

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

"Does your sister Bessie still talk about her affinity and communion of souls?"
"No; she's married now."

Anxious Mother: What did you do with the medicine the doctor left for you, dear?
Tommy: A poor little sick boy round the corner didn't have any, so I gave it to him.

Sharpe: Did your aunt remember you in her will?
Wise: She remembered me all right. That was why she didn't mention me in the will.

Teacher: "Tommy, what is 'nutritious' food?"
Tommy: "Something to eat that ain't got no taste to it."

"A man told me the other day that I looked like you."
"Where is he? I would like to punch him."
"I killed him."

"Now, John," said the teacher, addressing the new pupil, "what is 'don't' the abbreviation of?"
"Doughnut," was the prompt, but rather unexpected reply.

Zoological Specialist (gazing at solitary sea lion in the Dublin Zoo)—Where is his mate?
Irish Keeper—He has no mate, sorr. We just fade him on fish.

Amateur Sport: "I say, I've been asked to go shooting next week. What ought I to give the keeper?"
His Friend: "Oh, well, it depends where you hit him, you know."

Office Boy: I'll bet de boss is goin' to marry de typewriter.
Bookkeeper: What makes you think so?
Office Boy: Because he's beginning to kick about havin' to pay her a salary.

She: So these are the china bargains you advertised?
Dealer: Yes, ma'am, and they're going for little or nothing.
She: All right. I'll take that blue dish for nothing.

"Shame on you" cried the good man, "you're drunk half the time. Why don't you do better?"
"Can't afford it," replied Lushman. It costs money to be drunk all the time.

"What have you to pit against our Burns?" demanded the combative Scotchman.
"Well, we had our skalds," was the Norseman's cautious reply.

She: "What makes you think Jones won't make a good golfer?"
He: "Well, every time he misses the ball he merely says, 'Tut, tut.'"

One word of well-directed wit—
A pebble-just—has often hit
A boastful evil, and prevailed
When many a nobler weapon failed.

"My nephew is not content with a gig," says Mrs. Ramsbotham, "but he gets two horses, puts one before the other, and drives about the country in a tantrum."

Nell: "George says one of the things that he admires about me is that I'm so clever."
Belle: Of course, a man always considers a girl clever who can worm a proposal out of him.

"Neil Anderson met with a painful accident last week, a fish-hook becoming entangled in his eye. Neil is being attended by Dr. Phil Morton, who says his eye will come out all right," is the ambiguous statement of the country editor.

The Vicar's Wife: "I'm sorry to see you're not paying into our coal club this year, Goodenough."
Goodenough: "Well, mum, you see—well, it's like this 'ere. I lives right behind the coal yard now!"

"Willie, I'll have to have my own glasses; I can't see through your father's, they make me dizzy."
"I'll bet," said Willie, running to get his mother's glasses "that the reason that dad came home so dizzy the other night was because he had been looking through different glasses."

Gyer: "Huggins is a remarkable man."
Myer: "In what way?"
Gyer: "Why, he can't wait at the telephone without making pencil marks on the desk pad."

A smart young fellow called out to a farmer who was sowing seed in his field. "Well done, old fellow; you sow, I reap the fruits."
"Maybe you will," said the farmer, "for I'm sowing hemp."

"Well, doctor, what do you recommend?"
"I think you need mud baths."
"Mud baths? Man, I've just come through a 'bitter political campaign!'"

First Physician: "Has he got any hereditary trouble?"
Second Physician: "Yes. I hope to hand his case down to my son."

The joke is going the rounds of the press as to the boy's definition of a deficit. "It's what you've got when you haven't got as much as if you hadn't nothin'."

"Has your wealth brought you happiness?" asked the philosopher. "Perhaps not," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "but it has at least stood between me and a lot of annoyances."

Jones (who has missed his golf-ball for the tenth time) to caddy: "What shall I do now?"
Caddy: "Give it a swipe with the bag, mister."

Mrs. Brown: "It be very kind of you doctor, coming so far to see me husband."
Doctor: "Not at all. I have a patient on the way, so I can kill two birds with one stone."

Tommy: "Does your ma hit your foot under the table when you've had enough?"
Johnny: "No; that's when I haven't had enough. When I have she sends for the doctor."

She: "Would you rather walk or ride there?"
He: "Well, I've been out in the motor car so much lately that I think I'd rather ride for a change."

"Have you never said anything you were sorry for?"
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "but I never yet made the political blunder of owing up that I was sorry."

Simpkins: "When is your son coming home from college?"
Tompkins: "In about six months, I guess; he has been gone six months and he writes that he is half-back now."

"Your constituents must realize that you are working for them."
"Yes," said Senator Sorghum; "but a good many of them have gotten the idea that I am omitting the preposition."

Agent: "This is the automobile you want. You never have to crawl under it to fix it."
Sparker: "You don't?"
Agent: "No. If the slightest thing goes wrong with the mechanism, it instantly turns bottom-side up."

Teacher: "Name a group of islands on the coast of Scotland."
Willie: "The Bridegrooms."
Teacher: "The Bridegrooms?"
Willie: "Well, the He-brides. That's the same thing, ain't it?"

It is said that Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, being held up by a foot-pad, said, indignantly, "Sir, I am the Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Minnesota!" "You don't say so!" exclaimed the robber; "Why, that's my church, too!"

"Preventics will promptly check a cold or the Grippe when taken early or at the 'sneeze stage.' Preventics cures seated colds as well. Preventics are little candy cold cure tablets, and Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., will gladly mail you samples and a book on Colds free, if you will write him. The samples prove their merit. Check early Colds with Preventics and stop Pneumonia. Sold in 5c. and 25c. boxes by druggists.

How to Wash Clothes in Six Minutes

HERE'S a Washing Machine that almost works itself. The tub spins half way around, like a top. There's a pivot in center of Tub bottom. And there is a groove, around the pivot. In this groove, or track, there are ball bearings, like in a Bicycle wheel. These Bicycle Bearings are little steel balls the size of small marbles. They roll in the track when the tub spins around on top of them. All the weight of the Tub, and of the Clothes rests on these rolling balls.

That's why the Tub spins as easily when full of Clothes and water, as when it is empty. So that a whole tub full of Clothes can be washed almost as easily and as quickly, with this machine, as a single garment could be washed.

"How does it wash Clothes, you ask."

See the two Springs under the Tub! When you swing the Tub to the right (with handle at top) you stretch both these Springs, till the Tub goes half way around. Then, the stretched Springs pull the Tub back from right with a bounce, and carry it almost half way around on the left side. Then the Springs bounce it back to the right side again. A little help is needed from you each time. But the Springs, and the Ball Bearings, do nearly all of the hard work.

Now, if you look inside the Tub you'll see slat paddles fastened to its bottom. Fill the Tub half full of hot soapy water. Then spin it to the right. The slat paddles make the water turn around with the Tub till the Springs stop the Tub from turning further to the right and bounce it back suddenly to the left. But the water keeps on running to the right, though the Tub, and the clothes in it, are now turning to the left.

Thus, the swift driving of this soapy water through the clothes, at each half turn, washes the dirt of the fibres without any rubbing. Mind you, without rubbing, which means without wearing, the clothes.

It's the rubbing on washboards, and on other Washing Machines, that wears out clothes quicker than hard use at hard labor.

That costs money for clothes, doesn't it? And the everlasting rubbing is the hardest work in Washing, isn't it? Rubbing dirty clothes on a metal washboard with one's knuckles, over a tub of steaming hot water, is harder work, and more dangerous to health, than digging Coal deep down in a mine.

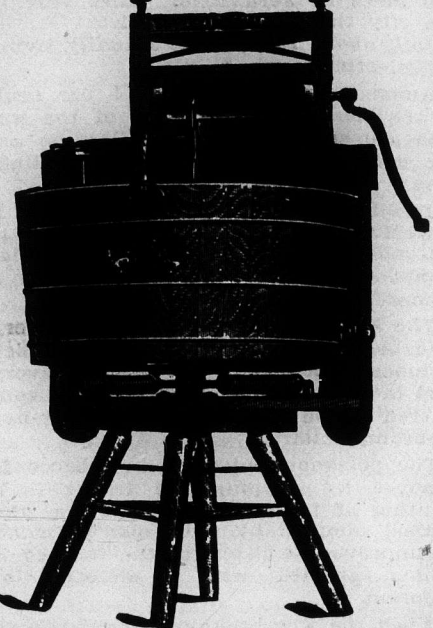
Well, the "1900 Junior" Washer cuts out all of the slavery of Washing, and half the expense. It will wash a whole tub full of dirty clothes in Six Minutes. It will wash them cleaner in Six Minutes than they could be washed by hand in Twenty minutes. And it won't wear the clothes, nor break a button, nor fray even a thread of lace.

Because Bouncing Water can't wear the clothes, nor break buttons, nor tear buttonholes. And it is the hot, soapy water swiftly running through the clothes that takes all the dirt out of them in Six little minutes.

A child can wash a tub full of dirty clothes in half the time you could do it yourself—with half the work.

Think what that half-time is worth to you every week for Ten years! It is worth 50 cents a week to you. That is \$26.00 a year, or \$260.00 saved in 10 years. And, a "1900 Junior" Washer lasts 10 years.

Well—pay us the 50 cents a week our "1900 Junior" Washer will save you, for a few months only. Then you will own a "1900 Junior" Washer that will last 10 years, without any cost to you. But don't pay us a cent till you have tested the "1900 Junior" Washer for a full month, at our expense. We will ship it to any reliable person free, on a month's trial, and leave the rest to you. And we will pay the freight both ways, out of our own pockets. That shows how sure we are that the "1900 Junior" Washer will do all we promise.



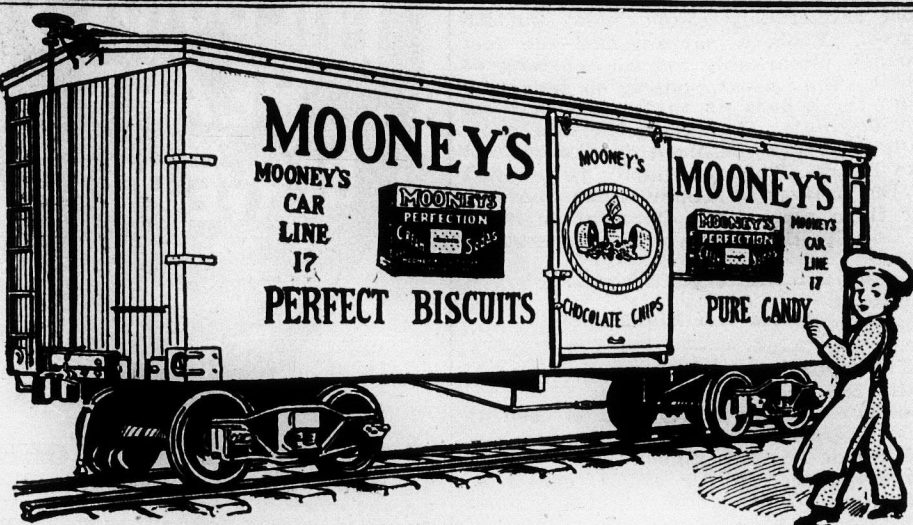
If you don't find it does better washing, in half the time, than you can wash by hand, send it back to us. If you don't find it saves more than half the wear on clothes, send it back to us. If you don't find it washes clothes as easily as you could rock a cradle, or run a sewing machine, send it back to us. If it won't wash dirty clothes in six minutes, send it back to us.

Remember, we will pay the freight both ways out of our own pockets. You don't even say you'll buy it, till you have used it a full month, and know all about it. Isn't that a pretty straightforward offer, between strangers?

How could we profit by that offer unless our "1900 Junior" Washer would do all we say it will? Don't slave over the wash-tub any more. Don't pay a washerwoman for eight hours a week when she can do the work far better, with less wear on the clothes, in four hours, with a "1900 Junior" Washer.

The 4 hours a week less labor thus saves you 50 cents a week for Washerwoman's Wages. Pay us 50 cents a week out of that 50 cents our Washer saves you, if you decide to keep it, after a month's trial. Then you own the Washer.

Write us today, if you want a month's free use of the quickest "Washer" in the world. Address W. H. G. Bach, Manager "1900" Washer Co., 535 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



Sealed in Stratford— Opened in Western Canada.

Mooney's private cars bring Stratford to Western Canada, and give folk here the most delicious biscuits in Canada, just as they come from the ovens.

These cars are built after the most approved type—and are so scientifically constructed that the temperature inside is equalized. This insures the biscuits being kept in faultless condition, winter and summer. There is a treat in biscuits in every box of

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas.



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PRISCILLA CHANCE

By Louise Forsyth
Author of "The Story of
"The Ship of Dreams,"

Old Billy Blom says he is contented, his striped stockings feet table instead of the st might look out of the baymen trudging hor end of the day's work: busied herself about the table with preparation Priscilla sat watching dream-light in her eye tenderness, while her with the unmistakable sweet secret struggling "Ve been married coom this May," Billy suddenly, and Priscilla ting her mouth in sw her secret.

"Priscilly," went on old Dutchman, "you a goldting veddin' yit."

The young spinster as if in sorrow, while wise with his heavy D

"Too bad—Priscilly vhadt de mens vas Didn't you neffer haff dear?"

Priscilla's secret cam ing her that she gurg child; but Mrs. Billy's out all over.

"Vall, dhot's joost snapped the old lady. no chances, eh? You andt hundt from here Star andt you von't vhadt neffer hadt no cilly, you tell him your chances."

Priscilla, looking at light steadily growin Billy's face, as it alv ever he succeeded in lady, laughed as she ar "Well, let me see. half-witted son of th everybody knew about He used to bring me for good luck. He know, "S-s-s-say, Pri to ask, "wh-wh-wh-love me?"

"B-b-b-b-because!" answer. Now, you k take him."

There was an anxio