

too funny. What makes you ask such a foolish question?"

"Well, I heard papa, talking to Molly, the cook, and he said, 'Mollie, you mustn't smile at me when my wife is around, or the old pelican may get a-z.'"

A court for supremacy took place just as soon as the old man came home.

Brampton. J. McC.

[89] —Selected.  
**Of Course He Was Sorry.**

"What is repentance?" queried the Sunday-school teacher.

"To be sorry for doing wrong," said the good boy.

"Were you ever sorry for anything you did?"

"Yes'm," said the bad boy.

"What made you sorry?"

"Great Jehosaphat! Wasn't you ever spanked?"

Buffalo. A. C.

—Selected.  
**Proof Positive.**

Not long ago a bright little girl in the Sunday-school who had reached the bottom facts of the lesson—the creation of man out of the dust of the earth—came running home to her mother, overfull of confidence in the Scripture theory and her own reflective conclusions, and exclaimed:—"Oh, mother, I know it is all true, what the catechism said about Adam's being made out of the dust of the earth—I know it is!"

"Why?" "Because I saw Aunt Emma whip Gracie, and I saw the dust fly out of her. I know it is so." Little Gracie had been playing with the ashes.

MISS BETTIE DUNHAM.  
Huntingdon Fuller P.O., Ont.

[91] —Selected.  
**St. Patrick's Remains.**

There is in Ireland a little church at which are exhibited three skulls; one small, another a little larger and the third larger still. The parish priest points them out to his parishioners thus: "The small skull, my children, is the skull of St. Patrick when he was a child, the second and larger skull is the skull of St. Patrick when he was a youth and the third and largest skull is the skull of St. Patrick when he was a man."

Ottawa. MARY WILSON.

[92] —Selected.  
**Correct.**

Q.—What was Eve made for?  
A.—For Adam's Express Company.  
236 Laflin St., Chicago. MRS. M. B. MATTHEW.

[93] —Selected.  
**What Was It.**

I went out to the woods and got it. After I got it I looked for it, and the more I looked the less I liked it. I brought it home in my hand because I could not find it. It was a liver.

Port Stanley, Ont. H. BENNETT.

[94] —Selected.  
**A Happy Retort.**

The famous Miss Morgan, of Killyon, Ireland, who is such a notable hunter and downs so many hundreds of fine horses, has a witty brother who ran for Parliament a while ago. He called on Father Mooney, an essential priest, to ask him for his vote. Father Mooney replied angrily: "Sir, I'd rather give it to the Devil!" "But," retorted Mr. Morgan, civilly, "in case your friend does not stand for this county?" Father Mooney was so diverted by this witty retort that he laughed, gave Mr. Morgan his vote, and aided him to win his election.

Fan-Claire, Mich. MRS. W. C. HUNTER.

[95] —Selected.  
**It's The Women That Cause The Deceit.**

"The world is full of deceit," said old Mr. Squaggs, "and women is mostly at the bottom of it." "I know it," said old Mrs. Squaggs; "it is after a man gets a wife that he begins to practice deceit. If he hadn't a

wife he wouldn't need to be so much about where he spends his evenings. You are perfectly right. It's the women that cause the deceit." Old Mr. Squaggs became very thoughtful.

Dundas. J. T.  
—Selected.  
**She Was Just Too Oute For Anything.**

It was only about three hours since dinner, but the small boy of the house was hungry, and began to "snoop around," as his mother called it, for "suthin to eat."

"Ma," said he, "can I have some of them c-r-a-c-k-e-r-s on the table?" (spelling the word out, but not pronouncing it, as Rilla, the four-year-old, always wanted whatever the rest had, and it was thought advisable sometimes not to let her have it.)

"Yes, my boy, help yourself if you're starving," replied his mother.

"Oh, I want one too," said Rilla, as she danced out to the dining-room.

Presently she returned minus crackers, with a downcast look, and just ready to cry.

"What's the matter, pet?" said her mother.

"I thought that spelled doughnuts," said she, and began to sob.

She got the doughnut.

Toronto. O. R.

[97] —Selected.  
**Where Ignorance is Bliss, Etc.**

"I tried to hear that Mr. Bliss married Miss Ellis."

"Why?"

"Because she's not educated."

"That will not prove detrimental to his happiness."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because he's so ignorant that he'll never find it out."

Ottawa. N. A.

[98] —Selected.  
**Got Mad Because His Wife Wasn't Flirted With.**

"See here, Robinson, I hear that you are flirting with my wife?"

"Flirting with your wife! I am neither flirting with her nor want to do so. I don't like her well enough for that."

"You don't? I'd like to know why you don't. She's just as nice a woman as there is in town, and you've got to like her just as well as any other woman or I'll know why, and don't you forget it."

The angry husband then walked away swearing vengeance because Mr. Robinson didn't like his wife. Some men can't be pleased any way.

Buffalo. A. J.

[99] —Selected.  
**Not a Reliable Firm.**

A man brought home some rat poison one evening. His mother-in-law mistook it for something else and ate a quantity of it.

They had a terrible time that night, but the old lady's life was saved.

"It was a close call," said the doctor the next morning, "she ate enough of it to kill a dozen persons, but fortunately the poison had been in stock a long time and most of its strength had evaporated."

Some months afterward the son-in-law was asked if Messrs. Poulitice & Co. were reliable druggists to deal with.

"I wouldn't recommend them," he said, "they swindled me once on some rat poison."

Bowmanville. A. B.

[100] —Selected.  
**The Body and the Soul.**

"Brother!" said the Soul to the Body, "we must shortly part; and now let us reckon together."

"Let us reckon sister," said the Body.

"You have been active in labor, and toiled late and early and gathered much gold; will you keep it with you, or shall I take it with me?" said the Soul.

"Alas!" said the Body, "how can I take it among the darkness and dust and corrup-

tion of the grave? What will it profit me there?"

"Nay, but how can I carry it where earth and earthly things are not suffered to enter? And it is, after all, but yellow earth."

"True. Then shortly it will be neither mine nor thine," said the Body, sorrowfully.

"Our reckoning is not over," said the Soul. "How are we to meet again—for we must meet again—will it be in sorrow or in joy? You have never allowed me to look heavenward, but have robbed me of freedom, and used all my powers to help you to get gold."

"Alas! you tempted me, and now you reproach me," cried the Body.

"What if we met as fellow-tormentors, bound together for eternal misery? I am defiled as you are; you have never cared for our cleansing. I am without a right to heaven, as you are; you have never cared for an entrance to it. So, then, this gold will be our mocking accuser in eternity, and shall reproach you for ever with having destroyed me to gain it."

Berlin, Ont. MINNIE YOUNG.

[101] —Selected.  
**A Kingdom Where Scotchmen Are Not**

"Long years ago, in times so remote that history does not fix the epoch, a dreadful war was waged between the King of Cornwall and the King of Scotland.—Scottish valor prevailed, and the King of Cornwall was defeated. The Scottish monarch, elated by success, sent for his Prime Minister, Lord Alexander. "Weel, Sandy," said he, "is there na'er a King we can conquer the noo?"

"An' it please your Majesty, I ken o' ae King that your Majesty cauna vanquish."

"An' whaur is he, Sandy?"

Lord Alexander, reverently looking up, said, "The King o' Heaven."

"The King o' Heaven?" "The King o' Heaven," said the King of Scotland, "The King o' Heaven."

The Scottish King did not understand, but was unwilling to exhibit any ignorance.

"Just gang yer wa's, Sandy, and tell the King o' Heaven to gie up his dominions or I'll come myself and ding him oot o' them and mind, Sandy, ye do not come back till us until ye hae done cor bidden."

Lord Alexander retired much perplexed, but met a priest, and, reassured, returned and presented himself.

"Weel Sandy," said the King, "hae ye seen the King o' Heaven, and what says he to our bidden?"

"An' it please your Majesty, I haena seen the King himself, but I haec seen aye o' his accredited ministers."

"Well, and what says he?"

"He says yer Majesty may e'en hae his kingdom for the asking o' it."

"Was he aye ceevil?" said the King, warmed to magnanimity.

"Just gang yer wa's back, Sandy, and tell the King o' Heaven that for his civility the de'il a Scotchman shall ever set foot in his kingdom."

Bowmanville. MRS. N. S. MUIR.

[102] —Selected.  
**He Explains How He Got a Black Eye.**

"Johnnie, have you been fighting?"

gravely inquired Mrs. Muggins.

"No, ma'am," promptly answered the heir of the Mugginses.

"John Muggins, how dare you tell me an untruth!" exclaimed his mother. "Where did you get that black eye, sir?"

"I traded another boy two front teeth and a broken nose for it," replied Johnnie as he crossed the woodpile.

Bowmanville. MRS. N. S. MUIR.

[103] —Selected.  
**Eyes Opened.**

A short time before the November election, in the States, a gentleman passing one of the markets, in the city of New York, observed a boy selling puppies. They were of the Scotch Terrier breed, and very fine ones. The young salesman seemed to fully appreciate all their good qualities, and often repeating them (taking the cue of the time and place) as a climax, he declared that they were Democrats.

The gentleman passing the same way the next morning, saw the boy still at his post, not having been successful in the disposal of his favorites. He was still jealously enumerating their fine points, but, to-day, as the crowning one, he assured the bystanders that they were Republicans.

"But," said the gentleman addressing

him, "you told us yesterday that they were Democrats!"

"Yes," replied the little politician, "they were—but, don't you see, now they are getting their eyes open."

The argument was unanswerable and the gentleman passed on.

H. H. G.

[104] —Selected.  
**Olan His Trade.**

Jinks—"Why, Finks, what's the matter? You don't look like yourself. Been sick?"

Finks—"Oh! no, never felt better in my life. But I have had a good deal of mental worry and that is what wore me down so. You know I used to be a collector of gas bills. Well, my conscience troubled me so I could not sleep, and at last I could stand it no longer and just gave it up. My present business is less respectable, but it don't trouble my conscience so much."

"Indeed? I'm glad to hear it. What are you now?"

"Just an ordinary burglar."

Hamilton. MRS. T. H.

[105] —Selected.  
**He Knew He Wouldn't Make a Liar of Him.**

A few weeks since an Irishman direct from the old country called upon a well-known Bostonian, presenting letters of introduction from mutual friends in England.

The Bostonian received him very cordially and proffered a glass of brandy, which the Irishman drank with a relish.

After some further conversation the foreigner said:

"Well, Mr. X., O'm very much pleased wid the new country. It's a fine place. When I go back I'll tell me friends what a fine land it is and what fine gintlemen ye have in it. I'll tell them how finely ye have treated me: how you gave me two glasses of fine old brandy."

"But," broke in the amused host, "I have given you but one."

"Oh, well, ye wouldn't make a liar of me to my friends. That O' know!"

Another glass was forthcoming at once.

Cobourg. MISS N. B.

[106] —Selected.  
**An Applicant Refused.**

An editor who had advertised for a man to do clipping for his paper was met by a sly-looking personage, who said that he would like to secure the position.

"Do you think that you could look over the papers and find items of interest?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is your regular business?"

"I am a detective."

"Great goodness, sir!" you won't do. You would never find anything."

Toronto. D. B.

[107] —Selected.  
**A Carefully Brought up Son.**

Friend of the family (who means well)—

"I feel it my duty to inform you of the stories going about in regard to your son (George, Mrs. De Uppercrust. I hear that he is devoted to a young woman who is employed in a Sixth avenue bookstore, and that he has frequently been seen with her at different places of amusement."

Mrs. De Uppercrust (with unconcern)—

"Oh, I dare say, but I attach no importance to such matters. My son has been too carefully brought up to think of marrying her."

Toronto. A. B.

[108] —Selected.  
**The Infantile Match-Makers.**

"Good evening, Tommy. Is your sister Clarissa at home?"

"Yes, sir; she's out in the kitchen popping corn for you."

"Popping corn for me? Why, how very thoughtful! I like pop-corn very much."

"Yes, sir. She said she was going to put a pan of pop-corn under your nose and if you didn't take the hint she'd give you the shake."

Something besides corn was popped that evening.

Rochester. P. T.