

pleasure, and something interesting may be expected on the subject.

"The Grizzly" and Tessier will appear in a glove contest. This number will no doubt, prove a drawing card to all those interested in this branch of athletics. Mediums Donegan and McFee, by special request, will repeat their spiritualistic seance which they so successfully produced a few evenings ago.

Among the first to return at the reopening on Jan. 7th, was the inimitable Fatté. Either from necessity arising from an over indulgence in good things during the holidays, or in anticipation of the immense benefit to be derived from abundant exercise on the open air rink during the winter season, he has had attached to his trousers an extension waist-band which will, no doubt, be conducive of much comfort to him.

The Emerald branch of the J. A. A. were considerably agitated, on their return when they learned that Rufus had been promoted to the big yard. This promotion unfortunately necessitates the severance of Joe's connection with the Emerald Hockey team. His friends, however, think that his services may be secured for the next baseball season.

The goose which "Collins" longed for on Thanksgiving Day called during vacation; but after lingering about a short time departed unobserved.

SUBRIDENDO.

NOTHING TO ACT ON.

Buckton—I wonder why it is that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?

Nendick—Because after it strikes once the place isn't there any more.—Truth.

A DWARF.

Clinker—What do you think of this Prince Albert? It was my brother's, and I had it made over for me.

Callaway—Don't you think you are too short to look well in a Prince Albert?

Clinker—I am too short to get anything else.—New York Herald.

FATHERLY ADVICE.

Tommy—Pop, is it wrong to call another boy names?

His Pa—No, unless the other boy is bigger than you are, my son.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THEY WERE.

"These Folks think they're purty smart," said the burglar to himself, fishing from its concealment under the edge of the parlor carpet, back of the piano, a well stuffed pocketbook and slipping it into an opening in his coat.

"And they are!" he ejaculated in deep disgust as he opened it a few hours later and found it to be stuffed with tracts on the sin of stealing.—Chicago Tribune.

DIFFERENT TREATMENT

Patient—As we have known each other so long, Doctor, I do not intend to insult you by paying your bill. But I have left you a handsome legacy in my will.

Physician—Very kind of you, I am sure. Allow me to look at that prescription again. There is a slight alteration I should like to make in it.—New York Herald.

Chicago Girl—What would you do if you were in my shoes? St Louis Girl—I'd get lost, I'm afraid.—Brooklyn Life.

NOT UP TO THE STANDARD.

"No, miss," said the school trustee of District No. 18 Cornstalk township, shaking his head slowly, "I don't think you're quite the person we want for teacher in our school."

"May I ask in what particular I fail to meet your requirements?" inquired the young woman timidly.

"I've been listening to your talk," rejoined the official reluctantly, yet firmly, "and if I must tell you the truth you don't seem to have no idea of grammar."—Chicago Tribune.

AN UNEXPECTED DEMAND.

Santa Claus—Hello! What's this? Ten stockings instead of eight?

Assistant—Yes, sir. I forgot to tell you. There was a pair of twins born here last night.—Selected.

Little Girl—Mrs. Brown, Ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs. She wants ter put them under a hen.

Neighbor—So you've got a hen setting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens.

Little Girl—No ma'am, we don't; but Mrs. Smith's goin' ter lend us a hen that wants ter set, and ma thought if you would lend us some eggs, we'd find a nest ourselves.

It is never necessary to tell the money lender to take a little more interest in his business.—New Orleans Picayune.

TO SAVE THE DOG.

"Do you mean to say you et that pie the woman give ye?" said the tramp to his companion.

"Yep. Ye see my dog was with me, and ef I had throwed it away Babe would a tackled it, sure. He's a mighty good dog, and his health ain't been none of the best lately."—Washington Star.

NEAR THE TRUTH PERHAPS.

"I wrote 'Patti will make her last farewell tour of America in the year 1894,' and The Bugle printed it 'in the year 1894.' Wasn't it a curious error?"

"But was it an error?"—Life.