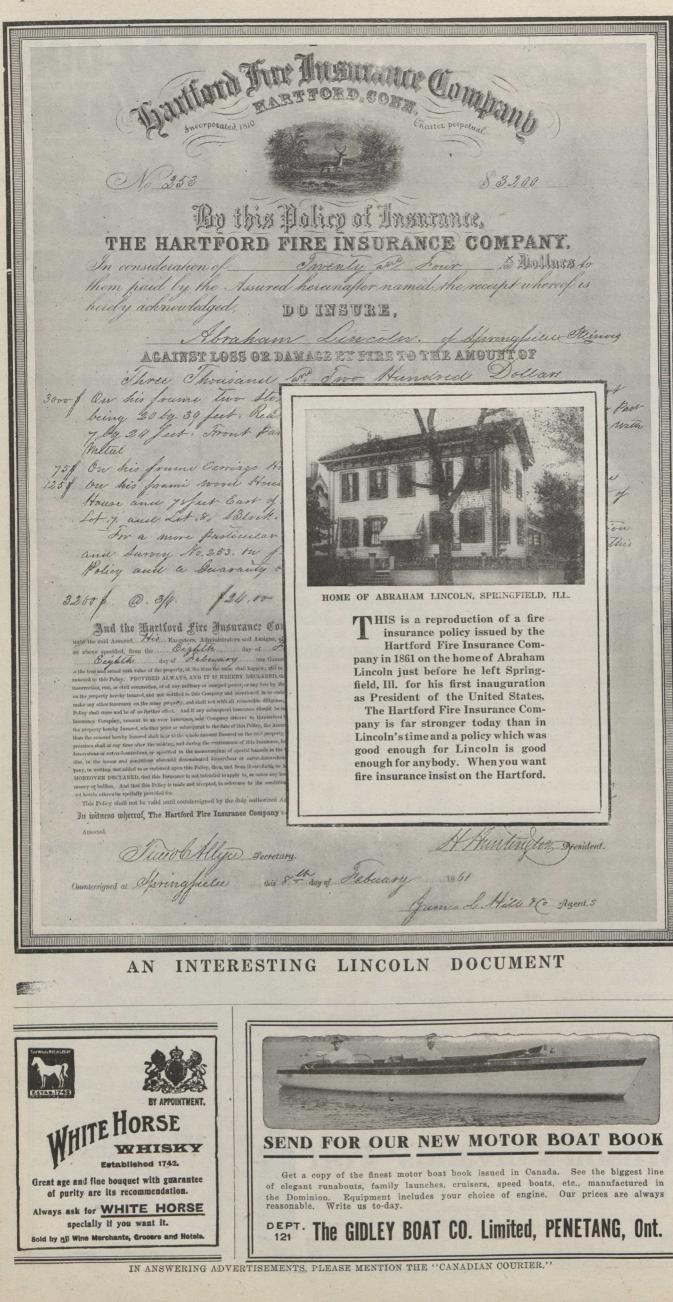
## CANADIAN COURIER.



## IN LIGHTER VEIN

Really Tough .- They were seeking

Really Tough.—They were seeking to impress the visitor. "If you really wish to get an idea of the toughness of New York toughs," announced one, "you should by all means attend the annual bail given by the Gorilla Club. It is abso-lutely the toughest stunt that is pull-ed anywhere. If you don't get action there for your money you won't get it anywhere." "Do you mean that fights are com-mon at that ball?" inquired the man-to-be impressed. "Am I to understand that shootings—?"

that shootings-

He got no further. One of the others leaned forward, solemnly took hold of his sleeve, and remarked: "Fights? Shootings? Why, every single person that starts to go into the Gorilla Club hall is stopped outside and searched for concealed weapons, and, if he hasn't any—they give him some!"

Knew What He Wanted.—"You can take that axe and get up an appetite for a little dinner," said the farmer's wife wife.

"Lady," replied Meandering Mike, "what I was applyin' for was food, not physical culture."—Washington star.

His Own Fault.-Visitor-"So you've had three dogs, eleven cows, and two horses killed by autos so far this year.

Why don't you put in a complaint?" Farmer—"Never. I'm willing to take my medicine. I was one of the yaps that kept hollering for good roads."—Puck.

Preparing Himself .-- Pat O'Shaunrreparing miniself,—Pat O'Shaun nessy had been told by the doctor that he could live but a few hours, and his wife and assembled relatives and friends asked him whether there was one last wish he would like to have gratified?

gratified? "There is," said Pat, "I'd like to hear the village band play once again." Accordingly the village band gath-ered. When at last it had played, "Say Au Revoir But Not Goodby," and had taken its own departure, Mrs. O'Shaunessy, kneeling at her hus-band's bedside, asked: "Can ye die aisy now, Pat." "Yis," replied Pat. "I can die aisy now. Hell has nothing worse than that."

that."
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Too Emphatic.—"I don't think my
husband loves me any more?"
"Why, not?"
"The other day I said to him: 'John,
if I should die would you get married
again?' and he said he wouldn't."
"Isn't that all right?"
"Yes, but I wish you could have
heard the positive way he said it."
New York Sun.
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A Jolt for the Judge.—Lawyer.—My

\* \* \* A Jolt for the Judge.—Lawyer—My client painted a picture of this young lady, your honour, and she claims it does not do her justice." Judge—"Does not do her justice, did you say?" Lawyer—"Yes, your honour; and she was foolish enough to think she could get it by bringing the case be fore you!"—Yonkers Statesman.

**Scotch Humour.**—Once an old Scotch weather prophet at Whitt'nghame in-formed Mr. Balfour that "It's gaun to rain seventy-twa days, sir." "Come, come!" said the statesman. "Surely the world was entirely flooded in forty days."

in forty days." "Aye, aye!" was the response, "but the warld wasna' sae weel drained as it is noo."—Strand Magazine.

Pa is Surprised.-"Pa, what is a pillory?"

pillory?" "A what?" "A pillory. Teacher asked me yes-terday and I didn't know." "Why, that's a facetious term some-times applied to a drug store. What won't these schools put into your head next?"—Wash'ngton Herald.