



NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

TOURIST.—What in thunder does that mean? DAKOTA FARMER.—Them's our new cyclone safety pins.

How is a man going to learn how to gain wealth from a hen when she is robbed of her productions every day?

SHE (reading the paper).—Another cyclone out West! It has swept dozens of farms clear of everything. He,—I'll bet the mortgages didn't budge an inch.

WAITER (reminiscing with old customer).—Time flies, sah. Old Customer (removing fly from the cream).—Yes; time flies were gone.

YOUNG SLIPJACK.—Ah, I would like to cross that field; do you think—Ah—that cow would hurt me? Farmer.—Did you ever hear of a cow hurtin' a calf?

MISTRESS.—Here is a three-minute-and-a-half glass, Bridget, you may boil the eggs with it. Bridget (five minutes later).—The eggs is done, mum, but Oi hev me doubts about the glass.

TEACHER (to class in geography).—If I should dig a hole through the earth, where would I come out? Small boy.—Out of the hole.

MISS ANGELA SILBILLY (fresh from the city).—Oh! oh! Just look at those dear little cows. Brutal Rustic.—Aw, them ain't cows. Them's calves. Miss Angela Silbilly.—Indeed! How awfully nice! And can't we all go out and remove the jelly from their feet before it spoils?



What the Old Cow said.

THE old cow walked by the dairy shed, And she said, in her ruminant way, she said; "I'm feeling about as fine as silk; But I'd like a drink of my own good milk." And, looking around, she presently saw A pail a-standing beside the door— It was buttermilk, about two days old; But the aged vaccine hadn't been told; So she only remarked: "It's mean to bilk An industrious cow of her own good milk." And she took a drink, and she looked surprised, And she walked away, and that cow surmised. She surmised about half way down the lane, And said with astonishment mixed with pain: "To judge by the flavor of that there milk, I can't be feeling as fine as silk, I must be bilious, I'll bet a hat, When I get to giving down milk like that!"

A kicking gun is rarely discharged cured.

THE records of Noah's voyage were kept in the archives.

A CROWBAR a hundred years old is just as pry as ever it was.

SOCIETY lions are generally men who are able to lie on their roars.

UNMARRIED carpenters are anomalies. Carpenters should be joiners, too.

THE washerwoman has better luck than the farmer nowadays in getting a living out of the soil.

A MOTHER may have taper fingers, but her little boy when corrected does not consider her hand the lighter on that account.

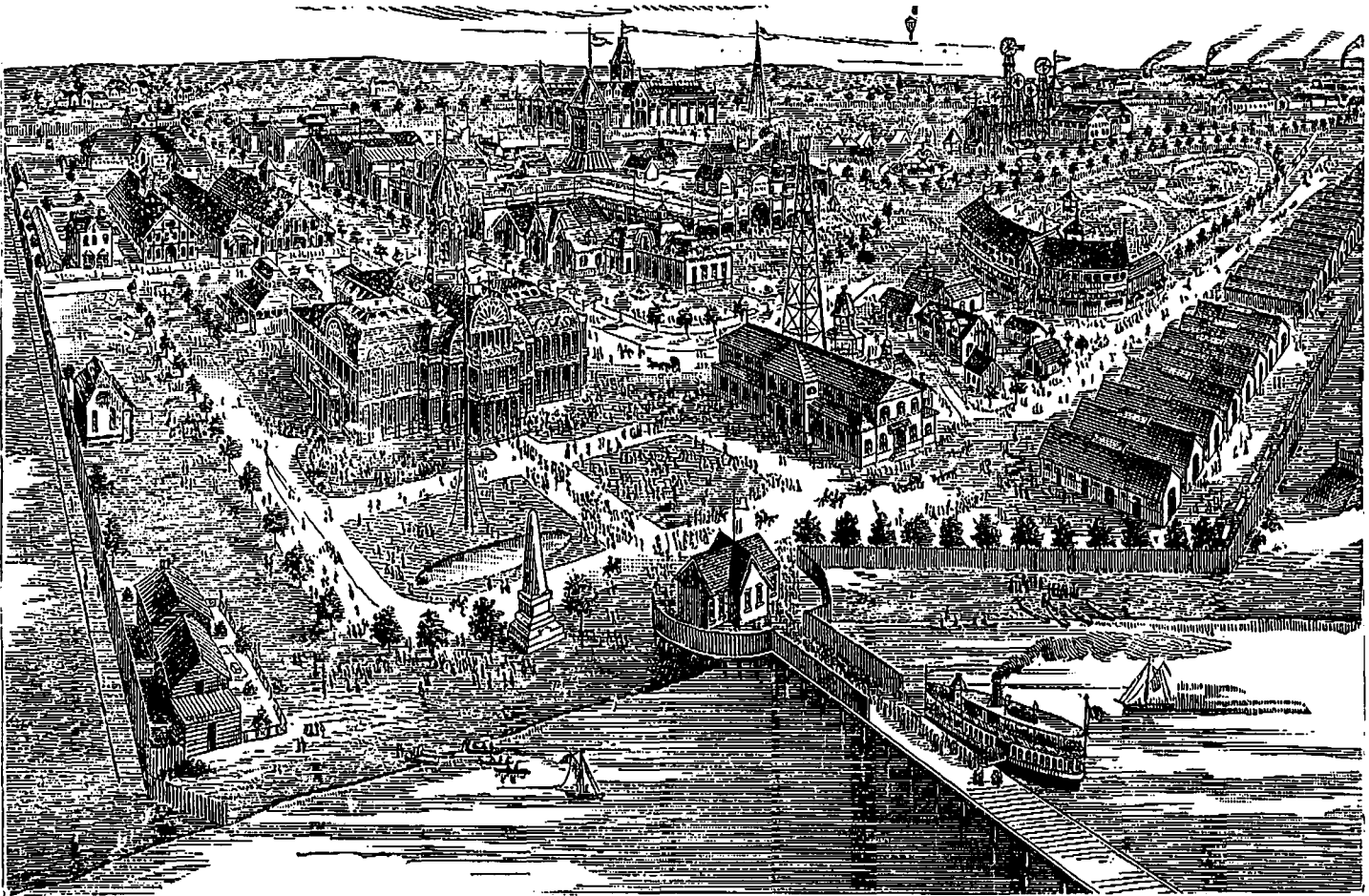
FIRST Benedict.—"When my wife lets down her hair it almost touches the floor. Second Benedict.—"When mine lets hers down it falls to the floor."

FARMER'S daughter.—I suppose you want father to take you in for the winter." Tramp.—No, Miss; I only ask you to sew a shirt on this lonesome button."

A POPULAR soprano is said to have a voice of fine timbre, a willowy figure, cherry lips, chestnut hair and hazel eyes. She must have been raised in the lumber region.

BOYS are curious contradictions. Take a boy and fit him out with lots of new clothes, and he is happy. Let the same boy get entirely out of clothes, and he will be wildly, deliciously happy—if the water is warm.

IN THE SAME BUSINESS.—Inventor.—I would like to interest you in a little invention by which sheep can be shorn by electricity. Broker (turning to the ticker and looking at the quotations).—My dear sir, that's just what I am doing.



VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS FOR THE TORONTO EXHIBITION,
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