

Not So Sure About It.

Mrs. Billus stared abstractly at the "God Bless Our Home" on the wall and Mr. Billus read his paper upside down in silence for the next ten minutes.

Widower—"Yes, certainly; but two hundred dollars! Why, I would rather have had no funeral at all than to have to pay that amount."

"Low-toned? Why, man, I want you to understand that there are lots o' big bugs there."

Miss Kitty. "No, indeed ; not one; they are all married men."

"It is very sad," she mused, "but Charley hasn't got a bit of romance. Last night I said to him, 'My king,' and he turned suddenly, and growled out, 'Mike who?'"

Johnny. "Gas, electricity, water, and poetry."

We'll abolish competition,
With all its wasteful losses,
We'll sack the politician,
The heelers and the bosses;
These lazy hounds must go to work,
Not trifle every minute;
For he who would attempt to shirk
Will find no money in it.
Then a next step toward a state
Of somewhat mild perfection,
Each couple shall be free to mate
By common sense selection.
Misanthropes (find no reason why
We'll not stop death and taxes,
And think we'll stop the seasons by
A change in the earth's axis.)

**We do not want to change this planet
(Or seasons) but the things that man it.**

J. R. N., Hamilton.

Mr. Juills (about to graduate as managing city editorial correspondent in chief). "Well, sir, I suggest, 'he died without medical aid.' How would that do?"

Professor. "It is excellent, Mr. Quills."

Bridget. "Oh, that won't make no differ
ence, mum; the baby'll hurt hussell less
when I let him fall."

her face,
The sweetest sort of face that e'er was
seen.

So business now goes on as smooth
ever.

Please retire.

Hamilton boy crow over me."

"Is that so? Well you can get one, and see how I like it."

mer; but I'm feeling kind of weak and listless, and I'm afraid I couldn't stand it. Let's stay at home and rest."

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upper parts of the wall. Some keep them collins, but a glazed or wired side or lid

linery, such as the trimming of the vac-
skulls with deep frills of lace. One po-
shade lay in purple silk. A young lady

things, among humanity and
Yet there are Palermis 32

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