

TROBLES

There a time for everything. Taking off your boots after you get in bed indicates a high old time.

"To what do you attribute the curative properties of your pills?"

"Well," answered the proprietor, thoughtfully, "I fancy the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."

Urgent Suitor: With any sort of management we could certainly keep alive on \$500 a year.

She: Yes, dear, but I would sooner be comfortably dead.

Mr. Blase: You have no fortitude, Marie; you can endure nothing unless it is agreeable.

Mrs. Blase: You judge me harshly, Adolphe; are you not my husband?

Employer (warningly): I am informed, sir, that you attend horse-races and bet on them.

Clerk (coolly): I won \$1,000 last week.

Employer (excitedly): Where did you get the tip?

Landlady: Mr. McGinnis, may I ask what you are trying to find in that milk jug?

Lodger: I am trying, Mrs. Irons, to rescue an unfortunate fly from a watery grave.

Small Boy: Papa, what does monotonous mean?"

Father (wearily): Wait till your mother begins to talk dress with your aunt, my boy; then you'll realize the full meaning of the word."

Scene—a lonely spot on a dark night: Would the gentleman be so kind as to assist a poor man? Besides this revolver, I have nothing in this wide world.

"How do you like your new typewriter?" inquired the agent.

"It's grand!" was the enthusiastic response. "I wonder how I ever got along without it!"

"Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?"

"Certainly not, do it gladly."

So he rolled up his sleeves, and in an incredibly short time pounded out this:

Using these automatic Back-action atype writ, er for thre emonthan d Over. I unhesitatingly pronounce it pronoun ce in to be al ad even more than th e Manufacturs claim? for it. During the time been in our possessio n e. i, th rec monthz! it has nore th an paid paid for it self in the Saveing of time an d labrr?

John L. Smith."

"There you are, sir."

"Thanks," said the agent, dubiously

T-t-t-tu-Tacks.

In Halifax the other day there was something approaching a tragedy. B— is a good domestic man, but he stutters. As he was hurrying up the street one morning he was met by Dr. F—, a confirmed joker, who asked him where he was going,

"Er-round to P-P-P-Perkin's to get some t-t-t-tu-tacks," he gurgled, hurrying on.

The doctor was seized with a bright idea. He darted off in another direction, through an alley, and reached the hardware store ahead of B—.

Rushing up to the clerk he stuttered, laboriously, "Have you any t-tut-t-t-tu-tacks?"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk.

"W-w-wow-well, then, s-s-sit on them," exclaimed the doctor, darting from the shop, while the clerk glared after him with murder in his eyes. Not two minutes later in came B—. Bustling up to the counter, he began: "Have you any t-t-tut-tu-tacks?"

But at this point, to his horror and unspeakable indignation, he was grabbed roughly by the shoulders and "bounced" from the shop. That clerk would have no such trick played on him the second time.

JAPAN has a rapid-transit style of divorce which must excite the envy of Chicago. A citizen of Bizen has been divorced from his 35th wife, and there are indications in the neighborhood where he lives that he is getting ready to marry his 36th.

