

With the Jokers

The Doubtful Age

Little Richard, who is five and who has arrived at the dignity of first trousers, was disgusted when he saw a little neighbor, aged three, arrayed also for the first time in the garments of distinction.

"Now just look what they've done to Wilson's baby!" he exclaimed. "They've gone and put it in pants before they know whether it's going to be a boy or a girl!"—February Woman's Home Companion.

Farmer Honk—Say Lem!
Farmer Stackrider—Har?
Farmer Honk—Is that 'ere solemn, spectacled young nephew of your'n that's bein' called "Doctor," and goes around lookin' as wise as a trefoil of owls, a dentist, a boss physician, a corn curer, a layer-on-of-hands, a presidin' elder, or just a common doctor that saws bones and kills folks?—Puck.

Bobby—Mamma, am I a lad?
Mamma—Yes, Bobby.
Bobby—And is my new papa my stepfather?
Mamma—Yes.
Bobby—Then am I his step-ladder?—Washington Star.

Between Themselves

He—"You know you married me for my money."
She—"Well, I'm glad you give me credit for not being an utter fool."—Life.

The Old Saying

Rollingstone Nomoss—"Wot's de old sayin' 'bout a dog in de manger?"
Tatterdan Tern—"A dog in de manger is worth two in de front yard."—Philadelphia Record.

Cliptomania

Old Gentleman—So you think my daughter loves you, sir; and you wish to marry her?
Dudleigh—That's what I called to see you about. Is there any insanity in your family?
Old Gentleman—No, sir! and there's not going to be any.—Medical Record.

Safer Perhaps

"Bellingham's religion is like his property," said Trivet to Dicer.
"How's that?"
"It's all in his wife's name."—Judge.

Elsie—I spent nearly two hours yesterday at the photographer's.
Jack—What doing?
Elsie—Awaiting developments.—Yale Record.

According to Their Light

It makes all the difference in the world where the language is used. According to President Harris of Amherst, for instance, a word that is looked upon as profanity in Boston may express the deepest sentiment out West, in proof of which he tells the following story: "A rough miner died out West, and was laid away by his fellow-laborers, with a common slab of stone to mark his resting-place. On the stone was this inscription: "Bill Jenkins. Died June 13, 1901. He done his damndest. Angels could do no more."—New York Tribune.

Si's Plunge

Si Barker, who lived in a hill town in Vermont, became fired with an ambition to emulate the men who make money in Wall Street. He read the financial news of his paper with care and regularity, but it was some weeks before he made up his mind what his first move should be, says the New York Tribune.

One morning he came in from milking and sat down at the breakfast-table with a manner as mysterious as that of an Oriental diplomatist.

"For the land's sake, Si," said his wife, after looking at his complacent expression for a while in silence, "what be you a-grinning at?"

"Maria, if I told ye," began Si, coolly, "you'd know as much 'bout it as I do. But," he added, "I'll let ye in on the ground floor when the right time comes."

After breakfast Si "hitched up" and drove to a neighbor's, three miles away, and dickered for a rooster, which he finally bought. Then he carried the rooster four miles to the next town, and sold it within an hour. As he drove home another farmer met him and pulled up.

"Hello, Si!" he called. "Where you been?"

"Oh, spec'latin' a little," Si answered.

"What you been a-spec'latin' of, Si?"

"Wal," returned Si, with the careless ease of a financier, "I bought me a rooster of Ben Jones for forty-eight cents, and took it to Rochester and sold it for fifty-eight cents. Just a little flier, that's all."

An Amusing Catch

FitzSmart—"Would you say a yoke of oxen is plowing or are plowing?"

FitzNoodle—"Is, of course."

FitzSmart—"Would you say the yolk of an egg is white or are white?"

FitzNoodle—"Is, of course. What next?"

FitzSmart—"Well, I should say the yolk of an egg is yellow."—May Woman's Home Companion.

Pete's Puzzle

Five or six men were recently chatting in a village inn, when one of them said to the others, "I say, I bet ye dinners all round that none o' ye can tell me the answer to a puzzle that I know of."

"Done," they said; "I bet we can. What is it?"

"Well," said Pete, "why is a journalist the funniest creature in the world?"

After vainly trying for about two hours they sadly said they would have to give it up.

"Why," said the delighted Pete, "because his tale comes out of his head, don't it?"—London Spare Moments.

The Society of Christian Endeavor, Denver, 1903

The Passenger Department of the Chicago & North-Western Railway has issued a very interesting folder on the subject of the Christian Endeavor meeting to be held at Denver, July 9th to 13th, together with information as to reduced rates and sleeping car service, as well as a short description of the various points of interest in Colorado usually visited by tourists. Send 2-cent stamp to W. B. Kniskern, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, for copy.

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