



AN Irish Judge, who was much annoyed by loud conversation in the court room, cried out: "Silence! Keep a silence in the court! Here I have decided a dozen cases this morning, without hearing what one of 'em was about."

"This is the parlor, eh?" tentatively remarked the agent, who was looking over the house. "Yes," replied old man Kidder; "but I usually call it the court-room—I've got seven daughters, you know."

AN old Scotswoman, when advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon, replied: "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

PORTMAN: Here's a letter for Mr. Jeremiah O'Flaherty. SERVANT (IRL): Well 'tis you's the clever man to know his name. Sure he outly kin here last night.

#### NEW VERSION.

Jack has would raise garden eas,  
His wife would raise chickens,  
Between the two, ere they got through,  
They simply raised the dickens.  
—Indianapolis Journal

MAUD: Did you not call for help when he kissed you? MAUR: No. He didn't need any.

FRESH: You bet, I boss the house. IRVINE: What does your wife do? FRESH: She bosses me.

HE (before the wedding): You are sure you won't be nervous at the altar? SHE (four times a widow): I've never been yet.

"KATHARINE, you will always find me an indulgent husband." "Do you mean indulgent to me or indulgent to yourself?"

"When a man asserts that he is just as good as anybody else, do you think he really believes it?" "Certainly not. He believes he is better."

"Do not put your feet on the cushions," is an injunction read occasionally in a railway carriage or you will dirty your boots," was found added the other day by a cynical traveller.

"Paddy, do you know how to drive?" said a traveller to the owner of a sunning car. "Sure I do," was the answer. "Wasn't it I upset yer honor in a ditch two years ago?"

FRIEND: What is the expensive ingredient in your syrup?

PATENT MEDICINE MAN: The advertising.

MASTER: How was it I saw you handing your friends in the kitchen my best cigars?

MARY: I can't tell, sir, for the life of me; for I'm sure I covered the keyhole.

"What a well-informed man Jenkins seems to be! He can converse intelligently upon almost any subject."

Yes; Jenkins has brought up five boys."

BROWNLET: How surprised we would be if we could see ourselves as others see us!

TOWNLEY: Yes; but think how surprised the others would be if they could see us as we see ourselves.

LITTLE DAUGHTER: Mamma, can folks be put in prison for cheating a baby?

MAMMA: Why do you ask such a question?

LITTLE DAUGHTER: I saw Mrs. Nextdoor filling her baby's bottle, and she put some water in the milk.

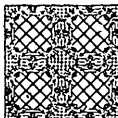
MRS. HASHMORE: You'll have to settle up or leave.

BOARDER: Thanks, awfully. The last place I was at they made me do both.

## THINK WHAT YOU CAN SAVE

BY USING OUR FAMOUS

## Metallic Ceilings and Walls.



Sample Design.

They are enduringly beautiful, don't need renewing, and don't get shabby like other styles of interior finish. They can be cleaned without harming the decoration and are fire proof and sanitary.

You will find them the most handsome and economically lasting finish to be had.

If you care for an estimate mail us an outline, showing shape and measurements of your walls and ceilings.

### METALLIC ROOFING CO., LIMITED.

1183 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

THE following good story is told of the secretary of a musical society.

A gentleman rang his door bell one evening recently and asked if a Mr. — lived there.

"No," said the intensely musical Henry, pointing to the street; "he lives about an octave—I mean eight doors higher."

"Why, Jimmie, my darling boy, you've got the medal for good behaviour this week," said the fond mother, noting the little silver medal on her son's vest.

"Yes, ma," said Jimmie. "Tommy Roland won it, but I told him I'd knock the head off him if he didn't give it to me."

BLINKERS: Why is it your friend Winklers is always down at the heels? Does he lose his money on horse-races?

DINKERS: He never bets on a horse race. He loses his money on the human race.

EH?

He has nine children.

MRS. TRACY: Do you realize, my dear, that you have never done anything to save a poor fellow creatures any suffering?

TRACY: Didn't I marry you?

YANLEY: I have always had an idea that after a couple had been married for some time even their thoughts became, to a great degree, identical. Am I right, Peck?

MR. ST. PECK (emphatically): You are. About now my wife is thinking what she'll say to me for coming home so late. And so am I.

MAGISTRATE: I seem to know your face!

PRISONER: Yes; we was boys together.

MAGISTRATE: Nonsense!

PRISONER: Yes, we was. We're both about the same age, so we must have bin boys together!