

In Lighter Vein.

Spurgeon's Definition of Gout.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon once said to a friend: "I have inherited most of my father's excellences, and the gout with them." "What is gout like?" was the enquiry. "If you put your land into a vice," replied Mr. Spurgeon, "and let a man press as hard as he can, that is rheumatism; and if he can be got to press a little harder, that is gout."

As a Last Resort.

"Well, doctor," said the patient, who was an incessant talker, "why in the world don't you look at my tongue if you want to, instead of writing away like a newspaper editor? How long do you expect I am going to sit here with my mouth wide open?" "Just one moment more, please, madam," replied the doctor; "I only wanted you to keep still long enough so that I could write this prescription."

He Announced His Intentions.

A young man and his lady-love attended a protracted meeting which was being held in the village church. Arriving late they found the church filled, but a gentleman arose and gave the

Party," and that each person was expected to propound at least one conundrum of his own devising.

When his turn came he asked to be excused until later in the evening, saying that he must have time to think up a good one. So he was passed over until the very last, when the master of ceremonies asked him if he were ready. "I am," he said. "Why is this conundrum like the first meal you eat on your first trip across the ocean?"

And when everybody said they would give it up he said that was the answer.

More than he Bargained For.

"Madam," said a nervous passenger to the mother of a howling imp in the express train, "is there anything any of us can do to pacify your little boy?" "Oh, thank you, yes," said the mother of the spoiled child. "You see the dear little pet just wants to throw his jam tart at the passengers, and I was afraid they wouldn't like it. Please to stand where you are. Now, stop crying, darling. This kind gentleman wants to play with you."

Billy Made a Guess at It.

Having arranged with his wife to make a long-promised call a faithful



[Photo "Canadian Alpine Club Journal, 1910." Donald Phillips on Mt. Robson at Altitude, 12,000.

lady his seat, while the young man was ushered far away to a seat in another part of the building.

The service grew warm and impressive.

"Will those who want our prayers please stand up?" said the preacher.

At this juncture the young man thought it was getting late and he would get his sweetheart and go home, but not just knowing where she sat he rose to his feet and looked over the audience.

The minister, mistaking his intentions, asked: "Young man, are you seeking salvation?"

To which the young man responded: "At present I am seeking Sal Jackson!"

Too Far Back for Him.

Tommy had been punished. "Mamma," he sobbed, "did your mamma whip you when you were little?"

"Yes, when I was naughty."

"And did her mamma whip her when she was little?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"And was she whipped when she was little?"

"Yes."

"Well, who started the darned thing anyway?"

His Conundrum.

The young man had been invited to attend a church social, and when he arrived he found it was a "Conundrum

husband arrived home in the afternoon only to find his better half out and no message left to explain his absence.

Finally the husband inquired of their trusted handy man.

"Oh, Billy," he said, "can you tell me anything of my wife's whereabouts?"

"Well, I don't know, sir," said Billy, respectfully, "But I suppose they're in the wash."

No Trouble at All.

When the young man who sold chickens, cleaned and dressed, called one morning on his usual rounds, says the Boston Herald, the young housekeeper who was about to buy remarked:

"I should think you would hate to cut off the heads of those poor chickens."

"I do," replied the man, "but I manage to get around that pretty well."

"How?" asked the tender-hearted purchaser.

"Chop the chickens off," was the reply.

Silenced.

A worthy monk riding on a donkey along a country road was overtaken by a young man mounted on horseback, who, thinking to have a joke at the expense of the old man, said:

"Good morning, father! How goes the ass?"

The monk at once replied: "On horseback, my son."

The joker collapsed.

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