

to sea." Is it possible? How he will cheat when he weighs the anchor."

What the long-suffering husband says to his chattering wife:

"I love thee still."

Czar: Where is my undershirt? Valet: At the blacksmith's, your imperial highness. A rivet was found loose this morning.

Ethel: Clara was out driving yesterday and the horse ran away with her. Maude: Well, I think the horse showed very poor taste.

Green: What excuse did your boy give for attaching a tin can to my dog? White: He said he did it to point a moral and adorn a tail!

"Yer a broth of a boy," said Maggie. And Pat replied, as he slyly put his arm around her waist, "O'd be better broth if I had a little mate."

Kind Uncle Jack: What kind of a doll do you want for a birthday present, Lucy?

Lucy (eagerly): Twins, please, uncle Jack.

She: The man I marry must be one of the nobility, and a man who rules. He: Oh, darling, you do not know I am a bookkeeper, and I often rule.

Grandpa: Well, Fred, you're an uncle now; you ought to be proud of it. Little Fred: No, I oughten to, I ain't no uncle. Grandpa: Why not? Little Fred: 'Cause I'm an aunt. The new baby's a girl.

Thin man, pushing himself into a 'bus full of stout people: This 'bus ought to charge by weight, I think.

Fat Female, indignantly: If it did, it would never have stopped to pick *you* up.

As She is Spoke: Butcher—Come, John, be lively now; break the bone in Mr. Williamson's chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him.

John (briskly): All right, sir: just as soon as I've sawed off Mr. Murphy's leg.

Amateur farmers do not know a great deal, perhaps, but what they do know they are sure of.

Old farmer: What do you feed your pigs on?

Amateur farmer: Corn.

Old farmer: In the ear?

Amateur farmer (in disgust): No; in the mouth.

A small child went to an afternoon party the other day. When she returned her parents asked her about it. She said, "During the afternoon one of the little girls fell through a chair. All the other girls laughed, but I didn't." "Well, but why did you not laugh?" "'Cause I was the girl that fell through."

Rather Mixed

In a country church the curate had to give out two notices, the first of which was about baptisms, and the latter had to do with a new hymn book. Owing to an accident he inverted the order, and gave out as follows:—"I am requested to give notice that the new hymn book will be used for the first time in this church on Sunday next, and I am also requested to draw attention to the delay which often takes place in bringing children to be baptised; they should be brought on the earliest day possible. This is particularly pressed on mothers who have young babes." "And for the information of those who have none," added the rector in gentle, kindly tones, and who being deaf, had not heard what had been previously said, "for the information of those who have none, I may state that if wished they can be obtained on application in the vestry immediately after service today. Limp ones 50 cents, with stiff backs \$1.00.



U. R. PORRIDGE.

MOTHER LAURIER—Now, my little man, why don't you eat up your porridge; it will do you lots of good.

MASTER CANADA—I don't like it, Mother Laurier, it's too gritty. I know it won't agree with me; I *won't* eat it.