



AN APT SUGGESTION.

CHUMBLEY—"How would you advise me to make love to a woman?"

MISS SHARP—"By proxy."

THE REBATE QUESTION.

MOKEBY—"What's dis heah talk about de gubberment erbolishin' de rebate? Am dat de fac', Brudder Rastus?"

RASTUS—"Sho enuff. I read it into de *Umpire*, an' what de *Umpire* says goes."

MOKEBY—"Well, who ebber hearn tell ob sech on-natural foolishness? Dy'e meanter say dat ef a catfish comes 'long an' yanks de wum offen your hook ye kaint put no mo' bait on?"

RASTUS—"Oh, go 'long you fool nigger! Dis am a great international complication, an' catfish an' suckers am *ultra vires*—dey ain't in it. De perwision am solely intended as a *modus vivendi* to de Yankee fishermen to prevent dem strainin' our relations by makin' 'em dig wums on de bank all de time deys' fishin'. Does de actualities ob de situation permeate your cranium?"



THE CENSUS TAKER.

CENSUS taker on his rounds
Calls on Miss Betsy Brown,
She meets him with a steady gaze

Encircled by a frown.

"My age, indeed! What impudence!

My name and nothing more
Is all I'll give. 'Tis quite enough,"

And quickly shuts the door.
Her name is written down—her age
I'm sure she would deplore
Is taken by the census man
As forty-eight or more.

He next finds Mrs. Barney

Amid the foaming suds,
Surrounded by her army
Of interesting buds.

"Indeed, sor, now my Denis
Always writes their ages down,
And I am sorry, but you see
He's just gone down the town.
If it's me senses as you want,
Bedad they're hard to find,
For wid the row the childer raise
I'm druv out av me mind."

Jemima Grimly next was found.

She seemed to be quite well,
But was not in the least inclined
Her tender age to tell.

She talked about 'most everything—
Especially her cat.

"You've had him, I suppose, some time?"

"Oh, yes," she answered pat.

"His ancestors were cats of ours
Full forty years ago."

"Thank you," exclaimed the census man,
"Fifty," he muttered low.

The little charming widow

Who lives around the square,
The census man finds full of smiles
And sweetly debonnaire;

"Oh yes, indeed," she answers,
With many smiles to spare.

"Please look into my eyes, dear sir,
And find your answer there."

The bewildered census taker

Writes down the widow's name;

Her age records as twenty-two,
He hardly was to blame.

So ladies act sagaciously
And take the widow's plan.
And quietly bewilder
The census-taking man.

WELLAND.

MRS. J. ELLIOTT LENNON.



THE HEBREW RELATIVE.

HE—"It would be a pleasure to accompany you in your walk.
It—er—would relieve the—er—monotony."

SHE—"I fear there would be no change in this for you. I am
going to my uncle's."