

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

A PRAYER.

Please, Mr. Weather Man,
Make up your mind;
Don't keep on giving us
Any old kind.
The season is getting on—
Time it was fixed;
But you are having us
Awfully mixed.
One day is glorious—
Makes us feel great.
Next one is summer heat,
Strikes scorching gait—
Straw hats and ice and fans
All hustle out;
Then comes a chilling blast
Bringing a rout.
Fires made in furnaces
One shivery day;
Next, in the heated house
Family can't stay.
Everyone's sneezing.
We all have caught cold;
'Twixt warm waves and cold waves,
You're the brick that is gold.
We put on thick flannels,
And then take them off.
While wraps make us drazy
To don and then doff.
'Tis time you got settled,
For please to remember
October most spent, and
'Twill soon be November!

IN THE SWIM.

Mrs. Oldblood—Has your husband ever
been operated on for appendicitis?
Mrs. Newrich—Dear me, yes! Three
times.

THE MATHEMATICIAN'S LOVE SONG.

I've loved you 4 the longest time
With passion true and 10-der;
This love which I send 2 you,
Doth perme-8 the sender.

With metapy-6, all in vain,
I tried 2 pluck asunder
My thoughts and you, but the result
Was ust to make me 1-der.

How Cupid has with 3-fold might,
Though entur-9 besought
To let men's peace alone, the plans
of cynics brought to 0.

A SURE TEST.

"No, my dear daughter, that Miss Sim-
ple's association will do you no good.
She may be a very nice girl, but you
can tell by her manners that she is not
used to society."

"Oh, ma, how?"

"Didn't you hear her the other day
thank the waiter for picking up her bag
when she dropped it?"

NO MOB.

"Did you know that old Billyuns had
been hung 4n emgy?"

"No! When did that happen?"

"When his portrait was accepted for the
art exhibition."

RATHER TOUGH.

Boarder—These are—er—flannel cakes,
Mrs. Smithers?

Landlady—They are flannel cakes, Mr.
Jones.

Boarder (thoughtfully)—I suppose that's
why we're so short on blankets.

JOSH WINK.