of its inhabitants, on what would you subsist?"
 "Don't know."
 "I mean, what would you eat?"
 "Don't know. I know what my paw would eat."
 "Oysters."
 "Oysters! Why, what makes you think that he would eat oysters?"
 "Why, he came home the other night and maw came down stairs and told Aunt Mary that paw was upstairs, full as a boiled oyster or something like that, for the next morning he couldn't get his head through the door."
 Recess.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*