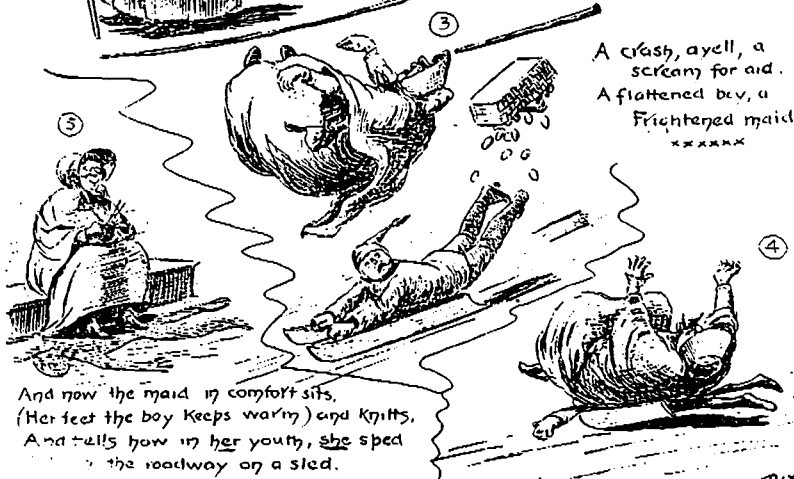


Adown the slippery
Roadway sped
A truant small boy
On his sled



And all unconsciously,
There too,
Jagged on a maid
Of eighty-two



A crash, ayell, a
screaming for aid.
A flattened boy, a
Frightened maid

And now the maid in comfort sits,
(Her feet the boy keeps warm) and knits,
And tells how in her youth, she sped
The roadway on a sled.

AGING RAPIDLY.

JACK.—“Ethel seems sweeter and kinder everytime I meet her.”

MAUD.—“Yes, she seems to be aging rapidly.”

CAN'T KEEP A SECRET.

NO woman yet gave charity,
As Scriptural injunctions run,
Because she always tells her left
Hand everything her right has done.

A LAME EXCUSE.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.—“John. You kissed the housemaid when you came home last night.”

JOHN (*humbly*).—“Well, to tell the truth, I was rather drunk.”

MOTHER-IN-LAW.—“You were not so drunk that you made any attempt to kiss me when you met me in the parlor.”

JOHN.—“The sight of you sobered me.”

IT WAS NEARLY THE SAME.

JINKER.—“The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

BLINKER.—“Well, I suppose it amounted to about the same thing, but the lords I have met liked a cheerful lender.

CALF LOVE.

OUR earliest love is doubtless fine,
But apt to make us asinine
Whereas experienced love, though tame
Is shrewd and gets there just the same.

SERVE THEM RIGHT.

SMILAX.—“Outlying property in this city is far too heavily assessed.”

BORAX.—“Well, when a real-estate owner out-lies Ananias to boom his goose-pastures, what else can he expect?”

PUT IN PICKLE.

WHEN we view Aristocracy's progeny
vast,
And note how corrupt and immoral they
be,
We cannot but think that the salt of the
earth
Would be better if mixed with the salt of
the sea.

AN UNATTAINABLE IDEAL.

MAUD.—“I am afraid you would never love me enough.”

GEORGE.—“How much would you have me love you?”

MAUD.—“As much as you love yourself.”

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.



I'M for temperance, boys, d'ye mind it,
And always stick up for the cause,
Sure I just take the world as I find it
And never complain of its laws.
Thruce, I promised ould Mulligan's
daughter,
(We mean to get hitched, she and I),
But 'twas whin we had good city water,
I'd never go back to ould Rye.

Sure that promise had niver been broken,
Whatever you fellows may think,
If, to save us when thirsty from chokin'
They'd give us pure water to drink;
But the Council won't do as they ought-er,
Won't furnish a purer supply,
So with Cholera germs in the water,
I had to go back to ould Rye.

Sure they tell us that whiskey is bad, boys.
And faith, I don't doubt it the laste,
But if whiskey's unfit for a lad, boys,
The water would sicken a baste;