

If you quarrel with your friend, don't
turn yourself into a slandering monomaniac.

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"See the ladies how they walk,
Pittle pattle, pittle pattle;
Hear the ladies how they talk,
Tittle tattle, tittle tattle."

* * *

Never strike at a wasp unless you are
sure of killing it. You only exasperate it,
and invite trouble for yourself. Moral:
A poor defence is worse than none.

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If a person calls you an offensive name,
comfort yourself by knowing that she has
but drawn her own picture and written your
name under it.

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Who keeps her tongue doth keep her soul.

WIDOWERS.

A WIDOWER mourns for his loved
one; a widow for her lost love.

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Love, like the measles, is worse when
contracted late in life. This is why it is
impossible to persuade Grandpapa Money-
bags that Dottie Dimple loves him for any-
thing but himself. But it is an old story,
and likely to be repeated while women are
ambitious, and men are men.

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A man mentally bargains with himself
that he will remain a widower for *at least*
twelve months, but eventually cuts six
months off the term for good behaviour.

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A widower should never dance a quadrille
or try to cut a caper except he is sure of
going through with it. If he is once laughed
at in public, it is all up with him. He had
better be poor, or a bachelor.

We heard once of a desolate widower
who engraved on his wife's tombstone, "The
light of my life has gone out." It was after
his second marriage that a wag wrote under-
neath: "June 10th; struck another match."

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Speaking of epitaphs written by widowers,
here is one I copied in a graveyard in
Raleigh Township, Kent Co., Ontario:

"My wife, so dear, be of good cheer,
We will meet you there, your children dears,
In a few more years if the Lord so please,
Your worldly gears you left your dears,
In their small years, with hopes and fears,
Without your tears what sadly vexed the little dears.
Your voice so clear, your mare can't hear,
Your feathery tribe, the same my dear,
The loving kind, likewise the swine,
The lambs in time will miss your sair
If they should loose their mother dear,
Wheeler, my dear, has not been here,
So Gerry is safe for this new year.
A loving mother who lies here,
As ever left her children dear,
Heavens rest her soul where ere she is
The prayer of those left here."

The "Wheeler" referred to is a well-
known Chatham butcher, and "Gerry," a
young steer.

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It is strange that the love of a widower
is always instantaneous, and he *knows* he
never felt love before.

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The Prayer Book has petitions for every
class of people in the world, for "Jews,
Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks"—except
only widowers. Ah! they were knowing
scribes of old time.

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When a man promises his wife he will
never marry again, it is because he thinks
he is going to die too.

* * *

But there are exceptions! Lord Hervey,
in his memoirs, tells that when Queen Caro-
line, the wife of George II., was dying, she
advised the King to marry again. He
heard her in sobs, and with much difficulty
got out the sentence, "*Non, j'aurais des
maitresses.*"