

In Lighter Vein

A Lot is Plenty.—Woodchopper—
"I seen a lot o' bear tracks 'bout a
mile north o' here—big ones, too!"
Hunter—"Good! Which way is
south?"

A Bit of Dogishness.—Fair Ones—
"Will your dog bite us?"
Navy—"I shouldn't be surprised,
miss. 'Ee's got an uncommon sweet
tooth!"

Running No Risks.—A woman en-
tered a dentist's office to have several
teeth extracted, and after talking it
over with the dentist agreed to take
gas.

"You will be unconscious for only
a few minutes," she was assured.
The woman took her pocketbook
out and began to count her money.

"Never mind that now," said the
dentist. "You do not have to pay
until I've finished."

"I wasn't going to pay you," ex-
plained the woman. "I was going to
count my money."—The Argonaut.

Wishes.

They had broken a wishbone together.
"What was it you wished?" laughed
she.

"I wished that you'd let me kiss you!
Now tell me your wish," said he.
Her eyes fell—she paused a moment,
While her blushes deeper grew.
"My wish was," she prettily stam-
mered,

"That what you wished would come
true."

—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

The Higher the Louder.—Those of
us who have unsuccessfully tried the
high placing of framed heirlooms in
a modern home will appreciate the
remark credited to a woman.

This woman had hung some pecu-
liarly dreadful ancestral treasures
high above average heads in the hope
that they would seldom be seen.

"It's no use," she sighed to her hus-
band one day, on suddenly entering
the room; "they remind me of so
many ambitious sopranos. The higher
they go the more they scream."

The Wiser Thought.—The difficul-
ties of going golfing without swearing
were exemplified in the case of an
elderly Scotch "meenister," who had
taken to the links.

"It's nae guid," he said sadly, pau-
sing after two or three unsuccessful
strokes. "I'll ha'e to gi'e it up."

"What?" asked his senior deacon.
"The golf?"

"Nae, nae, the meenistry."—The
Argonaut.

He Didn't Know.—An insurance
agent was filling out an application
blank.

"Have you ever had appendicitis?"
he asked.

"Well," answered the applicant, "I
was operated on, but I never felt
quite sure whether it was appendicitis
or professional curiosity."—Ladies'
Home Journal.

He Had Another.—The wife without
humour is not altogether the inven-
tion of Punch, but we are indebted to
that excellent publication for the one
who figures in the subjoined story.

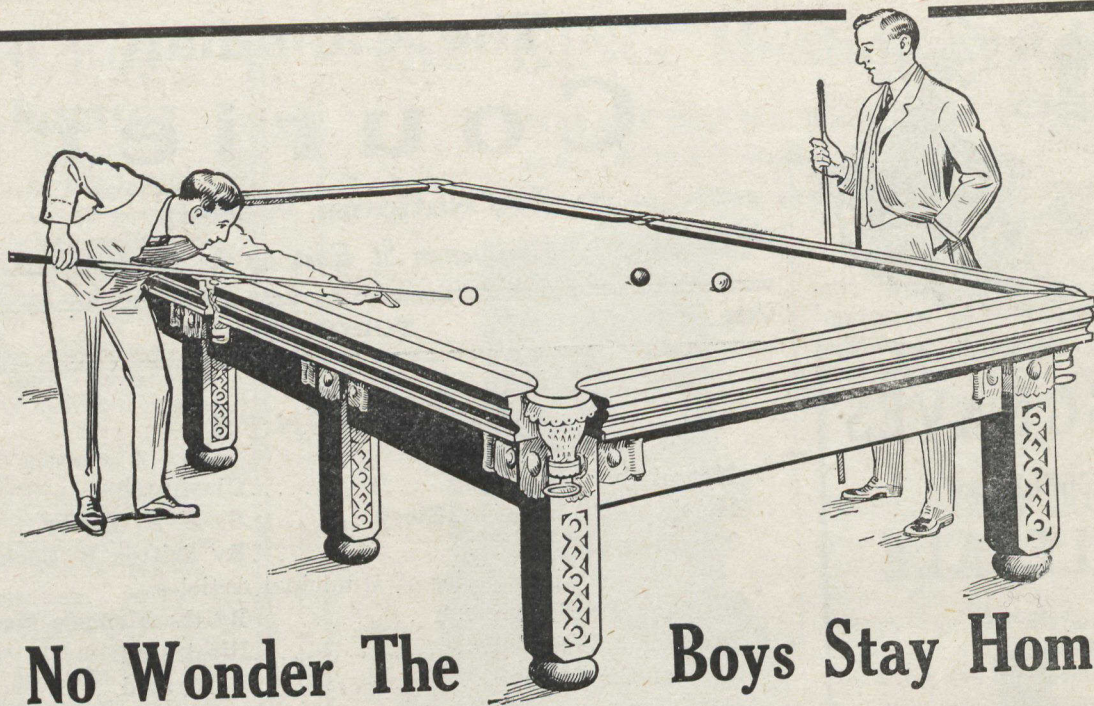
A man who fancies himself a raco-
teur was, with his wife, paying his
first call in a new neighbourhood. He
told a humorous story with fine re-
sults. Said his proud wife then—

"Now, tell them your other story,
dear."

That and More.—"How's everything
in your house?" asked Smith.

"Oh," replied Brown, "she's all
right."—Our Dope Book.

Had Everything Else.—Backwoods
—"Which restaurant in New York is
it that is famous for its chandeliers?"
Mrs. Backwoods—"I don't remem-
ber eatin' a chandelier the whole time
we wuz there, Cyrus."—Life.



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