

MISCELLANEOUS.

A long-winded subscriber to a newspaper, after repeated dunnings, promised that the subscription should be paid by a certain day, if he were then alive. The day passed over, and no money reached the office. In the next number, therefore, of the newspaper, the editor inserted among the deaths a notice of his subscriber's departure from this life. Pretty soon after this announcement, the subject of it appeared to the editor—not with the pale and ghastly countenance usually ascribed to apparitions, nor like them did he wait to be spoken to, but broke silence—"What, sir, did you mean by publishing my death?" "Why, sir, I mean what I mean when I publish the death of any person, viz.: to let the world know you are dead." "But I am not dead." "Not dead! then it is your own fault; for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day, if you lived to that time. The day passed, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead; for I will not believe that you would forfeit your word." "Oh, oh! I see that you have got round me, Mr. Editor, but say no more about it; here's the money. And harkce, my wag, you'll contradict my death next week." "Oh, certainly, sir, just to please you! though, upon my word, I can't help thinking you were dead at the time specified, and that you have really come back to pay this bill on account of your friendship to me."

The curate of Nevermindwhere, was lately called up in the middle of the night to see a sick woman. "Well, my good woman," said he, "so you are very ill, and require the consolations of religion? What can I do for you?"—"No," replied the old lady, "I am not very ill, I am only nervous, and can't sleep."—"How can I help that?" asked the curate.—"Oh, Sir, you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church, that I thought if you would only preach a little for me—!" The curate muttered something, and became invisible "in less than no time."

Mother: "Now, George, you must divide the cake honourably with brother Charlie."—George: "What is 'honourably,' mother?"—Mother: "It means that you must give him the largest piece."—George: "Then, mother, I'd rather Charlie should be honourable."

"Mrs. Jenkins," said a little red-haired girl, with a pug-nose and bare feet, "mother says you will oblige her by lending her a stick of firewood—filling this cruet with vinegar—putting a little soft soap in this pan—and please not let your turkey gobbler roost on our fence."

YOUR BABIES NOT MY BABIES.—About thirty-five years ago, there resided in the town of Hebron, a certain Dr. T., who became very much enamored of a beautiful young lady resident in the same town. In due course of time they were engaged to be married. The doctor was a strong and decided Presbyterian, and his lady-love was as strong and decided a Baptist. They were sitting together one evening, talking of their approaching nuptials, when the doctor remarked, "I am thinking, my dear, of two events which I shall number among the happiest of my life."

"And, pray, what may they be, doctor?" remarked the lady.

"One is the hour when I shall call you my wife, for the first time."

"And the other?"

"It is when we shall present our first-born for baptism."

"What! sprinkled?"

"Yes, my dear, sprinkled."

"Never shall a child of mine be sprinkled."

"Every child of mine shall be sprinkled."

"They shall be, hey?"

"Yes, my love."

"Well, sir, I can tell you, then, that your babies won't be my babies. So good night, sir."

The lady left the room, and the doctor left the house. The sequel was that the doctor never married, and the lady is a decided old maid.

COOL.—A countryman took his seat at a tavern table opposite to a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine. Supposing the wine to be common property, our unsophisticated country friend helped himself to it with the gentleman's glass. "That's cool!" exclaimed the owner of the wine, indignantly. "Yes," replied the other, "I should think there was ice in it."

What is the feminine of Hero? asked a pedagogue of a young hopeful. *Shero!* was the prompt answer, which took the domestic all aback.

The Queen of Portugal has forbidden the wearing of beards in her army; and, no wonder, there being no small tooth-combs in Portugal. No Englishman does, or possibly can, conceive the horrors contained in a Portuguese beard—it is sometimes absolutely *alive*.

IMPROPRU, ascribed to Mr. Croker, on Lord John Russell's complaining that the attendance on the Reform Bill had hurt his health:

Jack and Bill brought in a bill

To breed a Revolution:

Bill fell down and cracked his Crown,

And Jack his Constitution.

REÇU LE

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