

## LIMERICKS OF THE HOUR.

'Way down in the festive Bellechasse  
Things have come to a terrible pass,  
While Henri the Haughty  
Gives Adelard the Naughty  
The most irrepressible "sass."

There once was a Clansman Maclean  
Who spoke out quite frequent and plain.  
He loved bye-elections,  
But caused great dejections  
For his friends were eternally slain.

From Harvard a scholar they sent  
To Germany's capital lent.  
Said the Kaiser: "What luck!  
This chap's a Canuck—"  
While John Bull grinned a cheerful assent.  
J. G.

## HIS OWN PETARD.

A Toronto newspaper man had prepared  
A nice little item about the Longboat affair,  
insinuating that any man would go fast  
from Hamilton to Toronto. But the item  
went sorrowfully into his desk as he read  
with sadness the Hamilton jeer that the  
mere glimpse of the lights of Toronto made  
a strong man break down.

## HIS HEAVENLY DESIRE.

There had been a slight misunderstanding  
on the staff of a certain Canadian daily,  
between the advertising department and the  
"merely editorial."  
"You've got advertising on the brain,  
Brown," said an angry editor to one of  
the advertising men. "I tell you what it is,  
if you ever get near St. Peter, you'll ask  
him to put you next to reading matter."

## WAS A WISE GUY.

In a New York street a wagon loaded  
with lamp globes collided with a truck and  
many of the globes were smashed. Con-  
siderable sympathy was felt for the driver,  
as he gazed ruefully at the shattered frag-  
ments. A benevolent-looking old gentle-  
man eyed him compassionately.

"My poor man," he said. "I suppose you  
will have to make good this loss out of  
your own pocket?"

"Yep," was the melancholy reply.  
"Well, well," said the philanthropic old  
gentleman, "hold out your hat—here's a  
quarter for you, and I dare say some of  
these other people will give you a helping  
hand, too."

The driver held out his hat and several  
persons hastened to drop coins in it. At  
last, when the contributors had ceased, he  
emptied the contents of his hat into his  
pocket. Then, pointing to the retreating  
figure of the philanthropist who had started  
the collection, he observed: "Say, maybe  
he ain't the wise guy! That's me boss!"

## A LIVELY LION.

In Venice a guide, discussing with an  
American tourist the sights which should  
be seen by a stranger, said as if without  
fear of contradiction: "Of course you will  
want to see the Lion of St. Mark's, sir?"

"Yes, I s'pose so," replied the tourist  
with mild enthusiasm. "About what time  
do they feed him?"

## PROMPT PAYMENT.

Among the great financial institutions of  
this country, probably the most progressive  
are our life insurance offices, says M. A. P.  
With regard to the payment of claims,

especially, the recent changes have been  
most satisfactory to the beneficiaries. Under  
the stress of competition it has become  
almost a race between the companies as  
to which shall have the credit of paying its  
claims most promptly. A representative of  
one of our large industrial companies was  
talking boastfully the other day to an  
American insurance man of the happy  
smartness of his company in this respect.  
He said that on the occasion of a recent  
colliery explosion he hurried to the scene  
of the disaster with a supply of cash, and  
settled each claim on the spot directly the  
unfortunate victim had been identified. The  
American grew thoughtful; but, of course,  
he could not allow his own office to take  
a second place under any circumstances.  
"Well," he said at length, "that's all right.  
But it's nothin' to our smartness in the  
States. Now, my company's located in a  
sky-scraper 300 feet high. The other day  
a fellow was working on the roof, and he  
missed his footing. He fell right from the  
top of the building to the pavement, and  
as he came past the second-floor window  
we handed him his cheque."

## IN SELF DEFENCE.

"There is a friend of mine," says Prof.  
Lorimer, Toledo's veteran educator, who  
believes in corporal punishment, "who is  
raising a family of six boys with the help of  
moral suasion. The mild little chap argued  
about the matter the other night at a club.  
'And do you believe,' said I, 'that moral  
suasion is better than corporal punishment  
for big, husky chaps like yours?' 'Yes,'  
said my friend. 'And do you mean to  
say that you have never whipped your  
boys?' 'As true as I sit here,' my friend  
declared earnestly, 'I have never struck one  
of my children except in self-defence.'"

## NERVY.

"Tompkins has got more nerve than any  
man I ever met."

"What now?"

"He came over to my place yesterday to  
borrow my gun, saying he wanted to kill a  
dog that kept him awake nights."

"Well, what of it?"

"It was my dog he killed."—Milwaukee  
Sentinel.

## NASAL FIBS.

Washington was a remarkable man in  
many ways, but our friends across the bor-  
der sometimes get tiresome in their refer-  
ences to him. One of them was in Scotland

not long since, when he and the Scot man  
he was going the rounds with came across  
a portrait of the first United States presi-  
dent.

"There," said the tourist, "is a man  
through whose lips a lie never passed!  
That is more than can be said of any  
Scotchman."

"Yes," was the reply. "I suppose George  
wad speak through his nose like the rest  
o' ye."—Edmonton Saturday News.

## CRUSTY.

"Bread the staff of life!" exclaimed an  
angry customer. "If it keeps on in price,  
it'll be called a gold-headed cane."

## HOW HE DARED.

From the East End comes a sad story  
of a pawnbroker. He was enjoying a  
beauty sleep when a furious knocking at the  
street door brought him to the window with  
a jerk.

"What's the matter?" he shouted.

"Come down," demanded the knocker.

"But—"

"Come down!"

The man of many nephews hastened  
downstairs and peeped around the door.

"Now, sir?" he demanded.

"I wan'sh know the time," said the rev-  
eler.

"Do you mean to say you knocked me up  
for that? How dare you?"

The midnight visitor looked injured.  
"Well, you've got my watch," he said. —  
London Tribune.

## NOT WANTED.

Prodigal: "Father, I have come home to  
die!"

"Confound you, haven't you cost me  
enough already without adding the expense  
of a funeral?"—Life.

## PARTICULAR.

An Irishman one day went into a barber  
shop to get shaved. After he was seated  
and the lather about half applied the barber  
was called to an adjoining room, where he  
was detained for some time. The barber  
had in the shop a pet monkey which was  
continually imitating his master. As soon  
as the latter left the room the monkey  
grabbed the brush and proceeded to finish  
lathering the Irishman's face. After doing  
this he took a razor from its case and  
stropped it and then turned to the Irishman  
to shave him. "Shtop that," said the latter  
firmly. "Ye can tuck the towel in me neck  
and put the soap on me face, but, begorrah,  
yer father's got to shave me."

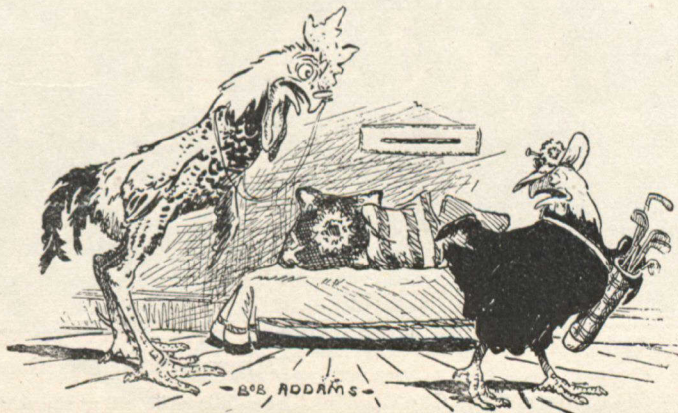
## MIXED.

An old Dutchman having a horse, needed  
feed for it, so he called up the feed store  
on the telephone and the following utter-  
ances were heard:

"Hello! Is dis de middle? Vell den,  
give we de feed store. Hello! Is dis de  
feed store? Vell den, send me down a bale  
of hay und a peck of oats."

"Well, sir, who is this for?"

"For de horse now; don't get gay," re-  
plied the angry old Dutchman.



Mrs. Henpeck: "Remember! You are to set on those eggs until I come back."—Life.