



RATHER POINTED.

GERTRUDE (*speaking of Beatrice's "fiancé"*)—"What will Jack do now that he has sold his property at the Junction?"

BEATRICE—"Oh, I shall just make him give up all business and—and live like a gentleman, you know."

GERTRUDE (*quietly*)—"It will be a great change for him."

THE ANCIENTS SURPASSED.

MERCURY—"What a hard time our old friend Atlas has carrying the earth on his shoulders."

DIANA—"Yes, it is pretty tough, but it is not so hard as the task of the modern college graduate, who has to carry about his head wherever he goes."

HIS LAST JOKE.

FUNNY MAN (*meeting a party of vigilantes out West with a prisoner in charge*)—"What are you going to do?"

SPOKESMAN—"Goin' ter hang this ere galoot. Stole Jedge Peterby's mustang."

FUNNY MAN—"Ah, you believe in suiting the punishment to the crime. Mustang—must 'ang—you know. Ha, ha!" (*Bang!*)

THE GLORIOUS FIFTH.

ORANGE ORATOR—"This, my brethren, is the glorious, ever-memorable Fifth of November—the day when Rome received a check which—which—"

VOICE IN THE AUDIENCE—"Which amounted to four hundred thousand dollars!"

TWO OF A KIND.

MISS OLDEN—"That Mr. Candour is a most disagreeable fellow. The other night he came up to me and said: 'How are you and the other old inajds?'"

MISS NOTYOUNG (*secretly delighted*)—"Fellows of his sort are almost rudely truthful, aren't they?"

MISS OLDEN (*bound to get even*)—"They are, indeed. But I mustn't forget to tell you that he asked to be remembered to you. You were the first person he asked about after making the remark."

PHYSICALLY INCAPABLE.

BENEVOLENT MAN—"What are you crying about, my little fellow?"

LITTLE FELLOW—"That man came after me and struck me."

BENEVOLENT MAN—"Well, why didn't you run when you saw him coming?"

LITTLE FELLOW (*indignantly*)—"Run! Wh-why, I'm a-an errand boy!"

SO IRISH, BEGOBS!

DUDERLY (*to dealer in theatrical properties*)—"Aw—have you such a thing in your establishment as a Shan-van-vocht?"

DEALER—"A which?"

DUDERLY—"A Shan-van-vocht—something Irish, you know."

DEALER—"I really don't think you could get one nearer than New York."

DUDERLY—"Or a cead mille failthe?"

DEALER—"Never was asked for such a thing before, sir. What is it for?"

DUDERLY—"Aw—the Amateur Dramatic Club, you know, are going to play the Irish drama of 'The Squilthawn of Skibbereen,' and we wanted some appropriate stage settings."

DEALER—"I don't know if I've anything in stock that would suit, unless you'd like a few of these sham-rocks that you could put in the background."

DUDERLY—"Aw—the very thing, by Jove! With them, and a few oranges—for there's an Orangeman in the piece—we shall do splendidly."

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

FIRST CANADIAN LITTERATEUR—"Hello, Snig-gerthwaite. Just the fellow I want. Can you tell me where I can find out something about Lirriker, the poet down in Nova Scotia. Got to write article on 'Canadian Poets' for the new *National*."

SECOND CANADIAN LITTERATEUR—"Oh, yes; the poor fellow died about a month ago. You can find his obituary notices in the papers."

FIRST LITTERATEUR—"Oh, Lirriker's dead, is he? Hadn't seen anything of it. Thanks. But as he's dead I guess there's no use bringing him in. Can't reciprocate, you know. Dead men don't write on Canadian literature. Anyway he wasn't much of a poet."

HE KNEW WHAT WAS NEEDED.

CRITIQUE—"If you like acting so well, why don't you try it or practice it?"

STAGESTRUCK—"Well, I can't get any manager to engage me, and I wouldn't be allowed to do the necessary yelling anywhere but on the stage."