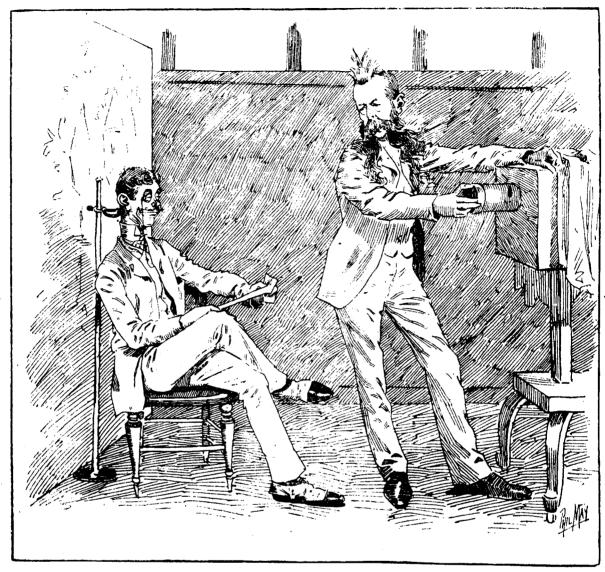
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A BROAD JOKE.

Photographer (mechanically).—Now, LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE. (With agitation.) OH, DON'T SMILE QUITE SO MUCH; I HAVE ONLY A SMALL PLATE IN!

## HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

THE Executive Committee met yesterday and adjourned without doing any business because a *Globe* reporter was present.—*Globe News Item*.

- "Is Corporal Michael Casey in the ranks?" anxiously enquired Wellington, just before the battle of Waterloo.
- "I am, Giniral!" exclaimed that officer, stepping to the front.
- "Thin!" exclaimed Wellington, "let the fight begin!"

  —The Corporal's Story.

Husband (sarcastic old thing)—I have been making my will, dear. Leaving you everything, with—ah—full power to re-marry—"

Wife (old thing, but not sarcastic)—Oh, darling, never.

Husband—Yes, love. And—(with a sardonic chuckle)—in that case I shall feel assured there will be at least one who will daily deplore my death.—Punch.

Stranger—Driver, I want you to take me to Congress street. I have forgotten the number. The building is next the Maverick bank, corner of Congress and Water street. Do you know the bank?

Driver—Do I know the Maverick bank? I ought to know it. Do all my business there. Send them all first-class customers I can. My own bank, sir.

Overheard in a Dundee street car. Tim O'Flynn—" It's a nice day, sir." (No answer.)

"I say, sir, it's a fine day."

Aristocratic Barrister—" I'm a lawyer, and never give my opinion unless paid for it, my good man."

Tim—"Well, ye may be a lawyer, but faith yer no gentleman. That's my opinion, and not a ha'penny will I charge for it, aither."