



A BORN STRATEGIST.

LORD DEADBEAT—"I understand that you've bin crost in ove, ole plug."

VISCOUNT HARDNUT—"Yep."

LORD DEADBEAT—"Well, just waltz in an' manipulate de heart strings of de kitchen scullion while I steal de dorg's dinner, see?"



THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPION.

SMITH—"Now are you sure that bread is good and light?"

KUSSENHIMER—"Light! Vy, mine frient, dot bread vas so light dot I haf me dose inspectdors of vaits and measures five times here this month alretty."

THE SAME IDEA.

MRS. BOOSYMAN—"Have you a song called 'Not Drunk,' by C. A. White?"

MUSIC DEALER—"Never heard of it, ma'am. Are you sure that's the title?"

MRS. BOOSYMAN—"Yes, 'Not Drunk,' or something like that."

MUSIC DEALER—"We have 'Only Tired,' by the same author. Perhaps—"

MRS. BOOSYMAN—"Of course—that's what I wanted. It's the same idea, anyway."



DIDN'T LIVE IN TORONTO.

SON—"Pa, what's a microbe?"

FATHER—"Don't know, my boy. I never saw one."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, which occurs annually on the 17th inst., is the most conspicuous event in the month of March. St. Patrick is the patron saint of Ireland, and in his time had a pull with the boys pretty nearly equal to that of Sir Mowat or Boss Croker of Tammany Hall.

His birthplace is a matter of uncertainty. There is little doubt in the minds of most commentators that he was there at the time, but he failed to take sufficient observation of his surroundings to enable him to identify the locality with any degree of precision. Subsequently, when he got up in the world and acquired