



# A PAGE OF THE BEST HUMOR OF THE WEEK

**Losing Game.**  
Crawford—Why don't you try jollying your wife a little? It's easy to tell her she's looking younger and more beautiful every day.  
Crabshaw—I tried that once, and she railed me for money to have her picture taken.

**An Endearing Act.**  
Wife (pleadingly): I'm afraid, Jack, you do not love me any more—anyway, not as well as you used to.  
Husband: Why?  
Wife: Because you always let me get up to light the fire now.  
Husband: Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more.—New York Call.

**No Fancy Shaves for Pat.**  
The weather was warm, and Pat decided to shave on the back porch. Mrs. Casey, across the way, observed this. "Pat," she called, "where an' Oi see ye are shavin' outside."  
"Begorra," he responded, "and did ye think Oi was fur-lined?"—Judge.

**The Day After.**  
May—I hear that Marie Faure threw over young Stockand Bonds and then accepted him the next day.  
Fry—Oh yes! She believes in the referendum and recall. The day after she refused him she looked up his rating in Bradstreet's and changed her mind.

**In England—Master of the house.**  
See here, Mary Ann, where's my dinner?  
Slavey—There ain't goin' to be no dinner, if you please, sir.  
Master—What's that? No dinner? Slavey—No, sir. The missus came home from jail this afternoon, an' ate up hevrythink in th' ouse!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Timesaving.**  
"We could save a great deal of time by leaving 'Dear sir' and 'Yours truly' off our letters," said the sadly practical person.  
"So we might," replied the man who likes the little formalities; "but we might save still more by not stopping to put on collars and neckties in the morning."—Washington Star.

**Hard Luck.**  
Qutzler—What's the matter, old man? You look worried.  
Sizzer—I have cause to. I hired a man to trace my pedigree.  
Qutzler—Well, what's the trouble? Hasn't he been successful?  
Sizzer—Successful! I should say he has! I'm paying him hush-money.—Judge.

**Obvious.**  
Madge—You girls didn't try to play baseball in your hobbies, did you?  
Barlorie—Gracious, no! They'd have got onto our curves.—Judge.

**"I Am Not Your Husband."**  
The tub-car gave a lurch. The young man who had just risen from his seat, lost his balance. The tub-car stopped with a jerk. The young man sat down automatically in the fashionable lady's lap. She began to shriek in this wise:  
"You contemptible pup! I wish you to understand that I am not a lamp-post or a piece of furniture to be clung to for support! You have no right to crowd in and rear other people to pieces with your big, clumsy hands! You pitiful clown, you! You aren't fit to be allowed among nice, quiet, well-dressed people! You unmannerly bumpkin, you deserve to be—"  
"Excuse me, madam," broke in the young man, "you have made a mistake."  
"A mistake?" demanded the lady, her eyes flashing with anger. "What do you mean?"  
"This, madam," replied the young man, "I am not your husband!"  
Pearson's Weekly.

**Indignant Subscriber:** "I say, look here, you know, what do you mean by announcing the birth of my tenth child under the heading of 'Distressing Occurrence'?"  
Country Editor: "Dear, dear! I hadn't noticed it; that must be the foreman's doings; he's a married man himself!"

**Peter (to gentleman caller):** "You ain't black, are you?"  
Caller: "Black, child? Why, no; I should hope not. What made you think I was?"  
Peter: "Oh, nothin'; pa said you were awfully niggardy!"



**A Summer Accident.**  
A steam roller rolled on a stray canine.  
And flattened him east and west; He hadn't a chance to utter a whine. But his pants, no doubt, were pressed.—Cornell Widow.

**"All around, all around"—** Sure sign spring is here.  
"How so?"  
"Jones is paying attention to a grass widow."—Minnesota Minne-Ha-Ha.

**A Great Difference.**  
1914—I've promised to teach a girl how to swim. How shall I do it?  
1913—Lucky boy! First you—By the way, who's the dame?  
1914—My sister.  
1913 (losing all interest)—Oh your sister? You just throw her overboard.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

**His Chance.**  
Gateman: "Hold on there, young fellow. A dollar for the car!"  
Stude: "Sold!"—Cornell Widow.

**Delayed.**  
"Guess Brown will be getting married now that he's bought the house he's been saving up for so long."  
"Not yet; he got a house so far out in the suburbs that he has to save up for an auto!"

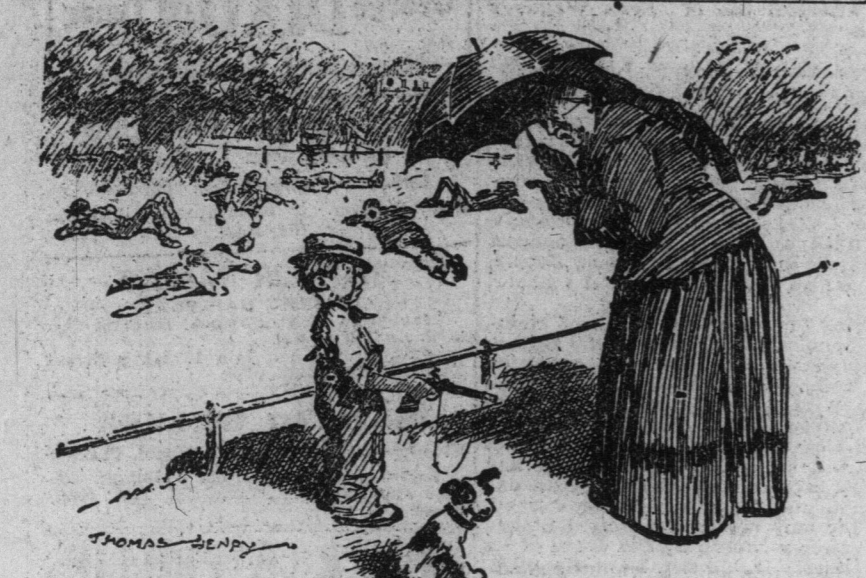
**The Correct Present.**  
With the air of one who has not a moment to spare, she bustled into a bookshop.  
"I want a book for my husband, please," she began. "It's his birthday, and I want it for a present. He'll be forty-four next week, so show me quickly what you have. I want nothing expensive, nor yet cheap. He's a misanthropic man and not fond of sports. So don't show me anything in that line, and for goodness' sake don't offer me any of those trashy novels, and no matter how you may try to persuade me, I won't have anything in the line of history or biography. Come, I am in a hurry; can't you suggest something suitable after I have told you what kind of a husband he is?"  
The assistant lifted down a small volume from one of the shelves.  
"Yes, madam," he answered. "I think I have the very thing. Here is a little book entitled 'How to Manage a Talking Machine.'"  
—Pearson's Weekly.

**NO WONDER THIS IS PERFECT BEER.**

**O'Keefe's SPECIAL EXTRA MILD ALE**

The modern tendency in ale drinking is towards the lighter brews. O'Keefe's "Special Extra Mild" Ale is low in the amount of alcohol—but high in stimulating health-giving properties. It is a particularly desirable ale for the home.

Order a case from your dealer.



**A FALSE ALARM.**  
Short-sighted old lady: "Good gracious boy! Whatever have you been doing with that firearm?"  
—London Opinion.

**Modern Conditions.**  
"I'd like to get that son of mine to spade up the yard."  
"Well, why don't you direct him to do it?"  
"I don't know if I have a right to, without consulting his scout commissioner."

**Really! Really!**  
Tramp (to the elderly spinster)—Gimme a pair o' boots, lidy.  
Spinster—I haven't any to give away.  
Tramp—Then arst yer 'usb'in' if 'e ain't got an ole pair o' trousers to spare.  
Spinster—(not wishing to betray her unwedded state)—My husband—er—never wears such things.—Sketch (London).

**How It Was Done.**  
She of the chorus—How did you persuade the manager to give you more salary?  
She of the ballet—Oh, I simply put up an exceptionally good kick.

**Evidently Looked Prosperous.**  
An old actor, who had been out of an engagement for some time, was standing in the bar of a well-known public-house where one can always find a few of the profession who "rest" longer than they work.  
Suddenly a well-dressed man entered the bar and ordered a drink putting down a sovereign. The barmaid could not change it. The man turned to the old actor and said: "Pardon me, but could you change me a sovereign?"  
The actor (after he had got over the shock) gravely said: "I'm sorry I cannot oblige you with the change, but—as he took off his hat—"I thank you for the compliment."



**Harold, did you wipe off your shoes?"**  
"I didn't need to, mommer. I got on my rubbers."  
—Life.

**Did He Pay?**  
"Now, my little man," said a famous athlete pleasantly, "I suppose your papa has told you about the day he and I played in a great cricket match?"  
"Yes, sir," replied the bright child.  
"Ah! That was a great day, I know he would never forget it. Does he often speak of it?"  
"Yes, sir; he says you borrowed five shillings from him that day, and never paid it back!"—Pearsons.

**Knew His Own Value.**  
A farmer, in great need of extra hands at hayting time, finally asked Si Warren, who was accounted the town fool, if he could help him out.  
"What'll ye pay?" asked Si.  
"I'll pay what you're worth," answered the farmer.  
Si scratched his head a minute, then announced decisively:  
"I'll be darned if I'll work for that!"  
—Everybody's Magazine.

**Facetious Doctor (to artist):** "The pictures on the walls are your failures, I suppose."  
Dyspeptic Artist: "Yes. That's where you doctors have the pull over us. You can bury yours."  
—Antiquated.

**"My dear,"** said the proud father, "I cannot understand your objection to young Frudely as a suitor for your hand. I am sure that he is a model young man."  
"There is no question about his being a model," replied the bewitching beauty; "but, father, dear, the trouble is that he is a 1912 model."  
—Judge.

**Landlord:** "I've called to collect the rent."  
Little Girl: "Please, sir, mamma's gone out and forgot to leave it."  
Landlord: "How do you know she forgot it?"  
Little Girl: "Because she said so."

**Misunderstood.**  
"You don't make very good music with that instrument," said a bystander to the man with the bass drum, as the band ceased to play.  
"No," admitted the pounder of the drum, "I know I don't; but I draw a heap of bad music."—Ladies' Home Journal.

**I SHOULD SMILE.**  
Chlorinda: "How can you dream of marrying a man who writes such stupid love letters?"  
Marigold: "But just think, dear—he can write the most beautiful checks, and that's the main thing after one is married."  
—Judge.



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**Breaking Up the Game.**  
"Confound you! The bases were full, with slugger Mike at the bat, and you had to go and wake me up!"  
—Judge.

**Think How Long You've Bothered with That Same Old Corn**

Perhaps you have pared it an hundred times and seen it grow again. You have daubed it with liquids, maybe. Or used old-time plasters. And the corn remains as bothersome as ever. It will remain until you treat it in a scientific way.

Other folks do this:

- A In the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
- B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
- C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
- D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

**Blue-jay Corn Plasters**

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package. Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Union Plasters.

(251) Bauer & Black, Chicago & New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

(Continued)

Clio stopped dear boy, don't know life inter it. And roma come across course. make yourself your own affair me to do."

"First of all, moss whist. I tell him the tr you can preven to a marriage. to go to Miss happened to be with all my to come with m. He nodded, a upstairs. I thin Clio knocked, receiving a feeb Stopford stood. Miss had r She was sitting the window caus his face. He wad as until Clio reappe "Don't look so it's quite clear either takes drug a pretty problem Stopford. And l you're playing. let's talk it over. Stopford nodde room; you'll find broken tumbler. Pick them up and wrapped them. h harschie. A tion of the tumb of a thick stick. "Before we tal the record to a liquid analysed. Clio nodded, the terrace." CHA On his way to street which ran tain railway in S. Martin—Stop latter was strait between the Met He was examin shrubs as if he w than a sailor. Stopford would that moment, but tholed him. "Quite an inte flora here. I sponsible. He caught sigh Stopford was car liquid from the b thru the linen. he asked laconica "Yes—no." Stop laugh. Smith apologet

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