Tit-Wits.

Not So Sure About It.

"Horo's an itom," ojaculated Mr. Billus, who was reading his newspaper, "about a superstitious crank that got up from the table rather than be one of thirteen at a

supper."

"That reminds me, John," said Mrs.
Billus. "that there were just thirteen that
sat down at our wedding supper."

"Well, it didn't bring anybody bad luck,
did it?" growled the husband.

"No, I', slieve not. That is—to none of
the others."

the others."

Mrs. Billus stared abstractly at the "God Bless Our Home" on the wall and Mr. Billus read his paper upside down in silence for the next ten minutes.

The Way he Felt About It.

Widower (to undertaker)—"What! You say the funeral costs two hundred dollars? I wish I had known that before."
Undertaker—"You said you wanted your wife buried in a stylish manner."
Widower—"Yes, certainly; but two hundred dollars! Why, I would rather have had no funeral at all than to have to pay that amount."

They Bite, Too.

"Why did you go down to that low toned place to board?"

"Low-toned? Why, man, I want you to understand that there are lots o big bugs

Rather Severe.

Miss Kitty (disgusted with her country hom.o). "I assure you, my dear, there's not a man in the place." Caller from town. "But you said you played in a whist club; surely there are some gentlemen in t at!"

Miss Kitty. "No, indeed; not one; they are all married men."

No Romance.

"It is very sad," she mused, "but Charley hasn's got a bit of romance. Last night I said to him, 'My king,' and he turned suddenly, and growled out, 'Mike who?'"

As to Measures.

School-Teacher. "Johnny, what does the word metre mean?"
Johnny. "A measure."
School-Teacher. "Now, Johnny, what do they measure with the metre?
Johnny. "Gas, electricity, water, and Johnny. poetry."

-For Truth

Parody on "Absolute Perfection."

With all its wasteful losses,
Wo'll sack the politician,
The heelers and the bosses;
These lezy hounds must go to work,
Not trifle every minute;
For he who would attempt to shirk
Will find no money in it.
Then a nort step toward a state
Of somewhat mild perfection,
Each couple shall be free to mate By common sense selection.

Misanthropes (find no reason why
Wo'll not stop death and taxes,
And think ree'll stop the sensons by
A change in the crath's axis.)

We'll abolish competition, With all its wasteful losses,

Note.

We do not want to change this planet (Or seasons) but the things that man it.

J. R. N., Hamilton.

In the School of Journalism.

Professor. "I again call your attention to the too common use of trite expressions. Mr. Quills, can you not find a fit substitute for the well-worn phrase, 'he died a natural death?"

death?"

Mr. ·luills (about to graduate as managing city editorial correspondent in chief). "Well, ait, I suggest, 'he died without medical aid' How would that do?"

Professor. "It is excellent, Mr. Quills."

No Olond Without a Silver Lining.

lady. "Are you not rather small for a

nurse?"
Bridget. "Oh, that won's make no differ ence, mum; the baby'll hurt hisself less when I let him fall,"

Three Typewriters.

It is wonderful indeed how a protty girl can

lead A fellow's thoughts from business overy day; How a face sublimely sweet, and a figure

trim and neat, Can take a man's attention right away.

In the office where I work in capacity of

olork
And drive the quill from morning antil night,

Where I often would recoil from my daily

share of toil

And think my duties anything but light.

There came a girl divine in the spring of eighty: into
To play upon the typewriter machine;
And each fellow in the place set to studying her face.

her face, sweetest sort of face that e'er was

How the boss would beam and smile, as his letters she would file—
The susceptible cashier would hum a tune, And we simple-minded fools, disregarding office rules,
Would gaze at her throughout the after-

But imagine our dismay when the news went

round one day
That the girl had just got marreid to the

ow we felt our spirits droop, just like schemers in the soup, And for days we sat in mourning for our

Yet the next bright Monday morn a new angel did adorn
The office, and soon banished gloom beyond;
The the first was a brunette, yet we couldn't

well regret Her absence in the presence of this blonde.

She was winsome, sweet and fair, with a

wealth of golden hair,
And a voice as full of music as a lute;
Eveybody's work was stayed while they
chatted to that maid;
She was oft the cause of serious dispute.

With confusion we were dumb when one day she failed to come, And the smart cashier was absent from

his chair;
But great rage within us burned, when next
morning he returned
As the husband of that typewriter so fair.

There's a lady name Therese now manipulates the keys;
She's ugly, gaunt and ancient and not

clever

And there ain't a single clerk who for her neglects his work,
So business now goes on as smooth as ever.

Willing to Take Her at Her Word.

"Is it true, Bessie," _____d the young man, "that you won the prize in the ice cream enting contest at your church picnic?" "It is," answered Bessie, "I ato a large saucerful in fifty-seven seconds."

"What was the prize?"

"Another saucer of ice-cream."

"How long did it take you to down that one?"

"I couldn't touch it. I don't want to look

"I couldn't touch it. I don't want to look at ice-cream again for ten years."
"Bessie," said the young man, tenderly, "my own darling. I feel that the time has now come when I can ask you the question that has trembled on my lips so long."

He took her unyielding hand in his and—but this scene in too sacred for spectators. Please rotire.

Please retire.

With a Mental Reservation.

"Johnny," said his mother, reprovingly, after the visitor had gone, "what made you tell your little friend you had seen hailstones many a time as big as a hen's egg."

"Because he said he had seen em es big as a qual's eeg."

"Because he said to have seen any as a quait's egg."
"But you know you never have seen any as large as a hen's egg."
"Yes, I have," persisted Johany, "I meant a hen sparrow. Spose I was going to let a Hamilton boy crow over me."

That Made a Difference.

Cumso—I think I'll get a tandem tricycle for you and me to ride of Mrs. Cumso—Indeed, I wen't ride on such

a thing !
"But they cost \$275"
"Is that so 'Well you can got one, and the see how I like it."

No Place Like Home.

"Where shall we go this Summer, dear?" asked Mrs. Flyaway.
"Well, let's see," replied her husband; "last Winter we got malatia in Florida!"
"Yes, and the alligators got your pointer dear."

dog."
"And the preceding Summer we got rhounatism in the mountains?"
"We did, and the bears got my little skye

terrier."

"And the Summer before that we went to the seashere and get blea by the mosquitoes and the landlord!"

"And the Summer before that we went into the country, and the children were laid up all Summer with ivy poison?"

"I remember."

"Well, if I felt as strong as I used to I'd like first rate to take a vacation this Summer; but I'm feeling kind of weak and listless, and I'm afraid I couldn't stand it. Let's stay at home and rest."

A Precaution.

Ho--You don't object to my being with

you so much, do you?
Sho (delightedly)—Of course not.
He—You see father has made me promise that I won't become engaged until I graduate, and I've got to keep away from the other girls as a precaution.

Not Exactly Mated.

"It's really too had, Laura, that you have such hard luck. Jack was quite a different man before he got married."

"I hope you don't mean to reflect on me. I'm sure it's not my doings."

"No, dear, I don't blame you. I can't help thinking, however, that if Jack had married some other woman you would be much happier to-day."

Her Rash Promise.

"Maria," said the stalwart young man as he gazed ardently at the blushing little fairy of a girl by his side, "do you really and truly love me?"

"Far more than life itself, dear George," was the earnest reply. "I would even go through fire and water for you, if it were necessary."

through fire and water for you, if it were necessary."

"Make no rash promise in regard to water, Maria, unless you can swim," replied the noble young man in fond and loving tones. "But in regard to fire, if you are perfectly willing to promise me that even on cold Wintry morrhings you will not hesitate to get up early and wrestle with it, I will try to summon up courage enough to ask you to become my vife."

And then, just for the privilege of going through life with this exacting masculine giant of a man, Maria promised.

As Represented.

Purchaser—Rosenbaum, you told me this suit was fast colors. Look how it has run.
Rosenbaum—S'hellup me, Vatter Abraham! vat does the man want? I saidt dose colors was fast unt dey run. Do you think dey oughter fly, or go by steam, or somedings like dot?

PALMERO CORPSE WORSHIP.

Catacombs Against Whichan Edict Has Just Been Issued.

Catacombagainst Which an Edict Has Just
Been Issued.

"Corpse worship" takes a very strange form in the cemetery of the Cappucini at Palmero, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazete. "It has been found that the earth of this cemetery—powdered taff rock of some ort—has the power to hasten the process of decomposition, so that in a year, or less, nothing remains of is lies buried there but sain and bone, some of the articular attachments, and often the hair. At this stays they are somewhat like mummies. To be buried in the Cappucini is accounted a privilege, as also the subsequent exhumation and station in the galleries. The mummies, being disinterred, are clothed by the pietry of their families; and so long has year and for the honor they are places, manner the ghastliest company by which work found myself surrounded.

"A monk from the way places, monthly leads this ways and the phastliest company by which work found myself surrounded.

"A monk from the safe and on the first with a fine are continuously the phastliest company by which work in the livents of the first with a fine are continuously the phastliest ways and safe the work of the safe that the first with a fine are continuously the phastlest ways and safe the work of the first ways and safe the livents. The first work of the first ways are safe to the first with a fine are continuously the phastlest ways and safe the work of the first work of the first ways are safe to the first with a fine are continuously the phastlest ways and safe the safe the first ways are safe to the fir

'pigeon-holing' the dead. Perhaps it was felt to be better that they should hold their leves standing, right and left of the passage—for so they are posed to-day. (Your sleeve brushes their costumes almost inevitably as you move along.) To these grim corridors came the sorrowing survivors, moved by the strangest form of the cult of thecorpse! And what do they see?

"'These,' said my guide, 'are the monks—all these—in both these corridors;" and we crossed the Capuchins' quarter into that of the general public. 'These,' he said again, 'are the men.' (Great Heaven! what men!) 'Mostly people choose to have our monks' habit for the bodies after they are exhumed.' In serried ranks, all down the galleries standing or leaning against each other, are these paredies of humanty. They lie tier above tier, too, as if in the berths of 'The Phantom Ship.' They stand in groups aloft on bruckets, or singly hung against the upper parts of the wall. Some keep their collins, but a glazed or wired side or lid shows you another version of

THE SAME ORIM SPECTACLE.

Few of thomen are clothed in anything but the monks' uniform. But by and by you feel that finery adds another element of grim irony to the show. 'This is the quarter of the priests,' said my monk. 'That is a Greek priest with all the gold on his vestments, and the strange cap—a Catholi Greek. And the red ones belonged to an Cathedral. Yes, the purple cassoci is a canon'—he smiles, and added: 'The priests here don't look better than the rest of us.' hero don't look botter than the rest of us.' He was pleased. I wondored that pleasure could visit the human mindinsuch surroundhere don't look better than the rest of us.' He was pleased. I wondered that pleasure could visit the human mind insuch surroundings. The birett of the priests are sometimes tilted tipsily over the noceless faces, sometimes jauntily over the eyeless eye orbits. Some bodies have been regularly embalmed. My monk said: See, his sips are red. The color is bright in his cheeks, Ah, I cannot tellyou if those are glass eyes.' These poor shades are ticketed, like the blind beggars who parade the streets of London, and their names and death dates figure on their placards. You are invited to admire Signor Giuseppi Cuccio's fine head of hair; the half of a beard still adhering to this other defunct Palermitan; an eyebrow here, a fragment of a mustache there, as you move along.

"A Frenchman said those corpses looked to him as if they were writhing in fierce pain; would presently jabber at him or shrick; that they huddled together for fear or helplessness! They struck me differently. The unsparing display of teeth, the wide-open mouths, made for a weak, wild hilarity. They were far from being all alike. One hollow-cheeked figure, with gray flowing locks, was exactly like an abject, church-door beggar, still above ground, and whinning, in Palermo.

"Undoubtedly the ughest of the sights is the Ladies' Gallery. Corpse worship here has prompted freaks of burlesque millinery, such as the trimming of the vacant skulls with deep frills of lace. One poor shade lay in purple silk. A young lady's mummy was adorned with a silver crown, fantastic shees, open work stockings, and white kid gloves! A Princess among the most recent of the interments.

LAYINIER COFFIN, which bore many artificial garlands-and

LATINIER COFFIN, which bore many artificial garlaids and yards of much motived, functed ribbon, and know not what other offerings lesides. On All Souls Day the dead in the Cappenin may be said trabuld a gruesome toot of reception; but the richer class, whose "defented" stand there frequent the ceptory at all seasons. Imagine coming your deviors to the ledies, with your deviors to the ledies, whose "development" stand there frequent the ceptory at all seasons. Imagine coming your deviors to the ledies, whose "development to the ledies, when your devices to the ledies, which will be members of your write of your bosom; and being the plantons of gring and being the seasons of gring the said things, around humanity said. there phantons of g dizoned skyletons things, apply huma Yet there for laler chelous tribers, siz-size the condition the many tribers, siz-th has condition