

THE WEEK AFTER.

CHEERFUL FRIEND—"Ah, Scrip, my boy, I see your new book came out last week."
SCRIP (*aspiring author, mournfully*)—"Yes."
CHEERFUL FRIEND—"Why, what's the matter? Was it badly received?"
SCRIP (*more mournfully*)—"Yes."
CHEERFUL FRIEND—"Damned with faint praise, eh?"
SCRIP—"Oh, no. Damned outright without the praise."

HIS OWN MEDICINE.

THAT was a terrible affair at Guelph, last night, Smith?"
 "That so? I didn't hear about it."
 "Don't you read the papers?"
 "Never."
 "Why?"
 "I'm a journalist."

SOLEMN-N TRUTH.

BREDDERN, we kin despise Solomon all we like, an' sneer at his wealth an' glory, but at de same time dere are not one of us in a hunnerd dat wouldn't ha' changed places wid dat pusson ef he could, quicker'n you could wink."

THE WRONG PLACE.

STRANGER (*at the door of a house*)—"I must apologize for disturbing you. Does Mr. Smith live here?"
OCCUPANT—"No sir; Mr. Smythe lives here."
STRANGER—"Ah! beg pardon, sir."

HIS TOUGH LUCK.

THERE was a reception at the Skewers' just before Lent, and romantic Miss Gushington met Mr. Billsby.
 "What do you think of love, Mr. Billsby?" Miss Gushington asked.
 "I only had one experience of it, and that resulted unsatisfactorily. I don't think much of it."
 "Poor fellow! Did the lady die?"
 "No."
 "You don't mean to say she jilted you?"
 "No."
 "Well, what did she do, then?"
 "Married me."

NO WONDER.

(Waiter has just brought a glass o' water.)

DE FAIM—"Do you call that turbid liquid water?"
WAITER—"Yessir! As pure as Adam got in Eden."
DE FAIM—"Well, it is no wonder our first father took to eating apples."
 X.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

JONES was at one end of the room and Smith at the other. Brown and Robinson were engaged in a dispute in the middle of the room, when Jones yelled out: "I say, Smith, why are you and I like Brown and Robinson?" "Give us something easy," replied Smith. "Well, because there is a disagreement between us," was the retort.



THE COURT WILL GO INTO MOURNING.

THE CZAR (*observing the destruction of one of his royal residences by a bomb-factionally*)—"That reminds me of a statue of Minerva."

FIRST GROOM OF THE IRON SHIRT—"And why so, your Supreme Czarness?"

THE CZAR—"Well, you see, it is a bust of Pallas."

AND HE WAS IN LUCK AT THAT.

DEVOTED WIFE—"Have you had any return from those verses you sent to GRIP, George?"
GEORGE—"No, dear—nothing but the manuscript."

THE FIRST MISUNDERSTANDING.

YOUNG HUSBAND (*at the dinner table, reflectively*)—"Ah, who can solve the mysteries of the great unknown?"
YOUNG WIFE (*hysterically*)—"There, now. I knew you would insult the first hash I ever made."

A DIFFERENCE.

I HEAR Jennings blew his brains out in New York the other day," remarked one young man to another.
 "He didn't."
 "Why, it was in all the papers."
 "Can't help it. He didn't."
 "Are you sure?"
 "Certain."
 "What did he do, then?"
 "Blew the top of his head off. You can't fool me on Jennings."

NOTHING HALF WAY ABOUT HIM.

BROWN—"It's too bad about Jorgson drinking so. He's not half a bad fellow."
JONES—"No. He's a whole one."

WE have heard of people who have done the Continent, but we don't recall anybody just now who has ever Dundee. Laughing gas for this joke will be supplied on application to the business office.