



MR. PUDDLE AND HIS DOG, CYRUS, GO A HUNTING.

CROAKS FROM GRIP'S BASKET.

BY P. MCARTHUR.

THE MARK OF THE SCISSORS.

EDITOR—"I see that you mention in your report of that accident that an unknown editor was killed. How did you know the man was an editor?"

REPORTER—"There was a callous spot on the side of his thumb."

A SIREWD GUESS.

MISS DONNOW—"What is Arnold's 'Light of Asia' about?"

MISS DETROW—"About the Israelite, I presume."

A PERTINENT QUERY.

SPARKINS—"I was at a ball last night where evening dress was *de rigueur*."

HARKINS—"Indeed! In what caterer's employ were you?"

A NEW DELICACY.

MRS. NUECASH—"Now, Monsieur Sauceau, you will kindly pay special attention to the supper-gratis."

MONSIEUR SAUCEAU (*the chef*)—"Pardonnez-moi, mais I don't comprehend vat vous command."

MRS. NUECASH—"I want you to prepare some extra fine supper-gratis, for we are going to have a number of friends in to-night for supper."

I know that supper-gratis is a popular dish, for when the Pan-Americans visited Canada the papers said they were treated to an extra fine supper gratis."

A DELIGHTFUL CITY.

FIRST MONTREALER—"What a remarkably mild winter we have had."

SECOND MONTREALER—"It was very mild indeed; but the thermometer got down below zero once."

FIRST MONTREALER—"Is that so? Thank heaven, the reputation of our country has been saved."

THERE IS TRUTH IN THIS.

AMYCUS—"Chatterton wrote poems and said he found them, didn't he?"

EDITOR—"Yes. He was very different from the poets who contribute to the papers now-a-days."

AMYCUS—"Why do you say so?"

EDITOR—"Because they find poems and say they wrote them."

ROUGH ON THE DUDE.

MISS EDITH—"Do you know, Dudely has a strange habit of talking to himself?"

MISS MAUD—"Dear me! I never imagined him capable of finding anything to talk about."

A PERTINENT QUERY.

HEAVY TRAGEDIAN—"Now could I drink hot b-r-r-lud!"

VOICE (*from the gods*)—"Wouldn't you rather have hot whiskey?"