

EASILY NUMBERED.

Old Mr. Plugwinch's pronounced and aggressive baldness has for some time been a continual source of wonder and curiosity to his little grandson, Willie, who, when the old gentleman calls, never fails to take stock of his shimmering expanse of cranium. One Sunday recently, when Willie accompanied the family to church, the pastor gave out as his text, "For the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

"Ma," whispered Willie. "I say, ma, I know grand-pa's number. It's three."

—P. T.

RE-ASSURED.—"I have a last request to make of you, George," feebly gasped the dying woman.

"Anything, anything," sobbed the heart-broken husband. "I will do anything you wish."

"Then promise me on your sacred honor that you will marry Ethel Bangs, your typewriter"

He started up with a look in which astonishment and half-veiled satisfaction seemed to wrestle for the mastery.

"You mean"—he stammered, "that—I will *not* marry her."

"No, George, I mean what I say. Promise me faithfully that she shall be your wife."

"Why, my darling, if that is really your wish, I promise it."

"Thank heaven, I can now die happy," she faintly murmured, "for you never kept a promise you ever made to me."

P. T.

AN ANARCHIST GRIEVANCE.—"So, prisoner," said the French judge before whom they had arraigned the anarchist, "you admit, then, that you threw the bomb?"

"Yes," answered the accused, defiantly.

"Have you anything to say in exculpation of your atrocious offence?"

"Ah, yes. It was forced upon me. I was driven to the act by the cruel oppression of society."

"How so?"

"Every way. The people are enslaved. Why, nowadays, they even construct the lamp posts so that it is impossible to hang a bourgeois upon them!"—P. T.

APPROPRIATE, IF NOT ACCURATE.

UNCLE Jedediah Simcoe and his son Frank from Nottawasaga Township, had gone down to New York on an excursion. After taking in the sights one morning, they found themselves some distance from their hotel, and stopped at the first convenient place, for uncle. It happened to be one of the French restaurants, now so popular in the metropolis. Everything was French—the dishes, the waiters, and the *m nu*. Uncle Jedediah was puzzled. He glanced hopelessly over the bill of fare, not knowing what to order.

"Durned ef I don't b'lieve the blame thing is French or suthin', I can't read a word of it" he said.

"I guess it is, father," said Frank.

"Well, you larnt French to the academy fur two quarters; I guess you'd order be able to make her out."

"Why certainly, father, hand it over," said the young man, assuming a confidence that he by no means felt. "Um—um—this Noo York French is some different from what we learned—Yes, I can read it though. 'Pate de fois gras,' (making a desperate bluff at it), that means—let me see—'pie of great faith,' father."

"Does it though?" said Uncle Jedediah, admiringly, "Well now, they is some sense to it after all, for it requires a mighty sight of faith to swaller most of these furrin' fixins."

P. T.

THE NEW PROPAGANDISM.—She—Who is that distinguished looking man?

He—Oh, that's Dr. Fadsharpe, the founder of a new school of religious thought.

She—How very interesting! What's the title of his novel?—P. T.

CRUEL—Miss Passay—If there's anything I do hate it is to be taken for an "advanced" woman.

Miss Sardou.—Yes, I suppose so; but, time will tell, you know.—P. T.

QUITE THE CONTRARY.—Joblots—Do you find any trouble in meeting your paper these times?

Hardup.—Not the least. I meet it everywhere. My trouble is in avoiding it.—P. T.