



UNOBLEGIN' SANDY.

Sandy McDougall as seen at the curling rink, indulging in the roarin' game.

Sandy McDougall when asked by his "woman" to sweep out the best room.



Louise—"How is it that you and Jack De Peyster are so cool to each other lately? You used to be such good friends." Ada—"Why, didn't you know that we were engaged?"

"Dear me, I hope it ain't serious!" said old Mrs. Bunker. "What's the matter?" "Ethel says in her letter that she and her husband had a row on the lake Saturday afternoon." Pooh, that ain't a r-o-w row. It's a r-o-w row."

Her Thoughts—Mamma (to little five-year-old daughter)—"What is my little Nellie smiling about so prettily?" Little Nellie (with a wise look) "I's jest finkin' of my foughts, mamma; zat is all."

Tommy—"I bought this dog to make money out of him." Sister's intended: "How is that?" Tommy—"I expect that you will give me two-pence for tying him up every time you come to see my sister. He's awful savage."

A couple of pick-pockets followed a gentleman for some distance with a view of availing themselves of the first opportunity to relieve him of his purse. He suddenly turned into a lawyer's office. "What shall we do now?" asked one. "Wait for the lawyer," said the other.

The minister was calling for recruits for temperance work. "In one little town," cried he, "there's seventeen gin-mills; that's where we want to go, brethren." "Yes, yes," shouted a red-nosed, sleepy individual in the rear of the church, "let's go now."

First Honest Villager: Well, how did Jean Rivere come out? Did they convict him of poaching? Second Honest Villager: No; there was no evidence against him, and he swore solemnly that he was innocent. First Honest Villager (with a fearful sneer): Innocent? Oh, yes, he's innocent; just as innocent as I am, the scoundrel!"

Sambo, the typical Sambo, joined the Church, and the shepherd of his soul thought best to look after him. "Have you stolen any chickens, Sambo, since you met with a change of heart?" said the shepherd one day. "No, massa. Oh, no, I hasn't stole no chick'ns tall." "Any turkeys?" persisted the pastor. "Oh, no, massa. I hasn't took nary a turkey." "Well, Sambo, I am glad to hear it,—very glad." And the good man went on. "Golly," chuckled Sambo, peeping inside his coat, "if he'd sed ducks he'd had me."

"Arthur," she said, "own now that you don't love me as much as you used to; be candid." "Great heavens! why what on earth, why, I swear by the sky, by the earth, by—oh, by everything that I love you more and more—there is no sacrifice in the world I would not make for you. What could possibly have—" "Oh, a little thing. You didn't cuddle me up to you as closely when you came in—" "No, I shouldn't think so. Why, I've got three eighteenpenny cigars, that I won tossing, in my breast pocket—don't want to squash 'em!"

