

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE.

Paragraphs from a Great Number of Places and About a Great Number of Subjects.

"Mabel, I love you." The words came forth like the plaintive vibrant sigh of an Aeolian harp. "It can never be." "But I am rich and I can furnish you with every luxury. Besides, I am doing well in my profession and may one day be famous."

THEY WERE SICK.

And the Handsome Young Doctor Couldn't Vaccinate Them.

[Philadelphia Record.] Maidenly modesty and female vanity have had a sharp struggle among the young ladies in this city, and especially at the fashionable schools, since the small-pox scare began.

"What's the matter?" "Well, I was unfortunate enough to be arrested the other day, and when I sent a note to you asking you, as a friend, to help me out, you never even answered me."

UP IN HIS PARI.

The Major is Cast as a Toper With Great Success.

She was a woman of ready resource, says the Detroit Free Press. While the hour was late, two or three evening visitors yet tarried, and the moment she heard her husband strike the steps she knew that he was heavy, and also grasped her line of conduct.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Hendricks, to an afternoon caller, "we are moved and settled, at last; but the furniture is in such a condition. How true the old saying is, Mrs. Holson, that three removes are as bad as a fire."

"I swear by the tall elms in yonder park," he commented, but she interrupted him. "Swear not by them," she said imploringly. "Why not?" "Because those trees are slippy elms," she said.

"Hospitable Native, producing flask—Briquette?—Temperate Tenderfoot—No. H. N., producing pipe—Fumigate? T. T.—No. H. N., producing navy plug—Masticate? T. T.—No.

"Stranger (to bartender)—I think he had better take a drink. Bartender (cordially)—All right old man; mine's whisky. What's yours?"

"Above all, my son, be honest. Let nothing drive you from the path. Only the other day, for instance, a customer of mine made a mistake in paying me an account. Instead of giving me \$4,000 he owed my partner and myself, he gave me five."

"Well?" "I gave \$500 of it to my partner."

"New arrival—I want a room on the second floor. Clerk—Can't have it, sir, the floor's full. N. A.—Give me one on the third or fourth.

"Citizen (to physician): "You have a large practice among the wealthy and fashionable class of people, haven't you doctor?"

"The president of the Waterbury Watch Company is dead. The Maine Farmer thinks that if it takes as long to wind up his estate as it does one of his watchmen, his administrator will have a good job."

"Cunningham—Once for all, Clara, will you forgive me? I can't bear to give you up for so trivial a reason.

"Clara—No, Henry; nothing but a very strong will power—a power stronger than my own—would make me change my determination, and (as Henry turns away) * * * heaven knows you've got it, Henry!

"That a man who expended during his life and bequeathed to public institutions on his death over \$1,000,000, should be called a miser, seems a paradox, and yet such was Thomas Guy, the founder of the famous Guy's Hospital, London, and a man whose name will be cherished for hundreds of years to come.

Thomas Guy was the son of a coal dealer in Horselydown. He began life with a capital of £100 as a bookseller. By fortunate investments in the year 1720 he amassed an immense fortune, mainly through what was known as South Sea stock. His whole life was marked by a penuriousness that strangely composed with his lavish public gifts.

Considerable sympathy is manifested in Maine for James A. Gatchell, the pugilist, who on Saturday last murdered Wm. H. Hopkins at Augusta by "a terrific blow on the month."

"Tobacco, or at least the nicotine it contains, is known to be a poison, but the case of Thomas Eggleston, who died at Griffithsville, W. Va., the other day, shows that it is not necessarily a quick poison."

"The murder of Hopkins is but the outcome of the toleration extended to prize fights, slugging matches and kindred sports by the press and people throughout the country."

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J. F. LEAVITT, F. W. CRAM, Gen. Agent, Ticket Agent, St. John, N. B., April 24th, 1888.

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