

In Lighter Vein

Superfluous.—"You ought to brace up and show your wife who is running things at your house." "It isn't necessary. She knows."—Houston Post.

The Health Dodge.—Even doctors are not always literal in their prescriptions. "You must take exercise," said the doctor to a patient. "The motor car in a case like yours gives the best exercise that—" "But I can not afford a car on insurance pay," the patient growled. "Don't buy one, just dodge 'em!" said the doctor.—The Argonaut.

Rodin No Grasper.—M. Auguste Rodin has been offered by the Office of Works three sites for his bronze statuary group, "The Burghers of Calais," but it is anticipated that he will only choose one of them.—Punch.

The Wage Too Minimum.

An Irish M.P. is telling a story of a man who complained to three friends, an Englishman, a Scotchman and an Irishman, that his servant was constantly breaking china.

"What do you think I ought to do with her?" he asked plaintively.

The practical Englishman said: "Dismiss her!" But as she was otherwise an excellent servant, her master was unwilling to do that.

"Then, take it out of her wages," suggested the thrifty Scot.

"That wouldn't do much good," was the reply, "for her wages are less than the amount of damage she does."

"Then raise her wages!" said the Irishman promptly.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Fatal Recall.—Mike: "And do yez believe in the recall of judges, Pat?"

Pat: "That I do not. The last time I was up before his honour he sez: 'I recall that face. Sixty days.' Am agin the recall of judges."—Life.

An Irritant.—"That political rival of yours is to be congratulated. He is always in the public eye." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "like a locomotive cinder."—Washington Star.

Growing Pains.—There is a growing feeling among Sir J. M. Barrie's fellow Baronets that this popular author should now, out of respect for the dignity of his rank, cease to associate himself with the literary profession.—Punch.

Marked.—Mother: "Don't cry, dear. Which one of the twins hit you?"

Dear: "The one with the black eye."—Wisconsin Sphinx.

Bringing Out the Good.—Charles Teller, the inventor of cold storage, is a Frenchman of eighty-five years, and, having been discovered in a state of abject poverty, Mr. Teller was recently decorated and pensioned by the French Government. In the course of an interview with a New York correspondent Mr. Teller talked with grim humour about poverty. "The advantages of poverty are overrated," he said. "The rich declare that poverty brings out a man's good points. Well, so it does—by the roots."—The Argonaut.

Subtle Blarney.—Waitress: "That fellow there wants some hot water to weaken his coffee!"

Restaurant Proprietor: "Flatterer!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Th' Accomplished Mule.—"There's no blind side to a Georgian mule," says the experienced brother, "for that alert animal has an accurate way of feeling for you with its heels."—Atlanta Constitution.

Expecting the Sack.—With reference to the vacant Laureateship it is said that several secretaries to Cabinet Ministers are now taking lessons in verse-making.—Punch.

No Time.—"I suppose that with Jinks it was a case of marry in haste, and repent at leisure." "Not exactly. His principal complaint appears to be that he has no leisure."—Buffalo Express.



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He returned home one bitter morning, down-hearted and chilled to the bone and expected little comfort at home. Entering the house he was greeted by his wife—bright-eyed and happy, the children playing around on the floor—he found every room warm and cosy. Astonished, he asked his wife "What's the answer?"

She took him down to the cellar, saying:—"I got this PEASE FURNACE in while you were away, and that is where all the heat comes from. Mr. Smith, next door bought his wife a new fur with the money he saved on his last year's coal bill. See that large combustion chamber and that ingenious air blast in the fire-pot that actually burns air and all the gases, that in ordinary furnaces go right up the chimney and are wasted from the coal—and that vertical shaker relieves me of the back-breaking stoop when shaking the furnace. Oh! it is lovely."

Dad was overcome with joy, and what was a cold and cheerless house is now a warm, cosy and happy home. and Dad's PEASE 'ECONOMY' FURNACE "Pays for itself by the coal it saves." Write to-day for free booklet.

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