

With the Wits

PAINLESS PUNISHMENT.

One day a dentist had occasion to punish his five-year-old son for disobedience. As he picked up the rod the little fellow said: "Papa, won't you please give me gas first?" — "Chicago Daily News."

THE RASCAL.

"Do you know where Johnny Locke lives, my little boy?" asked a gentle voiced old lady. "He ain't home, but if you give me a penny I'll find him for you right off," replied the lad. "All right; you're a nice little boy. Now, where is he?" "Thanks—I'm him."

EXTERNAL EVIDENCE.

Little Clarence had the experience for the first time of taking his bath in a cold room with water not at the usual temperature. His mamma left him for a moment, while he looked aghast at the "goose flesh" that appeared. "Hurry up, mamma," he called, "I'm turning into a chicken."

DEFINED.

The inspector was hearing a class of small girls read, when they came to the word "pilgrim." "Now," said the inspector, "who can tell me the meaning of the word 'pilgrim'?" A little hand went up, and a little voice said: "Please, sir, a pilgrim is a man who travels about a good deal." "Well," said the inspector, "I travel about a good deal, and I'm not a pilgrim." "But please, sir," answered the little girl, "I mean a good man."

AFTER HIS FOLK.

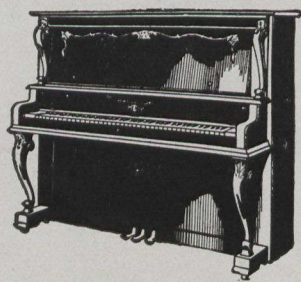
The caddie followed him round the course silently, solemnly, but not unobservant. Their wake behind was marked by scars and gashes in the turf. At length he ventured on a tentative remark. "Ye'll be a stranger to these parts, maybe," he said. "Well, not exactly a stranger." Whirr-whirr-swish! and one more gash appeared, as a lump of turf soared aloft and came down fifty yards away. "You see," the golfer concluded, "I was born here, but I have been away many years now. All my folk are buried hereabouts." "I doot ye'll no' go deep eno' with your driver," remarked the caddie; "ye'd better tak' your iron."

SURE TO REACH HIM.

Worthy of Lord Dundreary's brother Sam is the following. A young Englishman of excellent family settled in Winnipeg some years since and has been using his best endeavors to retrieve his fallen fortunes. Since arriving in America he has been the recipient of many letters from his devoted brother "at home," all of which are directed to him at "Winnipeg, Manitoba, Massachusetts."

SEEKING A COMPLAINT.

A young lady who appeared to be in perfect health, but who had a very worried expression upon her blooming face, entered the consulting room of a New York physician the other day. "Doctor," she said, "it is absolutely essential that I go to White Sulphur Springs this summer." "Oh, perhaps not," the physician remarked, reassuringly. "Tell me fully your symptoms. What do you expect to cure at the Springs?" "That is just what I came to you to find out, doctor," she confessed. "You see, I have got to talk with papa. What do you go to White Sulphur to be cured of?"



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MAY, 8th 1909.
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WHEAT

PLAUSIBLE.

"I've just figured out how the Venus de Milo came to lose her arms." "How?" "She broke them off trying to button her shirt waist up the back."—"The Jewish Ledger."

SCEPTICAL.

They were alone in the parlour, and she had the sofa all to herself. "I thought," she said, "you were something of a mind reader?" "So I am," he rejoined. "Well," she said, as her eyes temporarily rested on the unoccupied end of the sofa, "I don't believe it."

THE FEMININE VIEW.

"Mamma," said little Elsie, "do men ever go to heaven?" "Why, of course, my dear. What makes you ask?" "Because I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers." "Well," said the mother, thoughtfully, "some men do go to heaven, but they get there by a close shave."

READY TO BARTER.

Robbie had longed for a baby brother and a pair of white rabbits. The answer to both wishes came on the same morning; but it was not quite satisfactory, for there were two baby brothers and only one rabbit. Robbie was greatly disgusted at the mistake. The next day his father found the following notice tacked to the gatepost:—"For Sail. — One nice fat baby; or I will exchange him for a wite rab-bet."

HOW HE COULD TELL.

"I want," said the recently married man in the linen draper's shop, "a lady's belt." "Yes, sir," said the polite shop assistant. "What size?" A blush mantled the customer's brow, and he swallowed twice in rapid succession. Then he said: "I don't know exactly. Let me have a tape measure, please." And as he placed it along the inside of his arm, from shoulder to wrist, the shop assistant remarked beneath her breath to her chum: "He's not the idiot he looks, is he, Jenny?"

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Friend — "Gogson, how is your aeroplane getting along?" Inventor — "It is complete, with the exception of one little detail I have not yet perfected. I shall take up that next." "What is it?" "A mere trifle that I can think out at any time. The principal feature of my invention is a safety net that will travel along under my aeroplane to prevent fatal accidents. It will make navigating the air absolutely free from danger. By the introduction of that net I have revolutionised the entire business. "But how is the net itself to be kept free from falling to the ground when anything happens to your aeroplane?" "That is the little detail I haven't worked out yet."

THE DISCOVERY.

In wrath from her I parted,
When Celia said me nay;
I deemed her stony-hearted,
And went my weary way.
'Tis thus her wont to use all
The swains lured to her side;
For each a curt refusal—
"She has no heart," I cried.

Thereafter once I heard her—
I could but listen there—
While in my mind was murder
And in my heart despair.
Unkempt, sore, needing barber,
And scarcely to be known,
Hard by fair Celia's arbor
I hid with grief alone.

Then was Love's every term
heard;
'Twas each she would repeat:
"My love!" she fondly murmured,
And fondlier yet, "My sweet!"
Of grief must I to-day sing,
For next came, I profess,
The sound of close embracing
And many a dear caress.

Grief wrapped me round like
cerements,
Life seemed a heavy load,
To know these wished endear-
ments
On one unseen bestowed.
At last I broke from cover
In agony acute—
To find the hidden lover
Her little terrier brute!
—"Pall Mall Gazette."