

to dry land again. Here he turned him over to a nearby policeman to be taken home, and at the officer's request, handed him his card. That evening when he reached home, he found an older specimen of the Jewish race awaiting him.

"Are you the gentleman vot saved my little poy?" asked the latter.

"I am," replied the former modestly.

"Vell, vat did you do with his hat?"

#### IT IS TOO BAD.

Creed (observing several couples enjoying a stroll after chapel)—"That is something we were forbidden to do at Macdonald College. Why did I wait until my fourth year to come to O.A.C.?"

"You ought to have seen Mr. Marshall when he called to see Dolly the other night," remarked Johnny to his sister's young man. "I tell you he looked fine, a-sitting alongside of her with his arm—"

"Johnny!" gasped his sister, coloring.

"Well, so he did," insisted Johnny. "He had his arm—"

"John!" screamed his mother frantically.

"Why," whined the boy. "I was —"

"John," said the father, "leave the room."

And Johnny left, crying as he went, "I was only going to say that he had his army clothes on."

"Say, Reed," said Higgins, as he met a friend, "do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey!" echoed Reed thoughtfully. "No, I don't."

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself," said Higgins.

"That's not bad," said Reed, "I'll

have to try that on my wife when I get home to-night."

Accordingly, when they were at dinner, Reed asked:

"Annie, do you know why I am so much like a donkey?"

He waited a moment, expecting Mrs. Reed would give it up. But, on the contrary, she gazed at him somewhat commiseratingly as she replied:

"I suppose because you were born so."—New York Times.

#### PROGRESSION.

A clergyman had taught an old man in his parish to read, and found him an apt pupil. When he called at the cottage some time after, only the wife was at home.

"How's John?" he asked.

"Very well, thank you."

"I suppose he can read the Bible comfortably now?"

"Bible, sir? Bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the sporting papers long ago."—Everybody's.

One of the Scottish golf clubs gives a dinner each year to the youngsters it employs as caddies. At the feast last year one of the boys disdained to use any of the forks he found at his place, and loaded his food into himself with his knife. When the ice-cream course was reached and he still used his knife, a boy who sat opposite to him, and who could stand it no longer, shouted "Great Scot! Look at Skinney, usin' his iron all the way round!"—Tit-Bits.

#### EASILY EXPLAINED.

"Strange Jane doesn't have any offers! She'd make some man a good wife."

"Yes; but the trouble is everyone knows she'd make him a good husband, too."