

A FAIR DECEIVER.

Katie—I never gave you any encouragement.

Ernest—Yes, you did; you led me to believe that your father was wealthy.—Jester.

FREEMASONRY AT HOME.

Fond Wife—How strange that whenever Henry comes home from the lodge he always comes to bed with his hat on! I suppose it's another of those Masonic rules.—Scraps.

DELAY UNAVOIDABLE.

"George! George!" she screamed.
 "Baby has swallowed a button."
 "Well," called out George, "you'll have to wait, I'm using the hook myself for a minute."

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

Hubby—I can't get the castors under the bookcase to work at all, and I've oiled them twice.

Wife—But did you use castor oil, dearie?

WANTED A BACHELOR.

"And you've been waiting all this time for a husband, Jane?"
 "No, for a single man. This isn't Newport."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

INFRINGEMENTS MANY.

"Just think what we'd be missing,"
 Said he, "if that delighted
 Discoverer of kissing
 Had had it copyrighted."
 —Philadelphia Ledger.

NOVELTY NOW.

"This morning we received an extremely curious postcard, which excited great interest."
 "O, what was it?"
 "It hadn't any pictures on it."—Bon Vivant.

SPICY.

There was a young woman named Perkins,
 Who just fairly doted on gherkins.
 She would take no advice,
 And ate so much spice,
 That she pickled her internal work-in's.

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