



## Laugh Time Tales

"Life Without Laughing is a Dreary Blank"

### Uneasy

I was in a church yard. The morning sun shone brightly and the dew was still on the grass.

"Ah, this is the weather that makes things spring up," remarked a passer-by casually to an old gentleman seated on a bench.

"Hush!" replied the old gentleman. "I've got three wives buried here."

### That Depends

NEW Arrival: And where do I go when this shelling business starts?

Sandy (late of the "Wee Kirk"): Laddie, that a' depends on your re-leegious opeenions.

### Keep Going

"OFFICER, if I stay on this street will it take me to the Public Library?"

"Yis, mum. But not unless ye kape movin', mum."

### Thanks for lothing

"MONSIEUR Bord of Helt—I just get your notis that my licens to keep my cow has expire. I wish to inform you M'sieur Bord of Helt, that my cow she beat you to it—she expire t'ree week ago. Much oblige. Yours with respek.—Pete."

### So Annoying

THE latest example of English as she is spoken comes from Egypt, where a native interpreter, who had overstayed his leave, wrote the following letter to his chief:

"My absence is impossible. Someone has removed my wife. My God, I am annoyed."

### What's the Difference?

OFFICER: "I say—look here. I told you to go to Paddington, and you're going in the opposite direction."

Taxi-Driver: "Orl right—orl right! You're lucky to get a cab at all, instead of grumblin' abaht where yer wants ter go to!"

### Safety First

VILLAGE Tactician: "Say what 'ee loike, Jarge, we won't never beat them Germans while we keep making our trenches in sich dangerous places!"

### Righteous Wrath

OLD Gentleman (dictating an indignant letter): "Sir, my shorthand typist, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you; I, being a gentleman, cannot say it; but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts."

### Next!

THE story of the rival boot-maker., which appeared recently, is matched by a correspondent of an English paper with another story, equally old but equally worth repeating. It concerns two rival sausage-makers. Again, they lived on opposite sides of a certain street, and one day one of them placed over his shop the legend:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the country."

The next day, over the way, appeared the sign:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the whole country."

Not to be outdone, the rival put up what he evidently regarded as a final statement, namely:

"We sell sausages to the King."

Next day there appeared over the door of the first sausage-maker the simple expression of loyalty:

"God save the King."

### Kindness

PRIVATE SIMP-KINS had returned from the front, to find that his girl had been walking out with another young man, and naturally asked her to explain her frequent promenades in the town with the gentleman.

"Well, dear," she replied, "it was only kindness on his part. He just took me down every day to the library to see if you were killed."

### Not There

"JUDGE," said Mrs. Staben to the magistrate who had recently come to board with her. "I'm particularly anxious to have you try this chicken soup."

"I have tried it," replied the magistrate, "and my decision is that the chicken has proved an alibi."

### Extravagance!

AN English, Irish, and Scottish soldier were returning to camp after a stroll. They were footsore and tired, and a kindly farmer on his way home from market gave them a lift on the road.

The soldiers were very grateful and wished to reward the farmer for his kindness.

Said the Englishman: "Let's stand him a drink?"

"Sure," said Pat, "that is agin the law. Let's give him some baccy!"

"Hoot, ma laddies!" interjected the Scot. "Don't be extravagant. Let's shake hands with the mon and wish him good nicht."

### Camouflage!



Tommy, who has heard of camouflage, trying to divert a spanking to a part protected by a baseball mask.



Mother—"Good gracious! That's not your new hat?"  
Nancy—"Well, Mother, you know I said it wouldn't wear well."  
Mother—"I remember no such thing."  
Nancy—"Don't you remember I said—First time that hat's sat on, it's done for?"

From "London Punch"



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