



XMAS.

FIRST LADY—"What are you going to give your husband for a Christmas gift this year?"

SECOND DO—"Well, I think I'll give him a hat-rack for the hall. It will be so nice for him to have for his hat and coat, and I've wanted it for a long time. What are you giving your husband?"

FIRST DO—"Oh! I'm going to give him a lovely large mirror for our dressing-room; you can see yourself full length in it—and some silk handkerchiefs. I think a silk handkerchief is so nice to wear round one's neck inside a sealskin jacket, don't you?"

A LEARNED MAN.

SHE—"They tell me you are very persevering, Mr. Smith."

MR. SMITH (*with modest pride*)—"Well, I don't know! If I undertake a thing I generally accomplish it—or know the reason why."

SHE (*thoughtfully*)—"You must know the 'reason why' of a great many things."

THE NEW BOARDER.

LANDLADY (*pleasantly*)—"We are to have another boarder, a Mr. Rust. He comes to-morrow."

MR. WEEKLY (*assailing beefsteak*)—"Yes! Good name; fancy he'll like the place, and be easily satisfied."

LANDLADY—"Why?"

MR. W. (*still hacking at steak*)—"Rust can eat iron."

AT THE GERMAN RESTAURANT.

WAITER—"Vas willen sie?"

SMITH }
JONES } "Beer!"
BROWN }

WAITER—"Drei bier!"

SMITH—"Oh gracious, no! Hold on waiter. Wet beer, if you please. We're dry enough as it is."

AT THE POLICE COURT.

FRIDAY, 18th.

COL. DENISON—"Mulcahy, you're charged with being drunk last night. What have you to say?"

PRISONER—"Sure, your worship, I wasn't drunk at all. I was just passin' by the Auditorium an' the National Spirit went to me head." (*Discharged*).

L'ENFANT AGAIN.

MRS. GUSHER (*to visitor*)—"Do let your sweet little boy stay and have tea with Tommy. I know he would be so delighted to have the dear child!"

TOMMY (*eagerly*)—"Oh, yes! Please do let him. I heard ma say you allow him to eat like a little pig, and I'm just dying to see how he does it!"

PROOF POSITIVE.

MAUDE—"It's so sweet to know you are a man's first love!"

HER CONFIDANTE—"Yes, dear, But—a—how can you be quite sure? They all say that."

MAUDE (*shewing letter*)—"My dear! Do you suppose a man who had experience, or had ever been engaged, would lay in a lot of heavy cream-laid note paper to write his love-letters on? I'll have to give the poor fellow a hint to get foreign note, or he'll be spending so much on postage that he won't have anything left to buy me a Christmas present!"



CROPPING THE 'AIR.



AIRING THE CROP.