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The undersigned begs to inform you that he has severed his connection with the North Shore Electric Company, and having established myself on Central avenue, opposite Sheridan Road, am now prepared to do electrical work in all its branches, including electric light wiring, electric bells, private line telephones, speaking tubes, etc. Supplies of all kinds pertaining to the above kept in stock. Estimates furnished. Twenty years experience in the electric line enables me to give you first-class work in every respect. I respectfully solicit your patronage.

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WHAT-NOT

HEN'S MILK.

EDWIN MARKHAM, the famous author of "The Man With the Hoe," says that one of his literary friends started a henery last spring on Staten Island. He didn't know a thing about the business, but he set a couple of hens, and in good time had two large broods of chickens. He was very proud of them, but in a week or two they began to die. He called in a neighbor to look at them and to offer advice. They were skinny birds, apparently without ambition.

"What do you feed them on?" asked the neighbor, after a brief survey.

"Feed them on?" responded the novelist. "Why, I don't feed them at all. I thought the mother hens had enough of milk for them."

THE SCHOOL BOY OF 1904.

"Tommy, have you been vaccinated?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you had your vermiform appendix removed?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you a certificate of inoculation for the croup, chicken-pox and measles?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is your luncheon put up in Dr. Koch's patent antiseptic dinner-pail?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you your own sanitary slate-rag and disinfected drinking cup?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you wear a camphor-bag around your throat, a collapsible life-belt, and insulated rubber heels for crossing the trolley line?"

"All of these."

"And a life insurance policy against all the encroachments of old age?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then you may hang your cap on the insulated peg and proceed to learn along sanitary lines."

IN DOUBT.

"When I was a student at the University of Virginia," said Surgeon General Rixey of the navy, "there used to be an old man named Tom Crabbe, who cleaned my boots and ran my errands."

"Tom one morning came into my room in an excited and gay mood."

"My daughter, sir," he said, "has a little baby. A fine child. Twelve pounds in weight."

"When was it born?" said I.

"This morning," answered Tom.

"Is it a boy or girl?"

"Do you know, sir," he said, "I forgot in the excitement, to find out whether I was a grandfather or a grandmother!"

WHERE EXCHANGE IS ROBBERY.

"You say you got rid of that counterfeit quarter I gave you, Sam?"

"I certainly did, boss."

"But don't you know it was wrong to pass it?"

"I didn't 'zactly pass it, boss; you see I was passin' 'round de plate in church las' Sunday, an' I jist exchanged it!"

CHOATE AND THE ARTIST.

It is told of Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, that he was very much interested in a young man who, he thought, had in him the making of an excellent lawyer. Mr. Choate was himself practicing in New York at the time, and hoped to take the young man into his office. But the perverse chap would have none of it. He believed he had a future as an artist, though, indeed, he had but mediocre talent for painting. He invited Mr. Choate to an exhibition of his work, and when the distinguished barrister made a last appeal to him the artist said:

"No, Mr. Choate, thank you! No law for me. I am wedded to my art and to my art alone!"

"Humph!" exclaimed Mr. Choate, looking around at the sad and hopeless canvases. "Don't let that discourage you in the least—you have ample grounds for divorce!"

"That'll be a powerful machine," said a native of the north of Scotland to a motorist the other day.

"Yes, it's a splendid car," replied the owner proudly.

"I suppose a car like that will be nearly a hundred horse-power?" suggested the countryman.

"No, no," laughingly replied the motorist, "it is only ten-horse; a hundred horse-power would be much larger."

"I wasn't guessing by size," explained the Highlander, "I was going by the smell of it."

THE FOUR K's.

A few weeks before last Christmas the German Empress, says a writer in "Everybody's Magazine," was conversing at a reception in the Berlin palace with a Baroness whose husband is very rich. The Baroness asked the Empress what things in the world she liked best.

"Your Majesty, excuse my question," the Baroness added, "but it would be a great honor if I could present you with something that would please you."

The Empress smiled in her motherly way.

"My dear," she replied, "it would not be possible for you to give me the things I like best, for I already have them."

"Indeed, your Majesty," said the Baroness. "May I be pardoned for asking what they are?"

"I can tell you very readily," said the Empress. "There are four things I prefer to all others, and they all begin with 'k.' They are my Kaiser, my kinder, my kirchne, and my küche."

This is to be translated, "My King, my children, my church, and my kitchen."

IRISH THRIFT.

An Irishman was painting his barn, and was hurrying his work with all his strength and speed. "What are you in such a hurry for, Murphy?" asked a spectator. "Shure, I want to get through before me paint runs out," was the reply.

Want Column

Insertions in this column.
30 words or less, one insertion. .25
four " " " " .75

All ads in this column must be paid in advance where advertiser has no regular account with this office.

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