



ALLEGED HUMOR

JUST AS YOU TAKE IT



Bakin' Day

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

HAVE you any smiles to-day?
Send me up a peck—
Kind that reaches all the way
Round behind your neck.

Send a dozen boxes of
Best assorted cheer;
Also twenty quarts of love—
Must be warm and clear.

Happy thoughts and pleasant words—
Mix 'em good and strong—
Kind to make you think of birds
Burstin' into song.

'Leven bars of kindness
Free from flaw and chill;
And two dozen packages
Of the best good-will.

Send me all the charity
You can rightly spare,
And a box of sympathy—
Pizeness to care!

This is bakin' day, and I
Have a sort of plan
For to make a tasty pie
For my fellow man.

An Irishman one day went into a barber's shop to get shaved. After he was seated and the lather about half applied, the barber was called to an adjoining room, where he was detained for some time. The barber had in the shop a pet monkey which was continually imitating his master. As soon as the latter left the room, the monkey grabbed the brush and proceeded to finish lathering the Irishman's face. After doing this, he took a razor from its case and stropped it, and then turned to the Irishman to shave him. "Sthop that," said the latter firmly. "Ye can tuck the towel in me neck, and put the soap on me face but, begorrah, yer father's got to shave me."

Overheard in the Irish village—"Pat came afore the magistrate, who asked him how it was he came to be so drunk. And Pat, he says that all the bhoys had been betting drinks on the Derby, and he had held the stakes."

The Travelling Salesman

A MINISTER who has been doing missionary work in India recently returned to New York for a visit. He was a guest at a well-known hotel, where everything pleased him except the absence of the very torrid sauces and spices to which he had become accustomed in the Far East. Fortunately he had brought with him a supply of his favorite condiments, and by arranging with the head waiter, these were placed on his table. One day another guest saw the appetizing bottle on his neighbor's table and asked the waiter to give him some of "that sauce."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but it is the private property of this gentleman." The minister, however, overheard the other's request, and told the waiter to pass the bottle.

The stranger poured some of the mixture on his meat and took a liberal mouthful. After a moment he turned with tears in his eyes to the minister.

"You're a minister of the Gospel?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you preach hell and damnation?"

"Yes," admitted the minister.

"Well, you're the first minister I ever met who carried samples!"

Scots Minister (visiting invalid deacon)—"I'm sorry ye missed my sairmon on predestination last Sawbath, deacon. I spoke with great freedom twa hours and feefty meenutes." Deacon (sympathetically)—"Eh, man, but ye must hae been tired?" Scots Minister—"Na, na, I was as fresh as a rose—but you should have seen the congregation."

A Family Affair

"Cordelia," ordered the teacher, "throw that gum in the waste-basket!"

The pupil's face grew scarlet, but she did not stir.

"If you do not put that gum in the waste-basket immediately, I will send you out of the room," said the teacher, gravely.

The girl walked reluctantly to the desk. "I can't, teacher," she confessed, "it's ma's gum, an' she'll lick me if I come home without it."

Dismissed the Case

THE smart lawyer is always intent upon getting at weaknesses in the character of the principal and witnesses on the other side. A well-known barrister recently told the story of an exploit of his own, when, as counsel for the defendant, he was examining the plaintiff in a certain case.

His client had got into a quarrel with one "Pat" Murphy over a business transaction. The quarrel had gone so far that Murphy had made application to a magistrate to have the other bound over to keep the peace, alleging that he had threatened to do him bodily injury.

When the case was called, Murphy testified to the circumstances in which the defendant had threatened him. The cross-examination began.

"Now, Mr. Murphy," the lawyer said, "you declare that you are under the fear of bodily harm?"

"I am, sorr."

"You are afraid even of your life?"

"I am, sorr."

"Then you freely admit that Mr. Brown, my client, can thrash you?"

The question stirred up Murphy's Irish blood instantly.

"Jim Brown thrash me? Nivver!" he shouted. "I ken tackle him, and anny half-dozen like him!"

"That will do, Mr. Murphy," said the lawyer.

The court was already in an uproar, and the lawyer felt there was no need for further testimony or argument. The case was dismissed, for it was evident that Pat could not be under serious bodily fear of a man whom, in his opinion, he had only to use one-seventh of his strength to thrash.

"Is the lady of the house in?" asked the caller. "The mistress is in," replied the maid, who had received her notice, "but she's no lady!"

She—"I see that a fellow has just married a girl on his death-bed, so that she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that?"

He—"Where does she live?"

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