## In Lighter Vein

Most Unjust.—"Your husband, madam, s suffering from voluntary inertia." "Poor fellow! And here I've been tell-ng him he's just lazy."—Baltimore merican

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A Mere Shadow.—A junior barrister was hurrying across to the law courts when he almost collided with a cab. The driver, who had pulled up with a jerk, pronounced his opinion in plain English about absent-minded people.

"Couldn't you see the bloomin' 'oss?" he asked, with withering sarcasm.

"See him!" gasped the startled barrister, looking contemptuously at the animal between the shafts. Then he stepped on to the curb. "I didn't see your horse when I stood in front of him," he added, "but I can see something when I look at him sideways."—The Argonaut.

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Proven.—In an asylum two worthies named Sandie and Tam formed a plan to make their escape. Sandie said to Tam:
"Bend doon and I'll get on yer back and get on tap o' the wall and haul ye up."

Sandie got on the top of the wall and slid down the other side, saying:
"Tam, I think ye'll better to bide anither fortnicht, for you're no near sane yet."

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The Reckless Stage.—Hotel Waiter—
"Come, sir, you really must go off to bed, sir.
a-breaking, sir."

Late Reveller—"Let it break—and put it down in the bill, waiter."—Punch.

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Bad, Indeed.—The Ancient Mariner—
"Seen changes? I should think I 'ave,
sir. W'y. Winkleton used to be that quiet
you could 'ear a pin drop! But look at it
now. What with the picture palace and
the pierrots and them swing-boats and
the penny bazaar, it's got to be a fair
panharmonium!"—Punch.

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Eugenics.—She (after seeing her literary fiance in a bathing-suit for the first time)—"For goodness sake, Henry, say something brilliant!"—Life.

In Spite of Himself.—In Denver they tell of a young Britisher who will some day inherit a title, and who not long ago married the daughter of a supposedly wealthy man of that town.

A month or so after the marriage the father-in-law took the husband aside. "Tam ruined!" he exclaimed. "Practically every cent is gone!" The Briton was a good loser, however. for he gave vent to a long, low whistle, and exclaimed with a little laugh:

By George! Then I did marry for love, after all."—Harper's Magazine.

A Spoil Sport.—It was a sweet, sad kerchief in the house. But one man in excessively by refusing to take the perof weeping, he laughed. While others to stifle their sobs, his face beamed with suffaws.

A Spoil Sport.—It was a sweet, sad kerchief in the was hardly a dry hand-the first balcony irritated his neighbours formance in the proper spirit. Instead were mopping, he laughed. While others to stifle their sobs, his face beamed with suffaws.

At last

suffaws.

At last a lady by his side turned upon indignantly.

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In the Reason.—Mrs. Whittler—"What demanners your daughter has!" she has been away from home so much."

Awakened.—Billy—"Do you believe in

Milly "Yes, indeed."

Billy "Yes, indeed."

Were "Well, last night I dreamed you hat a sign of?"

Ing." That's a sign you were dreampen State Froth.

Evolution.

Vhen Evelution.

Old Adam called her wo-man.

Aut when she woo'd with love so kind,
But now pronounced it woo-man.

Their husbands' pockets brimming,
That people call them whim-men.

—Cornell Widow.

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the inter-national joy smoke

the one smoke you're willing to tie to. And it isn't because it's a different kind of tobacco. It's the little old patented process that makes P. A. as fragrant as a June day and as tasty as Christmas plum pudding and as biteless as a dayold kitten. No one else can use this process. We control it and only we use it. So there can't be any other tobacco just as good as P. A.



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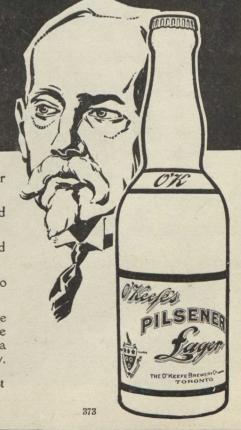
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