

In Lighter Vein

"Hoss" Sense.—A traveller in Indiana noticed that a farmer was having trouble with his horse. It would start, go slowly for a short distance, and then stop again. Thereupon, the farmer would have great difficulty in getting it started. Finally, the traveller approached and asked solicitously:

"Is your horse sick?"

"Not that I know of."

"Is he balky?"

"No, but he is so danged 'fraid I'll say whoa and he won't hear me that he stops every once in a while to listen."—Saxby's Magazine.

A Peacemaker.—The proprietor of the leading drug store in a small Kentucky town was coming out of the front of his place not long ago, when a small boy came tearing round the corner at top gait with his head down and butted squarely into him.

"Hey, kid!" demanded the druggist. "What's the matter?"

"I'm tryin' to keep two boys from gettin' into a fight," panted the youngster.

"Who are the boys?" asked the druggist.

"I'm one of 'em."—Saturday Evening Post.

In London.—The doorbell rings. The mistress of the house answers it. A small child, the child of a near neighbor, is discovered on the doorstep.

The Mistress: What is it, Cissy?

The Child: Please, ma'am, mother wants to know if you'll be so kind as to lend her your recipe f'r makin' bombs. The last one she made only smelled bad and wouldn't bust!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Knew.—Scene in a park. Silence reigneth. On a bench therein are seated two young lovers of color. Rastus wrecks the quiet:

"Honey, I-all gwine kiss you-all to-night."

"Go 'way, boy, you-all's a liah!"

"No, indeed, honey, I's a prophet."

—Widow.

His Lordship's Beard.—A certain peer, who had a very long and very bushy beard, had dismissed his valet for the night. Shortly afterward, however, he was much annoyed to hear peals of laughter from below, and called back the man to explain. The valet answered that it was just a little joke; but his lordship would have none of it, and demanded the details, angrily.

"Well," admitted the man, with reluctance, "it was really a little game we were having, my lord."

"What game?"

"Well, my lord, a kind of guessing game."

"Don't be a fool, Waters! I rang for you in order to get an explanation. What guessing game were you playing? Guessing what?"

"We blindfolded the cook, to tell the truth, my lord, and then one of us kissed her, and she had to guess who it was. The footman held the mop up and she kissed it, and then cried out: 'Oh, your lordship! How dare you!'"—Tit-Bits.

No Time for Interruptions.—John son—"Look here, you've been in there half an hour and never said a word."

The Man in the Telephone Booth—"I am speaking to my wife, sir."—The Sphere.

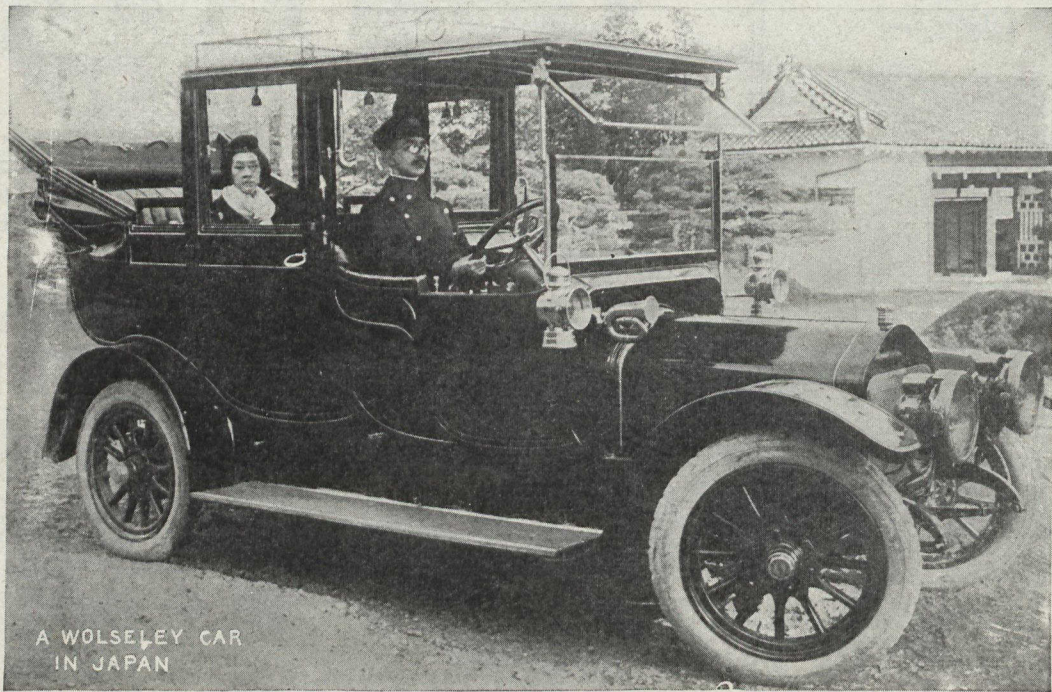
Reckless Reasoning.—A small girl was invited to tea by a lady who was very fond of children, but who was not exactly a past mistress in the art of juvenile entertainment.

At the end of an hour the little guest looked up suddenly and asked if her host wasn't very tired of her.

"Tired of you, darling?" said the latter. "Not the least bit in the world. But what made you think I could be?"

"I thought perhaps," said Miss Innocence, "that you might be tired of me, because I'm so tired of you!"

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LEGAL NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that Alicia Hill, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, in the Province of Ontario, married woman, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from her husband, George Erastus Hill, formerly of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Dentist, but now of the City of Los Angeles, in the State of California, United States of America, on the ground of adultery and desertion.

Dated at Toronto the second day of July, 1913.

CORLEY, WILKIE AND DUFF,
Solicitors for the Applicant.