

OH! CHRISTMAS? VELL, I HAF  
HEARD IT CALLED X-MAS,  
BUT, MY DEAR FELLOW,  
EVER XX-MAS.

IS  
DOT A  
FACT?



#### HE WAS SLIGHTED

Sandy McTavish was sitting weeping at his fireside.

"Eh, Sandy, mon," said a neighbor, peeping in at the open window, attracted by the sounds of woe, "what's aillin' ye?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sobbed Sandy. "Donald McPherson's wife is deid."

"Awheel," said the neighbor, "what o' that? She's no relation o' yours, is she?"

"I know she isn't," wailed Sandy, "but it jst seems as if everybody's gettin' a change but me."

#### A JOLT

Some probable investors were being shown over a building estate in the country.

"Come this way, gentlemen," the agent said. "On the rising ground you can see how the land lies."

"Or the land agent," quietly remarked one of the party.

#### SHE WAS SAFE

She was young and fair, and a tear glistened in her eye as she laid her curly head upon his shoulder, and exclaimed:

"Oh, George, I think if I found that you did not love me, I should die."

"My darling," he answered, passing his hand gently round her dimpled chin, "I will always love you. Do you think I would marry you if I did not feel sure of it? In a few days at the altar I shall vow to love you all my life, and I will keep my vow."

A lovely kind of beatific happiness played for a moment like sunshine on her lips, and then she whispered:

"Oh, George, I like to hear you talk like that. You have been so good to me. You have given me a diamond locket, and a gold watch and chain, and rings that an angel might wear outside her gloves and not be ashamed; and if I thought that one day you'd be sorry you'd given me all these nice things and want them back again, I should break my heart."

He held her gently against his manly breast, and answered with a quavering voice:

"Oh, my darling, there is nothing on earth that could happen that would make me repent giving you a few tokens of my love, or make me want them back again."

She sprang from his arms like a joyous deer, she shook back her sunny curls, and, with a whole poem in her hazel eyes, exclaimed:

"Oh, George, you have taken a lod from my heart! I've come to say I can't marry you after all, because I've seen somebody I like better, and I thought you'd want your presents back again."

"And the name is to be—?" asked the suave minister, as he approached the font with the precious armful of fat and founcies. "Augustus Phillip Ferdinand Codrington Chesterfield Livingstone Snooks." "Dear, dear!" Turning to the sexton: "A little more water, Mr. Perkins, please."