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WHOLESALE.

may 17, 19

Smile Awhile.

AND LIFE'S WORTH WHILE BE-
CAUSE YOU SMILE.
STILL WAITING.

She did not know he was only a waiter, for he had lately told her he was a gentleman of independent means. But one evening they were seated in Hyde Park. John felt very drowsy; he had had a very long and trying day of it in the restaurant. But Clarissa was not to be denied. The glamour of love's young dream was still upon her. "John," she whispered, "do you love me?" "Eh? What?" opening his eyes. "Love me—of course I do, darling!" And again his eyes closed. "How much?" she asked. And he dreamily replied:—

"How much, sir? Oh, roas' best, eighteenpence, sir; potatoes, fourpence; cabbage, fourpence; bread, penny. Two-and-threepence, sir, please."

WHY ALEXANDER WEPT.
The teacher was telling his class about the conquests of Alexander the

Great. He made the tale a stirring one. "When Alexander had conquered India," he said, wishing to impress the children, "what do you think he did? Do you think he gave a great feast to celebrate his triumph? No; he sat down and wept!"

The children seemed to be a little disappointed at this childish exhibition on the part of the hero: so the teacher continued. "Now, why do you think Alexander wept?" he asked. Up went a little hand.

"Well, Tommy?" said the teacher. "Please, sir," said Tommy, hesitatingly, "perhaps he didn't know the way back!"

WHAT HE SAW.

"Do tell me something about Mr. Oldplot's latest play!" said the young lady on the bottom stair at the dance. "They say the climax at the close of the third act is superb! Won't you describe it to me as you saw it?"

"I will," grimly consented the young man with the split white kid gloves. "The heroine came slowly on, and knelt, dagger in hand, behind a clump

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of pink ribbons. Then the hero emerged from a large bunch of purple flowers, and as soon as she perceived him she fell upon him, stabbed him twice with a handsome hatpin, and he sank back into a beautiful aigrette. "What in the world are you talking about?" exclaimed the fair listener. "Well," replied the narrator, "you see, the lady in front of me refused to remove her hat, and that is how the scene appeared to me."

OUT OF ORDER.

The village was all agog. Flossie Flatfoot was marrying William Giles. The church was crowded. Flossie, looking as pale as her somewhat highly-coloured countenance would allow, bore up until the plain gold ring was safely on her finger, and then, overcome, burst into tears.

The villagers were touched but not anxious. Many girls cry at weddings. Then suddenly William Giles screwed up his face and broke into howls. Tears poured down his face and dripped off his whiskers.

"What's up? Hush, man!" those nearest him urged. But Giles continued to howl, and at last burst out:— "Let me be! I feel worse than 'er about it!"

PERHAPS.

Perhaps your days seem always dull. Uninteresting, long? Perhaps affairs will not go right. You wonder what is wrong? Perhaps you grumble, fret, or frown. At trifles, when a small Amount of patience would, perhaps, Eliminate them all?

Perhaps you've never tried to smile. You think your path too rough? Perhaps you think your neighbours are

All happy, rich enough? Perhaps you've never noticed, say, The man across the street? Perhaps your life compared with his Is positively sweet!

So look around you day by day For all the good in life; Seek sunshine every hour you can, And succor all strife. Perhaps you'll find it strange at first, But soon you'll banish care, In wealth of happiness you'll be A multi-millionaire!

A TIP FOR GUARDS.

"Now, guard," said Mr. Pilkington. "remember, if I have this carriage all to myself for the whole journey, you will receive half a crown from me." "Ah, good, sir," said the guard, and he locked the door and went to his brake to think out how he would invest that half-crown when he got it.

All went well till they got to a station about the middle of the journey, and then an irascible gentleman pulled at the door of Pilkington's carriage as if he were pulling for a prize in a tug-o-war.

"Guard, guard!" he called, "open this door! I know your tricks and I won't countenance 'em, I've got the right to travel in this carriage, and I mean to do it!"

The guard hurried up; but, wonder of wonders, he whispered a few words to the irascible gentleman, and that individual went quietly away to seek room elsewhere.

"How did you manage it?" Pilkington, as he pressed the promised half-crown into his hand. "How did you manage to get that bad-tempered old chap to go away so quietly?"

"Oh, that was easy," replied the guard, with a suspicion of a wink. "I only just told 'im you were a little bit wrong in the 'ead, an' 'e went off like a fly what had trod on a 'ot cinder."

THE SHADOW OF YOUTH.

Shaking with grief, the young wife pillowed her head upon her mother's breast, and sobbed like a child. "My poor child!" exclaimed the newly-made man-in-law, her eyes gleaming. "What is it? Has Jack been cruel to you?"

"No, mamma," sobbed the bride; "it is not that! It is on account of a terrible discovery—"

"Ah!" exclaimed the fond parent. "Then there is a dark page in his life and he did not tell you till it was too late! Wretch! Monster! How can man be so base! How—"

"It is not that!" exclaimed the bride again. "But he found the picture of me sitting in a basin that you had taken for a baby-food advertisement!"

THE WRONG "BILL."

The gentle Eliza was sitting drearily in the darkened room, waiting miserably for a visitor who she feared

would never come. To tell the truth, Eliza and William Snigby had quarrelled bitterly the night before.

But what is that? A ring, a step, a masculine voice. She waited not, but threw herself in the visitor's arms.

"Oh, my darling!" she sobbed, with her head upon his bosom. "I am so glad you have called! I tried so long to make it up and do my best to pay you for bringing light into my life. Let us settle peacefully once more with each other."

"Well, miss," said a strange voice, "I'm willing, I'm sure. But my instructions is that if you don't I'm to cut off the gas!"

When Eliza found out that she had mistaken the gas-man for her William she swooned.

NAIL ECONOMY.

Mr. and Mrs. Newbride had at last obtained a villa in a suburb of London, and Mr. Newbride was hanging the pictures. There was a certain photograph of his wife which he decided must go up, but which was too small to suspend from the wall by a cord. He thereupon got a substantial nail, and hammered it into the wall.

There came a knock at the door. "It's Mr. Newdor," said his wife, running to the window. "Your hammering has disturbed him."

Mr. Newbride hastened to apologize. "Oh, I don't mind the noise," replied Mr. Newdor, cheerily. "I only came to ask if I might hang a picture on the other end of the nail."

BACKWARD FOR AN M.A.

The Neverleaps had just moved into a flat below that of the great Professor Fuddlehead, M.A., and, aided by a few congenial spirits, were having a quiet little house-warming.

The walls groaned, the windows shook, plates crashed into a thousand pieces, the Neverleaps' baby squaled unheard, and, with it all, the notes of "The Merry Jazz," floated up to the professor, posing over Mud-die's "Boshology."

In desperation he at last sent Matilda Jane to remonstrate with the new-comers.

"Please, sir," she said to Mr. Neverleap, "Professor Fuddlehead says will you make less noise, because he can't read."

"Ah, replied the noisy one, "I'm sorry to hear that! Tell your master that I could read when I was only five!"

THAT WAS ONE WAY.

Jones leisurely took his ticket at the office of a suburban railway-station; but, on hearing the train approaching, made more haste than speed to the platform, for a bold little run, when nearly at the bottom of the steps leading to the platform, caused his foot to slip. His silk hat wobbled on to his brow, his umbrellas and bag betook themselves one to the right and one to the left; but he manfully regained these possessions by holding them down on the steps in a grasp-all sort of fashion.

Whilst thus on all fours Jones meekly looked up at the official at the gate and inquired:— "Is this the way to the Victoria train?"

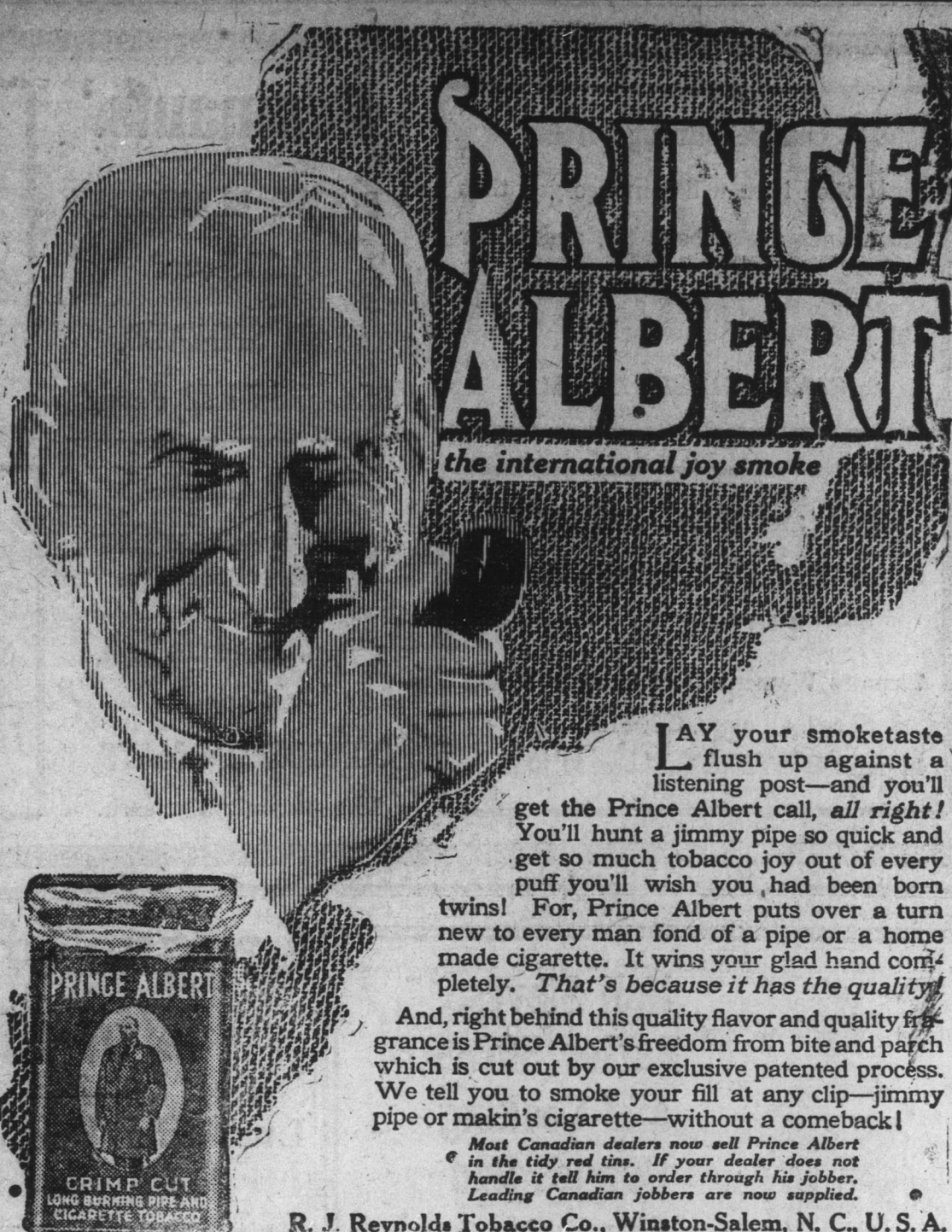
"Yes, sir," was the unsympathetic reply, "you may come that way if you wish."

And Jones felt still more lowly-minded.

Just Rats.

For want of a Pied Piper of Hamelin, the British Board of Agriculture is using the next best thing to get rid of the rats and mice—a Bill.

The House tinkered when the Bill was introduced says "A Londoner. The titters did not know that the rat has been described as the most expensive animal maintained by man. He costs in damage anything up to \$200,000,000 a year—as much as the whole of the Government subsidy to the farming industry. He spreads bubonic plague and other diseases among men and animals alike. He is of no earthly use except as a scavenger, and there the remedy is worse than the disease. The fact has now gone forth; he must be exterminated wherever he shows his head—in stacks, in granaries, in warehouses, in the holds of vessels. The mouse, too; if less harmful, is just as useless as his big relative—and the



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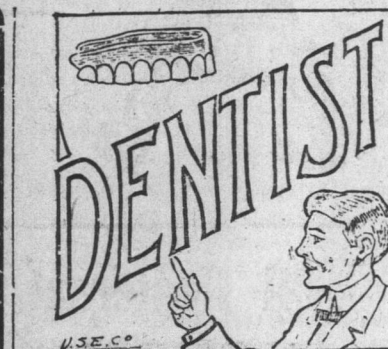
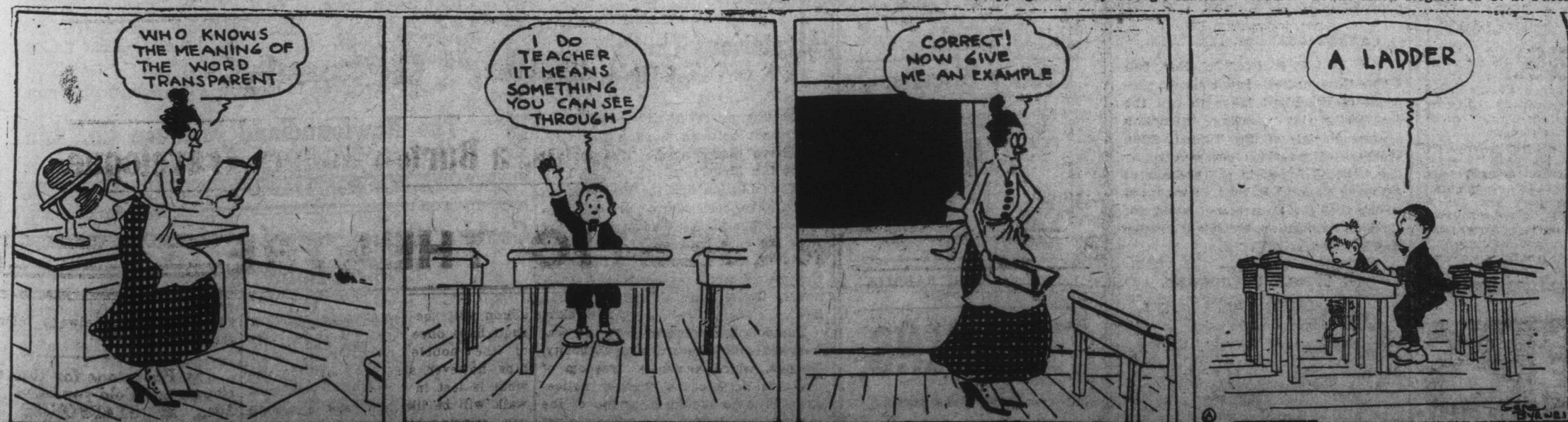
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By Gene Byrnes

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