



"EXTREMES MEET."

THE RESOURCES OF CIVILIZATION.

MRS. CADDINGTON—"Oh, Charles, this is the day for that hateful Mrs. Hotong's garden party you know—the wretch that snubbed me so badly when we met at the Willoughby's, and the weather is positively delightful. It's really too bad. I did so hope it would rain."

MR. C.—"Yes, my dear, it is provoking I admit, but it can't be helped."

MRS. C.—"Can't be helped, indeed! Of course it can. They can make it rain to order now. Telephone to the Rain-making Company at once an order for a first-class thunderstorm for this afternoon. Never mind the expense."

PLAINTIVE DITTY.

(As sung by Messrs. Trow, Gibson and other unseated Liberals.)

OH, the political agent's a very bad man,
A clumsy, awkward duffer,
And for his crooked goings on
The truly good must suffer!

The candidate who fights the cause
For the high-toned Liberal Party
Denounces wicked Tory games.
In a manner warm and hearty

He'd never think of giving bribes
Or treading pathways devious,
But the chaps who act as Agents are
As a general thing too previous!

The candidate says "Now look here,
My fate is in your keeping,
So don't you contravene the law
When anybody's peeping;

We want to fight this fair and square,
For that's our Party's glory,
So mind your eye, but don't forget
We've got to beat this Tory!"

And then that wilful, wayward chump
Forgets about his honor,
And goes and does some side-line work,
Whereby he's made a goner!

CHATTER.

JOHNNYKID—"How many legs has a fly got?
PAPA (who feels one crawling on his bald head)—
"About seventeen thousand."

HE (at the tragedy)—"Doesn't it seem strange to hear
Julius Cæsar speaking in English?"

SHE—"Why, no. Cæsar probably learned to speak
the language when he conquered England."

SHE—"What will it matter if we are poor as long as
we are rich in love. Now, if we marry, I will do all our
cooking. What will you do?"

HE (bravely)—"I'll do my best to eat what you cook."

JOHNNY—"Why do they always have spirit-rappings
at spiritualistic seances? What do the spirits want to
get into?"

PAPA—"Into people's purses, my son."

JASPAR—"I am an advocate of Freethought."

JUMPUPPE—"I suppose you think that if thoughts
were free you would get one occasionally."

THE man who sighs for what is far away usually over-
looks what is near at hand. If instead of weeping be-
cause he couldn't lead his army up to Mars or Jupiter,
Alexander had hustled around and discovered America,
he could have found enough fighting to do to employ
him the rest of his natural life.

ETHEL—"Do you think, Clara is in love with herself?"

MAUD—"I should say she is. Yesterday when I
called on her she was standing before her mirror looking
at herself with an opera glass."

ETHEL—"What do you think of my new bonnet?"

MAUD—"It isn't worth the amount you paid for it."

ETHEL—"But I haven't told you yet the amount I
paid for it."

MAUD—"I know, but it isn't worth it."

THE ladies who are fishing for husbands have learned
a few tricks from the sterner sex. Instead of patiently
sitting by the social stream they go the European market
and buy what they want.

MRS. VERIGOOD—"I don't believe in the notoriety
hunting of the present age. A woman shouldn't appear
in the papers except at her marriage and death."

MR. VERIPERT—"Not even in curl papers, eh?"

MISS ROMANTIQUE—"I do not think men are as gal-
lant now-a-days as they used to be."

MISS CAUSTIQUE—"Well, really, my recollection
doesn't carry me back farther than the present generation."

SEEING that actors have such a dislike for hen fruit, it
is strange that so many of them are eggotistical.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and
colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in
the market. For sale everywhere.