

Wise and Otherwise

CITY HARDER (to Scotch visitor, after shaving): "Little boy rum, sir?"
SCOTCH VISITOR: "Weel, I'm na fond of rum; but I wadna refuse a drap whusky!"

A **FARMER'S** man took the village doctor a note the other day, and with some difficulty **Medicus** spelt out, "Please send me a bottle of fizzle."
"Hulloa," exclaimed the doctor, "f-i-z-z-l-e doesn't spell physic."

"Don't it?" answered the rustic, "what do it spell then?"
 The doctor gave it up.

THE two men had talked for a time in the train.
"Are you going to hear Barkin's lecture to-night?" said one.

"Yes," returned the other.
"Take my advice and don't. I hear that he's an awful bore."

"I must go," said the other. "I'm Barkin."

DAUGHTER: "Oh, papa, I've just got the most lovely yachting costume you ever saw."
PAPA (busily): "I'm glad you like it."

DAUGHTER: "It's too sweet for anything. Now all we need is a yacht."

"THAT'S a terrible noise in the nursery. Molly said the midwife." "What's the matter? Can't you keep the baby quiet?"

"Shure, ma'am," replied Molly, "I can't keep him quiet unless I let him make a noise."

JUDG: "So the prisoner hit you on the head with a brick, did he?"

MCGINTY: "Yes, yer honor."

JUDG: "But it seems he didn't quite kill you, anyway?"

MCGINTY: "No, bad 'cess to him, but it's wishing he had O'd be."

JUDG: "Why do you wish that?"

MCGINTY: "Begorry, thin O'd would have seen the schoundrel hanged for murder!"

"Hunny, dear, I can't wait to tell you what I am going to buy you!"

"Darling wife, what is it?"

"Well, I'm going to get a silver card-tray, a bronze Hercules for the mantelpiece, and a new Persian rug to put in front of my dressing table. What are you going to do for me, Toomey?"

"I've been thinking, Jane, and have made up my mind to get you a new shaving brush."

"MARRIED yet, old man?"

"No, but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married."

"It's better, if you only know it."

"I've a dreadful cold, doctor."

"I see you have. Let me feel your pulse. It's Yes. You'd better take a hot bath, and under no circumstances get your feet wet."

"Do you treat your new servant as one of your family?"

"Well, hardly, but she treats us as though we were members of her family."

THE **HENPECKED HUSBAND:** "Is my wife going out, Mary?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know if I am going with her?"

"HOMERUS I am," said a loud-voiced spouter at a meeting. "I still remember that I'm a fraction of this magnificent Empire."

"You are, indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

"HENRY," she said, "you don't know what a soothing influence you have on me."

"My darling," he whispered softly, while a glad light came into his eyes, "can it be so?"

"Yes," she said, "when you are here I always feel inclined to sleep."

ARDENT SCITOR: "I lay my fortune at your feet."

FAIR LADY: "Portune! I didn't know you had money."

ARDENT SCITOR: "I haven't much; but it takes very little to cover those tiny feet."

He got her.

"Your greatest enemy is whiskey," said the parson to an incorrigible member of his flock.

"But," said the wayward one, "you have always told us to love our enemies!"

"Yes," answered the good man, "but not to swallow them."

BOBBY HIRNPECK: "Papa, what is a bachelor?"

MR. HIRNPECK: "A bachelor, my son, is a man to be envied, only be sure you don't tell your ma I said so."

SIE: "Don't you think I have a pretty mouth?"

HER (absent-mindedly): "Yes, darling, it's simply immense."

OLD MILLYONS: "Young man, my daughter tells me you kissed her last night."

PRICIVAL TOOTLES: "Well, if she wants to go bragging about it, that's her privilege."

MRS. CLANKER: "Is that gentleman standing by the door a friend of yours?"

MRS. WHACKER: "Oh, no, indeed. That's my husband."

HOGAN: "Do you believe in dreams, Mike?"

DUGAN: "Faith an' I do! Last night I dreamt I was awake, an' in the mornin' me dhream came thrue."

"Now, honestly, Maud, didn't Jack propose last evening?"

"Why, y-e-e-s! But how did you guess?"

"I noticed that you didn't have that worried look this morning."

MRS. McCANTY: "An' ye've raised quite a leg family, Mrs. Murphy?"

MRS. MURPHY (with pride): "Sivin polacemum, Mrs. McCanty."

"And what do you regard as the greatest triumph of modern surgery?"

"Collecting the bills," promptly responded the great practitioner.

WHEB: "I love the smell of a good cigar."

BUTT: "And I love the taste of one. I'll tell you what to do. You buy a good cigar and I'll smoke it. Then each of us will get what he likes so much."

JUDG (sternly): "You are a pitiable specimen of humanity. What brought you to all this degradation and disgrace?"

PRISONER (proudly): "It took three coppers, yer washup!"

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said a blundering counsel, in an action about some pigs, "there were just thirty-six hogs in that drove; please to remember that fact—thirty-six hogs—just exactly three times as many as there are in that jury-box, gentlemen."

That counsel did not gain his case.

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