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WITH THE WITS

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HE DOES.

"Do you know, I'd like to sing awfully," remarked a young man. "Oh, you do!" said a lady who had heard him.

□

AN IRISHMAN IN CANADA.

An Irishman and a Canadian judge were one day travelling together through Canada. They were discussing the relative merits of Canada and Ireland, till at last the judge, getting angry at Pat's obstinacy in maintaining the superiority of Ireland, asked, "Now, in real earnest, wouldn't you be a long time in Ireland before you'd have the honor of travelling in a first class carriage with a judge?" "That would be so," agreed Pat, "and you'd be a long time in Ireland before they'd make a judge of you!"

□

WEDDING FAVORS.

They were driving from the railway station to the village in which the blissful honeymoon was to be passed, and, though she had not as yet brushed the confetti out of her hair, the bride was in an agony of nervousness in case they should be taken for anything but a couple well-seasoned to the joys and sorrows of matrimony. Presently the carriage drew back with a jerk. "What's the matter?" queried the bridegroom of the coachman. "Horse thrown a shoe, sir," said the driver. The bride clutched her husband's arm, and with what sounded suspiciously like a sob—"Oh, dear George," she said, "is it possible that even the very horses know we are married!"

□

A WARNING.

A boy who had been going to one of the public schools in Buffalo left school to go to work for a small manufacturer. The boy was dull, and his stupidity annoyed the manufacturer greatly. After two weeks of trial the manufacturer discharged the boy at the end of the week on Saturday night. "You're discharged," the manufacturer said. "Go and get your pay, and let that be the last of you. You're discharged." On Monday morning the manufacturer was much surprised to see the boy in his former place at work. "Here!" he shouted. "What are you doing in this shop? I discharged you on Saturday night." "Yes," said the boy, "and don't you do it again. When I told my mother she licked me."

□

TO JULIA IN MOTORING GARB.

(With apologies to Herrick.)

When as to mote my Julia goes,
Ah, then, methinks, she sweetly shows
Much satisfaction in her clothes.
Ah, would some power the giftie gie
To Julia, so that she might see
How queer her togs appear to me!
A bulky coat envelops her—
A leather thing, lined through with fur,
And pockets here and there occur.
A frightful-looking hood and cape,
Bound tightly with a drawing-tape,
Conceals her head's exquisite shape.
A chiffon veil, with mica pane,
Protects her from the wind and rain
(It's lucky Julia isn't vain!)
Or, when it suits her, she will wear
A mask that gives me such a scare!
I think an ogre's standing there.
Oh, Fashion, prithee, send next year
Some style for women's motor gear,
That won't make Julia look so queer.
—Carolyn Wells.

□

HE STILL REMEMBERED THEM.

"By the way," said the man who had stopped at a farmhouse to water his horse, "fifteen years ago a poor boy came this way and you took him in." "Yes?" queried the farmer, somewhat surprised. "You were kind to him," went on the stranger. "You fed him, gave him words of encouragement, and an old suit of clothes, put half-a-crown in his pocket, and sent him on his way rejoicing. He told you at the time that he never would forget your kindness. Am I right?" "Yes, you are," replied the farmer. "He said that if he prospered he would see that you never had occasion to regret your kindness to a poor, struggling lad." "Gracious!" exclaimed the farmer's wife excitedly. "It sounds almost like a fairy tale, don't it? Why, you must have seen him." "I have," said the stranger, "and he sent a message to you." "What is it?" they both asked expectantly. "He told me to tell you that he is still poor." As the stranger drove away the farmer went out and kicked the pump viciously, while his wife threw a rolling-pin at the chickens.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

"Sir, I heard you using the word 'jackass.' Did you apply it to me?" "No, sir. Do you think you're the only jackass in the world?"

□

A FELLOW FEELING.

First Tramp—"Yuss, Bill, I 'as the greatest respect for the flying machine." Second Tramp—"Why?" First ditto—"Because it won't work."

□

PAID FOR WHAT HE USED.

Country Doctor (who has advised patient to give up smoking and drinking)—"That will be a shilling—advice and medicine." Patient—"Well, here's a saxe-pence for your medicine—but ah'm no' takkin' yer advice."

□

THE DAMAGE.

"Prisoner," said the judge, "you say your wife hit you on the head with a plate. Is that so?" "Yes, sir," answered the prisoner. "But," said the judge, "your head does not show marks of any kind." "No, sir," responded the prisoner, with a touch of pride, "but you should have seen that plate!"

□

SOMETHING WRONG.

"Better send an inspector down to see what's the matter with this man's meter," said the cashier in the gas company's office to the superintendent. "Oh," began the superintendent, "we throw complaints about meters—" "This is no complaint. He sends a cheque for the amount of his bill and says it's very reasonable."

□

SPEED.

Two men were coming into London on a local train which stopped every five minutes, and one of the men became impatient. Finally, when the train halted for the engine to get up more steam, the man's impatience overflowed. "Now, what do you think of this train?" he said to the other. "It isn't making much progress," replied his friend. "Progress! I should say not," said the impatient man. "It would be a job to take a moving picture of this train."

□

THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

A young doctor in a thriving country town was awakened at midnight by a violent ringing of the door-bell. Scrambling into his clothes he hurried downstairs. A well-dressed man was standing at the door. "Doctor," said the stranger breathlessly, "you're wanted immediately out near the Country Club. Can you come at once?" "Certainly, sir. Just step inside for a moment while I 'phone for my horse and trap. We'll soon be there." It was a good ten miles to the Country Club. Just beyond stood a cluster of cottages. "The red brick house on the left there," said the stranger as he alighted from the trap. "By the way, I forgot to ask the amount of your fee." "Fifteen shillings," said the doctor. The stranger took the amount from his pocket and passed it to the doctor. "That'll be all, thank you, doctor. None of those cabmen up in town would do it for less than a sovereign."

□

CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS.

A quiet, bashful sort of young fellow was making a call on a West End girl one evening not so very long ago, when her father came into the parlor with his watch in his hand. It was about 9.30 o'clock. At the moment the young man was standing on a chair straightening a picture over the piano. The girl had asked him to fix it. As he turned, the old gentleman, a gruff, stout fellow, said—"Young man, do you know what time it is?" The bashful youth got off the chair nervously. "Yes, sir," he replied, "I was just going." He went into the hall without any delay and took his hat and coat. The girl's father followed him. As the caller reached for the door-knob, the old gentleman again asked him if he knew what time it was. "Yes, sir," was the youth's reply. "Good-night!" And he left without waiting to put his coat on. After the door had closed the old gentleman turned to the girl. "What's the matter with that fellow?" he asked. "My watch ran down this afternoon, and I wanted him to tell me the time, so that I could set it."

NOT HER FAULT.

The Lady Fare—"You cannot cheat me, my man. I haven't ridden in cabs for twenty-five years for nothing. The Cabby—Haven't you mum? Well, you've done your best."

□

WHY?

Mistress (to servant)—"Now, Elsa, considering that you are quite ready to take the advice of any idiot who offers it to you, I can't think why it is you will never listen to me."

□

A SUMMER JOKE.

A minister, during his discourse one Sabbath morning, said—"In each blade of grass there is a sermon." The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawn-mower about his garden, and paused to say—"Well, indeed, I am glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short."

□

FINANCIAL ITEM.

One business man met another in the city. The second seemed downhearted. "What's the matter, old man?" asked the first: "you look pretty blue?" "Well, to put it in a nutshell, I've been having a 'flutter' in rubbers, and come a 'bad cropper.'" "Sorry, old boy. Were you a 'bull' or a 'bear,' may I ask?" "Neither. I was an ass."

□

IN THUNDERY WEATHER, TOO.

Mrs. Younghusband—"Do you notice any difference in the milk, dear?" Mr. Younghusband—"I should say so. This is a much better quality than we have been getting lately." Mrs. Younghusband—"Indeed, it is. I had it from a new man, who said he would guarantee it to be perfectly pure; so I bought enough to last for a couple of weeks."

□

BAD FORM.

It had been hard work, and the speaker now thought that he had spoken quite long enough. In fact, he had been talking for fully forty-five minutes, during which time his audience got considerably smaller. So with a view to ending his oration, he said—"Gentlemen, what I want is Housing Reform, Educational Reform, Social Reform, and—" Voice from the audience—"Chloroform!"

□

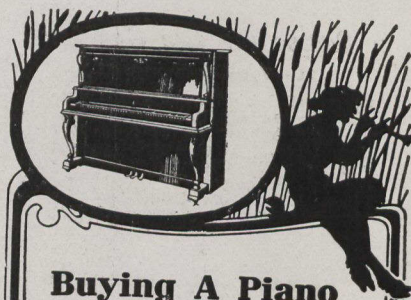
CLERICAL SLIPS.

One of our best-known bishops has a fund of excellent clerical stories at his disposal, although it is seldom that any but his intimate friends are favored with them. Here are one or two: A certain preacher, discoursing upon Bunyan and his work, caused a titter among his hearers by exclaiming—"In these days, my hearers, we want more Bunyans." Another clergyman, pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider "the deplorable condition of thirty thousand Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial." Still more curious was this clerical slip: A gentleman said to the minister—"When do you expect to see Deacon S. again?" "Never," said the reverend gentleman solemnly; "the Deacon is in Heaven."

□

WHAT HE WANTED TO SAY.

The office-boy to a large firm of publishers was a smart lad, and when recently he was sent to one of the operative departments with a message, he noticed at once that something was wrong with the machinery. He returned, gave the alarm, and thus prevented much damage. The circumstance was reported to the head of the firm, before whom the lad was summoned. "You have done me a great service, my boy," he said. "In future your wages will be increased five shillings weekly." "Thank you, sir," said the bright little fellow. "I will do my best to be worth it, and to be a good servant to you." The reply struck the chief almost as much as the lad's previous service had done. "That's the right spirit, my lad," he said. "In all the years I have been in business no one has ever thanked me in that way. I will make the increase ten shillings. Now, what do you say to that?" "Well, sir," said the boy, after a moment's hesitation, "I should very much like to say it again!"



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