

Nor was His Neck Rubbed.

The plaintiff's lawyer in the breach of promise case thought he would make life a burden to the unfortunate man who was the unwilling defendant. "Do you mean to say," he asked, after a number of embarrassing questions, "that after you had been absent for an entire month you did not kiss the plaintiff, to whom you were engaged to be married, when you first saw her on your return?"

"I do," responded the defendant firmly.

"Will you make that statement to the jury?"

"Certainly, if necessary."

"Do you think that they would believe you?"

"One of them would, I know."

"Ah, indeed! And why should he, pray?"

"Because he was present when I first saw her. He was at the gate when I rode up, and she stuck her head out of the second-story window, and I said to her, 'How d'ye do?' and called out I'd be back to supper in half an hour. I'm no giraffe."

Defined.

Freshman (meeting a professor.—Are those micrococci in that basket?)

Professor—No.

"Sporogillini?"

"No."

"Saceromissae cerivissae?"

"No."

"Generatorsphorogillini millionollinician organisms?"

"No."

"What are they, please?"

"Grapes."

Long-Distance Philanthropy.

Tomdix. Closest tells me he invites his poor relations to visit him each year.

Hojax. Yes; they all live at a distance and are too poor to come.

behave like a fool all the time—"

Middleton. "Don't get excited, old chap. Of course, there's some mistake. Fact is, I remember now—"

Middleton. "No, there's no mistake at all. That's what I thought, of course, till I read the note she inclosed in the bundle. That makes it sure she meant them for me all right."

Middleton. "Nonsense. The bundles have been delivered at the wrong addresses. As I was going to say, I remember now that my wife went with her to pick out some bankets she was going to send to an old nurse of hers."

Middleton. "But I tell you there's her note. She couldn't possibly mean it for anyone else. She—she mentions something that makes that positive."

Middleton. "Why not? What was it?"

Middleton. "Well, if you will never tell, she—she wrote, 'With many, many wishes for a very merry Christmas from the little girl you have so often held on your knee.' There, you don't suppose she's been roosting around promiscuously, do you?"

Middleton. "Oh, oh, oh! That's the best ever. Can't you see it applies to her old nurse as well as to you? You chump!"

Middleton. "Her nurse, did you say? It—that is— Oh, if you ever tell—"

It Ought to be Done.

The editor of the magazine looks up from the pile of submitted manuscripts.

"That man Scribblesum surely is a persistent chap," he remarked to his assistant.

"Yes?" interrogatively comments the assistant.

"Yes. Here's that Christmas poem of his that has been sent in and rejected regularly for the past six years."

"Which one?"

"It's entitled 'The Hole in the Stocking.'"

"Oh, darn that thing!"



A WARNING.

Parson Snowball Jackson—"It is mah painful duty to say dat a fine red rooster is missin' from Colonel Highball's coop dis mawnin'. If any member of dis congregation knows hucome dis rooster missin' let him bewar' of de wrath to come. Br'er Rastus Jones, Ah will 'company' you home to yo' Christmas dinner."

Christmas Adam.

Mamma. "You have addressed your letter 'Mr. Santa Claus Adam.' Why did you put Adam there, dear? That isn't Santa Claus' name."

Bobbie. "Well, who is the Christmas Adam, then?"

"What Christmas Adam? I never heard of one."

"There's a Christmas Eve, and there ought to be a Christmas Adam, I should think."

Cleared Up.

Middleton. "Say, old man, as you're an old married man, I'd like your opinion about something."

Middleton. "That's the most striking difference between you and my wife. But what's the matter?"

Middleton. "Why, say, confidentially, don't you think a pair of blankets is a kind of a peculiar Christmas present for a girl to send the man she's engaged to?"

Middleton. "Ha, ha, ha! Maybe she meant it as a delicate assurance she wasn't going to leave him out in the cold."

Middleton. "Confound you! If I'd known you were going to hee-haw about it I'd never have said a word to you about it."

Middleton. "Oh by Jove! you don't mean you're the man?"

Middleton. "Well, yes, I am."

Middleton. "And Miss Dainty sent 'em?"

Middleton. "Yes. Singular present, don't you think?"

Middleton. "Plural, I should say. I think you said there was a pair."

Middleton. "Oh, if you're going to

A bashful young man was invited to dine. He was very much agitated. He sat opposite a mirror and discovered that he had forgotten to comb his hair. Then he dropped his fork on the floor and as he stooped to pick it up he upset his coffee. Matters went from bad to worse, until finally the young man quit eating and put his hands under the table. The loose end of the table cloth was lying in his lap. When he touched it he turned pale. He thought it was his shirt, and that he had forgotten to put the garment in his trousers. That accounted for his further embarrassment. He hurriedly stuffed the supposed shirt inside his trousers. Afterward when the family arose from the table there was a crash. The dishes lay in a broken mass on the floor. The young man pulled three feet of table cloth out of his pants and flew to the woods.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation, even to very young babes. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung-healing mountainous shrub furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract that helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. Sold by all druggists.

**CHEW
PAY
ROLL
BRIGHT PLUG
TOBACCO**

The BANK of BRITISH NORTH AMERICA
Established 1835. Incorporated by Royal Charter 1840.

56 BRANCHES IN CANADA AND UNITED STATES
CAPITAL, \$4,866,666. RESERVE, \$2,258,666.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
Drafts Bought and Sold. Prompt attention given to Collections.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Deposits received \$1.00 and upwards, and Interest allowed at highest current rates and compounded quarterly. No notice required to withdraw.

FARMERS' BUSINESS
Every facility afforded farmers for their Banking Business. Sale Notes cashed or taken for collection. Note Forms free on application.
Branches at important points throughout the West.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

TWO HOUSEHOLD "FAVORITES"

FAVORITE

PURITAN
REACTING
WASHING
MACHINE.

ROLLER BEARING RUNS EASY.

In 8 sizes, churns 1/2 to 30 gallons cream. Patent foot and lever drive. Roller bearings. Steel frame. Easy to operate. Superior in workmanship and finish.
Sold by all leading jobbers. If you cannot procure, write us direct.

Latest and most improved. Tell your jobber you want it. Don't accept any substitute. Beautifully finished in Grained Oak, Royal Blue or Wine Color and Silver Aluminum. Write direct to us.

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, ST. MARY'S, ONTARIO.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.