



HIS DOMICILE.

MAGISTRATE (*sternly*)—"The address you give as your place of residence turns out to be a vacant lot."

PRISONER—"Yes, your worship, I've been boarding there lately."

TORY DEMORALIZATION.

"YES," said the Equal Rights man, "the movement was never stronger than it is to-day. The rebuff of the Gov.-General, far from discouraging us, has merely added fuel to the flame, and we are going to carry all before us."

"Pshaw!" sneered the Tory office-holder.

"Oh, you may 'Pshaw!' all you like, but we are a power in the land. Wait till the next election and you'll change your tune. Then you'll see Principal Caven—"

"Yes, the principal cave-in will occur about that time," was the fiendish response, as he quickly walked off, followed by the howls of an indignant populace.

MORAL.—A cause which can only be bolstered up by outrages of this kind is in a very bad way.

THEY BELONGED TO THE FOUR HUNDRED.

MISS JARVIS STREET—"Are you going to Mrs. Rosedale's 'At Home' on Thursday?"

MR. ANGLO MANEE-ACK—"Oh, deah, no! Every Thomas, Richard and Henry will be theah, don't chew know!"

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

VINCENT (*to brother, who was visiting him at school*)—"Why didn't you bring me something good to eat?"

HAROLD—"I forgot all about it when I was leaving home."

VINCENT—"Humph! when ma comes she always brings me lots of sweet things. I was sick for three or four days after her last visit."

THE SHIRT-FRONT ALONE WOULD SUFFER.

UPSON DOWNES (*having lent his dress suit*)—"Now, take care that while at dinner you get no stains on my clothes."

HOWELL GIBBON (*looking at himself in the glass*)—"There is no danger, old man. The shirt is my own, and it will do for a shield."

QUITE A PHILOSOPHER.

JINKS—"Well, I intend to do my best to get her."

WINKS—"And what if you fail?"

JINKS—"Then I will do my best to forget her."

ON THE RIALTO.

BROKER—"There is big money in real estate now."

BROKKE—"I don't doubt it. I dropped quite a pile in it last week."

AT LONG BRANCH.

"THERE is something attractive about a hammock," said she, as she sat down in a hempen one.

"There is, indeed," he replied, as he sat down beside her. "It draws us together so, doesn't it?"

SOCIAL LANGUAGE.

MRS. DE BIG—"Now, dear, be sure to call on us as soon as you can make it convenient."

MRS. GUSHY—"At what hours do you receive?"

MRS. DE BIG—"Oh, you will always find us at home whenever we are in."

THAT IS WHAT THEY ARE FOR.

OLD BOY—"I can't see how it is that so many people wear spectacles nowadays."

FRESHY—"Perhaps if you were to buy a pair you would be able to."

A PECULIAR FACT.

RYTER—"It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," old boy."

SPACER—"That is so, but it is a mighty long journey back."

HE DID THINGS BY MANE STRENGTH.

BOSS (*to Quaker who is working for him*)—"You are a horse to work."

QUAKER—"Nay, nay, my friend. Thou flatterest me."

NAMING THE BABY IN RUSSIA.

FATHER—"Shall we mix the first half of the alphabet or the last?"

MOTHER—"Oh, this is our first-born. Let us jumble together all the letters to make a name for him."

LIFE IS LIMITED.

RIISING POLITICIAN—"Well, old man, you will give me a good puff when I get to be Premier?"

ABLE EDITOR—"Yes, if I'm alive."

SOCIETY SMALL TALK.

MRS. VERE (*gushingly*)—"How heartily young Mr. De Bue laughs at my husband's jokes?"

MRS. FERE (*seeing her chance*)—"Remarkable, isn't it. But he is such a polite young man."

NOT VOID OF ABILITY.

EDITOR—"Well, is that new man a good writer? Is he imaginative?"

ASSISTANT EDITOR—"As a writer he doesn't amount to much, but he is very imaginative—in his spelling."