

Wit and Humor

A little Scotch boy's grandmother was packing his lunch for him to take to school one morning. Looking up into the old woman's face, the boy asked:

"Grandmother, does yer spees magnify?"

"A little, my child," she answered.

"A weel, then," said the boy, "I wad just like it if ye wad tak' them off when ye're packin' my loonch."

A certain Congressman is the father of a bright lad of ten who persists, despite the parental objection and decree, in reading literature of the "half dime" variety.

"That's a nice way to be spending your time," said the father on one occasion. "What's your ambition, anyhow?"

"Dad," responded the youngster, with a smile, "I'd like to have people tremble like aspen leaves at the mere mention of my name."

THE INVESTIGATOR

Yes, I'm a vegetarian (between meals, understand):

I'm proud to be included with the "no-life-taking" band.

Instead of eating creatures that have hoofs or claws or wings,

Or shells or fins, I'd rather dine on cabbages and things.

Ah, yes; in theory, at least, this notion is complete,

But when I'm hungry—hang your greens!—I've got to have some meat.

I am a mental scientist (when I am well and strong):

It's such a lofty pleasure just to know that I belong

With those who do not have to take those nasty little pills,

But through the strength of thinking things can banish all their ills.

Ah, yes; the mind is everything; but, mind you, when I'm sick,

A good, old-fashioned doctor comes to my house double-quick.

In politics, you can infer, I'm independent quite

(When there is no election near). I stand for truth and right,

I care not what the label is, it's all the same to me;

I'm not the sort of man to wear a party collar. See?

It's a principle I'm after; yes, sirree; that's it. But, wait,

Election day I always vote the same old ticket "straight."

—Nixon Waterman

ON HANDLING CHILDREN

Children should be handled as little as possible. When they get bigger they won't stand for it, preferring to handle themselves.

The handling of children has now been reduced to a science, of which there are three distinct branches, viz.: fondling, jogging and chucking.

To handle children properly, first fondle. To fondle, encircle the child

twice with both arms and press tightly against the breast or some other part of the anatomy. Con-

tinue until the child shows signs of suffocation. Then joggle.

To joggle, face the child, and force the thumbs firmly into the

child's trunk, midway between the pit of the stomach and the short

ribs, with the fingers deeply embedded in the small of the back.

Then shake the child vigorously up and down and sidewise, until the

child froths at the mouth. Then chuck.

To chuck, extend the fingers of the right hand and strike the child sharply

in the face, preferably under the chin. This may be done with perfect

safety to very young children, as they can neither strike back nor

having no teeth, bite the tongue. Continue until the child temporizes

and grows red in the face. Then fondle as above and repeat ad libitum.

This rule is for your own children or vice versa. For the children

of others or vice versa, add fifty per cent.

Officials have a right to ask questions in the performance of their

duty, but there are occasions when it seems they might curtail or fore-

go the privilege. Not long ago an Irishman whose hand had been badly

mangled in an accident entered the Boston City Hospital Relief Station

in a great hurry. He stepped up to the man in charge and enquired:

"Is this the Relief Station, sor?"

"Yes. What is your name?"

"Patrick O'Connor, sor."

"Are you married?" questioned the officer.

"Yis, sor, but is this the Relief Station?" He was nursing his hand

in agony.

"Of course it is. How many children have you?"

"Eight, sor. But sure this is the Relief Station?"

"Yes, it is," replied the official, growing a little angry at the man's

persistence.

"Well," said Patrick, "sure, an' I was beginning to think that it

might be the pumping station!"

Maud.—How would these lines do for your menu card:

"Tea! Thou soft, thou sober, sage, and venerable liquid, thou

female tongue—running, smile-smoothing, heart-opening, wink-tipping cor-

dial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moments of my

life, let me fall prostrate!" The lines are from the pen of Colley

Cibber.

Hans came in from his ranch, two miles this side of Olney, this week

to buy a horse.

"I've got the very thing you want," said the Bergman; "it's a

fine road horse, five years old, sound as a quail, \$115 cash down, and he

goes ten miles without stopping."

Hans threw up his hands skyward.

"Not for me," he said; "not for me. I wouldn't give you five cents

for him. I live eight miles from Olney, and I'd hat to walk back

the whole way."

Washington and football players

States his Washington Hesitat

lot



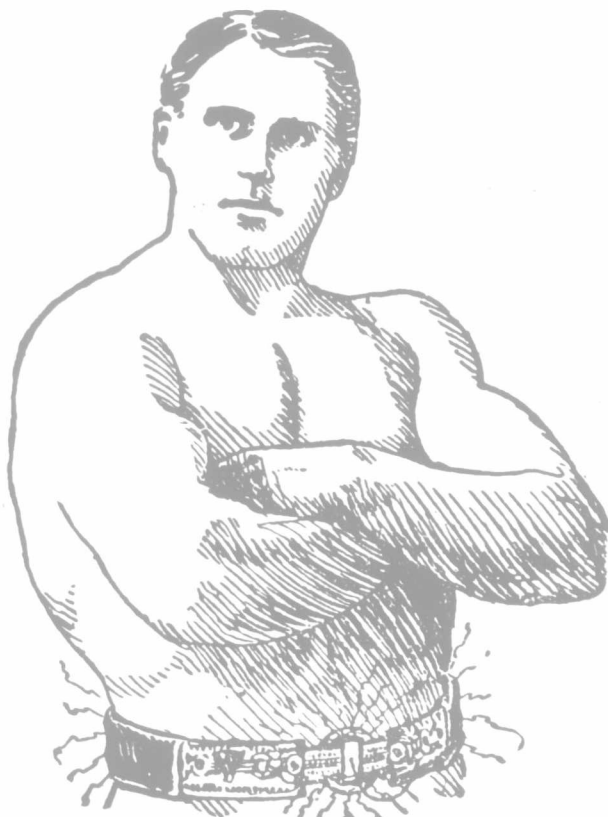
HOW TO BUILD A GOOD FENCE

Everyone intending fence building should send for our folder on Erecting Fences. It's full of valuable information on fence building, tells how to erect woven wire fencing quickly and substantially, describes the manufacture of fence wire and has an article quoted from Bulletin of U. S. Dept. of Agriculture on concrete post making, showing how these durable posts can be economically made at home. Don't fail to write for a copy. It's free.

THE BANWELL MOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd.
Dept. M Hamilton, Ontario. Winnipeg, Manitoba.



Weak, Sick Men, Here is Strength and Happiness



If you are losing the strength of youth and can see evidence from day to day, that your physical system is going to decay, you should, in common justice to your future happiness, take steps to check this.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that this can't be done; it can and has been done in thousands of cases.

Don't deceive yourself into believing that it is natural for any man to thus exhaust his power.

Nature is appealing to you every moment to save yourself. The slight pains that you feel; the momentary spells of weakness, the periodical loss of memory; dullness of brain, drowsiness—all point to the necessity of curing yourself now. We have a positive cure for you in our Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.

It will make you strong. It will send the blood dancing through your veins; you will feel the exhilarating spark warm your frame, the bright flash will come to your eye, and a firm grip to your hand, and you will be able to grasp your neighbor and feel that what others are capable of doing is not impossible to you. This grand appliance has brought strength, ambition and happiness to thousands in the past year.

It is a quick and lasting cure for all Nervous Debility, Weakness, Rheumatism, Pains in the Back and Hips, (Sciatic), Lumbago, Constipation, Indigestion. Weak Kidneys, Failing Memory, and all evidences of breaking down. It cures when all else has failed.

My argument is good, my system is good, but I know you haven't time to study these. You want proof, and I give you that, and lots of it. When your own neighbors tell you I cured them you will know I did it.

Dr. McLaughlin, Dear Sir—I regret very much in keeping you waiting for the recommendation you so richly deserve in praise of your Belt. I must say that it is a god-send, to anybody in need of it. It will cure anything as regards Physical Weakness, and is far ahead of drugs. Anything I can do in the way of recommending your Belt I will do to the best of my ability. You can refer anybody to me that may be in doubt about your Belt.

THOMAS MURRAY,
148 Gladstone Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Dr. McLaughlin, Dear Sir—I can say that I am entirely satisfied with belt. I only used it about three months altogether and it is over two years since I had it on. I will always be pleased to recommend it to anyone in need of anything of the kind. Wishing you every success.

R. O. MORROW,
Box 38, Margaret, Man.

Dr. McLaughlin, Dear Sir—I was greatly troubled with backache, so much so that I had to quit work several times, but after I bought your Belt I wore it for forty days and it did wonders for me. Now I can do any kind of work and never feel a pain in my back. It has completely cured me. Hoping others will do as you advise. HOMIDAS LAMOREAUX,
Lamoureux, Alta.

If you are skeptical, all I ask is reasonable security for the price of the Belt and you can

PAY WHEN CURED

If I don't cure you, my Belt comes back to me, and we quit friends. You are out the time you spend on it wearing it while you sleep—nothing more.

Free to All My Beautiful Book

Weak Men, Broken Down Men, want to see you at my office! Call on me, or write to me, and cut out this coupon, mail me your address, and I will send you, elegantly illustrated 80-page Book, showing the road to health. Don't put it off, I will send it free for you. Send today.

DR. M. D. McLAUGHLIN

112 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada

Gentlemen—Please send me, prepaid, your Free Book.

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Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily and Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.