

A Scotch Socialist was trying to explain and emphasize the principles of Socialism, when the question was asked him by one of his listeners:

"If you had two horses, would you give me one?"

"Certainly, I wad," was his reply.

"If you had two cows would you let me have one?"

"Certainly, I wad."

"And if you had two pigs?"

"Eh, man! it's comin' ower near hame; ye *ken* I hae twa pigs."

Who is as slow as a Scotchman at seeing a joke?—Another Scotchman.

"O that some the power wad gi'e us
To see oorsel's as ithers see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
An' fulish notion."

A minister of a loving and appreciative congregation, feeling strongly attached to h's flock, promised them that he would never leave them. It so happened, however, that he was tendered a call by the congregation of Scotchtown, which he thought it his duty to accept, seeing there was an additional salary amounting to £400 and a free manse. Before leaving, he went around to pay a last visit to his people, and in his rounds called at a certain widow's house. The good man began questioning her son, a lad of some ten or twelve years. He said: "Well, Johnnie, do ye ken yer catechism?" "Ay, I ken some o't." "What do ye ken?" "It's effectual calling." "Ah, what is effectual calling, then, my laddie?" "Effectual calling is 400 p'und an' a free manse." "Where do a' liars go, Johnnie?" "Tae Scotchtown."

Mother—"Johnnie, stop using that dreadful language. I won't have you use such words." Johnnie—"Well, mother, Shakespeare uses them." Mother—"Then don't play with Shakespeare; evidently he's no fit companion for you."

Fuzzy—"I hear Skinner has become a Christian Scientist, and is successfully giving the absent treatment." Wuzzy—"Indeed! I suppose so, he borrowed \$50 from me a month ago, and every time I call to ask for it he's out."