

## WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

### Aunt Mandy's Rule for Satter Bread.

"De way I mek's my batte' braid—  
Laws mel Miss May, is dat er fac',  
You wants my jes persackly rule  
Ter tell de folks w'en you goes back!

"Suah, Honey! Dis de way—it jes  
De painest kin' ob t'ing ter mek.  
Efen you do like w'at Mandy says,  
'Tain' no sech chance es er mistek.

"Fust sif yo' meal en drap in salt,  
Den beat yo' aigs—how many? Sho!  
Dat 'pends depietely on de hens.  
En you's de pusson ought ter know.

"Efen aigs is sca'ce, I uses one,  
'Tain' bes', but I kin mek it do;  
But efen de hens is layin' peart—  
Laws! chile, I nebber stops at twol!

"Den melt yo' sho'tnin'—mos' ob times  
Er spoonful be erough ob dat.  
Some folks likes mo'—ole marsteh he  
Say good t'ings teks er heap ob fat.

"Mos' ways I uses sweet milk, but  
Efen you has butte'-milk ter spar',  
'Tain' nuffin' hef es good es dat.  
Jes spill yo' soda in wid gar'.

"How much ob soda en ob milk?  
You sho'ly ain' no cook, Miss May,  
Ter need ter ask 'bout t'ings like dat.  
Whar has you lived erfore ter-day?

"Dat's easy es ole Moses' shoes.  
I tek's er spoonful, mo' or less,  
Efen so's de milk am right sma't sour;  
Efen 'tain', I puts er smaller guess.

"I mos' fergit de oben, chille—  
De mostes' tickler t'ing ob all!  
Be suah it jes persackly right,  
Er else de batte' braid mought fall.

"Meal hot? Ob co'se; jes hot erough.  
You'll hab ter be de jedge ob dat.  
Unless it suit, de braid won' ris.  
Too col,' be suah ter sond it flat.

"En now, Miss May, you knows it all.  
I's proud ter see you writ it down  
Ter show de folks how Mandy cooks  
W'en you gits back ter Bostin town."

The Younger Man: "Strange that women  
can't throw straight. The Older  
Man: "Yes—my wife tells me she  
threw herself at another fellow—missed  
and caught me."

"Can't you find any work at all?"  
"Plenty, sir; but everybody wants refer-  
ences from me last employer." "Can't  
you get them?" "No, sir. He's been  
dead twenty-eight years!"

"When I was coming home last  
night," said Miss Skeery, "I saw a man  
skulking along in the shadow. Oh, how  
I ran!" "Ain' couldn't you catch him?"  
inquired her little brother, innocently.

Pretty Chorus Girl: "That new chap  
I have on a string is heir to a million!"  
Other Girl Friend: "Don't marry him  
for that; there's a big difference be-  
tween an heir to a million and a mil-  
lionaire."

"I suppose," remarked the dear girl,  
"that you do not believe in love at first  
sight?" "Oh, yes, I do," rejoined the  
old bachelor. "If men were gifted with  
second sight they would never fall in  
love."

"What would you do ef you found  
yo'self 'twixt de devil en de deep sea?"  
"That's a close question; but I'll tell  
you right now; I'd wish ter de Lawd  
dat I wuz a new Jonah, wid a friendly  
whale loafin' 'roun."

The Prince Charles Spaniel: "That  
new chaffeur doesn't know his place."  
The French Poodle: "He looks vulgaire,  
How did ze upstart offend?" The Prince  
Charles Spaniel: "Why, the vulgarian  
had the audacity to address me by my  
first name!"

Mr. Stubb (reading): "Down South  
there is a bank that has a woman tell-  
er." Mrs. Stubbs (innocently): "A woman  
teller? I wonder what she tells,  
John?" Mr. Stubbs: "Well, if she's  
like the rest of her sex, I guess she  
tells everything she knows."

"De Georgy mule," said Brother  
Dickey, "is de one creetur in a thousan'  
what don't enjoy de spring season. De  
furrow looks ez long ter him ez de  
time betwixt meals, en de high price of  
cotton gives him dat tired feelin'—  
kase he well know he got des dat much  
mo' er it ter plow."

Manager: "I can't do a thing with  
Smith, the new clerk. I've had him in  
three departments, and he sleeps all day  
long." Proprietor: "Put him at de  
pajama counter and fasten this card on  
him: 'Owe night clothes are of such a  
superior quality that even the assistant  
who sells them cannot keep awake.'"

Old Friend: Hello! So you are in  
trade now, eh? Why did you retire  
from literature?"  
De Writer: Got hungry.

A Winnipeg spinster owns a dog  
One of those high-bred "towers,"  
That's so well bred and nice, 'tis said,  
He never pants—he "trousers."

"Bridget, did you mould the bread as  
I told you?" "No, mum, I put it in  
that damp cupboard. Last week's bread  
moulded itself in there, an' what's the  
use of takin' extra trouble?"

Stranger: Is the cashier of the local  
bank a tall man?  
Native: Physically speaking, yes.  
Stranger: Physically speaking!  
Native: Yes; otherwise he is short  
something like \$50,000. That's why  
he has taken a trip abroad.

"What a comfort the exchange system  
is," exclaimed one woman shopper  
to a friend she met in the elevator of a  
big department store. "Yesterday I  
bought a hat which I didn't like after  
I got it home, so today I brought it  
back and got three pounds of butter and  
a mouse-trap for it."

The day was warm, the children rest-  
less, the teacher impatient. One curly-  
haired boy was moving his jaws faster  
with chewing-gum than his brain had  
ever been known to work. His feet  
were in the aisle. A smile was on the  
face of more than one pupil, when the  
teacher said: "Take that gum out of  
your mouth and put your feet in."

William Dean Howells at a Lenten  
dinner in New York said: "I heard a  
striking simile the other day. A lady  
was doing some Lenten marketing—  
buying eggs, fish, fruit. Pausing before  
a fruit stand, she examined a heap of  
pears. 'Are these juicy?' she asked.  
'Juicy?' said the dealer, warmly. 'Why,  
ma'am, they're as juicy as my old  
pipe.'"

A Baltimore man interested in the  
education of the young recently visited  
a kindergarten in that city. After the  
first exercises, the visitor was asked to  
put a few questions to the pupils. To  
a boy of five the caller said: "Have you  
ever seen a lion's skin?" "Yes, sir,"  
came in ringing tones from the young-  
ster. "And where?" asked the visitor,  
impressed with the child's earnestness.  
"On the lion," answered the boy.

Miss Ascum: Jack Hanson isn't fat,  
is he?

Miss Newitt: Not at all; he's quite  
graceful and muscular. Why?

Miss Ascum: It happened to mention  
him to Miss Jilter and she said: "Oh,  
isn't he disgustingly stout?"

Miss Newitt: Ah, yes. She rejected  
him some weeks ago, and she's mad  
because he didn't pine away.

I heard a couple of negro women  
talking on a car in an amusing man-  
ner.

habbouts is yo' son, Albert,  
now?" asked one.

"He's doin' fine," was the reply.

"Is he still preachin'?"

"No, indeedy," replied the other. "He  
done quit preachin' en went to, bah-  
tendin'. Dey's mo' money in it."

The irrepressible May Irwin tells of a  
little New York boy who had a bath so  
seldom and wore such dirty clothes  
that it was more than the teacher and  
children could stand. So she was sent  
home to be made more bearable but re-  
turned as dirty as ever, accompanied  
by a sister who inquired what she was  
sent home for. The teacher explained.  
Then the sister burst out: "Well, say,  
me mudder says does our Rosie come  
here to git smelt or to git learnt?"

Sir John Kirk was once the British  
consul-general at Constantinople. The  
sultan had a very savage lion, and he  
offered it to Sir John, reminding him  
that as the lion was one of the sup-  
porters of the royal arms above the con-  
sulate gate, therefore the real brute  
should be very appropriate. But the  
Briton escaped the necessity of accept-  
ing the unpleasant gift. "I am sure that  
your highness would never make an in-  
complete present," he replied, "and  
when you are able to accompany the  
lion with a unicorn, I shall be delighted  
to receive your munificent offer."

Moses Ezekiel, the Roman sculptor,  
says: "Whenever I see a toothpick, I  
think of a dinner that was given in  
honor of two Turkish noble-  
men. I sat between the younger of them.  
He glittered with gold embroidery and  
great diamonds; but I pitied him sin-  
cerely, for he was strange at our table  
manners, and some of his errors were  
both ludicrous and painful. Toward the  
dinner's end a servant extended to the  
young man a plate of toothpicks. He  
waved the plate away, saying in a low  
and bitter voice: 'No, thank you, I have  
already eaten two of the accursed  
things, and I want no more.'"



## THIS BEAUTIFUL COLORED PICTURE MAILED FREE

We have just published a beautifully colored reproduction of the above picture, showing Dan Patch 1.55, the World's Champion Harness Horse, and Cresceus 2.024, the World's Champion Trotting Stallion. This picture shows Dan and Cresceus in their natural colors and would sell for \$2.00 if gotten out in a small edition. We will be very glad to forward you one of these attractive lithographs absolutely free, postage prepaid by us.

WRITE FOR IT AT ONCE

1st, Name this Paper. 2nd, State the number of head of live stock you own. Picture will not be mailed unless questions are answered.

Address INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., TORONTO, CANADA.

### LARGEST STOCK FOOD FACTORIES IN THE WORLD

Minneapolis, Minn., U.S.A. Toronto, Canada.

Cash Capital Paid In \$2,000,000

We Manufacture and Guarantee

"International Stock Food"

"International Poultry Food"

"International Loug Killer"

"International Worm Powder"

"International Heave Cure"

"International Colic Cure"

"International Harness Soap"

"International Foot Remedy"

"International Hoof Ointment"

"International Pheno-Chloro"

"International Compound Absorbent"

"Silver Pine Healing Oil"

"International Gall Cure"

"International Stock Dip"

"International Distemper Cure"

Every one of these preparations are sold

on a "Spot Cash Guarantee" to

refund your money in any case of failure.

Ask any one of our One Hundred and

Twenty-five Thousand Dealers about our

goods and our guarantee.

Write for catalogue of our

Jewel Incubators,

Jewel Brooders.

### 3 Feeds for One Cent

Our stallions Dan Patch 1.55, Cresceus

2.024, Directum 2.034, Arion 2.074, Roy

Wilkes 2.064, Buttonwood 2.17 and our one

hundred high-class brood mares and their

colts eat International Stock Food "3

FEEDS FOR ONE CENT" every day. Dan

Patch has eaten International Stock Food

every day for over four years and during

this time has broken Twelve World Records

and his physical condition has been marvellous.

It will pay you to use it for your

Stallions, Brood Mares, Colts, Race Hor-  
ses, Show Horses, Carriage or Coach Horses,  
and Work Horses because it gives more  
nerveforce, endurance and strength. Inter-  
national Stock Food is prepared from  
Finely Powdered Medicinal Roots, Herbs,  
Seeds and Barks that animals eat freely  
when running wild and is fed in table-spoon-  
ful amounts as an addition to the regular  
grain ration. It is equally good and very  
profitable to use for Horses, Colts, Fattening  
Cattle, Cows and Calves, Hogs, Pigs, Sheep  
or Lambs, because it Purifies the Blood,  
Tones up and permanently strengthens the  
Entire System, keeps them healthy and  
greatly aids Digestion and Assimilation so  
that each Animal obtains more nutrition  
from all grain eaten. In this way it will  
save you grain and make you large Extra  
Profits. We have thousands of reliable  
testimonials on file in our offices and every  
pound of "International Stock Food" is sold  
by over 125,000 dealers on a Spot Cash Guar-  
antee to refund your money if it ever fails.  
If you desire any further information we  
will be very glad to have you write us.

International Stock Food Co.

TORONTO, CANADA

Danger in accepting cheap and inferior substitutes. There is always a personally profitable reason for a dealer trying to sell you something by claiming it "just as good."

## You Waste Money in buying material which does not answer its purpose

### EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING PAPER

will keep your  
house warm in the  
severe weather.

TEES & PERSSE, LIMITED, AGENTS

Calgary Winnipeg Edmonton

Always everywhere in Canada use EDDY'S matches



Vol. VIII. No. 7.



HE touring car da-  
the crest of  
down a bit of st-  
that to any bu-  
perturable you-  
have been alarm-  
sped smoothly  
long, apparent-  
plain. The you-  
wheel relinquish-  
grip a little an-  
his eyes to sc-  
cloud-banks to

"Looks nasty out there," h-  
ed, as he might have said: "Fi-  
isn't it?"

"Sure," rejoined the other

"Bet you a dollar we're in f-

Sundry houses scattered

along their way shot by in-

on. A white church spire in-

tance came rapidly to meet t-

"We must be getting on."

have you, Kit?"

"Four-twenty. Where are

on the bills to light, arlyhow

"Lord knows, I don't. O-

certain, I'm not going to hav-

Girl get a wetting."

"Never!" agreed the other

thiasm. They might have

ing of a pet child of delicat-

tion.

"Think it's going to rain

cricky, it's raining now! I'll

ahead—look for an open she-

Kit. Both sides o' the road,

"Sure. I've got two eyes,

When I say 'Ready,' pull her-

The two of them—Georg-

and Christopher Dill—were e-

lows out on a vacation ja-

had left the beaten paths.

knew and were "discovering

as Kit said. Kit claimed to

descendant of the Christoph-

toric renown. He was fond of

trait may or may not have

claim.

"Here we have it!" he

the machine sped on unche-

"Aren't you going to run

found a place!" he roared ab-

"Where?"

"Oh, back there a mile or

"Wouldn't trouble to go back

out here."