

—the girls I mean)—and each of them is able to dance with the almost incredible weight of eight hundred tons of solid aluminum pressure, (the hydraulics I am referring to, now, of course) and one has got blue eyes, and both the others brown. Ah, me! I have got this hydraulics business tangled a little, but I can swear that it is no fault of mine. You needn't go to blame me about it. You have got to pay just the same as if it was as straight as a shingle. I can't afford to go in dangerous places, and have my wages docked into the bargain.

MRS. MORGAN.

(125) —Original.  
**Suitable For All Seasons.**  
Sings the early cucumber and melon:  
"We're cramping to night on the old cramp-ground."

H. E. ROUNDS.  
Associate Editor Peck's Sun.

(126) —Selected.  
**Appearances Deceptive.**  
Never trust to appearances; it is the most prosperous dentist that looks most down in the mouth.  
London, Ont. B. S. SWITZER.

(127) —Selected.  
**Topnoody.**  
Mr. Topnoody went to the minstrels last night, and the funny conundrums and jokes he heard set him to thinking. So at breakfast he began on Mrs. Topnoody. She was warm and not very much in the humor for pleasantry, but Topnoody slashed away.

"I say, Mrs. Topnoody, can you spell hard water with three letters?"  
"No, I can't; I might, though, if you had taken me to the minstrels last night." This staggered him a little, but not seriously.

"And you can't spell it? Well, I c-e, ain't that hard water?"

Mrs. Topnoody never smiled, and Mr. T. went on:

"Now spell 'money' with four letters."  
"I don't know how," she said.

"Ha, ha, that's too good. A woman never can get at this sort of thing in the same clear-headed way a man can. Well, the way to spell it is, c-a-s-h, ain't that money?"

Again did Mrs. T. fail to smile, and Topnoody started out with another.

"Hold on a minute," she replied, looking up; "I've got one; let's see if you can get it. Spell 'Topnoody' with four letters."

Topnoody scratched his head and gave it up.

"Ha, ha," laughed Mrs. T., "that's too good. A man never can get at this sort of thing in the same clear-headed way a woman can. Well, the way to spell it is f-o-o-l, isn't that Topnoody?"

But Topnoody never smiled, and the breakfast was finished in silence except an occasional chuckle from Mrs. Topnoody's end of the table.

MRS. SARAH HARTSHORN.  
Geylboro', N.S.

(128) —Selected.  
**Olever.**  
"Are you lost, my little fellow?" asked a gentleman of a 4-year-old one day. "No," he replied in reply; "but my mother is."  
"And how does Charlie like going to school?" kindly inquired a good man of a juvenile who was waiting, with a tin can in his hand, the advent of a companion. "I like him well enough," he replied; "but I don't like staying after I get there."

D. O'N.

(129) —Selected.  
**All a Mistake.**  
An observant editor says:—It always pains us to see our contemporaries referring to the cup that cheers. The cup, we have frequently tried to explain, never cheers. It is the man who fills and empties it too often who does the cheering.

LIZZIE HUNTER.  
163 N. Pearce St., Chicago.

(130) —Original.  
**The Very Reason.**  
Q. Why did not the Toronto Detectives capture the man who shot Constable Armstrong?

A. Because he was A. Little too smart for them.

DAVID LINDSAY.  
Box 36, Walkerton, Ont.

(131) —Original.  
**From A. T. Pott.**

Ed. "Tid Bits,"—I have great pleasure in regularly receiving TRUTH every Saturday; yet I do not consider TRUTH a weekly.

Should mustard be classed among "drawing materials" by the Customs?

My friends tell me that when I got a little heated I am always in danger to "boil over."

Let that be as it may, I hope to become one of your prize winners.

Garden Island, Ont. A. T. POTT.

(132) —Selected.  
**A Tribute to Woman.**

John Ruskin says:—"Ah! the true rule is—a true wife in her husband's house is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of the best he can conceive, it is her part to be; whatever of the highest he can hope, it is hers to promise; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity; all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth; from her, through all the world's clamor, he must win his praise; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace."

Eaton, Quebec, ADELINA A. JORDAN.

(133) —Selected.  
**"As a Refiner."**

"The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple. But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire and like fuller's soap, and he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."—Malachi, 3rd, 1-2-3.

Some months since a few ladies met to read and converse upon the Scriptures. They were reading the above verses, and one of the ladies gave it as her opinion, that the "refiner's fire and fuller's soap" were only the same image intended to convey the idea of the sanctifying influence of the grace of Christ. "No," said another lady "they are not the same image; there is something remarkable in the expression, 'He shall sit as a refiner.'"

This lady promised to see a silversmith and report what he said on the subject. She went, and without telling him the object of her visit, begged to know the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her. But do you sit still, said she while you are refining? O yes madam. I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace, for if the silver remains too long it is sure to be injured. She at once saw the beauty and comfort too of the expression "He shall sit as a refiner." Christ sees it needful to put his children in the furnace of affliction, but he is seated by the side of it. His eye is steadily intent on the work of purification; and his wisdom and love are engaged to do all in the best manner. As the lady was leaving the shop, the silversmith called her back, saying he forgot to mention one circumstance, which was, that he only knew the process of purifying to be complete when he saw his own image in the silver. So when Christ sees his image in his children; the work of purifying is accomplished.

Hawkeburg, Ont. MRS. C. M. HENRY.

(134) —Selected.  
**Negro Philosophy.**

"Were you in the fight?" said an officer to an elderly negro on a steamer after taking a fort.—"Had a little taste of it, sah."

"Stood your ground, did you?"—"no sah; I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"—"Yes, sah; would hab run sooner if I had known it was comin'."

"Why, that's not very creditable to you; courage."—"Dat isn't my line, sah—cook'n my profession."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"—"Reputation's nothing to me by the side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"—"It's worth more to me sah."

Toronto. M. G. W.

(135) —Selected.  
**A Doctor's Joke.**

A well-known physician, in a certain city, was very much annoyed by an old lady, who was always sure to accost him in the street, for the purpose of telling over her ailments. Once she met him when he was in a very great hurry. "Ah! I see you are quite feeble," said the doctor; "shut your eyes and show me your tongue." She obeyed and the doctor moved off, leaving her standing there for some time in this ridiculous position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the funny scene.

Newtonbrook, Ont. K. W.

(136) —Selected.  
**Not that Kind.**

"What is a lake?" asked the teacher.

"Shure, marm, said an Irish lad, 'It's a hole in the kittle.'"

MARY G. M. DOCKS,  
3600 Lake Av., Chicago.

(137) —Selected.  
**Had Met Before.**

At a ball the other day, a young medical student came suddenly face to face with a dear, kind, fatherly-looking gentleman, with white hair, and of highly respectable appearance. They both stood transfixed. "Your face is familiar to me—very familiar—but I can't remember where we have met so often." However, the friendly impulse was carried out. They shook hands warmly and departed, still ignorant of each other's name and occupation. But the young man was determined to solve the problem, and he seized on a waiter and said to him. "Tell me, waiter, who is that distinguished stranger, with the long white hair?" And the waiter whispered, slowly: "Please, sir, that's the pawnbroker!"

A. S. MUTTER,  
1346 St. Catharine St., Montreal.

(139) —Selected.  
**Needs Bolting.**

A railway pointsman, caught napping at his post and convicted of wilful negligence, said to the jailer who was about to lock him up, "I always supposed that the safety of a railway depended on the soundness of its sleepers." "So it does," retorted the jailer, "but such sleepers are never safe unless they are bolted in."

Maitland, N. S. J. A. ROY.

(139) —Selected.  
**Wisdom with Age.**

"This is my last call," remarked a flip-pant young gentleman to a young lady who was soon to be married, on a recent occasion. "I never call on married women or unmarried ladies after they have reached twenty-five." "You do well, sir," gravely remarked an elderly lady present. "At that age, and after marriage, they begin to know the value of time and do not like to waste it."

Winona, Ont. JOHN PERKINS.

(140) —Selected.  
**"Stay, Lady, Stay."**

Stay, gentle readers, and listen; of course it is rude to say that a narrowness of waste betrays a narrowness of mind.

Better to have good lungs and what Dame Fashion considers a bad figure, than a better (?) shape and worse constitution.

When a pair of stays comes in at the door, health paired with happiness flies out of the window.

She who, from tight lacing, cannot draw a long breath will probably in no long time have no breath to draw. Give me the un-making of a lady's corset and I care not who makes up her dresses.

Orchardville, Ont. JAMES CUMMINGS.

(141) —Selected.  
**Elevated and Empty.**

"Why don't you hold up your head in the world as I do?" asked a haughty lawyer of a Stirling farmer.

"Squire," replied the farmer, "do you see that field of grain? The well-filled heads hang down, while those only that are empty stand upright."

KATE CUDNITZ.  
Clanwilliam, Manitoba.

(142) —Selected.  
**An Unsanctified Smell.**

A Christian worker from Boston was holding some evangelistic services in a neighboring town. At the conclusion of one of the meetings a deacon of the church came to him and said,—

"So you think you are sanctified, do you?"

"Well, yes, I rather think I am."

"Then you think that you can't sin any more?"

"Oh, no! I do not think that. I am afraid I shall."

"Well," said the deacon, "I don't think I am sanctified."

"No," replied the brother, with a little hesitation and deliberation, "I should not think you were; you don't smell like a sanctified man."

The deacon was soaked with tobacco from head to foot.

KATE WATSON.  
Temperance-st., Toronto.

(143) —Selected.  
**Not a Delivery.**

A minister forgot to take his sermon with him to church. His wife, discovering the mistake, sent it to him in charge of a small boy, who was to receive 10c. for the job.

Presently he returned for the money. "You delivered the sermon did you?" she asked. "No munn, I jist giv it to him and he is deliverin' on it himself."

Perry City, N. Y. M. VANBUREN.

(144) —Selected.  
**Was Not Sure.**

A gentleman who was slightly inebriated was holding on to a lamp post one rainy night and gazing intently into a puddle which had formed in the ditch. Bye and bye another gentleman hove in sight who was also laboring under a full cargo. The man who was holding the lamp-post stopped the other and pointing into the water where the moon which had just emerged from behind a cloud was reflected, said. "Sheer boss, What's that?" The other cocked his eye knowingly, and after a moment's deliberation said, "Why that—that's the Shun to be sure." "Noshoot," said the first man. "Thought it was the shun myself at first—now think 'smoon."

Then commenced a discussion which for eloquence would put politicians to the blush. In the heat of it they espied a meek-looking man coming down the street and when he approached he was clutched by the collar, his head shoved in the direction of the ditch and asked whether that "was the shun or the moon?"

"Gentlemen," said the meek man as he looked at the reflection, and then at the two astronomers, "you really must excuse me, ah! The facts," and he wiped the sweat from off his modest brow—"the fact is—I am a stranger in this town."

R. A. WIDDOWSON.  
89 Wilton Ave., Toronto.

(145) —Selected.  
**A Faith Test.**

Erasmus borrowed a horse of a German Prince. The said prince believed in the new "faith" theory of the sacrament, which Erasmus didn't. The prince sent for his horse, and Erasmus sent back, not the horse, but the following epigram:—

You have told me my friend,  
Now times without end,  
Belief, to procure is quite able;  
So now in reverse,  
I say of your horse,  
Believe, and he stands in your stable.

Holland, Mass. MRS. M. B.

(146) —Selected.  
**Why He Didn't Believe Her.**

"Who was that woman you were talking with on the steps?" asked a husband of his wife as she entered the house.

"A professional beggar."

"She didn't look like one."

"Oh, you cannot judge from appearances. She said her husband had recently died leaving her without resources and with three little children to provide for. But I didn't believe a word of it."

"Why not?"

"Because if her story about her husband having just died were true she would be dressed in mourning."

St. Catharines. J. O.