



JUST TWENTY-ONE !

MISS CANADA (*to the Steward of her estate*)—"Now that I am of age, Sir John, what about my dowry?"

SIR JOHN—"Oh, yes, certainly, to be sure. I—hem!—that is to say, you have nearly three hundred millions—"

MISS CANADA—"Oh, you dear old duck—"

SIR JOHN—"Of a Debt; besides a good round Deficit for the current year!"

The gravest beast is the ASS.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.
— Joe Miller

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