WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Ethel—I hear Miss Screecher is going abroad to complete her musical education. Is her father sending her?

Bert—No; the neighbors.

Chollie—Youah daughter has consented to marry me; an—er—I'd like to know if there is any insanity in youah family.

Old Gentleman (emphatically)—There must be!

"Now, Johnny, do you understand thoroughly why I am going to whip you?"

"Yes, pa. You're in a bad temper this mornin' and you've got to hit some one before you'll feel satisfied."

"Ah, doctor, glad to meet you," said Mr. Forsyte. "I wish you'd drop around to the house at about nine this evening." "None of the children sick, I hope?" "No, but they will be when they get back from their grandmother's. They're there for supper."

Teacher—Now, Bobby, how much do six and four make?

Bobby (eagerly)—Eleven, sir.

Teacher—Now, guess again. How about ten?

Bobby (exultingly)—Oh, you can't mix me up that way. Five and five makes ten.

She—I know some couples quarrel a good deal at first, but get along pretty well later on. He—Oh, yes! Some people take matrimony like rheumatism—they get so accustomed to it that they don't complain much.

Teacher—Now, then, Tommy, you have no good excuse for staying away from school yesterday.

Tommy—Well, it wasn't my fault.

Teacher—It wasn't.

Tommy—No, ma'am. I done my best to think up one.

"What can we do to improve the present method of dancing?" thundered the parson. "Dancing is merely hugging to music." "We might cut out the music," softly suggested a bad young man in the rear of the auditorium.

"Are you in society?"

"About half in."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'm always invited to society entertainments given to raise money for charity—and that's about all."

Bobby—"Say, mamma, what are you going to give me for my birthday?"

Mamma—"Oh, anything to keep you quiet, Bobby."

Bobby—"Well, nothing will keep me quiet but a drum."

Patience—"He must have a soft spot in his heart for me?"

Patrice—"Why so?"

Patience—"He says he is always thinking of me."

Patrice—"But you know a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft place must be in his head."

Hungry Hawkins—Do yer mean ter say yer got a square meal out o' dat sour woman?"

Diplomatic Mike—Sure.

Hungry Hawkins—Well, yer a wonder. How'd yer do it?

Diplomatic Mike—When she opened the door, I sez: "Is yer mother at home, Miss?"

A certain distinguished minister, who is unusually plain in physical appearance, tells this story on himself: He was visiting at a country house, and was being shown round the place by his host's little daughter, a pretty and precocious child of six. She was somewhat shy at first, but gradually grew accustomed to her distinguished visitor, finally asking him, with serious face:

"Did God make all things?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Did He make you?"

"Yes, He made me, my child."

"And did He make me, too?"

"Yes."

"Well, He must have got a good deal better at it since He made you."

A Clear Healthy Skin.—Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which blemish beauty are the results of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the liver and kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Parmelee's Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.

When beef soars up in price the demand for eggs increases, and a great many take eggs who otherwise steer clear of them unless assured beforehand that they are perfectly fresh. One who is very particular about his eggs took his seat at a table in a restaurant the other day and said:

"Waiter, if you have any fresh eggs I'll take two."

"Yes, sir. How'll you have 'em—fried, boiled, hard, or soft, scrambled, poached—"

"I'll take them raw," was the startling reply.

The waiter stared and gasped.

"Raw, sir," he asked, to make sure he had heard right.

"Yes, raw, and hurry up with 'em."

"Well done—er—yes, sir, I'll bring 'em."

When the eggs were brought the man cracked them on the end and carefully inspected their contents, smelling and tasting of them until satisfied.

"Now you can scramble them for me," he said, handing them back to the waiter. "I know they're fresh."

"Yes, sir," was all the comment that the waiter could summon to express his surprise.

Ten minutes later, when the scrambled eggs were brought in, the diner-out put aside his paper and turned to relish fresh scrambled eggs served on hot toast. Imagine his surprise upon removing the cover to get a whiff of stale, musty eggs. The odor was so decidedly strong that he gasped a moment in suffocating misery.

"Waiter!" he shouted, "these are not the eggs I broke!"

"Oh, no, sir," was the prompt answer, "we gave you fresh ones, and poached them others for the next man that ain't so particular."

A very plain nurse was telling a convalescent enteric patient how bad he had been and how delirous. "Do you know you proposed to me?" she asked. The patient jumped up, "Was I as delirious as that?"

Young Maid—Which would you prefer in your future husband—honor, ability, or appearance?

Old Maid—Appearance every time, but he's got to appear pretty soon, I tell you.

"Say, pop, what's a floating debt?"

"Your mother on her annual trip to Europe."

DO YOU KNOW THAT BACKACHE IS THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF KIDNEY TROUBLE.

It is! and you cannot be too careful about it.

A little backache let run will finally cause serious kidney trouble. Stop it in time.

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They cure where all others fail. As a specific for Backaches and Kidney Troubles they have no equal. Here is what

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of Stewarton, N.B., writes: "I was so troubled with a sore back I could not get out of bed in the mornings for over a year. I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had them half taken I could see I was deriving some benefit from them, and before I had taken them all my back was O.K. and I have not been troubled since."

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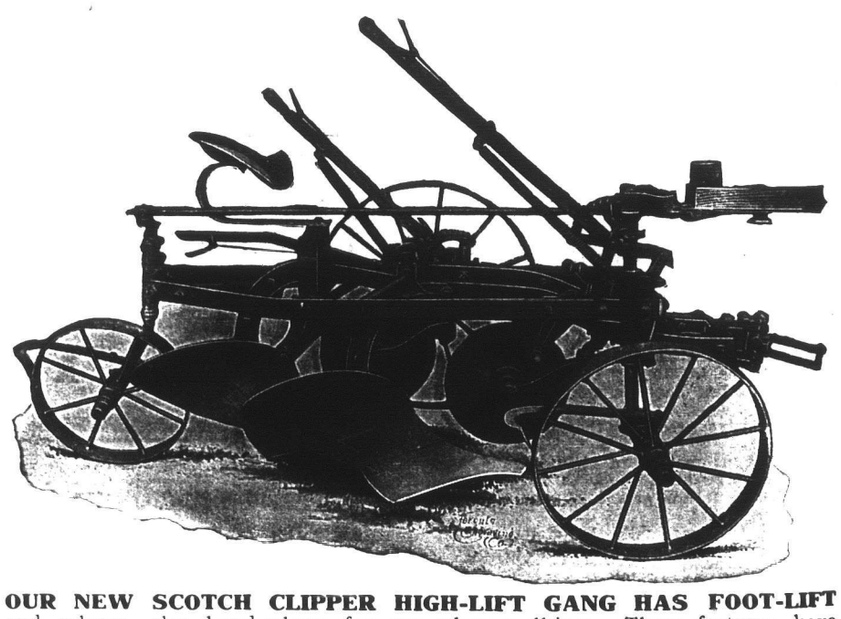
(Signed) *JOHN BARRON,*

April 20th *Carberry, Man.*

NEW PARIS FOOT-LIFT GANG



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