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TORONTO AND LONDON.

R. WALKER & SONS.

Sawdust and Chips.

"If all the world were blind," said an Irish clergyman, "what a melancholy sight it would be."

A couple of drunken vagabonds got into the gutter, and after floundering some time, one of them mumbled, "I say, let's go to some other house; this hotel leaks."

An Indianapolis family refused to be vaccinated with the virus from the editor of an evening paper, because they had heard that he made use of impure matter.

A Wisconsin editor was called out of bed one night to receive a subscription; after that he sat up nights for over a week, but the offence was not repeated.

A lady being asked what was her husband's occupation, said he was engaged in "finishing." It was subsequently ascertained that it was a term in the penitentiary to which she referred.

A cheerful giver put the following note in a pair of pantaloons sent to the Michigan sufferers: "There, take 'em; last pair I've got; don't get burned out again."

A Kansas city man who blew out the gas before retiring, saved his life by rushing down to the office of the hotel, and enquiring if there was "a glue factory next door."

Slender party (who is not very comfortable): "These street-cars ought to charge by weight." Stout party (sharply): "Ah, if they did, they would never stop to pick you up."

A crusty old bachelor says that love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a deal of lying.

"Have you got the Galaxy?" said a purchaser to a new clerk in one of our periodical stores. "No, ma'am, I'm perfectly well; never had anything but the measles in my life."

We find the following in one of our exchanges:—"A few bushels of potatoes would be welcome at this office, if they could come on subscription. We could buy plenty here in town, for the money, but then—we haven't the money."

'Get out of my way; what are you good for?' said a cross old man to a little bright-eyed urchin who happened to stand in the way. The little fellow, as he stepped to one side replied very gently, 'They make men out of such things as we are.'

A Boston girl being asked if she had not once been engaged to "a party by the name of Jackson," who was at the time a Harvard student, languidly replied, "I remember the circumstances perfectly, but I am not certain about the name."

When you see two young persons seated in the centre of a pew in church you can make up your mind that they are engaged, or going to be; but when one is at the head and the other at the foot of the pew, you can immediately determine that they are married.

God bless the wives,
They fill our hives
With little bees and honey!
They ease life's shocks,
They mend our socks,
But, don't they spend the money?

"Do you cast things here?" inquired a Yankee, the other day, as he sauntered into a foundry, and addressed the proprietor. "Yes, we do." "You cast all kinds of things in iron, eh?" was the next query. "Certainly, don't you see it is our business?" "Ah! well, cast a shadow, will you?" He was cast out.

A lad, arrested for theft, when taken before the magistrate and asked what his occupation was, frankly answered, "Stealing." "Your candour astonishes me," said the judge. "I thought it would," said the boy; "seeing how many big ones there are in the same business, and are ashamed to own it."

That unhappy New York lady, whose husband only allows her 10,000 a year for dress and who is consequently obliged to wear a dressing gown half the time, in order to save money to buy decent evening dresses, has at length resolved to demand a divorce from the stingy creature.

A Pennsylvania Dutchman, who married his second wife indecently soon after the funeral of the first, was visited with a two hours' serenade in token of disapproval. He expostulated pathetically thus:—"I say, poys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves for making all this noise ven dere was a funeral here so soon!"

The Danbury News tells of a lady stranger who accosted a little, shabby dressed lad in

that town: "Where is your home, my little son?" she asked. "I haint got no home," he answered. "Got no home?" she repeated, the tears, standing in her eyes. "No, marn," said he, equally affected, "I board."

A Scotchman observing that the once white linen of one of his employers had, through long absence of soap and water, become a hazy black, inquired, as a prelude to a homily on cleanliness, how often his shirt was washed. "Once a month," was the reply. "Why I require two shirts a week." "Twa sarks in a week!" ejaculated Robbie. "ye maun be a dirty deevil!"

The story of the two trombones is a good one. One night a trombone player wished to be absent from the orchestra, and as there was another trombone, instead of asking leave of the conductor he resorted to the expedient of getting a friend to go in and take his seat. "Watch the other trombone," said he to his friend,—"puff out your cheeks well, keep your fingers active, look alive and you will pass muster." All went well until a passage for two trombones was reached. Not a sound from the instruments! It turned out that both trombone players had resorted to the same ruse.

A MISPLACED SWITCH.—As the passengers were preparing to leave their seats, on the arrival of the New York train in Boston, the other evening, an old gentleman picked up a dark object which appeared to drop from a lady's bonnet. "Madam, is this yours? You appear to have dropped it by accident." "Thank you, sir, (placing her hand to her head)—a railroad accident—a misplaced switch."

A man who recently invested in some sashes, says that when he got them home he cut them apart and left them. In the morning he visited them. Three of them were cuddled up together, and were sleeping sweetly. Two had crawled to the milk bowl and were lapping the milk, and one, a black and white one, was on the back fence trying to catch an English sparrow. He drowned the lot.

The Danbury, (Conn.) News says: "A young lady in a neighboring town has taken up dentistry for a living. All the gentlemen patronize her. When she puts her arm around the neck of a patient, and caresses his jaw for the offending member, the sensation is about as nice as they can make 'em. One young man has become hopelessly infatuated with her; consequently he hasn't a tooth in his head. She has pulled every blessed one of them, and made him two new sets and pulled them. She is now at work on his father's saw. He holds the saw."

Too FAMILIAR.—There is a station on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad called Hanna, in honor of a deceased citizen of Fort Wayne. A train stopped there the other day, and the brakeman, after the manner of his class, thrust his head inside the door and called out "Hanna," loud and long. A young lady, probably endowed with the poetic appellation of Hannah, supposing he was addressing her, and shocked at his familiarity on so short an acquaintance, frowned like a thunder-cloud, and retorted, "shut your mouth!" He shut it.

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