

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Mrs. Flimsey : Oh, John, Professor Twaddle says I am full of magnetism. Mr. F. : And yet you can never draw a needle when I want a button sewed on.

Barber : Will you have bay rum, lavender water, witch hazel or cologne on your face ? Customer : Do you scharch enny dings extra ? "No." "Den gif me all of ten."

"My task in life," said the pastor, complacently, "consists in saving young men." "Ah!" replied the maiden with a soulful longing; "save a good one for me, wont you?"

Mrs. McSwatters : My dear, a tramp came here to-day and stole some of my freshly made biscuits. McSwatters (getting his revolver) : Where is he and I'll put him out of his agony.

Reporter : Did you say your daughter's wedding dress was trimmed with duchess lace ? Mrs. McFudd : Not by a long shot ! It was trimmed wid the foinest quality of Irish point. There wasn't wan Dutch article in her whole thruesaw.

Drawing teacher : Now, this is a symmetrical figure. Can anyone tell me what symmetry is ? Ah, there is a little boy with his hand up ! What is symmetry, little boy ? Jimmy Scanlon : Plaze, sorr, it do be a place phwere they buries dead people !

"You don't seem to think that was a very good story I just told you," he said, in a disappointed tone. "Oh, yes, indeed I do," replied the Boston girl, reassuringly; "but I was just trying to think when that was probably translated from the Greek."

Lady lecturer on Woman's Rights (waxing warm) : Where would man be if it had not been for women ? (After a pause, and looking around the hall) : I repeat, where would man be if it had not been for woman ? Voice from the gallery : In Paradise, ma'am.

"This man Jones, is one of the luckiest fellows I know of. You heard of his arm being blown off last week in that explosion ?" "Yes, but there is nothing very lucky about that." "It was his right arm, you know." "Well, what if it was his right arm !" "Why, he is left-handed."

A German was in a room with a dozen other lodgers, trying to sleep, but was kept awake by their terrific snoring. At last one of the snorers, who had been shaking the building for half an hour, gave a snort and stopped short. "Tank gootness, von is tead !" said the Dutchman.

A miller had his neighbour arrested under the charge of stealing wheat from his mill, but being unable to substantiate the charge by proof, the court adjudged that the miller should make an apology to the accused. "Well," said he, "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat—I can't prove it—and am sorry for it."

The minister of a country parish in Perthshire, whose eyes were always rivited on his manuscript during his sermon, went one day in a great hurry to the station, and asked the waggish porter when the first train for Edinburgh started. Jamie slowly produced a dirty and torn time-table from his pocket and made believe to scrutinize it "Dear me, Jamie, can't you tell me without referring to the paper ?" "Deed, no, sir ! The fac' o' the matter is, there's no mony o' us can dae anything without the paper noo-a-days."

At a juvenile party lately, during the dancing, a tall boy in an Eton jacket, about fourteen, was standing partnerless against the wall, so a gentleman went and inquired if he could introduce him to someone. The answer being in the affirmative, the gentleman proposed a slim, handsome girl about sixteen, thinking he was conferring a good deal of honour on the young gentleman. But he had reckoned without his host (or rather his guest), for the boy, who evidently knew his own

mind, promptly declined, saying, in a most confidential whisper : No, thank you, sir. Please, I like them fat !

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"Great is Acetocura."

185 Madison street,
Chicago, Aug. 17, 1894.

Gentlemen—One day last month I called into the office of your agent, Mr. S. W. Hall, on other business, and received the gentleman's condolence upon my wretched appearance. As a matter of fact, I was a sick man—had been receiving treatment from two different physicians without the slightest benefit. I certainly was discouraged, but afraid to let go. I had not had a decent night's rest for most ten days, no appetite, no ambition, "achey" all over, but bowels were in good order—the fact is, neither the physicians nor I knew just what the trouble was. Mr. Hall spoke of Acetocura. I confess I would have paid little attention to it but for my precarious condition. He insisted on giving me half a bottle to try, and refused to accept any payment for it. I read the pamphlet and had my mother rub me that evening. Failing to produce the flush within 15 minutes, I became thoroughly frightened—the flesh along the spine seemed to be dead—but persisting in it produced the required result in just 45 minutes. That night was the first peaceful one in ten, and on the morrow my spine was covered with millions of small pustules. By night I felt a considerable improvement. Owing to soreness the application was omitted, but again made the third night. The following day showed a wonderful change in me. I felt like a new man. Since then I have chased rheumatic pains several times, with the greatest ease. From being sceptic, I cannot help but say, "Great is Acetocura." It is truly wonderful, and I am most grateful to Mr. Hall for his action.

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