



Capital to Labor: "Root away, hog, I'm leaving a few small potatoes for you."

There be better jesters in America where men speak highly of the pretty wit of one McArthur of our own realm of Canada. But they tell me he hath a soul above the cap and bells and inditeth plays in blank verse. By'r Lady an he can restore the glories of the classic drama he shall be Sir Peter anon."—P.T.

Willie: "I heah that Cholly is huht?"

Chappie: "Yaas, pooah devil. He got hit on the head with a ping-pong ball and it caused a compound fwacture of the skull."

The Royal Jester.

"GRAMERCY," quoth King Edward, as he emerged from the Council Chamber and lighted a fragrant Havana, "but the burden of kingship is a weary one. Ho, there! I would drain a flowing goblet of Burgundy. Ha, sirrah fool, hast thou no merry quip to beguile the passing hour? For the last twenty-four hours thou hast been as dull as ditchwater, by my halidame."

"That will not I, gossip Ned," replied the Jester.

"Wilt not what, fool, and why not?"

"Will not buy thy halidame. 'Tis a commodity that we of the commonalty may not aspire to. An thou wouldst bestow on me a title now, I might e'en think on't."

"Nay, nay, methinks I have knighted enough fools of late to last a twelvemonth. But, talking of fools, how likest thou the last poem of our laureate?"

"An 'tis of a verity his last it liketh me well indeed, but an it be as seemeth more like only his latest, faith, 'tis but so-so and not worth the perusal."

"I fear me his Pegasus is but a sorry jade," replied the monarch."

"Why how canst thou speak thus, Ned? 'Tis not so, I tell thee, for verily he soareth not. So he is not soar-y. But, be that as it may, I conjure thee, gossip Ned, do not discharge him from thy service or shorten him by a head, as thy right royal ancestor Henry VIII, of uxorious memory, had done ere this I trow."

"And wherefore not, fool an I list?" asked the King.

"Why, quotha? Because an thou dost, he would be more ex-Austin than ever."

"Ha, the point is well taken. But leave us now, for we must e'en dress for my Lady Beezletope's function. Ah me, 'tis a weary world."

"Passable, passable," mused the monarch, as the Jester quitted the Presence, "but hardly up to the mark."

The Latest Favorite.

At the bars you can buy
Plenty drinks for the dry
But the best of the bunch
Is the ping-pong punch.

"Can you show me something good in pail butter?" asked the backwoods customer of the dry goods clerk.

"No," replied the obliging young man, "but I can show you some nice prints."

"Yes," said the physician, upon leaving the hospital after his daily visit, "I think I'm something of a ward healer myself."

"This will do for the present," remarked the young man, selecting a diamond brooch to be sent to his best girl.

The man who is smart enough to know the right thing to do is usually too conceited to do it.

Judging from the width and number of the Panama hats made on it the isthmus must be broader than some promoters would have us believe.

Jones: "Who is the greatest pugilist in the world?"
Smith: "Why Jim Jefferies, of course."

Jones: No, he isn't, I know a woman who licked him."

Smith: "Who was she?"

Jones: "His mother."—A.M.F.

A Tear for Posterity.

Bighead: "There is one thing that makes me feel very sad about the puffed up authors of to-day."

Jasper: "Indeed."

Bighead: "I can't help thinking how, when they are old and forgotten, they will worry their grandchildren with press clippings."