

WITH THE WITS

THE SIMPLICITY OF IT.

Speaking with a young lady, a gentleman mentioned that he had failed to keep abreast of the scientific advance of the age. 'For instance,' he said, 'I don't know at all how the incandescent electric light which is now used in some buildings is produced.' 'Oh, it is very simple,' said the lady, 'You just turn a button and the light appears at once.'—'Answers.'



'PASS THE EAST WIND.'

Miss Agnes Slack, secretary of the International W. C. T. U., told on the 'Merion,' as she was about to sail for Liverpool, a temperance story:

'A little boy, one evening at dinner, gazed at his father's face a long while, and then said:

"Papa, what makes your nose so dreadful red?"

"The east wind, of course," the father answered with gruff haste. "Pass that jug of beer and don't talk so much."

'Then, from the other end of the table, the boy's mother said sweetly:

'Yes, Tommy, pass your father the east wind, and be careful not to spill any on the cloth.'



THE GOLF CADDY.

'The golf caddy,' said a southern journalist, as he chewed a sprig of mint, 'is a new type. This lad is independent, witty, altogether without reverence.

'On John D. Rockefeller's visit to Bon Air, he tried a little golf one afternoon, in the neighborhood of Augusta (Georgia.)

'On a rather difficult shot Mr. Rockefeller struck too low with his iron, and as the dirt flew he said to his caddy:

"What have I hit?"

The boy answered with a harsh laugh:

"Georgia, boss."



HOW THEY SETTLED IT.

A group of workmen were arguing during the dinner hour. A deadlock had been reached when one of the men on the losing side turned to a mate who had remained silent during the whole of the debate. 'Ere, Bill,' he said 'you're pretty good at a argyment. Wot's your opinion?' 'I ain't a-going to say,' said Bill. 'I thrashed the matter out afore with Dick Grey,' 'Ah!' said the other, artfully, hoping to entice him into the fray, 'and what did you arrive at?' 'Well, e-venchually,' said Bill, 'Dick 'e arrived at the 'orspital an' I arrived at the perlice station?'—'Punch.'



TOO RAPID GROWTH.

The minister's 6-year-old son is of a very critical, literal turn of mind, and his father's sermons sometimes puzzle him sorely. He regards his father as the embodiment of truth and wisdom, but he has difficulty in harmonizing the dominie's pulpit utterances with the world as it really is. His parents encourage him to express his opinions and clear up his doubts as much as possible. So one Sunday at dinner, after a long period of thought, they were surprised when he said gravely, 'Papa, you said one thing in your sermon to-day that I didn't think is so at all.'

'Well, what's that, my boy?' asked the clergyman.

'Why, papa, you said, "The boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow." That's too soon.'—Pittsburg 'Post.'

SADLY DISFIGURED.

'Since Kadley came in for all that money I don't suppose he'd know me.'

'Well. Fate evens things up. Since he started to learn how to run an automobile you wouldn't know him.'—'Catholic Standard and Times.'



A HANDY REFERENCE.

The following testimonial was given to a servant girl: 'This is to certify that the bearer has been in my service one year less eleven months. During this time I found her to be diligent at the back door, temperate at her work, prompt at excuses, amiable toward young gentlemen, faithful to her sweethearts, and honest when everything was safe under lock and key.'—'Sphere.'

COMES WITH WRONG END.

Congressman Foster of Vermont is certainly a witty public speaker. At the guild rally at Springfield he kept the audience in a continuous uproar of mirth by his amusing sallies and clever bon mots.

One of his stories is worth repeating. He was speaking on the criticism that had been aimed at them for saying certain things against the opposition and he offered as an excuse a story about his father.

His father was working in the field one day, when a vicious dog, belonging to a neighboring deacon, attacked him. His father used a pitchfork with telling effect on the dog.

Later he was called on by the deacon, who upbraided him for using such extreme measures, asking him why he didn't use the blunt end of the fork first. 'I would have,' his father replied, 'if your dog had come at me blunt end first.'—Boston 'Post.'



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