



A bare assertion is not necessarily the naked truth.

There is nothing a loving parent is so proud of as a child that is asleep in bed.

Crabs, it is said, are never troubled with illness. They have so many claws that they can always feel well.

"Have you a large staff of reporters to gather the news for you?" Country editor: "No; we have a wife."

Bees are said to be possessed of wonderful memories. So are all the people to whom the bee introduces itself.

"What is the cause of the sudden coolness between Tom Jones and Susie Brown?" "Tom sold her father a horse"

Another good saying gone wrong. "Nature abhors a vagabond," said a young lady speaker at a recent Glasgow meeting.

She (piqued)—"I don't know exactly what to make of you, Mr. Bland." He (eager to suggest): "Er why not try a husband?"

It has been definitely laid down by a writer on fashion that the length of a lady's dress should be a little above two feet.

Miss Faustique: I flatter myself that I can write about as bitter a letter when I choose as any girl living. Miss. Caustique: Yes? you generally wet your pencil with your tongue at every second word, do you not?

Patient (woefully): Oh, doctor, I'm all twisted up with the rheumatism and neuralgia. Oh, do you think, doctor, you can get all the pain out of me? Doctor (kindly): Well, I will try to get all out of you I can.

Railway Official: "You had better not smoke, sir." Traveller: "That's what my friends say." Railway Official: "But you must not smoke, sir." Traveller: "So my doctor tells me." Railway Official (indignantly): "But you shan't smoke, sir." Traveller: "Ah, just what my wife says."

THE SMITH FAMILY.—A yankee orator named Smith thus held forth to an amused audience in praise of his cognomen: "Gentlemen, my name is Smith, and I am proud to say I am not ashamed of it. It

may be that no person in this crowd owns that very uncommon name. If, however, there be one such, let him hold up his head, pull up his dickey, turn out his toes, take courage and thank his stars that there are a few more left of the same sort.

'Smith, gentlemen is an illustrious name,  
And stands ever high in the annals of fame,  
Let White, Brown, and Jones increase as they will,  
Believe me, that Smith will out number them still.'

Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original Smith, not a Smithe nor a Smyth, but a regular, natural S-m-i-t-h—Smith. Putting a "y" in the middle or an "e" at the end won't do, gentlemen. Whoever heard of a great man by the name of Smyth or Smithe? Echo answers who? and everybody says nobody. But as for Smith, plain S-m-i-t-h, Smith, why the pillars of fame are covered with that honoured and revered name. Who were the most racy, witty, and most popular authors of this century? Horace and Albert Smith. Who the most original, pithy, and humorous preacher? The Rev. Sidney Smith. And who, I ask—and I ask the question more seriously and soberly—who, I say, is that man, and what is his name, who has fought the most battles, made the most speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sang the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most women, kissed the most girls, and married the most widows? History says, I say, you say, and everybody says, John Smith.

