

WIT AND HUMOR



Strange If True.
Jolkley—It's a fact; if you'll tell me what a man eats I'll tell you what he is.

Polkley—Well, for instance, I know a man who eats sauerkraut, codfish and potatoes, spaghetti, frogs' legs and in fact, everything. Now, what is he?

Jolkley—He's alive.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Not Wholly Frank.

"Can you sincerely say that you never descended to hypocrisy?" asked the man of severe standards.

"Well," answered Mr. Bliggins, "I must confess that I once sat and listened to my daughter's commencement essay and pretended to be as much entertained as if I were at a baseball game."

Sallie and Willie.

"A man, Willie, may now go to Minerva for his nerve (prohibition), to Wooster to woo, to Massillon to say mass—"

"And then, Sallie, he might go to Helena (Ark.) to enjoy the climate and meditate."—Roller Monthly.

Has to Keep Moving.

"Blind's is terribly nervous. See how he keeps clutching at the air and carrying his hand to his mouth?"

"That isn't nervousness. That's the force of habit. He patronizes the quick-lunch counters."—Baltimore News.

Sure Enough.

"And do you like chewing gum?" asked the fair maiden with the rapid-fire jaws.

"Sure," said the swain who had been trying vainly for an hour to get up from the chair; "sure, I'm stuck on it."

A Waste of Labor.

Tutor—Richard, you will please go to the blackboard and demonstrate the proposition that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides.

Spoiled Son—What's the use? I'm willing to admit it.

A Question.

"What do you think of the new boarder?" asked Mrs. Starvem.

"Oh, I don't know!" replied Starbord.

"I think he's very polite."

"Either that or very sarcastic. Did you hear him ask me if I'd pass the cream?"

SAME THING.



She—Miss Millions didn't marry a lord, after all.
He—No; she married a marquis, but he gets as drunk as a lord.

HE'D SEEN THE LOOK.



Mrs. Smith (3 a. m.)—Wake up, Sebastian, wake up. There's a burglar down stairs.
Mr. Smith (sleepily)—I've got no pistol, Mary. Suppose you get up and look daggers at him.

One Way to Acquire Prominence.

"This Mr. Muggins is one of your prominent men, I suppose."

"O, yes."

"What did he ever do?"

Nothing at all. You see, he has always kept in the background when anything was to be done, so that he could criticize those who did it. That's what made him so prominent as a citizen."—Stray Stories.

The Making of a Critic.

"Yes," said the managing editor, "we want a good, snappy book reviewer."

"Well, if you want a really sharp, exacting critic, he's the man for you."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because he's an unsuccessful author."

No Hope for Him.

"You reckon aell gits too hot fer de devil in summer?"

"Dunno. But you kin bet on one thing."

"En what's dat?"

"Hit don't freeze over in de winter time!"

Why Should He Do It?

Landlord (to departing guest)—I trust I may rely upon your recommending my establishment?

Guest—I do not happen to have at this moment a mortal enemy in the world.—Puck.

WOULD MAKE IT HOT FOR HIM.



Her Mother—All right, you have my consent to marry Charlie.
Her Daughter—But, mamma, you said you hated him?
Her mother—So I do; that is why I want to become his mother-in-law.

If you don't get the biggest and best it's your own fault. Defiance Starch is for sale everywhere and there is positively nothing to equal it in quality or quantity.

Magistrate—Were you not brought here by drunkenness? Prisoner—Your Honor, I was brought by a drunken policeman.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

There is no trouble raising children in a hotel—if you use the elevator.

Try me just once and I am sure to come again. Defiance Starch.

Rinks—Were you ever in an automobile accident. Jinks—Well, I should say! My wife accepted me in an automobile.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Some fellows marry poor girls to settle down and others marry rich ones to settle up.

"It beats all" how good a cigar you can buy for 5 cents if you buy the right brand. Try a "Bullhead."

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cures Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy Worms. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The devil discovered that the temptation of Job was an unprofitable job.

The secret of the popularity of Baxter's "Bullhead" 4-cent cigar is revealed in one word—"Quality."

"I can't tell a lie," said the witness, "from the truth, when a gib lawyer gets to talking."

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

It is generally the least careful man who is most full of cares.

Defiance Starch is guaranteed biggest and best or money refunded. 18 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now.

There is a vast difference between the golden rule and the rule of gold.

A smile of satisfaction goes with one of Baxter's "Bullhead" 4-cent cigars.



Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit Amateur Art Association, tells young women what to do to avoid pain and suffering caused by female troubles.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I can conscientiously recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness, and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains, and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."—Miss GUILA GANNON, 359 Jones St., Detroit, Mich., Secretary Amateur Art Association.

It is clearly shown in this young lady's letter that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will certainly cure the suffering of women; and when one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of the countless hundreds which we are continually publishing in the newspapers of this country, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all; and for the absolute cure of all kinds of female ills no substitute can possibly take its place. Women should bear this important fact in mind when they go into a drug store, and be sure not to accept anything that is claimed to be "just as good" as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for no other medicine for female ills has made so many actual cures.



How Another Young Sufferer Was Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I must write and tell you what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered terribly every month at time of menstruation, and was not able to work. Your medicine has cured me of my trouble. I felt relieved after taking one bottle. I know of no medicine as good as yours for female troubles."—Miss EDITH CROSS, 169 Water Street, Haverhill, Mass.

Remember, Mrs. Pinkham's advice is free, and all sick women are foolish if they do not ask for it. No other person has such vast experience, and has helped so many women. Write to-day.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

LITTLETON BUTTER
IS MADE RIGHT
THOSE AIR-TIGHT CARTONS KEEP IT RIGHT
Don't try to be satisfied with anything else.
Sold By Good Grocers Everywhere

Wasted.

"And so," said the bore, concluding a long-winded story, "I gave him to understand that he couldn't use me. Time is money, I says to him, and—" "And on that basis," said the victim, breaking away, "you've used up several dollars' worth of my money."

Injured Only His Morals.

"I was shocked to notice your husband out shooting on the Sabbath," said Rev. Mr. Straterlace.

"You would have been still more shocked," replied the offender's wife, "if you had heard his remarks about his luck."

Backed to Win.

She (after the engagement)—"Why were you so nervous when you proposed?"

He—"Oh, I was merely acting a part. I didn't want you to know how sure I was of your answer."

Cutting.

"I've carried this umbrella for the last two years."

"Pretty near time you returned it, don't you think?"—New York Times.

Presumption.

Anna—I never gave you permission to kiss me.

Will—Well, I never gave you permission to order me to stop.