

" 'Now my dear,' I said to my wife, on tak ng possession; 'if you wish anything don't tempt the anger of the immortal gods by buying it. Obtain 't by honest, open competition, which now more than ever is the life of trade.'"

"She has followed this advice, and our side-board is piled with silverware, and many an unbought luxury. In the barn I have a fine pony and chaise, prizes won by the diligent study of this good book (slapping the Bible). I spend most of my time preparing lists of words, etc., and sending them to the shoddy weeklies which run the prize premium racket. I nearly always win and may sign myself J. Luckpenny, General Competitor. I am a leading man in this community, my intimate knowledge of Scripture having enabled me to fill successfully the office of S.S. Superintendent, for the past three years. I have an unique way of interesting my scholars. I prepare a list of questions, each child is required to send in with his written answer the sum of five cents, and the one who sends in the best answer takes the pool. There is no school in the district to be compared to mine."

After dinner Jack showed me his garden where grew mammoth cabbages, pumpkins, and turnips every one of which like escaped criminals had a reward upon its head. I bade my friend good-bye, wishing him continued success in his position of living monument to live tradesmen, and feeling convinced there was nothing like premiums to insure fortune.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

TELEPHONE COMPETITION.

(WHEN WE HAVE HALF-A-DOZEN RIVAL COMPANIES.)

"HELLO, central! Hello! Put me on to 345! That you, Grigshaw?"

"No. Who are you?"

"I'm Billinger. Want to know about that note that matures to-day. Where's Grigshaw?"

"Don't know him. Got the wrong number I guess." (Rings off.)

Strange. Grigshaw told me his number was 345.

"Hello, central! Hallo! Can you tell me William P. Grigshaw's number. Grigshaw. G-r-i-g s-h-a-w!"

"No such customer."

Well, well! Oh, I guess he patronizes the Grand Duplex Magentic. They put in a 'phone the other day. They're only charging \$5. Will I try them?

"Hello, central! Hello! Give me 345! Hello! Is that Grigshaw?"

"No 'tain't neither. You're the seventeenth man this week that tried to ring up Grigshaw. I'm Joskins, solicitor. No; I don't know Grigshaw."

Too bad. He certainly said his telephone number was 345. Yes, here's a note I made of it. But I quite forgot to ask what system he subscribed to. Wonder if it's the Grand Universal or Imperial Beaver? John, go down to Peasley's office and see if he has a Grand Universal 'phone in yet. He told me he was going to let the Company put one in free for him, and, if he has, try and get Grigshaw, and ask him what he's going to do about that note that matures to-day, and if you can't fetch him through that, try the Imperial Beaver. I think Mr. Jagger is a subscriber. What a confounded nuisance this telephone competition business is to be sure!

IN GOOD SOCIETY.

CHAPPIE—"How do you like my new dress suit?"

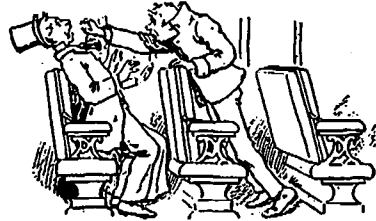
CHOLLY—"I can't say, exactly, as I haven't had a an of it yet."



SHE—"George, just turn that seat in front of us over, and we'll have more room."



He—"It works mighty hard—it must be locked."



GENTLEMAN (who had been occupying seat)—"No, by gosh, it ain't locked!" —Mumsey's Weekly.

FIRED FOR HERESY.

THE Rev. Howard MacQuary
At last has been left in the lurch,
The orthodox folks he made weary,
So they fired him out of the Church.

He is free after truth to go reaching
And formulate doubts at his ease,
But the Church must have dogma in preaching,
And can't stand his go-as-you-please.

He can hire a hall to orate in,
And then it is perfectly clear he
May choose his own way of debating,
And th' Rev. Howard may query!

NATURAL.

MR. RITER—"Confound this paper. It has published one of my articles without giving me credit."

MRS. RITER—"Well, dear, that is only what you must expect. Both the butcher and the grocer have refused to give you any more credit."

HIS RELATIVE.

MISS DEBUT—"I never knew until to-night that you have relatives in the city."

MR. NEWCOME—"But I have none."

MISS DEBUT—"That is strange. I heard Mr. Brown say that you frequently visit your uncle."