



## 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  
BROWN } "Beer!"

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.