



A LESSON IN DEPORTMENT.

(A FACT.)

LADY PASSENGER IN STREET CAR (to her next neighbor)—“Put that in the box.”

HER NEIGHBOR—“Say ‘please.’”

LADY—“Please.” [And he did it.]

A GREAT EXPLORER.

CHAPPIE—“That wine goes to my brain.”

CYNIC—“Then we must call it the Stanley brand. It is so successful in finding a thing on whose existence a doubt has been cast.”

ROUGH.

JONES—“I notice a striking resemblance between you and a famous statesman.”

BROWN—“Is he handsome?”

JONES—“Oh, dear, no!”

AN APT SIMILE.

SENIOR—“Have you been through the museum yet?”

FRESHMAN—“Yes.”

SENIOR—“What did you think of the fossils?”

FRESHMAN—“They seemed to me like a petrified attack of delirium tremens.”

UNKIND.

CHOLLY—“I have been forced to the conclusion that a man can't get along in this world without brains.”

MAUD—“Still, you seem to be getting along very well.”

VERY BLUE.

JOHNNY VON PORKLEY—“Oh, mamma!”

MAMMA—“What is it, pet?”

JOHNNY—“This dictionary speaks of blood as a red fluid.”

MAMMA—“Dear me! does it? Then I must see Mr. McAllister about getting a more suitable dictionary for your use. Red fluid, indeed!”

THE BELATED PASSENGER.

TINKLE, tinkle, little car,
Up along the street so far.
Travelling so mighty slow
Do you come or do you go?

As your bell I faintly hear,
Now it seems to sound less near,
And the twinkle of your light
Shows more distant through the night.

Of my final chance bereft,
I'm afraid I'm badly left,
And must foot it through the dark
Pretty nearly to High Park.

A STAB.

SPACER—“Brevity is the soul of wit.”

EDITOR—“You are probably right. There seems to be a shortness of ideas in all the jokes you submit.”

A SHREWD GUESS.

REVIEWER—“Hello! here is a new astronomical work called ‘The Story of the Skies.’”

EDITOR—“I suppose it is a tail of a comet.”

ANOMALOUS.

IT is a peculiar fact that during the fall a book that contains only two hundred pages frequently contains three hundred leaves.

INFORMATION WANTED.

WE find this advertisement in one of our exchanges:

NOTICE TO ORANGEMEN.—There will be a presentation of a flag to sub-district school No. 3, of Minersville, on December 25th. All *sister* Orangemen are invited to attend.

Has the faymale sex achieved the franchise in the order of King Billy—or, is the wording of this simply—Irish?

A MATTER OF TASTE.

AYE, mon, but yon's a fine sang—‘Aften Water’! said an enthusiastic Scot at the Caledonian concert, as Mr. Harold Jarvis finished his number.

“Vera guid,” responded his neighbor, “but I prefer aftener whusky!”

YOUTHFUL EVOLUTIONISTS.

JOHNNY—“Do you believe men have come from monkeys?”

BOBBY—“Yes. Look at the Chinamen.”

JOHNNY—“What about them?”

BOBBY—“They still have tails, only they have moved up.”

WISE MAIDENS.

MISS TANTIVY—“Why don't the Upson girls take their mother out with them occasionally?”

MISS NECKLER—“Because she is so old that her appearance would suggest that the youthfulness of her daughters is not so real as it is apparent.”