

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

A Success Salad.

To choicest cuts of Energy
And eggs of cold hard Cash
Add freely oil—Diplomacy—
With salt of Tact—a dash—
Bedeck with Leaves of Cheerfulness
And pepper well with Nerve—
Behold your Salad of Success
Is ready—stir and serve!

Dinkelspielers.

Der man dot means der mosd uses his
voice der fewest.
Der horseshoe vas always lucky—ven
der right horse vins.
Der confidential man is der inventor
uf der confidence man.
A fool waits for Opportunity, vile der
vise man runs down der road und meets it.

So many peoples tart up der ladder
uf fame midout looking if der ladder
liable to slip.

Nefer ged in front uf a mule's back to
criticize him; much bedder you say id
to his face.

Der troubles mit many a rich man in
a automobile is dot he is broken down
und needs a change.

Shakespeare says id dot patience vas
on a monument, but Willum nefer said
id dot truth vas always on a tombstone.

Ven vimmen meet id is der besd
dressed voman in der party dot is satis-
fied to led der udders do der mosd talk-
ing.

Some peoples lay up a few dollars for
a rainy day, but vas villing to accept a
snowstorm as a goot oxcoss' to spend id.

She—His automobile bumped into the
fence, you say? What then?
He—I can't tell you what followed.
She—You were there, weren't you?
Can't you tell me what he did?
He—O! yes, I can tell you what he
did. I thought you wanted to know
what he said.

Wealthy Parent—What? Engaged
yourself to young Tapester? Outra-
geous! The idea of a Van Juneberry
marrying a mere store clerk!
Daughter—But he isn't a store clerk
now, papa. He's a gentleman of leisure.
"Eh?"
"Yes; he's been discharged."

City Man (carpingly)—"Whew, but
it's hot! I am told that the mercury
frequently stands at 110 in the shade
here." Farmer Summerboard (cheer-
ingly)—"Well, you don't hafta stay in the
shade, ye know."

Tete de Veau—"Did you ever wonder
what you would do if you had Pierpont
Morgan's income?" L'Oignon—"No. But
I've often wondered what Pierpont Mor-
gan would do if he had mine."

As small Tommy was about to climb
into his chair at the dinner table, his
mother said: "Are your hands clean,
dear?" "Course they are," answered
Tommy. "If you don't believe it, look
at the towel."

Mrs. Johnson, (3 a.m.)—"How dare
you come home at 3 o'clock in the morn-
ing?" Mr. Johnson (loaded)—"You—hic!
—can't expect me—hic!—to stay out all
night—hic!—on a dollar and—hic! seven-
ty-five cents."

"You seem depressed." "Yes, I've got
to ask my girl's father to-night for her
hand." "Bosh! Don't be alarmed. The
stern father exists only in the comic
papers." "Maybe so; but the borrowing
father is a painful reality. He'll land
me for a fifty, to a dead moral cer-
tainty."

Kind Lady—"My poor man, when the
last tramp called here I gave him a bar
of soap. He cut it open, and found a
note inside with an offer of marriage
from a pretty factory girl." Gritty
George (hastily)—"No use to tell me
dot, maam; I expect to remain a bachelor
the rest of my days."

"See here," grumbled the inmate of
murderer's row, "ain't there a law again
crool and onusual punishment?" "Yes,"
answered the warden. "An' ain't I to
be hanged next week?" "I'm afraid you
are." "Then what d'yer mean by send-
in' me a bunch of story papers to read
that ain't got nothin' but continued
stories in 'em?"

An aged Scotch minister about to
marry for the fourth time was explain-
ing his reason to an elder: "You see, I
am an old man now, and I canna expect
to be here verra lang. When the end
comes I wad like to have some one to
close my eyes." The elder nodded and
said: "Aweel, meenister, I have had twa
of them and both of them opened mine."

Two Irishmen driving through the
country noticed that many of the barns
had weather-vanes in the shape of huge
roosters. "Pat," said one man to the
other, "can you tell me why they al-
ways have a rooster and niver a hen on
the top iv thim barns?" "Sure," replied
Pat, "an' it must be because av the
difficulty they'd have in collecting the
eggs."

Knicker—"It is very hard to catch the
speaker's eye." Henpekt—"In the case
of my wife I find it very hard not
to."

Stubb—"What kind of shoes are those
you are wearing?" Cogger—"Walking
shoes." "Walking shoes for automobile
riding?" "Yes, I know my machine."

Mrs. Nextdore—"I've been thinking of
having my daughter's voice cultivated.
Would you?" Mrs. Pepprey—"By all
means, if you have tried every other
remedy."

Mrs. Newlymitch—"John goes to the
office every morning at 8. And the last
thing he does is to kiss me." Girl
friend (absently)—"Yes, I should think
it would be."

"Why did you leave your last place?"
asked the lady of the house. "They
quarreled too much, mum," said the
cook. "About what?" "Ginerally the
cooking, mum."

First Veteran Composer—This here
ignorant reporter has went and speiled
"victuals" v-i-t-a-l-s.
Second Veteran Composer—Well, fix
'er up an' shove 'er in. We only got
three minutes to go to press.
And in the paper the next morning
the story ran: "The verdict was that
deceased came to his death from a pis-
tol shot in the victuals."

Visitor—Hallo, Mike! What's that
you have in the glass case?
Mike—That's the brick I got up agin
my head at th' last election.

Visitor—Oh! And what's that little
flower on the top of it for?
Mike—That's a flower from the grave
of th' man thot threw it!

He—And what became of that little
dog you took about with you such a lot
last season?

She—Oh, that sort of dog went out of
fashion, so I had the poor thing put out
of its misery.

Charitable Lady—But a man last week
told me exactly the same story!
Tramp—Yes, lady; yer see, I made a
fatal mistake in not havin' the history
of me life copyrighted.

The sewing circle weekly meets
The savages to gown,
And while they dress the heathen up
They dress their neighbors down.

"Pa, what are halcyon days?" "S-h-
h," replied H. Peck, Sr., as he looked
around to ascertain that he and his
son were alone; "they're the glorious
summer days when your dear mamma
is far, far away from the wicked,
noisy city enjoying freedom from
household cares and getting the sweet,
pure air she needs so much."

Colored Stevedore—Ah want's a day
off, cap'n, ter look up a job fo' mah wife.
Mate—Will you be back to-morrow?
Colored Stevedore—Yes, ef she don't
git it.

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