

## QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Teacher (in the geography class): Tommy, what is the easiest way to get to the Pacific Coast? Tommy: Git a pass.

"What are the relations now between your wife and yourself?" "Oh only her mother, two uncles, a sister and a few cousins."

He: Do you think that your father would object to my marrying you? She: I don't know. If he's anything like me he would.

Man in a hurry: Is there a way of getting to the Grand Central Depot sooner than by taking this car? Urbane Conductor: Yes sir; run and catch the next car ahead.

"So you are a strong believer in prohibition, eh?" "Yes," said the Kansas man. "Why?" "Because it makes business better." "May I ask what business you are in?" "Certainly. I am a druggist." And he winked his other eye.

"Can you suggest any reason why I should print your poem?" said the overbearing editor. The dismal youth looked thoughtful and then replied: You know I always enclose a stamp for the return of rejected manuscript. "Yes." "Well, if you print it you can keep the stamp."

Jack (rapturously): Now, darling, will you please name the happy day? Minnie (blushingly): Three weeks from Thursday, Jack. Norah, the kitchen maid (through the keyhole): Av you plaze, Miss, that's me reglar day out. Ye'll have to get married in the early part of the wake.

"I engaged," said a traveller, "a chaise at Galway to conduct me some miles into the country, and had not proceeded far when it pulled up at the foot of a hill, and the driver, coming to the door, opened it. 'What are you at, man? This isn't where I ordered you to stop,' said I. 'Whist, yer honour, whist!' ejaculated Paddy. 'I'm only desaving the baste. If I bang the door, he'll think you're out, and I'll cut up the hill like mad.'"

An Irishman applied for and obtained a situation on the Trafford Road section of the Manchester Ship Canal. "What's your name, my man?" asked the timekeeper. Patrick Cahill," was the reply. "How do you spell it?" Pat scratched his head. "Indade, an' Oi don't know, sorr. Oi never spelt it; an' me father, he niver spelt it either. Faith, an' Oi don't think it was iver intended to be spelt at all. Put it down without spelling, sorr."

A coloured woman presented herself as a candidate for confirmation in the Diocese of Florida and was required to say the creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments. She got through with the first two fairly well, as somebody had evidently been coaching her, but when she came to the last she bungled and hesitated, and then remarked in a confidential tone to the clergyman: De fac is, Mr. Turpin, I hasn't been practisin' de Ten Comma'dments lately.

Over the door of a certain public house is painted the picture of two asses, under which is inscribed:—When shall we three meet again. Pat, who was just returning from work, scythe over shoulder, happened to notice the picture and gazed intently at it for some time. The landlord, seeing him from the window above, put his head out and asked what was the matter. "Faith, an' I see it now!" exclaimed Pat; "I see it. I wondered where the third ass had gone to."

It is told of a well-known music hall manager of Manchester that his wife, wanting to frighten him from stopping out late at night, obtained a Mephistopheles dress from the theatre, made a few imposing preparations, and waited behind the door in her infernal costume one night. When he came she pounced upon him. At last she cried, in a fiendish shriek. "I've got you. I'm the devil."

But he didn't faint. "That so," he said. "Shake hands old boy; I married your sister."

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