



The inner history of how Smith killed his bear.

My Lady's Charms.

I told My Lady she was vain—
Because she boasted of her charms ;
She paled—then flushed a rosy red
And straightway she was up in arms.

From angry eyes like stormy skies
She flashed a scornful look at me ;
Her little heart beat wild and fast,
“How dare you, sir,” cried she.

I answered, “sweetheart I professed
’Twas vanity to hold so dear
Those numerous charms—nay, hear the rest—
That dangle from your bracelet here.”

—Hallam.

A Desideratum.

“Good day, sir ! I wish to introduce to your notice the very latest —”

“Don’t want it ! got no time ; this is my busy day.”

“But —”

“But nothing ! Don’t care if it’s a pass to the New Jerusalem. Don’t want it. I’m busy, I tell you !”

“But this, sir, is a new patent annihilator of bores, dunnors and canvassers. Guaranteed to—”

“Oh, that’s just what I do want.”

“You’ll take one, then?”

“Why certainly. Now sit down, my good friend, and we’ll see how it works.”

“Yes, miss, times is bad for us boatmen now.”

“Why don’t you do something else for a living ?”

“I tried to do, miss. I got a job as attendant at the cricket ground, and they told me to pitch the wickets. Well, I pitched ‘em, gave ‘em a good coat of tar, and they gave me the sack.”

“Quite an interesting case of small-pox we have just been investigating,” said one medical student to another, as they shoved their way into a crowded Broadview car.

“Who talks about strap-holders on these street cars,” replied the other, about two minutes later.