

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

HER SOLILOQUY.

I'll put all my gay clothes away,
And dress in most sober of tints,
The contrast will have more effect,
When I get back to fine Paris "hints":
I'll give up my parties and balls,
/ And become oh church-going intent.
As there I meet most of my set,
And 'tis fashionable now to keep Lent.

I'll pay only decorous calls,
Where talk intellectual I find,
And promptly join some Browning club
For the sake of improving my mind.
It will be very stupid, I know,
For Browning I don't care a cent,
But 'tis one's sole chance to flirt,
When one's keeping a fashionable Lent.

But still, I'm not sorry 'tis come,
For the season has quite tired me out;
It has been so unusually gay,
I feel I have been put to rout.
The rest—it will tone up my nerves,
And to freshen—here's some comfort sent—
Complexions, they say there's naught
So good as a fashionable Lent.

EFFECTS OF THE SEASON.

"Are you going to make any voluntary personal sacrifice during Lent?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"The price is getting past me, so I am going to give up eating meat."

FITTED FOR IT.

"Is the young Canadian you spoke of fitted to take charge of an aeroplane?"

"He ought to be. He holds the ski championship record."

THE REASON.

"If you would get me one of those big sweeping feathers to wear in my hat," murmured the young wife. "It would tickle me very much."

"So it would every one near you," replied the hard-hearted spouse. "That's why I won't get it."

NO BAD ONES LEFT.

Landlady—Is there any sure way you gentlemen know of to tell bad eggs?

Crushed Tragedian (gloomily)—Yes, ma'am; try to play "Hamlet." All the eggs left in the place are good.

NOT TOO CURIOUS.

"Pop, why mustn't you look a gift horse in the mouth?"

"Because if you do you are apt to be very much down in it yourself."

NATURALLY SO.

"I suppose all librettists are naturally gamblers."

"Why must they be?"

"They're bookmakers, all right, aren't they?"

JOSH WINK.