

**In Lighter Vein**

**Most Unjust.**—"Your husband, madam, is suffering from voluntary inertia."  
 "Poor fellow! And here I've been telling him he's just lazy."—Baltimore American.

**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.

**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."

**The Reckless Stage.**—Hotel Waiter—"Come, sir, you really must go off to bed, sir. (Yawns.) Why, the dawn's a-breaking, sir."  
 Late Reveller—"Let it break—and put it down in the bill, waiter."—Punch.

**Bad, Indeed.**—The Ancient Mariner—"Seen changes? I should think I 'ave, sir. 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.

**Eugenics.**—She (after seeing her literary fiancé 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. "I am 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 play, and there was hardly a dry handkerchief in the house. But one man in the first balcony irritated his neighbours excessively by refusing to take the performance in the proper spirit. Instead of weeping, he laughed. While others were mopping their eyes and endeavouring to stifle their sobs, his face beamed with merriment and he burst into inappropriate snuffaws.

At last a lady by his side turned upon him indignantly.  
 "I d-don't know what brought y-you here," she sobbed, with streaming eyes, and pressing her hand against her aching heart; "but if y-you don't like the p-play you might l-let other p-people enjoy it!"  
 —Tit-Bits.

**The Reason.**—Mrs. Whittler—"What delightful manners your daughter has!"  
 Mrs. Blier (proudly)—"Yes. You see she has been away from home so much."  
 —Smart Set.

**Awakened.**—Billy—"Do you believe in signs?"  
 Milly—"Yes, indeed."  
 Billy—"Well, last night I dreamed you were madly in love with me. What is that a sign of?"  
 Milly—"That's a sign you were dreaming."  
 —Penn State Froth.

**Evolution.**  
 When Eve brought woe to all mankind,  
 Old Adam called her wo-man.  
 But when she woo'd with love so kind,  
 He then pronounced it woo-man.  
 But now with folly and with pride,  
 Their husbands' pockets brimming,  
 The ladies are so full of whims  
 That people call them whim-men.  
 —Cornell Widow.

**Don't stow this away under your hat. Use it.**

P. A. in the tidy red tin hands you the biggest money's worth of fragrant pipe joy that coin of the realm ever bought. This is the dandy package to tote on the hip or tuck into the side pocket. But—and make special note of this—it isn't the spanking bright red tin that makes



**PRINCE ALBERT**

*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 day-old 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.

Prince Albert is manufactured only by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. at its factories in Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A., and is imported from the United States by Canadian dealers. Prince Albert is the largest selling brand of pipe smoking tobacco in the United States.

*Prince Albert is sold everywhere in full 2-oz. tidy red tins.*

**R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.**  
 Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.



Copyright 1914 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

**O'Keefe's PILSENER LAGER**



Brains have a higher market value to-day than at any other time in the history of the world.

The man with ideas—the man who can think quickly and accurately—can command his own price.

Brain-workers should realize the vital importance of the food they eat and drink.

Unless body and brain be properly nourished, it is impossible to do the best work.

A bottle of **O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER** is a bottle of liquid food and strength for all workers. It restores the flagging energy and refreshes the whole system. Order a case from your dealer and have a bottle for dinner to-day.

All O'Keefe beers are brewed only from pure barley malt, choicest hops and filtered water.

373

**O'KEEFE BREWERY CO LIMITED TORONTO**