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A Game a Day
Keeps Old Age Away

Get Into the Game

A
Little Nonsense
Now and
Then . . .



The Punsters

He leaned over the piano and looked into her empty face.

"Play a sextet," he said, leering.

"That's too bass," answered the vapid one, presto.

"Then play me a Maiden's Prayer in two flats and give me the key to one of them."

"No!" she snorted. "This is an upright piano."

"If * * * If I ask you * * * would * * * would you duet?"

"No, you sound like a minor."

He went into the next room and hung himself from the chandelier.—Mercury.

* * *

Just Wanted Information

It was past eleven. Father entered the parlor, and, approaching his daughter's admirer, said: "Young man, do you know what time it is?" The timid youth leapt to his feet and stammering "Y-y-yes," hurried into the hall, and then out into the night. The old man stood bewildered. "That's a queer fellow to have calling on you, Mabel," he remarked. "Why did he rush off in that fashion? My watch had stopped, and I merely wanted to get the time from him to start it going again."

Settled

Bertie—Is Williams still paying attentions to your sister?

Gertie—He isn't paying her any attentions at all.

"Oh! So she jilted him?"

"No. Just married him."—New York Sun and Globe.

* * *

Two men were engaged in repairing the roof of a building. One of them, having occasion to go down, carried the ladder away with him.

"Hi!" shouted his mate, "bring that back. How do you suppose I am to get down?"

"Oh, just shut your eyes and walk about a bit," answered the other.

* * *

Too Fast

The plaintiff, a Mexican, was talking as fast as his knowledge of English would permit.

Suddenly he chanced to notice the court stenographer, and observed that the man was taking down everything he said. Whereupon he began to talk faster and faster. Finally he threw up his hands in despair and cried:

"Don't write so fast; I can't keep up with you."

A Happy New Year

Jake—Did you know that old Goldstein was dead?

Ike—Is that so? What complaint?

Jake—No complaint; everybody seems satisfied.—Punch Bowl.

* * *

Enough

Our cub reporter
Was out strolling
With his girl the
Other day, and when
Things got cloudy
She said, "Oh,
Dear, it's beginning
To come down," meaning
The rain, doncherknow,
And Bill sez, "Would
A safety-pin help any?"
And now he's wearing
A frown and a black eye!

—Whirlwind.

* * *

Irish Barrister (addressing the Bench):
"Your honour, I shall first prove to the jury that the prisoner could not have committed the crime with which he is charged. If that does not convince the jury, I shall show that he was insane when he committed it. If that fails, I shall prove an alibi."

No Use For It

—"I have here a wonderful furniture polish," began the agent. "My husband isn't drinking anything but water now," snapped the lady of the house as she banged the door in his face.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

* * *

Mose Lightfoot, one of the best hod carriers on the job, lost his footing and fell to the street, four stories below.

Mose lit on his head, struck the cement pavement and went through to the basement.

When the foreman went to the basement, expecting to find Mose cold and stiff, he met Mose coming up the steps.

"Great Scott, man, aren't you killed?" he cried.

"No," Mose replied, dusting off his clothes. "I guess dat concrete pavement musta broke mah fall."

* * *

Real Land-lubber

Rastus, on his first ocean voyage, was feeling the pang of sea-sickness.

"Ho, ho!" taunted his companion, "you am a landlubbah fo' sho'."

"Right, boy," said Rastus, weakly, "an' I's jes' findin' out how much I really lubs it."—Everybody's Magazine.

An Eye for Bargains

"Sire," said the Grand Vizier of a certain Oriental potentate, "I suggest that in the future we buy our automobiles from the Western company that has just offered us a 30 per cent. discount."

"Good!" said the potentate. "Order a consignment of 500 automobiles, assorted sizes, at once, and tell the company to send us a cheque for the discount by return mail, and the bill will be settled in due course."

* * *

It was finally decided that the referees of the six other nations competing in the games should be placed in a hat.—Daily Paper.

Rather a tight fit.

* * *

"Last night," said his wife, acidly, "I happened to see you at your important meeting with your board of directors—and I think the hat she had on was a perfect horror."

* * *

Must Have Been

First Small Boy—I don't like this book. The hero's a nut.

Second S. B.—Why?

First S. B.—It says he "took a bath every morning."—New York Sun and Globe.

Oh! Oh!

The Cat—What's his hobby? Her Escort—Antiques. The Cat (glancing at his partner)—Is that one?

* * *

The caddie had watched the woman player for some time. Her club flew out of her hand at each stroke.

"I can see you becoming a champion soon, ma'am," he said.

"Oh, do you really think so?" she beamed.

"Yes, ma'am. At throwin' the 'ammer."

* * *

Obviousness

Aviator's Companion—"What city are we over now?"

Aviator—"Look down and tell me what you see."

"Two holdups."

"Toronto."

* * *

He thought it safer to write to the girl's father asking for her hand. He was an ardent lover, but a poor speller, and his note ran: "I want your daughter—the flour of your family."

"The flour of my family is good," replied the old man; "are you sure it isn't my dough you're after?"

Poor Prospect

He was an enthusiastic angler and thought he would seek a new neighborhood in which to try his skill. After tramping about for a good many miles he came to a fair-sized pond in some low lying fields.

"Ah!" he said, with the keen eye of an old sportsman, "I'll have a shot at this!"

He had been fishing patiently for an hour when a rustic passed him and stared in open-mouthed astonishment.

"I say, boy," he said, "are there any fish here?"

"I don't know, sir; if there be any they must be very small."

"Why?" asked the fisherman.

"Because," said the other, "until the 'eavy rain yesterday there weren't no pond!"

* * *

He: "Are you fond of indoor sports?"

She: "Yes, if they don't stay too late."—London Mail.

* * *

The Judge: "Prisoner, the jury find that you did not steal the spoons. You may go."

Prisoner: "Thank ye, sir. And may I keep the spoons?"

In the Toy Shop

Modern Child: "I want a doll, please, which will say 'dammit' when I hit it."

* * *

A girl's cross-country race was won by a typist. We're not surprised. She probably didn't know how to stop.—
London Opinion.

* * *

Knew His Own Handwriting

One of the best editorial stories ever told concerns Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune, whose handwriting was so bad that only one compositor in the office could set up his copy. One day, while the super-compositor was out, a bird had flown into the office, walked into some printing ink, and then on to a number of loose sheets lying on the floor. "Why," said one of the printers, picking up a sheet, "this looks like the old man's writing." So saying, he fastened the sheets together and put them on the absent compositor's case. Presently the compositor came back and, with all eyes turned on him, picked up the sheets, and, to the amazement of the room, started setting up the supposed "copy." Presently, however, he jibbed at a word, and asked the man nearest him what it was. "How should I know?" was the reply.

"You know that you alone can read the old man's writing. Better ask him." Reluctantly, the baffled compositor took the sheet to Greeley's sanctum. "Well," grunted the great man, "what is it?" It's this word, Mr. Greeley." Greeley snatched the sheet from the man's hand, looked at the alleged word, and threw himself back with a snort of disgust. "Why," he shouted, "any fool could see what it is! It's 'unconstitutional'!"

* * *

Hotel Clerk (to visitor, paying his bill): "One moment, Mr. Brown. This is a bad note."

Mr. Brown: "That's all right. I had a bad night."

* * *

Progressive

Farmer: "Bah! You don't want a lantern. We didn't need lanterns when we went courting in my young days."

Farm Hand: "Well, judging from your wife, I can believe you."—Tyrihans, Christiania.

* * *

"Mummy, isn't that monkey like Uncle George?"

"Hush, darling, you musn't say things like that!"

"But the monkey can't understand, can he, mummy?"

No Cause for Alarm

"Oh, my husband is late. I can't bear the thought that he may be deceiving me."

"Don't worry. He has probably only met with a railway accident."—Journal Amusant, Paris.

* * *

"I fear Helen is going to marry a very mean man."

"Why do you think so?"

"She suggested a morning wedding, but he wanted to make it after lunch, on the ground that she would get one more meal at home."

* * *

Afraid of His Wife

"Ah, I see you are a secret drinker. I suppose you are drinking that glass furtively for fear your wife shall see you."

"Yes, if she did, she would have one with me."—Kasper, Stockholm.

* * *

"Hullo, old man!" exclaimed Dubley, at the Literary Circle reception. "It's a pleasant surprise to meet you here."

"Good of you to say so, old chap," replied Brown.

"Yes, I was afraid I wouldn't find anybody but brainy and cultured people here."

The Vicious Circle

"Why are eggs so dear?"

"Because poultry costs so much."

"Why does poultry cost so much?"

"Because eggs are so dear!"—Meggen-dorfer Blaetter, Munich.

* * *

Heredity

A Radical, noted for his sharp tongue, was asked why he was a Radical.

"Because my great grandfather, my grandfather and my father were."

"Well," said a crusty old Tory who was present: "What should you have been if your great grandfather, your grandfather and your father had been idiots?"

"A Tory," was the immediate reply.—Freeman's Journal, Dublin.

* * *

Football League matches are to "kick off" later in the afternoon. A very humane arrangement, ensuring as it does that the referees will have more time to say good-bye to their dear ones.—London Opinion.

* * *

No Such Luck

"Why doesn't the bird sing now?"

"It is moulting."

"Will Aunt Mary soon moult?"—Le Rire, Paris.

Nothing Better

A schoolmistress, taking a class of boys in arithmetic, asked one sturdy little fellow: "What are four sevens?"

The little chap answered immediately, "Twentyeight!"

"That's good," said the mistress, "very good indeed!"

"Good be blowed!" said the smart little boy; "it's perfect!"—Bristol Evening News.

* * *

Hodge: "Not married yet?"

Tomkins: "No."

"But I thought you had serious intentions in a certain direction?"

"I did have, but the evening I went to propose to her, before I got a chance, she told me she loved Browning, and Kipling, and Shelley. Now, what chance did I have with a girl who was in love with three other fellows?"

* * *

"Bobby," said the teacher, sternly, "do you know that you have broken the eighth Commandment by stealing James's apple?"

"Well," exclaimed Bobby, "I might just as well break the eighth and have the apple as break the tenth and only covet it."

Quick in the Uptake

John took Mary to a football match.

"See that centre-forward?" he said to her. "He's a fine chap. He'll be our best man in a week or so."

"He'll do," blushed Mary; "b—but really, this is all so s—sudden!"—Pall Mall Gazette.

* * *

A well-dressed young fellow once asked for a "seaman's return" at a railway booking office.

"We only issue them to seamen," returned the clerk with a glance at the other's clothing.

"Why," said the applicant, "you—you leather-necked, swivel-eyed son of a sea-cook, if you feel my starboard boom running foul of your headlights you'll haul in your jaw-tackle a bit, and then——"

He got the ticket.

* * *

Safety First

The menagerie proprietor was very angry. "Again you have left the lions' cage open!" he said to the attendant. "You will do it once too often, and one fine day someone will come along and steal the lions."—Karikaturen, Christiana.

Asking For It!

The court was getting rather tired of the assault case. One witness in particular never seemed to be able to understand the questions put to him.

"What we want to get at," said counsel, "is who was the aggressor."

"Eh?" said the large, bull-nicked witness doubtfully.

"Let me explain," said counsel patiently. "If I met you in the street and struck you in the face, I should be the aggressor."

"You'd be an idiot," muttered the witness.

"No, no, you don't understand, my man. Suppose I struck you without provocation, I should be committing an act of aggression."

"Excuse me, guv'nor, you'd be committing suicide," declared the witness darkly.

* * *

She had a vast amount of money, but it had come to her quite recently. One day an acquaintance asked her if she was fond of art.

"Fond of art!" she exclaimed. "Well, I should say I was! If I am ever in a city where there's an artery, I never fail to visit it."

"The Best Laid Schemes, Etc."

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. E. Weber, on Tuesday, Feb. 26th, a son. (Intended for last week.)—Walkerton Telescope.

* * *

The first half of the voyage is roughly 3,000 miles and the second half nearly 7,000.—Daily Paper.

Very roughly indeed.

* * *

The old gentleman in Piccadilly Circus was slightly inebriated, and appeared to be scrutinizing the ground in the roadway very carefully.

"Now, then," said the policeman, "you'll be getting run over. What's the matter?"

"I've lost my watch and chain," stammered the old fellow.

"Whereabouts did you lose it?"

"In Bond Street."

"But why look for it here?"

"Because—because there is more—more light here, of course."

* * *

"I hope they don't give my little boy any nasty nicknames in school?"

"Yes, mother; they call me Corns."

"How dreadful! And why do they call you that?"

"Cause I'm always at the foot of the class."

Aunt Maria Says:

That woman next door what fancies her luck told me the other day that 'er 'usband's a finished musician. "I only wish 'e was, dear," I says, sweet-like.

'Im a musician! Huh—an' 'e couldn't mend my young Johnny's jew's-'arp when the kid broke it.

My nephew Jim was up before the beak again last week, and they read out all his previous convictions. But they were very kind; they gave 'im a seat while they done it.

It's awful 'ow some women treat their 'usbands, I know, but my old man can't say I'm rough with 'im. Whenever I 'its 'im with a broom I always uses the soft, 'airy end.

'E'll do anything on earth for me, will my old man—voluntary, too. I makes 'im.

* * *

He gazed at her, and saw the tears trickling from her ears.—From a Story in a Weekly Paper.

An eerie sort of story, this.

* * *

Motor-car manufacturer (to friend): "I've just got hold of a wonderful typist—light runabout, three speeds, good lamps, sports model and really first-class upholstery!"

Seizing His Chance

The bright-looking young man approached the stage door, and, catching sight of the call-boy, said to him:

"Here, boy, take these flowers to Miss Flighty's dressing-room!"

"Lumme!" answered the boy. "But you're the fourth gentleman wot's sent her flowers to-night!"

"What's that? Then what the dickens—Who sent the others?"

"Oh, they didn't give their names!" replied the boy. "They all said, 'She'll know who they are from.'"

"Well," said the young man briskly, "take my card in to her and tell her that these flowers are from the same person that sent the other three lots."

* * *

Home is a place where you eat—what you would refuse in a restaurant.

* * *

In the lounge room of the Toronto Board of Trade is a beautiful specimen of a mounted lunge. A member is said to have strolled in one day while slightly as well as illegally inebriated. He gazed long and earnestly at the mounted fish, probably waiting for it to come to a full stop. "The fellow that caught that fish," he was heard to mumble, "is a d—— liar."

The Mah Jongg Widower

My wife is thorough in her fads,
And since she learned to play
Mah-jongg she's filled our little flat
With incense night and day.
She skewers up her golden locks
With pins of almost jade,
And wears a coat and trousers, too,
Of red and gold brocade.
Rich scents of steak and onions fried
No longer welcome me,
My evening meals are lychee nuts,
Chop suey, rice and tea.
She even took away my pipe—
My brier of savor sweet,
And left a hubble-bubble, which
I crushed beneath my feet.
I wander in the windy park,
Or at the club I sit,
I can't go home—the mah-jongg cult
Alas! has captured it,
And Luck has no time to spare
For kisses, hugs or smiles;
With some mah-jonggist ceaselessly
She juggles with the tiles.
—Minna Irving, in New York Sun.

* * *

Frosh—Judging by the way you pick
girls you must have played the races.

Soph—Why so?

Frosh—You pick them according to
form.—Punch Bowl.

An Ideal Witness

Lawyer: You admit you've had dealings with this man before?

Witness (nervously): Yes, sir.

Lawyer: Tell the judge where your dealing took place.

Witness: Your Honor, it was in a poker game.—Reel.

* * *

Man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once.

* * *

For two hours he had trolled in vain. In desperation he turned to the shore for the last time. Scarcely had he started to pull in his line, when—tug, a huge fish swallowed his hook. The whole boat lurched.

For two hours they fought, the fish and the man. He pulled this way and that; the fish ran to the north, south, east, and underneath. It was terrific. The man's arms tired rapidly, when he looked up and perceived an island close by. "Ha!" said he, triumphantly, and managed to get on shore, where he tied the fish to a huge oak tree.

"I shall come back in the morning after him."

The next morning he went back. The fish had pulled the island a mile to the northwest.—Lampoon.

Called Him Names

One of these big, strong men walked into a ladies' store and said, "I want to get a set of ladies' furs. That brown set in the window will do."

To which the salesman said, "Oh, you mean skunk?"

And the salesman is still in the hospital.—Moonshine.

* * *

"I got into terrible hot water last night," remarked Harry.

"Did you? Whatever did you do?" exclaimed his friend.

"Oh, I just had a bath!" was the reply.

* * *

Alpha—What happened to Luke's saxophone?

Omega—Some poor soul yielded to temptation.

Alpha—Too bad. And stole it?

Omega—No; threw it in the river.—Lemon Punch.

* * *

A young man with a pretty but flirtatious fiancée wrote to a rival: "I hear that you have been kissing my girl: Come to my office at eleven on Saturday; I want to have this out."

His reply was: "I have received your circular letter, and will be at the meeting."—Punch Bowl.

25,000 Years Ago

The Athenian Anglers' Club was having a lively session after a more or less successful day on the streams round Athens.

"How now, good Aesop," quoth one of the members. "Seldom is thy face seen around these parts. Hast been fishing?"

"Nay," replied the sage, "I merely listen to the tales of those who have. I am gathering material for a new series of fables."—Columns.

* * *

"Gerald," said the young wife, noticing how heartily he was eating, "do I cook as well as your mother did?"

Gerald stared at her through his monacle.

"Once for all, Agatha," he said, "I beg you to remember that, although I may seem to be in reduced circumstances now, I come of an old and distinguished family. My mother was not a cook."

* * *

"What caused the coolness between the De Golds and their country cousins?"

"Why, when Mrs. De Golds visited them she made a terrible blunder by asking if the family crest on the tablecloth was the laundry mark."

It Wasn't Applause

A theatrical company, after a dreary and unsuccessful tour, arrived in a small town in South America.

That night, though there was no general uprising of the audience, there was enough hand-clapping to arouse the dejected spirits of the actors.

The leading man stepped to the footlights after the first act and bowed profoundly.

Still the clapping continued. When he went behind the scenes he saw an Irish stage-hand laughing heartily.

"Well, what do you think of that?" asked the actor, throwing out his chest.

"What d'ye mean?"

"Why, the hand-clapping out there."

"D'ye call that applause? Why, that's the audience killin' mosquitoes."—Pearson's Weekly.

* * *

Mrs. Goodbody: "And how long were you prisoner?"

Beggar: "Five years, ma'am."

Mrs. Goodbody: "But the war didn't last five years."

Beggar: "Who's talking about the war, ma'am?"—Pearson's Weekly.

* * *

Courtship is the bonbon period—marriage is the groceries period.

Still Between the Posts

Tom Clay, a famous English footballer, tells a story of a game played between two village teams, the Slocum Weds and the Puddleton Thurs. Ten minutes after the kick-off a fog began to settle, and as it soon became impossible to see more than a yard or two the two captains and the referee decided to abandon the match. The rivals accordingly adjourned to the nearest place of refreshment and there discussed the interrupted game. Suddenly someone inquired for the Slocum goal-keeper. Where was he? As he was not present a search party braved the fog and groped its way back to the field of play. They discovered a watery-eyed "goalie" still between the posts, peering anxiously into the dense mist and shouting encouragingly: "Go it, Slocum! Give 'em socks!"

* * *

"My husband declares he married for beauty and brains."

"Oh, then you're not his first wife."

* * *

Wife: "Because of the way you spoke to her on the telephone yesterday the maid has given notice."

Husband: "Great Scot! I thought I was talking to you!"

A Page From "The Humorist" of London, England

"What happens when a golfer strikes at a ball?" asks a writer. It all depends where he strikes it to.

* * *

"What becomes of old pins?" asks a writer. If a six-months-old baby could speak, it could probably answer this question.

* * *

A playlet, recently produced at a London music-hall, is entitled "Bang goes saxpence!" A Scottish correspondent informs us that he does not consider a music-hall the proper place for tragedy.

* * *

"Fighting is really an art," says a boxing expert. With so many postponements, most of our boxers might be described as futurists.

* * *

"The most beautiful women in the world are always very much painted," says an artist. We don't know whether this is meant to be a compliment or not.

* * *

"I had to sit for two and a half hours before I could reply," complained Colonel Jackson of a recent political meeting. Many a henpecked husband has beaten this record.

A one-armed golfer recently did a hole in one. We believe that he had to stand only half a bottle of whisky instead of the usual one.

* * *

The majority of buoys round our coasts are to be re-painted this year. The girls at the coast, of course, remain as fresh as ever.

* * *

"Is music a necessity?" asks a headline. Failing to find another house, we should prefer to regard that of our neighbour as a necessary evil.

* * *

A writer says that the Scottish dialect is particularly rich in words synonymous with "fool." Whether it is a case of supply and demand is not known.

* * *

On the Island of Savo, the natives, so it is reported, "regard the shark as a god." This should be gratifying news to our money-lenders.

* * *

Rubbing It In

She: "Does skating require any particular application?"

He: "No; arnica or horse liniment—one's as good as the other."—Boston Transcript.

Visions

She: "Archie, isn't Niagara wonderful! I could just stand and look at it for ever."

He: "But wouldn't it be rather trying to go through life with a cataract in one's eye?"—Brown Jug.

* * *

At one of my luncheons with Henry Smith he told me that he had been a Sunday or two before at Worcester Cathedral, where he had been given a seat in the stalls immediately behind the choristers. In the middle of one of the Canticles the small surpliced imp below him chanted:

Who's this coming up the aisle?

She's a regular snorr-ter!

To which the corresponding imp on the opposite side returned the response:

Hold your tongue, you son of a gun!

It's the Bishop's dorr-ter!

—The Passing Show.

* * *

A Virginia gentleman of color tells us that he doesn't hit his wife any more since he got fined in police court.

"Nosah, from now on when dat wife zassperates me, I'se gwine kick her good—den she can't show it to de judge."—Whirlwind.

Pampered

She was really a sweet-looking woman, and she wanted something for Teddy. After she had gone through the toy stock and worn the clerk to a frazzle, she admitted that she was stumped.

"You see," said she, "Teddy is three years old, and it is difficult for me to know just what he would like. When he was a puppy I could buy him balls and things like that, but he does not seem to care for them any more."

And then the worm turned.

"Why don't you buy him a nice silk nighty, tied with a blue ribbon?" the clerk asked sweetly.

But the fond mother didn't get it at all.

"Oh, he has all those things," she replied.—Argus (Seattle).

* * *

Teacher—"Johnny, give me a sentence using the word 'diadem'."

Johnny—"People who drink hoots, diadem sight quicker than others."

* * *

Youthful Lover (at parting)—Will you really miss me now that I am going away?

Her Father (appearing with shotgun)—I won't if you don't start in a hurry.—Tiger.

Words and Music

A young fellow was trying hard to explain to the salesman what he wanted.

"Now, haven't you this song? It goes zim-zim, zum-zum, zang-zang. You know."

"Sorry," said the salesman, "but I don't seem to recognize the tune. What are the words?"

"Those are the words."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

* * *

Jerry—What makes that red spot on your nose?

Harry—Glasses.

Jerry—Glasses of what?—Widow.

* * *

The Male: "I envy that man who sang the solo."

His Fiancée: "But why? He's got a very poor voice."

The Male: "Yes, I know; but just think of his nerve."—The Passing Show.

* * *

Employer—I hear you were away ill yesterday, Snooks.

Snooks—Yes, sir.

Employer—You didn't look very ill when I saw you at the races in the afternoon.

Snooks—Didn't I, sir? You should have seen me after the finish of the third race.—Goblin.

Slow Recovery

"She seems to have got over her first husband's death already."

"Maybe she has; but her second husband hasn't."—Karikaturen (Christiania).

* * *

Otto—Gee, I made a bad break at dinner last night!

Ditto—Don't tell us the one about the cracked plate!

Otto—No! Mother asked me if I wouldn't have some more corn. I said "Sure!" and—passed my glass.—Black and Blue Jay.

Dora: "May I borrow your new jumper dear?"

Nellie: "Certainly! But why all this formality of asking permission?"

Dora: "I can't find it!"—Pearson's Weekly.

* * *

A motor-car drove up to the entrance of the football field of a certain school. The occupant called to one of the boys, and said: "Will you tell the Hon. Algernon that his mother, Lady Fitzwalter, wishes to see him?"

A moment later the boy was heard shouting: "Grubby, your mater's landed."—Pearson's Weekly.

Had a Way With Him

A red-headed Irish boy once applied for a position in a messenger office. The manager, after hiring him, sent him on an errand in one of the most fashionable districts. Half an hour later the manager was called to the phone, and the following conversation took place:

"Have you a red-headed boy working for you?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is the janitor at the Oakland Apartments, where your boy came to deliver a message. He insisted on coming in the front way, and was so persistent that I was forced to draw a gun."

"Good heavens! You didn't shoot him, did you?"

"No; but I want my gun back."

* * *

Razz: I thought you promised me that you wouldn't smoke any more.

Berry: I did.

Razz: But you are smoking as much as ever.

Berry: Well, that isn't any more, is it?—Ranger.

* * *

"If I only had a golf club," sighed the convict as he looked at the ball on the links.—Black and Blue Jay.

Just Feel Its Muzzle Once

Fight—Look here, boy, at my new "History" revolver.

Fite—"History" revolver?

Fight—Yeh. It repeats itself.—Sun Dial.

* * *

Narcissus—"Looky here, Black Man, whut's you all gwine gimme for my birthday present?"

Black Man—"Close yo eyes, honey." (She did as he said). "Now, whut yo see?"

Narcissus—"Nothing!"

Black Man—"Well, dat's whut you all gwine git."—Boll Weevil.

* * *

Tommy—Please, Mister, give me another box of those pills which I got for my mother yesterday.

Druggist—I sure will, but did your mother say she liked them?

Tommy—No, sir; but they just fit my airgun.—Witt.

* * *

Myra: "Father, why didn't you tell me you had had this rustic seat varnished? When Charlie Robinson and I sat down on it last night he got varnish all over his coat and trousers."

Father: "Oh, did he? But what about you?"

They Satisfy

Fatima—Why do cigarettes have oriental names?

Murad—Because they have good shapes and thin wrappers.—Moonshine.

* * *

"I have a chance for the track team."

"Why, are they going to raffle it off?"
—Octopus.

* * *

Bones, the butcher, had been very busy with a well-worn dictionary. Suddenly he closed it with a snap and glowered at his wife in the cash desk.

"That Mrs. Smart is getting too clever."

"What's the matter?" she queried.

"When she came in just now she told me I ought to rename my scales the Ambuscade brand."

"Well, why?" began his wife.

"I've looked up the word, and it means to 'lie in wait.'"—Pearson's Weekly.

* * *

Cora: "Both Herbert and Harold proposed to me yesterday."

Cynthia: "And you refused them both."

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"I saw them shaking hands over something in the street this morning."

This Business Grows By Leaps

"That man has a rabbit farm."

"He must lead a hare-raising life."—
Sun Dial,

* * *

Ma—Willy, I'm going to lick you. You been in swimmin' and didn't I hear your old granma say not to?

Willy—Aw, she didn't either. She just said, "I wouldn't go in swimming if I was you, Willy," and I shouldn't think she would, her being such an old, wrinkled lady.—Record.

* * *

She—Do you love me?

He—Yes.

She—Would you die for me?

He—No.

She—If you wouldn't, then you don't love me.

He—If I did, then I couldn't.—Reel.

* * *

She—We're going to live in a better neighborhood after this.

Her (Next door)—So are we.

She—Why, are you moving too?

Her—No, we're staying here.—Boll Weevil.

* * *

"Ever since I refused him he's been drinking heavily!"

"Oh, some men never know when to stop celebrating!"

They're Egg-otistical

"Are those eggs fresh?"

"They haven't said anything to me yet."—Sun Dial.

* * *

He was giving his new aeroplane a trial, and all went well until he found himself directly over a football ground where a match was in progress. There was a sharp report, and a few minutes later he was lying on the ground with a group of club officials bending over him.

As he opened his eyes, the club secretary, with a sigh of relief, touched him gently on the shoulder.

"Ah," he murmured, "I'm glad you've come round! I don't think you paid your admission money, did you?"—Pearson's Weekly.

* * *

"Hello, the Club! Is my husband there? Not there, you say? But wait—I haven't even told you my name."

"Say, lady! There ain't nobody's husband here never!" was the darky's reply.—Black and Blue Jay.

* * *

Mother (to caller)—What do you think of my daughter?

Gentleman Caller—I am sorry, but I am no judge of paintings.—Puppet.

Fairy Tale No. 45964

Harry was a student, but Kitty was a co-ed. There were two reasons why Harry liked Kitty and that was because she was good-looking.

He adored her, worshipped her, loved her madly. In spite of his very modest allowance, he was willing to do anything for Kitty, who was incidentally one of the most popular grrruls on the campus.

But oddly enough Harry didn't seem to be able to do enough for Kitty, that is, she wouldn't let him. When he begged that she allow him to send candy, she replied:

"Thanks awfully, but I just hate pimples."

And when he asked to send flowers, she said:

"That's just awfully good of you, but I like nothing but orchids, and I wouldn't think of letting you buy them."

Now you tell one.—Sun Dial.

* * *

Is there anything sadder than the child who speaks of a merry-go-round as a "carousal"?—Widow.

* * *

The Film Star: "He's got a wonderful part for me in a big Bible picture, all about Cain and Mabel."

Why Men Kill Women

Vernon—I'm going to ask you a funny question.

Veronia—You're not going to propose, are you, Algernon?—Sun Dial.

* * *

Stutz—What did Violet do when you told her that you liked to drive with one hand?

Mercer—She gave me an apple.—Medley.

* * *

Counsel on both sides had been allowed fifteen minutes each for argument. Accordingly the counsel for the plaintiff took a long breath, puffed out his chest, and began: "At the fall of Babylon——"

"Just a minute," interposed the judge. "If you are going to start as far back as that, perhaps I had better allow you twenty minutes."

* * *

"You wanta da hair cut?" asked the Italian barber. "Den I calla my brother Petro."

"Is he better at hair-cutting than you?" asked the new patron.

"Petro mucha better. He tella da wonderful ghosta story an' maka da hair rise, an' he no lossa da time holdin it up wid da' comba."—Pearson's Weekly.

Next Case

Judge—What is the charge against the young lady?

Officer—Running about the street costumed as September Morn, your honor.

Judge—Thirty days hath September!—Sun Dodger.

* * *

Soph: I was over to see her last night, when some one threw a brick through the window and hit the poor girl in the ribs.

Frosh: Did it hurt her?

Soph: No, but it broke three of my fingers.—Panther.

* * *

"So this is your daughter's coming-out party, is it?" a friend said to the débutante's father.

"Yes," the stern old man replied, "and if I hadn't put my foot down about that dress, she'd have been out even further than she is."

* * *

"Mistah, I do po'fully want a job. I kin do mos' anything from waiting table to bookkeeping."

"Bookkeeping, eh? Know anything about the double-entry system?"

"Say, boss, I don't need any double intry; just show me a window and give me a chanct."—Gargoyle.

Ataboy!

Scandalized Judge (to enraged attorney)—Silence! I fine you five dollars for contempt of court.

Enraged Attorney (planking down \$20 bill)—Five dollars doesn't begin to express my contempt for this court!—Sun Dodger.

* * *

A certain rather prominent scientist of this country was in England recently and was on one occasion attempting to explain the American governmental system. "For instance," he elucidated, "everyone in America may be President; each citizen is a possible candidate; I, for example have a chance to become President."

His English auditor was silent for a moment and then turned to him and said: "But I say, old chap, aren't your chances bloody remote?"—Reel.

* * *

"Hey!" yelled the baggage-master into the baggage room, "Cut out throwin' them trunks around like that!"

The nervous traveler thanked him.

"That's all right," replied the baggage-master, "I never let 'em heave 'em around like that in there—why, they'd tear the life outa that floor!"—Flamingo.

Death of a Man-about-town

"Ah, well—boys—I'm dying—it's all up. When I'm gone—tell Tilly my last words—my last thoughts—were of her. And Ethel—tell Ethel the same thing."—Record.

* * *

"Do tell me something about the play," she said to the young man. "They said the climax was superb."

"Yes, I am inclined to think it was very good," said Percy.

"Can't you describe it to me?" she asked.

"Well, the heroine came stealthily on the stage, and knelt, dagger in hand, behind a clump of ribbons. The hero emerged from a large bunch of flowers, and as soon as she perceived him, she fell upon him, stabbed him and sank half conscious into a very handsome aigrette. This may sound queer, but the woman in front of me wouldn't remove her hat, and that's how it looked to me."—London Opinion.

* * *

Bo—Ah just heard dat dey done found Napoleon's bones.

Rah—Faw de lan's sake! Ah did not know he wuz a gamblin' man.—Punch Bowl.

Strictly Business

A speaker at a ministers' meeting in Boston told the story of a negro clergyman who so pestered his bishop with appeals for help that it became necessary to tell him that he must not send any more appeals. His next communication was as follows:

"This is not an appeal; it is a report. I have no trousers."

* * *

Miss Antique—You ought to get married, Mr. Oldchap.

Mr. Oldchap (earnestly)—I have wished many times lately that I had a wife.

"Have you really?"

"Yes. If I had a wife, she's probably have a sewing machine, and the sewing machine would have an oil can, and I could take it and oil my office door. It squeaks horribly."—Tit Bits (London).

* * *

Brown was making a visit to a girl who lived in the country, and they were walking through the fields when they noticed a cow and a calf rubbing noses in bovine love. He spoke up: "The sight of that makes me want to do the same thing."

"Go ahead," she replied. "It's father's cow."—The Ghost.

When Love is Exhausted

They had just become engaged. He had kissed her long and incessantly and, when finally he stopped, the tears came into her eyes and she said:

"Oh, dearest, you have ceased to love me."

"No, I haven't," he replied; "I've just stopped to get my breath."—Penn Punch Bowl.

* * *

"Do you serve any drinks here?" whispered a diner who wanted to get into the good graces of the waiter.

"Are you a policeman, prohibition man or revenue agent?" asked the waiter suspiciously.

"Absolutely not!"

"Then," replied the servitor virtuously, "I can't serve you any."—Judge.

* * *

"Did you take your father apart and speak to him?"

"No, but he went all to pieces when I told him."—Purple Parrot.

* * *

Waiter: Hey! What's the idea of stuffing the tablecloth in your pocket?

Diner: Well, you charged me \$2 for 'cover' and I thought I'd take it with me.—Boston Transcript.

Why Men Leave Home

Well-meaning husband (to his guests)
—If I had it to do over again, do you know whom I'd marry? My wife.

Wife—No you wouldn't either.—Ohio State Sun Dial.

* * *

In bygone days a dirty face meant but one thing. Now, however, such a face may signify an attempt to become beautiful.—Widow.

* * *

A Londoner was coming out of the gate after viewing his first baseball game when he was stopped by a newsboy. The American score-board had recorded that both teams had made a run in the first inning and hadn't scored since.

"Say, M-ister, what's the score?" cried the newsy.

"Really, I don't know," came the reply. "But it was some place up in the millions when I left."—Virginia Reel.

* * *

Chumley: I say, old dish, have you seen my wife about? I've lost track of her this past month.

Rumley: Isn't she at home?

Chumley: Jove, I never thought of that!—Goblin.

Chances Are He Didn't

A girl in Johannesburg recently ran for 56 miles. The report doesn't say whether the man got away or not.—London Daily News.

* * *

Knowing that it would come out anyway, as soon as his father came home, Tommy rushed to tell him:

"Father, I had a fight with Percy Vall this afternoon."

"Yes," replied his father solemnly, "His father was just speaking to me about it."

"Well, Dad, I hope you came out as well as I did!"—Flamingo.

* * *

Without consulting any of the authorities on etiquette, we will answer the question, "When is the proper time for a man to lift or remove his hat?" for the benefit of our readers. At the following times and on the following occasions, respectively, the hat should be removed or lifted as circumstances indicate: When mopping the brow; when taking a bath; when eating; when going to bed; when taking up a collection; when having the hair trimmed; when being shampooed; and when standing on the head.—Dodo.

The Cold Truth

A political candidate was incensed at certain remarks which had been made about him in the leading paper of the town. He burst into the editorial room and exclaimed: "You are telling lies about me in your paper and you know it!"

"You have no cause for complaint," said the editor, coolly. "What would you do if we told the truth?"

* * *

Teacher—If I lend your father 800 lire and he promises to pay me back 200 a month how much will he owe me in three months?

"Eight hundred lire."

"You don't understand arithmetic!"

"You don't understand my father!"—Pasquino (Turin).

* * *

First Canadian: Well, Canadian politicians certainly show up better than American politicians.

Second Ditto: Ye-es, but, then, we have very few oilfields.—Toronto Telegram.

* * *

She is so dumb that she thinks Gordon Gin is a student at Lafayette. But she's wrong—it's John Barleycorn.—Burr.

By Modern Standards

"Mother, I'm afraid that Papa was pretty slow when he was a young man."

"I'm afraid you're right, Helen. He always paid his debts, and used good English, and never saw a cabaret, and hadn't any clubs, and was able to support a wife before he married—yes, I guess he was pretty slow."—Boston Transcript.

* * *

Professor (in Zoo class): We will now name all of the lower animals in their order, beginning with Mr. Jones.—Jack-o'-Lantern.

* * *

She—Something is preying on Dick's mind.

He—Never mind, it will die of starvation.—Jack o'Lantern.

* * *

She—What! You kiss the cook on the first day she is here!

He—Of course! She isn't likely to be here for the second!—Der Brummer (Berlin).

* * *

A dentist is about the only man who can tell a woman to shut her mouth and get away with it. How do you do it, Doc?

Foresight

Applicant—Will the manager see me before I go out?

Office Boy—No, he saw you before you came in.—Punch Bowl.

* * *

He—Watcha doin'? Watchur name?

She—Nothin' doin'; it's Helen Mawr.

He—I know they're strict with you girls there, but I asked your name.—Purple Cow.

* * *

Comedian—Poor old Harry got the berries properly last night. They hissed him right off the stage. Then I came on. The audience quieted down and listened to my first number with every attention. Then, just as I was giving 'em my patter, blowed if they didn't start hissing old Harry again!—Dodo.

* * *

First Bean—I hear your wife is taking classic dancing. Does she show aptitude?

Second—She did, but I made her stop.—Whirlwind.

* * *

"Has anyone commented on the way you drive your new car?"

"Yes, one man made a brief remark: 'Twenty dollars and costs!'"—Purple Cow.

Makes No Difference

Jack—Mrs. Reilly wants to know how long babies should be nursed.

Cass—Tell her the same as short ones.—Jester.

* * *

No, I don't think that co-ed will take good care of her children. Her wrist-watch always has a dirty face.—Punch Bowl.

* * *

Gee—I see Sadie has a job in the chorus.

Goo—Sure, and she's getting fifty per week. All she does is shout "Hip, hip, hurray."

Gee—Oh. She gets ten bucks for her "huray" and the other forty for her "hips."—Jack o' Lantern.

* * *

"Try a sample of the stuff before you buy it," hissed the bootlegger.

"But suppose it kills me?"

"Well, it's my loss then, ain't it?"—Black and Blue Jay.

* * *

She—Jack said he'd kiss me or die in the attempt.

Her—Good gracious, did you let him?

She—Well, you haven't seen any funeral notice, have you?—Awgwan.

The Old Story

Would-be "Smooth" Boy—I thought I'd show Clarisso I wasn't very far gone on her just to make her think she would have to work to keep me. So I walked in three-quarters of an hour late for our date this afternoon.

Jealous Rival (sarcastically) — And was she ready for you?—Widow.

* * *

"Doris, it would please mamma if you should entertain your friend without turning the lights off in the parlor." Mother Tubbs spoke with chilly sweetness into the all-enshrouding darkness of the family parlor. There was no reply.

"Doris, darling, did you hear mamma?"

All was quiet. Mother Tubbs was provoked, disgusted and impatient. She spoke sharply:

"Doris, turn on those lights or I'll come in there this very minute."

Still there was no answer. Mother Tubbs charged swiftly through the hall; she clutched momentarily for the switch and then the scene was flooded with incandescent radiance. The room was empty. They had gone to a movie.—Gargoyle.

A Harley-Street Prayer

A dear child, but overwhelmingly polite as the result of her upbringing by two maiden aunts, came to London to stay for the first time with her uncle, a well-to-do doctor.

On the last night of her visit, as she was going to bed, she astonished his wife, to whom she was saying her prayers.

"O Lord, comfort the sick," she said; then paused, and added, with a proper appreciation of the little courtesies of life, "except those whose infirmities keep my dear Uncle George in a state of wealth."—London Daily Express.

* * *

"My dear, isn't it terrible the way religion is dying out? I don't believe there were more than fifty people at the social last night."—The Passing Show.

* * *

The professor slowly undid the parcel as he told his class of the fine dissected frog he had there. He thought reflectively of the excellent lunch he had just eaten, and which he had brought along (in another package) from home. As he finally managed to get the package open

The frog was really there; he hadn't eaten it for his lunch.—Octopus.

"Atmosphere"

"We must get some artists to act as patrons of our ball."

"But artists never have any money."

"Never mind that. Look what we can stage under their auspices."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

* * *

The Guide: Look at that half-ruined castle—it must be at least eight hundred years old. Believe me, lady, they don't build such ancient castles these days!—Pasquino (Turin).

* * *

Fair Motorist—Really, I didn't hit you intentionally.

Irate Victim—What have you got that bumper on your car for, if you aren't aiming to hit someone?—Purple Cow.

* * *

The effect that the footlights have upon our modern Follies girl is to make her head light.—Stone Mill.

* * *

He took her hand in his and gazed proudly at the engagement ring he had placed on her finger only three days before.

"Did your friends admire it," he inquired tenderly.

"They did more than that," she replied coldly, "two of them recognized it."—Bison.

Jeopardy

In these days of dashing automobiles this form of conversation is appropriate:

"How are you to-day?"

"Oh, all right—so far."—Youngstown Telegram.

* * *

King—"What ho, the guard!"

Prime Minister—"Sire, the Guard has lost his umbrella, and it is raining."

King—"Then, what ho, the mud-guard!"—Moonshine.

* * *

A hundred years ago to-day a wilderness was here;

A man with powder in his gun went forth to hunt a deer,

But now the times have changed somewhat—are on a different plan,

A dear, with powder on her nose, goes forth to hunt a man.

—North Carolina Boll-Weevil.

* * *

Tom—"Dick and I got in a fight last night and he started running.

Harry—"Well, how did he hit you, then?"

Tom—"I stumbled."—Record.

* * *

She—Hello, Jack, how are you?

He—Wonderful, thanks.

She—Well, I'm glad some one thinks so.—Record.

Then Comes Our Fit Again

An income-tax form containing eight pages is about to be issued. We wouldn't mind betting that before we have read three pages there will be some sinister reference to money.—Punch.

* * *

She (impatiently)—We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine.

He—Hours, I should say.

She—Ours? Oh, George, this is so sudden!

* * *

"Clever dog? I should say so. If I say to him, 'Are you coming here or aren't you?' he comes—or he doesn't."—Tit-Bits, London.

* * *

Lots of business men who are too tired to ride three blocks to work will drive seventy-five miles to their favorite golf course.—Widow.

* * *

London Bridge is falling down. Mah-Jong is fast becoming the favorite in the British capital.

* * *

One—I see by the paper that Angie left town after a short stop.

T'other—No wonder; she always was crazy about athletes.—Ranger.

May He R.I.P.

"Where'd you get the black eye, Mike?"

"Sure, it's in mourning for the guy that gave it to me."—Washington Columns.

* * *

"Can you keep a secret, uncle?"

"Yes."

"Well, auntie has eloped with the chauffeur, and they've borrowed your motor."

* * *

Poet: Do you think my verses will live?

Friend: Stranger things have happened. You wrote them, and you're still alive.—Goblin.

* * *

"What does your husband do in his spare time?"

"Real estate. He's a golfer."—Goblin.

* * *

Handsome Salesman—Couldn't I interest you in an automobile?

Pretty Girl—Perhaps you could. Come around in one some day.—Stevens Stone Mill.

* * *

"I may be down but I'm not out," thought the runner as he safely slid into third.—Aggie Squib.

The Probable Reason

"Why did Margaret insist on being married in an aeroplane?"

"I don't know, unless it was because she thought no man on earth was good enough for her."—Lafayette Lyre.

* * *

"That's a fast-looking car you've got there. What's the most you ever got out of it?"

"Five times in a mile."

* * *

Man proposes, but woman exposes.

* * *

Bride (consulting cookbook)—Oh, my, that cake is burning and I can't take it out for five minutes yet.—Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.

* * *

"You certainly are crazy about women."

"Why shouldn't I be? Half of my parents were women."—Medley.

* * *

"How are you and Suzette getting along?"

"The more I think of her the less I think of her."—California Pelican.

* * *

"Muriel, are you fond of dogs?"

"If you mean that as a proposal, you'd better ask papa."—Brown Jug.

The Radio Instinct

Irate Wife (discovering scofflaw husband on front steps fiddling with door-knob): What are you doing there, Webster?

Husband (continuing to turn knob): Pshh! I'm trying to get Pittsburgh!—New York Sun.

* * *

"I'm going to take the elevator to the next floor."

"Well, be sure you bring it back."—Washington Cougar's Paw.

* * *

Customer—I look too stout in this photograph.

Photographer—Perhaps I developed that one too much—Notre Dame Jugler.

* * *

"John, there's a poor old man outside crying."

"What's he crying about?"

"He's got watermelons for sale."—Ohio State Sun Dial.

* * *

Tabloid Drama

"Gee, Mazie, the moon does enough damage now, but think what it would be responsible for if some one put a soft silk shade on it!"—New York Sun.

When Opportunity Knocks

One of those Kindly Old Parties who are always making the life of a Reg'lar Feller a misery paused in horror before a rough-and-tumble street fight.

"Boys! Boys!" she remonstrated. "Don't you know that you shouldn't fight on the Sabbath?"

"But," retorted an urchin bystander, "that's the only day they ever get to see each other."—Judge.

* * *

A Bad Jamphor Him

Said the moth, as he sniffed at the camphor,

I'm sorry I'm here where I amphor
Some things that I eat

Taste pleasant and sweet,
But camphor I don't give a damphor.

—Michigan Gargoyle.

* * *

"Go to the Devil," said Mrs. Satan when the collector presented his bill.—Michigan Gargoyle.

* * *

Junior Partner—I don't think that firm's sound.

Senior Partner—What makes you think so?

so "Well, you never hear them grumbling about how bad things are!"—London Mail.

A Dual Rôle

A certain well-known actress, herself something of a mimic, once objected to an imitation of herself by another comedienne.

"It's not a bit like me!" she exclaimed.

"It isn't supposed to be, dear," replied the comedienne. "It's an imitation of you imitating me!"—Answers (London).

* * *

"Pa, what is a bluff?"

"Threatening to leave home if your mother has her hair bobbed, my son."—Detroit Free Press.

* * *

Leverage

"Can any one tell me," inquired the Professor, "what was said by the Greek philosopher Archimedes?"

"Sir," said the sportsman in plus fours, "what the old gent said, in the vernacular of the day, was, 'Give me a stance, and I'll hole out in one.'"—London Daily Express.

* * *

The referee strode up to one of the combatants, shouting, "Sam, dere's a hoss-shoe in yoh glove, an' I declah de fight off!"

"Lawdy, boss," answered Sam, "dat hoss-shoe am on'y thar foh luck."

Won His Bet

There is a story told about a certain well-known Scotland Yard detective. A colleague from the country came to see him, and happened to speak slightly of the alleged smartness of the London pickpockets. Whereupon the Yard man offered to bet the other ten pounds that he would lose his watch without knowing it before he got to Charing Cross, a matter of a few hundred yards. The country colleague agreed, and started out. The London man called to him a pickpocket well known to the police, and said, pointing to the countryman: "You see that chap? I want you to get me his watch. I'll give you five pounds and see that you don't get into trouble." "Is it straight?" asked the man. "Sure," said the detective. "You know me." "Oh, well," said the man, "if it's straight—here it is!"

* * *

Very Particular

There are still conscientious folk about who carry conviction into the slightest detail.

A London bookseller had a letter from one of them recently, ordering a copy of Tennyson's poems, with the postscript: "Please do not send me one bound in calf, as I am a vegetarian."

Ese

Needless Expense

A travelling man tells of an incident he observed in one of the towns of Georgia. He was seated in the waiting room when a typical negro of the backwoods type appeared at the ticket window and asked the agent for a ticket to Macon.

"Straight or return?" asked the agent.

"Straight or return?" repeated the negro.

"Yes," continued the agent, "a straight ticket will take you to Macon only, and a return ticket will bring you back here."

The negro understood at once. "Man," he shouted, "How come yo' think I wants a return ticket when I's already heah?"

* * *

In Varying Accents

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the electric bell.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Always keep cool," said the ice.

"Be up to date," said the calendar.

"Never lose your head," said the barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the fire.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.

—Tit-Bits.

Doing Its Duty

The Cathedral had been gayly decorated for the Christmas services and two Irishmen were visiting it. One was from the country, and had been taken there by his friend who wished him to be duly impressed by its grandeur. As they came out, the resident of the city said:

"Well, Mike, and phwat do you think of it? Isn't it grand?"

"Pat," said the one from the country, "It bates the divil!"

"That," said his friend, "was the intintion."

* * *

Padre: You'll ruin your stomach, my good man, drinking that stuff.

Old Soak: 'Sall right, 'sall right. It won't show with my coat on.—Oregon Orange Peel.

* * *

Boy: "Please, sir, may I have the afternoon off? My grandmother is to be buried."

Employer: "This is the third grandmother you have buried since the football season opened."

Boy: "I know it, sir. I come of a very old family, and my ancestors can't stand the excitement of the game. They're dying off very fast."

Equal to the Occasion

He came tripping merrily into his tiny hall one day, and almost fell, stumbling upon someone's rubbers left lying about.

"Whose ferry boats are those in the hall?" he asked, angrily, when he entered the drawing-room.

"Ferry boats!" exclaimed his mother-in-law, indignantly. "Why, those are my rubbers. Ferry boats, indeed!"

"My dear, good ma," he said hurriedly, "who said ferry boats?" You misunderstood. I said fairy boots—you know fairy boots!"

And then he went out and wiped the cold sweat from his brow.

* * *

Caddie (watching unsuccessful golfer miss her third swing): "Wouldn't cost her no more if she played with new-laid eggs."—Pearson's Weekly.

* * *

A Long Sermon

Colored Maid (returning from Xmas service): "Dat man sho' did preach long; he must a-preach from Generous to Regulations."—Boston Transcript.

* * *

"I do not believe in promiscuous osculation."

"You said it, dearie. There's nothing like bunching your hits."—American Legion Weekly.

When Father Cheers

The son of the house had made a name for himself at football at the college and he was reciting some of his achievements one evening at dinner when the minister was a guest. "Oh, yes, Jack," put in the parson, "athletics are all very good in their way, but you mustn't neglect your studies for them." "That's what father says, too," replied Jack. "But father never gets up and cheers when he hears me quote Latin the way he does when he sees me score a goal."

* * *

The Pledge

In that time which is now sometimes referred to as "the good old days," Pat and Mike had been imbibing entirely too much. Father Reagan met them on the street and made them promise to go to his house the next day to take the pledge.

Early the next morning Pat met Mike; they linked arms and started for the priest's abode. Their way took them past a saloon.

"Hist, Mike!" says Pat. "What say we shtep in an' have just wan more before we sign the pledge?"

"Naw," replied Mike. "His rivrince might smell our breath. Wait till we're comin' back."

All Work and No Play
Boosts the Undertaker's Business

Play Some Game

Compliments of
JOHN MOSSOP
Managing Director

Allcock, Laight, & Westwood Co., Ltd.
70 King Street West
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Mr. Samuel Allcock of S. Allcock & Company, Redditch, Worcestershire, England, manufacturers of fishing tackle, was a regular business visitor to the United States in the fifties of the last century. On one visit he made a side-trip to Canada and was sufficiently impressed by the market to form a partnership with another Redditch manufacturer, Mr. Charles Laight, for the sale of S. Allcock & Company's fishing tackle and C. Laight & Company's needles and smallwares throughout Canada, as well as the manufacture in Canada of Bamboo, Green heart and Lancewood fishing rods.

This was in 1854. A Mr. Milward was sent out from the Allcock factory in Redditch to manage the Canadian venture, which first occupied premises on King Street East in Toronto, opposite St. James Cathedral. The company very soon outgrew the King Street building and in the next fifty years moved four times to larger quarters.

In 1868 Benjamin Westwood was sent from Redditch to succeed Mr. Milward as manager, and in 1885 he purchased Charles Laight's partnership interest and became joint owner with Samuel Allcock. Allcock, Laight & Westwood was the firm's name from that date until 1898, when it was organized as a limited liability company, The Allcock, Laight & Westwood Company of Toronto Limited.

Benjamin Westwood directed the company's affairs for 51 years, until 1919. During his term, the factory was completely destroyed in the great Toronto fire of March 1904, and then rebuilt on the same site.

In 1912 the foundations of the company's present management structure were laid when J. B. Kennedy joined the firm as Secretary and John Mossop as Western Sales Representative. In 1919 Kennedy and Mossop jointly purchased all outstanding shares and acquired full control, operating the company as a partnership until 1950.

Their 31 years of joint ownership were expansive ones. Smallwares had been discontinued in 1915. In 1922 a department was organized for the sale of guns, ammunition, hunting and camping equipment and supplies, and another, for the sale of ski equipment, in 1924. In the same year manufacturing of a full line of artificial metal baits was begun. The sale of golf equipment was started in 1928 and in 1933 its manufacture was begun as a major operation under the name Adanac Golf Clubs Limited.

Two moves to larger quarters were made in these years, the second, in 1938, to a 13,000 sq. ft. factory in Leaside where manufacturing was extended to ski bindings, ski poles and sundries.

By 1940 the fishing tackle and ski equipment market had grown to such an extent that the entire manufacturing space was taken over by these products and Adanac Golf Clubs Ltd. was sold as a going concern.

With the retirement of J. B. Kennedy in 1950 John Mossop acquired complete control of the company, whose name was changed in 1957 to Allcock, Laight & Westwood Limited.

Manufacture of a new line, A.L.&W. PAK-DEK Cartop Carriers, was begun in 1956. Three years later the company sold its century-old retail store, established a western Branch and warehouse in Calgary and opened an office and showroom in Montreal.