



Daughter : (thinking of her lover) " He is so good and noble. "
 Father : " Do you call it noble not to pay one's debts? "
 Daughter: " And clever !"

Christmas.

To the friend that is far away,
 While the children's fancies roam,
 To the toil-worn ones who seldom play,
 Comes once a year a happy day,
 When Love and Content are Home.

To the King in his Castle hall,
 When sated pleasures sear,
 And the weight of wealth becomes a pall,
 There comes to the royal heart a call :
 " Now glad some heart this year. "

To the hut-born hodman's heart,
 Dwarfed in his narrow way,
 Comes the spell of the time with a sudden start,
 " I will swell my store if I give a part
 To gladden some heart to-day. "

What tho', as wise men state,
 Ere the Christ to the Christian came,
 The Pagan priests observed the date,
 And praised their God that He tarried late
 And lengthened out his flame,

Yet here's to the Christmas cheer,
 An we worship the Son, or Sun ;
 For this a rattle, for that a tear,
 A health with the friend or far or near
 And a song when the day is done.

D. S. MACORQUODALE.

If you want to enjoy the pleasure of friendship at all times you must change your friends as regularly as you do your clothes.

Trims : " Gusher is a very helpful man, isn't he ?
 Sims : " Yes, indeed. He always helps a friend along whichever way he is going, up or down. "

Jackson : " Nendick is a star skater. The other day I saw him skate over a hundred yards on one foot.
 Currie : " That's nothing. The last time I was on the ice I skated fifty yards on one ear. "

Queer Cuss : " Would you call J. Pierpont Morgan a chauffeur when he's motoring? "
 Wise Guy : " No ; an automobillionaire. "