

WALLS WITH EARS.

IF there is one place more than another where walls have ears it is on board ship. Even in the kind of summer cottages where partitions extend but three-fourths of the way to the ceiling it is no easier to learn the most intimate details concerning your next-door neighbours. "Do you suppose," queried an inquisitive old lady to a stewardess as she waited for her bath to be filled, "that the stout woman in the room next to mine colours her hair?"

"She does, madam," came an icy voice from the next bath, rising above the hiss of the steam and the splash of the water, "and if you remind me later I'll give you the name of the place in New York where I have it done. Your own needs improvement, I've noticed."

LIMERICKS OF THE HOUR.

A President grave came to town,
Prepared to put "hustling" all down.
The Freshies got tea,
And were pleased as could be,
But the Sophs wear a horrible frown.

Some plutocrats, loaded with stock,
Wished to buy an Ontario block.
Said Whitney in glee,
"No million for me"—
And the syndicate died of the shock.

The road called the great G. T. P.
Wished to talk over things in B. C.
But Hays didn't come
While Morse stayed to "hum,"
And McBride is as mad as can be.

From Boston there came a swell band
Of Ancient Artillery grand.
They had a parade,
With lots of gold braid
And their fame will be long in the land.

There once was a fine Irish Tory
Who covered himself with much glory.
But the Brockville election
Brought "A. G." dejection,
While the "Globe" told with tears the sad story.

—J. G.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

Three men were strolling home early in the morning, not long ago, after a dinner. The row of three plug hats swayed from side to side but the man in the middle was the only one very unsteady. At the regular stopping place the end men took the middle man up to the steps to his house, leaned him against the door post, rang the bell, and, when at a safe distance, watched for developments. Soon the door opened, a hand shot forth and their friend was drawn in. With a sigh of relief the two were about to go on home, when they heard a noise, and, turning saw their friend come bouncing down the steps of his home and into the gutter. As the door slammed shut they went back to their unsteady companion. Raising him to his feet, they asked what had happened. In a thick voice he answered: "I f'got to tell ye—boys—I don't live there—any more."—Edmonton Saturday News.

EXTRAVAGANT.

An Irish friend had insisted that a Scotchman should stay at his house, instead of at a hotel, and kept him there for a month, playing the host in detail, even to treating him to sundry visits to the theatre, paying the cab fares and the rest. When

the visitor was returning home, the Irishman saw him to the station, and they went together to have a last cigar. "Now, look here," said the Scot, "I'll hae nae mair o' this. Here ye've been keepin' me at your hoose for a month, an' payin' for a' the amusements and cabs and so on—I tell you I'll stan' nae mair o' it! We'll just hae a toss for this one!"—Bellman.

FAITHFUL TO THE END.

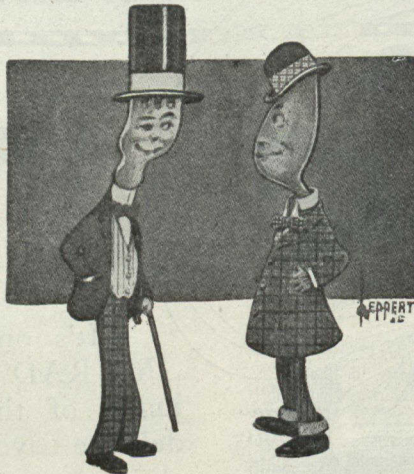
The flames crackled ominously, the water bubbled in the great pot, and seated in the shade of a palm the naked savages began to sharpen their cruel knives.

"Is there no hope?" murmured the doomed commercial traveller.

"None," hissed the ebon chief.

"Then," said the young man, pointing to his sample case, "if you are determined to eat me, at least let me ask you, as a last favour, to try our brand of mustard with the feast. I am convinced that one trial will secure us your permanent patronage, and I"—

But strong arms seized him here, there was a splash, and all was over.—Los Angeles Times.



The Fork and the Spoon.

By R. E. Leppert.

The Fork: "You're getting rather spoony with that Miss Brown Sugar, she's very unrefined."
The Spoon: "I'll admit that, but she's an awfully sweet girl."—Metropolitan Magazine.

HER REASON.

Alfred H. Love, the famous peace advocate, protested in Philadelphia against the great quantity of military features in the Jamestown Exposition. "Really," he concluded, with a smile, "one would think that the whole world was animated and kept progressing by a spirit of hatred and revenge and bitter enmity. One would think that—but perhaps you know the story. A pale, wan woman, on her deathbed, said in a weak voice to her husband: 'Henry, if I die, promise me one thing.' 'Gladly, my poor darling. What is it I am to promise?' 'Promise me that you will marry Mary Simpson.' The man started. 'But,' he said, 'I thought you hated her.' 'I do, Henry,' the dying woman whispered. 'I want to get even with her.'"—The Argonaut.

A DIFFERENCE.

The vicar of a large country town in England visited a parishioner, a widow seventy-five years of age, who had ten children all of whom except one daughter had mar-

ried and left her. Now this daughter also was about to be married. The old lady would then be left quite alone, and the clergyman endeavoured to sympathise with her. "Well, Mrs. Higgins," he said, "you must feel lonely now, after having had so large a family."

"Yes, sir," she said, "I do feel it lonesome. I've brought up a long family, and here I am living alone. An' I misses 'em an' I wants 'em; but I misses 'em more than I wants 'em."

ON TOUR.

Oh, Borden the Bold
Has gone out to the West!
Through all the wide prairie
His views are expressed.
He thinks we should manage
Our own little 'phone,
And let the dear people
Just run it alone.

QUEER PLEASURE.

Douglas Jerrold, in his "Ugly Trades," said that "the ugliest of trades has its moments of pleasure," and continued: "Now, if I were a grave digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment"

THE VERY IDEA!

Judging by the way they keep on resigning, those Jamestown Exposition chiefs must have got the notion that they are a Laurier Cabinet.—Montreal Star.

A DESPERATE REMEDY.

First Toronto Woman: "Isn't it perfectly disgusting to think of that white girl marrying a Chinaman?"

Second Toronto Woman: "Well, I suppose she got desperate over the laundry bills."

GETTING IN.

"Can a rich man enter into the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"Yes," answered the wise old Parson Brodhead, "but not on a technicality." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

A LAWYER'S LUCK.

A North Carolina lawyer says that when Judge Buxton, of that state, made his first appearance at the bar as a young lawyer, he was given charge, by the state's solicitor, of the prosecution of a man charged with some misdemeanour.

It soon appeared that there was no evidence against the man, but Buxton did his best, and was astonished when the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty."

After the trial one of the jurors tapped the young attorney on the shoulder. "Buxton," he said, "we didn't think the feller was guilty, but at the same time we didn't like to discourage a young lawyer by acquitting him."—Lippincott's Magazine.



The Tramp Dissuader.—Punch.