

"but think of what might have happened to me if I hadn't had my lucky stone."—Chicago Post.

Going One Better.

In the Canadian House of Commons one of the most interesting personalities is the Honorable D. C. Fraser, of Nova Scotia. As a stump speaker he is eloquent, persuasive and ready-witted. But once at least "D. C." found his resources to fail him. It was on the eve of a by-election in Ontario, and "D. C." had been sent for to assist the Government candidate. It was an "agony" call, for the candidate was a poor platform speaker; and so Fraser went well prepared. His man spoke first. The substance of his speech was this: "Fellow-citizens, you know me—I'm a self-made man—you know me."

The rival candidate was a non-resident and a stranger to most of the audience. For some reason he was not able to appear in person that evening; but he was fortunate in his substitute, a little French-Canadian lawyer. "I'm verria sorry," he began, "ma freend could not coom—I'd like mooch you haf seen heem. He verria deerferent from dis man dat has joost sit doon. He says he made heemself. I believe dat. But ma man—God made heem! And, ma freends, dere is joost as mooch deerference between de men as dere is between de makers!"

That was all his speech; but that was enough for the audience, and too much for "D. C." and his friend.

A Long Lived Family.

"Three forms!" exclaimed an official to an applicant for the Old Age Pension. "You can't have three forms. One person, one form."

"Yes, I know, master. One for grand-feyther, one for feyther, and one for Oi."

The Domestic Problem.

"What!" said a lady to a friend. "You don't mean to tell me you pay a girl three pounds a month for cooking?"

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "We only pay her one pound a month for cooking; the other two pounds is for staying!"

Quite True.

"Owd George's wooden leg been giving him pain lately," declared one rustic to another.

"Don't you be talkin' so foolish, Wil-lum!"

"It's sure enough," responded the first speaker. "Is owd woman's been a-whoppin' him wi' it!"

A Difference.

"I hope, madam, you do not object to children?" queried a seeker for seaside lodgings.

"Oh, not in the least! I have nine myself," replied the woman who had apartments to let.

"Um—er—if I decide to take the rooms, I will send you a letter. Good day!"

A Kaiser.

A teacher was giving a geography lesson to the class.

"Now," said she, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by the Kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a Kaiser?"

"Please 'm," replied Tommy Jones, "a stream o' hot water springin' up an' disturbin' the earth!"

A Good Trade.

A loafer, on being asked by a cottager from whom he had begged the other day what trade he followed, replied, "I am a picker."

"A picker?" said the enquirer. "What is that?"

"Well, mum," he said, "in July I picks strawberries, in August I picks 'ops, in the winter I picks pockets, and the rest of the year I picks oakum!"

Philosophy.

An individual who posed as a philosopher was recently seen at a garden-party strolling slowly among the people

and muttering repeatedly, "Do I exist—or am I non-existent?" Eventually another guest of considerable avoirdupois stepped heavily on the sciolist's foot.

"You clumsy idiot!" roared the philosopher. "What are you doing?"

"Merely helping you," the other explained. "Evidently you feel—therefore you exist!"

Private Murphy's Inspection.

The commanding officer of a certain regiment was at a loss to know what to do with one of his men whose persistent untidiness was a source of great worry. Reprimand and punishment had been tried, but it was of no avail; the man was incorrigible. At last the Colonel hit upon what he thought was a good idea of shaming him into decency. So the company was drawn up on the parade ground, and Private Murphy was ordered to march up and down the ranks, the men having previously been told to have a good look at him. Murphy did so and, unabashed, halted in front of the colonel, saluted, and in a voice loud enough to be heard by the whole company, said:

"Dhrtiest regiment I ever inspected, sorr!"

Random Readings.

Why is poverty like a policeman?—Because it "pinches" people.

"Johnson tells me that his new watch will run sixteen days without winding."

"How long will it run with winding?"

"Please, lidy, I'm a-lookin' fer work."

"What kind of work do you want?"

"Well, I should prefer some work for my teeth!"

"Clothes don't make the man," quoted a sage. "They made me!" said a retired tailor. "And where should I be if it wasn't for suits?" chimed in a lawyer's clerk.

"Did you notice how hot it was at the show to-night?" queried a dramatic critic of a colleague. "Yes," replied the latter; "every one was roasting the play!"

"Do you know that I've been playing in several pieces on tour," said a rather conceited young actor to an acquaintance, "and I got such notices!" "I suppose so! Fortnightly!"

"I have a riddle for you," said a frivolous girl to a friend. "If ten men proposed to me, what would that be?" "What?"

"A tender." "Very likely. And if one proposed to you it would be a wonder!"

A teacher had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton, the poet, was blind. The next day he asked if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was. "Yes'm," replied one of the lads: "he was a poet!"

"I say, Jack, when are you going to pay me back that fiver you borrowed at least six months ago?" asked a young man of an acquaintance. "My dear boy," replied the borrower, "I'm a beastly bad hand at prophecy!"

Doctor: "Most—er—fortunate you consulted me. I'm just the very man to—er—cure you." Patient: "Ah, that's lucky. You are quite familiar with my complaint, then?" Doctor: "Familiar? My dear sir, I've had it myself—er—this twenty years!"

"I say, mother, Tom Brown and Patty Robinson are to be married to-day! Shall I take some rice to throw at them?" "No, my dear," replied the practical mother. "Wait a month or two and then give it to them; from what I know of their characters they will be glad of it as food!"

A commercial traveller had dwelt eloquently and at some length upon the superior merits of a new sewing-machine, but the woman of the house heard him calmly. "Why," said the traveller at last, "a child could work that machine!" "We have no children!" responded the woman as she shut the door and locked it.

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