

Humorous

"I suppose," said the new saleswoman, "that you want a suit that will make you look attractive to your husband?" "Attractive to my husband!" echoed the shopper. "I should say not. He wouldn't know if I wore a suit ten years old. What I want is something that will make my next-door neighbour turn a pale pink green with envy."

A little girl had sent back her plate for chicken two or three times, and had been helped bountifully to all the other rich things that go to make a good dinner. Finally she was observed looking rather disconsolately at her unfinished plate of pudding.

"What's the matter, Dora?" asked Uncle John. "You look mournful."

"That's just the matter," said Dora. "I am more'n full."

Then she wondered why everybody laughed.

The Rev. Father O'Leary was off to catch the Dublin express. On the way to the station he ran into his bishop.

"Well, what's the hurry, O'Leary?" said he.

"Sure, it's the Dublin express I'm after, your lordship."

The bishop pulled out his gold watch. "Well, there are seven minutes yet; let us walk together and both catch it."

They arrived at the station just in time to see the train steaming out."

"Do you know, I had the greatest faith in that watch, O'Leary," said the bishop.

"Ah! my lord, what is faith without good works?" replied the angry O'Leary.

The following letter, according to the "Great Western Magazine," was recently addressed to the general manager of that railway:

"Please send me one tourist ticket for Penzance return (six months) for train leaving Paddington next Tuesday at 10.30 a.m. (arriving at Penzance 5.05 p.m.)

"Please reserve corner seat facing engine as near centre of train as possible—corridor carriage—(no children), quiet company.

"Also luncheon (chicken) basket with glass hot milk and water (mixed) at twelve o'clock.

"Also tea basket China weak tea at three o'clock.

"Also 1s. for guard to see that the driver does not race or rush the train, especially round curves and at inclines, and watch the signals well and keep machinery well oiled and not overheated."

Mistress—"Of course, I don't wish to put any obstacles in the way of your getting married, but I wish it were possible to postpone it until I get another maid."

Mary Ann—"Well, mum, I 'ardly think I know 'im well enough to arsk 'im to put it off."

A lawyer got into an argument with a physician over the relative merits of their respective professions.

"I don't say that all lawyers are villains," said the doctor, "but you'll have to admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men."

"No," retorted the attorney; "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

A country doctor discharged his coachman on account of his unsteady habits. The coachman took service with the village butcher, and one day when driving a number of beasts to the slaughterhouse he met his former employer.

"Well, Tom," said the doctor, patronizingly, "you are in a different sort of employment now?"

"Not at all, sir," said Tom, who bore his former employer a grudge. "Not at all; I'm still in the slaughtering business."

Smith, a master bricklayer, is the meanest man on earth. For the most trivial offence he makes deductions from his workmen's wages.

Only the other day a bricklayer who was repairing a church tower slipped and fell off the high scaffolding. Luckily for him, however, a friendly nail caught in his clothing and held him safely till he was rescued by his comrades.

It so chanced that Smith was passing at the time. When on pay-day the bricklayer received his wages it was accompanied by the following note:

"Time stopped, fifteen minutes for hanging on nail—ten cents."

"Waiter!" From the table by the window the voice of an elderly gentleman rose in accents wrathful. "Waiter!"

"Yes, sir," replied the much harassed one, hastening forward.

The elderly gentleman, overcome by his emotions, made several vain attempts to articulate utterance. Then—

"Take this egg away!" he roared. "Take it away!"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter obligingly, as he glanced wistfully at the offending article. "And—and what shall I do with it, sir?"

"Do with it?" The outraged customer rose menacingly from his chair. "Do with it?" he bellowed. "Why, wring its neck!"