

GLEANINGS — WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Molly: "O. Pat, I'm surprised at ye proposin' to me—yer first wife dead only a month!" Pat: "Sure, Molly, she's dead as iver she'll be."

"Did yiz iver make iny money backin' horses, Murphy?" "Sure, Oi made twenty pounds wance." "How did yez do ut?" "Oi backed him down a cellar, an' thin sued th' man for laving th' door open."

Manager: "I can't book your act—no profanity is permitted in this house." Artist: "There's not a profane word in our entire sketch." Manager: "I know; but we don't like our audiences to swear either."

Beside a straw stack sat a tramp—a jolly tramp and wise—who, while he patched his tattered coat, did thus soliloquise:—"It seems to me that my lone life doth ever downward tend, and drags me into wretchedness but still I'm on

I make no loud laments, but by a straw stack sit me down and gather in my rents."

The two young men reached the door at the same time. "Is Miss Walsingham in?" they asked. The maid looked at them and shook her head in bewilderment. "She's in to wan av ye, an' out to the öther," she said at last, "But the two av ye comin' together has got me tangled. I'm bothered if I know which is which. But step right in, an' I'll ask her to come down and pick ye out."

It was plain that the mother was anxious as to the future of her daughter. "It seems to me, Mable," she said "that you've become exceedingly fond of Mr.

Prettyman in a xery short time." "Why mother!" exclaimed the girl with a tell-tale blush. "How can you say that?" "I overheard you telling him last night that he was 'too hateful for anything.'"

"If you please, ma'am," said the new servant, pushing her head round the door in evident alarm; "the cat's had chickens. "Nonsense, Gertrude!" returned the mistress of the house; "you mean kittens. Cats don't have chickens." "Was them chickens or kittens the master brought home last night?" "Chickens, of course." "Well ma'am, that's what the cat has had."

"Waiter," grumbled a customer, "I should like to know the meaning of this. Yesterday I was served with a portion of pudding twice the size of this." "Indeed sir," rejoined the waiter. "Where did you sit?" "By the window," answered the customer. "Oh that accounts for it," said the waiter. "We always give people by the window large portions. It's an advertisement."

One very cold day this winter the mounted soldiers were out exercising their horses. One of them happened to have a very contrary horse, which refused to budge. After some unsuccessful persuasion the officer came up and said, "How can you expect to make a horse go with only a spur on the one side?" The soldier said, "Arr, to be sure, but if I can get the one side to go, the other side is bound to keep up with it?"

A country parish minister lately visiting Edinburgh met in the street a servant girl, who had left his congregation to go to a situation in the city. "Well, Mary," said he kindly, "how do you like your new situation?" "Fine sir, but I'm gey lonely among sae mony strange folk."

"I was thinking so, Mary—Well I'll call and see you before I leave town." "Na sir," very dolefully; ye manna do that, for oor mistress allows nae followers, but" brightening up, "if ye come to the back gate when it's dark I'll try an' let ye in at the window."

With the object of improving the game of football in the district, the officials of a crack English team arranged that their reserve eleven should play exhibition games with certain obscure village teams. Unfortunately one of these fixtures had to be abandoned, and the secretary wried off to the B—Colliery team saying that the S— reserves would be unable to turn up. The secretary was sorry to disappoint the colliers, but consoled himself with the reflection that, after all, the game would have proved a farce, the pitmen's knowledge of football being of the crudest. What then, was his astonishment to receive the following cheerful reply to his wire:—"Never mind; send the first team we won't hurt them."

Courtesy is a virtue which has by no

in the public services. The Chicago Pullman Car Company has distributed the sum of \$100,000 among its conductors and porters, who have been reported as showing proper courtesy to the company's customers during the past year. A sum equivalent to a month's pay has been sent to each man.

Teacher: "Jimmie, correct this sentence, 'our teacher am in sight.'" Jimmie: "Our teacher am a sight."—The Circler

"What do you think an ideal quick lunch?" "I can suggest nothing more like it than a hasty pudding on a fast day." Baltimore American.

A difficult problem: "What keeps you

shtill so long, Dolan?" inquired Mr. Rafferty. "Oi'm arguin' wid meself." "About what?" "Oi'm thyring to convince meself that it's no harder to push a wheelbarrow on the level than to push my bicicle up hill, an' Oi can't do it! Washington Star.

An army officer in South Africa, says a writer in answers, presented to the Kafir boy, who acted as his particular servant a pair of strong, heavily nailed army boots. The boy was delighted, and for several days he strutted proudly about the camp with them. But at the end of the week he appeared as usual with bare feet, and the boots hung around his neck. "Hello!" said his master. "Why don't you wear your boots? Are they too small for you?" "Oh no, Sah," replied the Kafir, "They plenty big. Berry nice boots sah, but no good for walking or running. Make um fellah too much slow, sah. Keep boots now for wear in bed."

"The late Lord Kelvin," said a Harvard scientist, "had a wonderfully original mind from his childhood. As a little boy, as little Willie Thompson, they tell a

seems that once he suffered horribly a from toothache. Finally he had the tooth out. After it was drawn, he rose from the chair, held out his little hand to the surgeon, and said 'give it to me.' The surgeon, with an accommodating smile, wrapped the tooth in paper and extended it to the lad. 'But what are you going to do with it, Willie?' he asked. 'I'm going to take it home' was the reply 'and cram sugar in it and see it ache.' Washington Star.

A lady writes to me, apropos of the mistakes made by booksellers, that she went into a shop in this city recently, and asked for a copy of Swinburne's poems. "We have not Swinburne's poems" replied the obliging clerk "but we have Robert Burns,"—laying stress on the poet's given name,—critic.

EVER BEAT A CARPET?

Ever beat one until no more dust would come out? Ever see anyone who did? Ever have a carpet or rug beaten to "smithereens" trying to get it clean? Guess our experiences along this line are about all alike. That's one reason the "finicky" people of the North Shore have quit doing or having these things done at home. Another reason is that it is cheaper to have them taken away when one considers the saving of energy and wear and tear on the goods. It takes equipment to do the thing right, and the proper equipment will clean the largest, heaviest rug as thoroughly as the smallest, lightest carpet without injuring the fabric. Only two or three places on the North Shore where you can have it done. One of them is the Reliable Laundry at Highland Park. They are prepared to relieve you completely of the trouble of cleaning carpets, rugs, blankets, draperies, lace curtains, and all such things. All you need to do is to call up Highland Park 107 and the biggest job of the house cleaning period will be taken entirely away from your premises and returned as good as new.