



SPITEFUL.

MISS PUFFY—"Did you hang up your stocking on Christmas, as you said you were going to?"

MISS THYNNE—"Yes, and I got such a beautiful pencil case in it."

MISS PUFFY—"Didn't it crowd the stocking a good deal?"

HE KNEW ANOTHER PLACE.

WHEN the photographer's assistant called "next!" a six foot, sun-tanned man, uncomfortably clad in a ready-made suit, and carrying a sombrero about the size of a last century umbrella, strode into the operating gallery and said, in a subdued bellow:—

"Pard, I'm just in from the mines. Fourteen years from home makes me a stranger. Will ye do a stranger a favor, and very much obleege, yours truly, me?"

The artist assured the gentleman that he had only to name it, and it was granted *non con*.

"I'm a goin' back to th'ole folks an' my gal, with a small pile, an' an eye out for a ranche to settle down on. But I'm full o' fun, an' I want to give 'em a supprise. Ye sec I'm in tol'ble shape, an' feel as hearty ez a young steer. What I want you to do is to take my picter, so ez to hev me look all snarled an' broke up. Make my mug 'pear like an Apache Injin's, hump my back, twist my nigh leg, an' knock my hull anatomy out o' kilter. I'll send the likeness by post, so ez to gin th'old people an' the gal a scare. Next day I'll loom up jest ez ye see me here, undo the gag, an' have the laugh on 'em. Ain't that a fly racket, Colonel? Catch?"

"But, my dear sir," explained the photographer, "the camera produces an exact counterpart of yourself"

"What! Won't it take a feller enny way he wants?"

"No; it will take you precisely as you are."

"That ain't the play, uncle. Can't you fool the machine somehow?"

"No, sir."

"Nor doctor up the likeness after?"

"Not as you want it."

"Well, I'm stuck! Say, paint me, will you?"

"It is not in our line."

"Gimme a pointer, then. Whar'll I sidle for the job?"

A happy idea suddenly struck the photographer.

"My friend, I have just thought how I can fix it for you! You say you want the worst looking and most impossible picture taken of you?"

"Score! The tougher the better."

"So that no one alive would recognize you by it?"

"I go you on the raise!"

"Well, see here. Go down to King street. Find the *Globe* office. Enquire for the editor who has charge of the pictorial department in the Saturday edition. If he will get an engraving of you as close to the original as the recent dog-pictures were true to life, you will be perfectly suited. No thanks! Good-day, good-day!"

THE LOVING AND INDULGENT HUSBAND.

"HOW much was it I paid for the mug of baby's we bought a year ago?" he asked.

"Four dollars," she replied.

"Then I guess it really is silver, although it looks mighty dull and dirty just now." And he picked up the little goblet and examined it critically.

"Sometimes I think myself it is silver," the wife remarked, "and still, at other times, I really fancy it is some kind of metal."

"Well—and I suppose silver ain't any kind of metal! Surely, Maria, you ought to —."

"Now, Charles," interrupted the little woman, protestingly, "you know I didn't mean —."

"Oh, of course, of course!" he broke in with a hoarse laugh, "Don't apologize, my dear. I quite understand. You said what you meant, but you didn't mean what you said. You women are all models of conciseness, consistency, veracity, thoughtfulness and common sense. Ta-ta! I'm off down town!"

And the loving and indulgent husband strode away, humming:

"Would I were with thee;
Every day and hour."

LA GRIPPE.

THE new and popular epidemic is called after this journal because it is so influenzial and widely circulated.



HINT TO THE PROFESSION.

FARMER JUMBLES (in quest of a legal adviser)—"Here's a lawyer's office. I wonder if this fellow's pretty good?"

HIS NEIGHBOR—"Yes; I guess he's a distinguished barrister. I see by the sign that he's not a Q.C. Let's try him." [And they do.]