



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."