

# Wise and Otherwise

SHE: "Which figure in the quadrille did you like best?"

HE: "Yours, dear."

"WHAT time of night was it you saw the prisoner in your room?" asked the defendant's solicitor in a recent suit.

"About three o'clock."

"Was there any light in the room at the time?"

"No, sir, it was quite dark."

"Could you see your husband at your side?"

"No, sir."

"Then, madam," said the attorney, triumphantly, "please explain how you could see the prisoner and could not see your husband."

"My husband was at the club, sir."

FOND FATHER: "If that boy of mine has any particular bent, I can't find it."

PHILOSOPHER: "What experiments have you made to find out?"

"Very thorough ones. I gave him a toy printing press, a steam engine, a box of paints, a chest of tools, and a lot of other things, carefully selected to find out whether his tastes were literary, mechanical, artistic, commercial, or what, and I know no more than I did before."

"What did he do with them?"

"Smashed them all up."

"Ah, I see. He is to be a furniture-remover."

CUSTOMER: "That was a splendid insect powder you sold me the other day, Mr. Oilman."

MR. OILMAN (with justifiable pride): "Yes, I think it pretty good—the best in the trade."

CUSTOMER: "I'll take another couple of pounds of it, please."

MR. OILMAN: "Two pounds?"

CUSTOMER: "Yes, please. I gave the quarter of a pound that I bought before to a black beetle, and it made him so ill that I think if I keep up the treatment for about a week I may manage to kill him."

"You are the light of my life," she said to him as she whispered "Good night" at the front door.

"Put out the light," growled the father at the head of the stairs, and the front door slammed.

JUDGE (to prisoner): "You say you took the ham because you are out of work and your family is starving, and yet I understand that you have four dogs about the house?"

PRISONER: "Yes, your honor, but I wouldn't ask my family to eat dogs, your honor."

SCENE—Editor's sanctum. Printer frisking in excitedly: "Here's a go! Johnson, the murderer, has just been found innocent, and the Government has telegraphed a pardon! We've got the whole account of the hanging set up, with illustrations, and the form is on the press."

Editor (coolly): "Don't get excited, man. Just put over the account in large capitals. Johnson pardoned. Full account of what he escaped!"

MRS. KNACKLY: "What are you looking so pleased about, dear?"

MRS. FRYLEIGH: "Oh, I've had a bad shock. Such a dreadful scandal about our neighbors. Isn't it distressing?"

COLLECTOR: "This is the fifth time, sir, I've brought you this bill."

CUSTOMER: "Well, haven't I always received you affably?"

COLLECTOR: "I don't want affability, sir, I want cash."

"HAVE you something to 'elp a poor man on his way, muni?" asked Hungry Henry.

"Certainly," replied the woman, as she whistled for the dog.

"My proudest boast," declared the lecturer, who expected his statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind the guns!"

"How many miles behind?" piped a voice from the gallery.

BRIGGS: "I didn't know that you were near-sighted."

GRIFFS: "Near-sighted! Why, I walked right up to one of my creditors yesterday!"

In a case of slander that was heard not long ago, a lady had gone into the witness box on behalf of the plaintiff whose counsel was examining her.

"Now, madam," the lawyer began, "please repeat the slanderous statements made by the defendant on this occasion, just as you heard them."

"Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear!" was the emphatic answer.

Then, said the examiner, coaxingly, "suppose you just whisper them to the judge."

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## The Broken Heart of Edwin.

A BALLAD THAT TAKES A WEEK TO TELL.

It is, in truth, a simple tale,  
How Edwin was undone,  
He loved Selma, and he said  
Of life she was his Sun.

O fickle maid that could the heart  
Of youth beguile and gammon;  
You pledged your fealty unto him,  
The while you worshipped Mam— Mon.

When Edwin heard that you were false  
He cried shame on the news;  
He scorned the gossip of the town  
Oh, lovers are ob— Tues.

Until the fatal day came, when  
Selma's self was led  
Adown the aisle to altar, and  
To some old rich man Wed.

Then all too late he knew his fate;  
His sisters and his brothers  
They tried to comfort him, but, no,  
He cried, "She is ano— Thurs."

He wanders to the river's brink  
"Come back, come back!" they cry:  
"Come, eat, drink, dance, forget!" Alas,  
He'd other fish to Fri.

All in the wet and watery stream  
True love dropped like a rat,  
Two days and twelve good men and true  
Upon his corpus Sat.

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