

POOR OLD BILL'S LUCK.

First Coster: "Well, poor old Bill's gone."

Second Coster (scornfully): "Poor, indeed! Luckiest bloke in the market. Couldn't touch nuffing wifout it turned to money. Insured 'is 'ouse—burned in a month. Insured 'issell again' haccidents—broke 'is harm first week. Joined the Burial Serceity last Toosday, and now 'e's 'opped it. I call it luck."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

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Captain John Stevenson met a recent arrival from the "auld countree" and speedily got into a chat with him over conditions there. The new arrival told feelingly of the terrible toll of war upon the fair land of Scotia, the sad tales of young men killed and maimed, the sufferings of the families left behind. His was a right sad tale in every way.

"Why, mon, we're jist plum distract wi' it," he concluded.

"And I suppose the war has caused the price of provisions to go up in Scotland as well as everywhere else," commented Captain Stevenson with sympathy.

"Aye, mon, ye're richt," agreed the visitor. "Proveesions has gone up in price saxpence the bottle."—*Argonaut*.

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MARKS OF MAJESTY MISSING

A good many years ago, when her Majesty was spending a short time in the neighbourhood of the Trossachs, the Princess Louise and Beatrice paid an unexpected visit to an old female cottager on the slopes of Glinfinlas, who, knowing that they had some connection with the royal household, bluntly ejaculated, "Ye'll be the Queen's servants, I'll thinkin'?" "No," they quietly rejoined; "we are the Queen's daughters." "Ye dinna look like it as ye hae neither a ring on your fingers nor a bit gowd i' your lugs!"—*Farm and Home (British)*.

"LET NOT YOUR LEFT . . ."

"Did you hear what happened to young Dowder Simpkins?"

"No. What was it?"

"He hurt his right arm in a motor accident, and now he's compelled to hoist highballs with his left. It's deuced awkward, too."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

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The kirk in a certain Scottish village was in urgent need of repair, and Sandy McNab, a very popular member, had been invited to collect subscriptions for the purpose.

One day the minister met Sandy walking irresolutely along the road. He at once guessed the cause.

"Man, Sandy," he said earnestly, "I'm sorry to see ye in this state."

"Ah, weel, it's for the good o' the cause," replied the delinquent happily. "Ye see, meenister, it's a' through these subscreptions. I've been down the glen collectin' fun's, an' at every hoose they made me hae a wee drappie."

"Every house! But—but—but surely, Sandy, there are some of the kirk members who are teetotallers?"

"Aye, there are; but I wrote tae those!"—*Tit-Bits*.

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UNPROFITABLE

A six-weeks-old calf was nibbling at the grass in the yard, and was viewed in silence by the city girl.

"Tell me," she said, turning impulsively to her hostess, "does it really pay you to keep as small a cow as that?"—*Harper's Magazine*.

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A DOMESTIC EPISODE

"A penn'orth each of liniment and liquid cement, please."

"Are they both for the same person, or shall I wrap separately?"

"Well, I dunno. Muvver's broke 'er teapot, so she wants the cement, but farver wants the liniment. 'E's what muvver broke 'er teapot on."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.