

CHATTER.

MISS AMERICA—"Of course, count, although I love you sincerely, I must learn for a certainty that your title is genuine."

COUNT—"Ant I, ma lof, zat your title eez also goot—to ze property."

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SANSO—"Brown is a man of feeling."

RODD—"Yes. He frequently touches me for five dollars."

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MISS—"What is the best time of the year in which to get married?"

MRS.—"Summer."

MISS—"Why?"

MRS.—"Because house cleaning is then over."

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ONCE tricky Cupid on Olympus stood
And wore a placard, "Pity the poor blind."
Jove spied the boy and coming unobserved
With god-like vigor kicked him from behind.

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PENNIBS (*loftily*)—"I have written the latest novel."

SQUIBS—"Dear me. Is it so emphatically dead as all that?"

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SANSO—"Brown takes a friendly interest in you."

RODD—"Yes, I know. He has been remarkably impudent to me of late."

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MABEL—"I hear that Jack and Clara have quarrelled."

BELLA—"No, they haven't. I saw them sitting on a sofa in the conservatory a little while ago and I didn't notice anything between them."

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SMITH—"Brown was wedded to his ambition when I knew him."

JONES—"Yes; but in that respect he is a widower now. His ambition is dead."

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AMICUS—"What are you doing?"

POET—"Writing a spring poem."

AMICUS—"But it isn't spring yet."

POET—"No, but it will be before the poem is accepted."

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"SWEET are the uses of ad-versity," murmured the poet who got fifty cents a line for writing advertising-verses.

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SANSO—"What are you going to give up during Lent?"

RODD—"I'm going to give up observing it."

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MISS MALAPROP wasn't so very far wrong when she said to the count who came of an old family, "I love you to extraction."

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LINER—"I hear you have made a lot of money by writing poker jokes and stories."

SPACER—"Well, I need to. It cost me a lot of money to learn enough about poker to be able to write them."

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AUTHOR—"I read a great deal."

AMICUS (*insinuatingly*)—"I judged so from your writings."

GRIP'S GALLERY OF NOTABLES.



No. 1.—HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT, PREMIER OF CANADA.

NASTY.

"DO you know, that air I heard at the opera last night has been running in my mind all day, but I can't quite get it. So provoking!"

"Um—yes! Seems to me if I once got anything in such a limited space as that it wouldn't take me long to corner it!"

FOR COL. DAVIDSON.

MISS METHODOCIA PARSONS—"It's real mean of pa not letting us go to the theatre, I'd just love to see a ballet!"

SYMPATHISING SISTER—"So would I—Never mind dear, we'll see the kilted regiment march by some day!"
—(*Both brighten up visibly*).

CONSOLATION FOR REAL ESTATE SPECULATORS.

I HOLD it true whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have boomed and bust,
Than never to have boomed at all.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.