

"Exquisite! delightful! What a charming song!" said Mrs. Dodworthy.

"Yes, charming," chorused the other ladies.

"Really, you have admirable taste, Mr. Biggleswade," said the hostess. "Such *savoir faire* and refinement. Some young men are so sadly lacking in polish, nowadays. Why, young Mr. Budger was here the other evening and we asked him to sing, and, would you believe it, he sang a low, vulgar, pot-house ditty, to something the same air as that delightful *morceau* you have just rendered—something about 'Fifteen dollars in my inside pocket.' It was too awfully disgusting for anything. It's the last time that he'll sing anything in my house."

And Mr. Biggleswade bowed his acknowledgments and smiled a superior smile.

AT THE ANTI-POVERTY SOCIETY.

QUESTIONER—"Do you know why there are greater ground rents in tropical regions than elsewhere?"

CHAIRMAN—"The gentleman is surely mistaken as to his facts."

QUESTIONER—"Oh, yes, there are bigger ground rents in the tropics—because, you see, there are more earthquakes there."

CHAIRMAN—"Order, order! Really, this is not a minstrel show!"

PETER'S 'PINTMENT.

PETER, Peter, office seeker,
Gets a job, and, faith, he keeps her.

'P'int, Olly, 'p'int, 'p'int with care,
'P'int Peter to be registraire!

"Two from wan an' naught remains,"
Is a problem worth the thryin',
Av the sun should booze yer brains
Git the figgers from Pete Ryan.

WHAT A NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY GIRL.

"MA," remonstrated the little girl, "I don't see why I should have so much minding of the baby to do."

"My dear," answered the mother, "that is part of your duty. You are here to mind your little brother."

"That's what you say, anyway, ma," continued the wee maiden, in a pout. "I suppose you think I was born to mind baby."

"Perhaps so, darling!" laughingly replied mamma.

"Then"—her surcharged feelings finding sudden vent—"if I had known it I'd never have been born. There!"
T.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

A PARSON in his parsonage once found an ancient relic, The mouldy, shrivelled, dry remains of some one long angelic.

He found it in an oaken chest, far hidden in a closet, Thick covered with the heavy dust of fifty years' deposit.

He scanned the solemn, gruesome thing, right well it seemed to please him.

He showed it afterwards to crowds, and sometimes some, to tease him,

Would ask him if it were his own (they knew it could not be so), Which was as sure to make him wrath as snuff to make you sneeze so.

Now, reader, banish grisly thoughts of grave yard bones and vermin,

The nameless thing was nothing but the skeleton of a sermon.

WILLIAM MCGILL.



A PAYING TRANSACTION.

DETECTIVE—"I have just been informed that your store was burglarized last night and a lot of goods carried off."

ENTERPRISING MERCHANT—"Ha! That's money in my pocket. We've been selling away below cost for a long time, so this is a clear gain to us!"

SUCCINCT SAYINGS.

"I'M in the soop," as the broom sadly observed to the curler.

"He combeth not, she said," as the barber blandly remarked to his bald-headed customer.

"To am't of acc't rendered," as the butcher said to the crock of lard.

"I CANNOT leave thee!" as the Canada thistle sobbed to Mother Eve.

"TIRED to death!" as the disabled wagon remarked to the wheel-wright.

ADDENDA TO "THE BELLS."

I SING the praises of a bell,
A mystic bell not sung by Poe—
'Tis worthy of a villanelle.
Its chimes but happiness foretell,
It has no note for pain nor woe—
I sing the praises of a bell
Whose daily sounds o'er hill and dell
Monotonous can never grow,
'Tis worthy of a villanelle.
Its music's charm a magic spell
O'er savage, sullen breasts can throw—
I sing the praises of a bell
Whose muster call is heeded well,
And great and small make haste to go—
'Tis worthy of a villanelle.
And yet sometimes it proves a sell,
When steaks are tough and bread is dough
I sing the magic dinner bell,
'Tis worthy of a villanelle.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

BEFORE THE MAST.

RUDDER—"What prevents the ocean from leaving its bed?"

BOOMER—"Its tide, probably."

*