



ATTEMPT TO OBTAIN ONE.

'Did you know,' asked the lawyer, 'that the legal profession is the only profession that has no patron saint—at least none that it will own?'

'What's the reason for that?' I asked.
'I don't know,' answered the lawyer. 'Carelessness, I suppose. When the saints were handed around the representative who should have been present was probably arguing with the judge in another court.'
'What did you mean by "At least none that it will own"?' I asked.

'Many years ago,' was the reply, 'an Irish lawyer who was a fervent Catholic sought to provide his profession with a patron saint. So genuine was his desire for one that he travelled to Rome to consult the Pope. The Pope graciously received him.

'"Pray, Your Holiness," said the Irishman, "grant the lawyers a patron saint."

'According to the story, which is a venerable one, the Pope looked over the list and found that there were no saints that had not been given to the other professions, at which the Irish lawyer was much cast down. Observing his depression, the Pope bade him cheer up and then directed him to go to a church near by, to blindfold himself and to pass around the interior saying Ave Maria all the time.

'"And," said the Pope, "the first saint you touch shall be the patron saint of your profession."

'Much gratified the devout lawyer went away to follow the instructions. He passed around the church praying. When he stopped he put out his hand. He was in front of the altar of St. Michael.

'"Be thou the lawyer's patron saint!" he cried, and pulled off the bandage. Alas, he wasn't touching St. Michael at all! His hand was resting on the devil under St. Michael's feet.'



THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING.

MR SEEDYMAN (to barmaid): 'Whisky, please.'
Barmaid: 'Sootch or Irish, sir?'
Mr Seedyman: 'Oh! I dunno, gimme the same as that fellow had what's lying under the billiard table.'

BROAD CRINS.

'WOMEN'S rights' exclaimed a man when the subject was broached. 'What more do they want? My wife bosses me; our daughters boss us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some right.'

Grandma (to little May, aged 5, the household terror): 'Don't you know that poor mamma is very delicate, and that when you are so very, very naughty it makes her very much worse? Mamma can't stand it any longer. You will kill her. Now what shall we do? May (sitting on small stool in front of grandma, while mamma is weeping on sofa): 'Well, I don't know; but if she'd get another doctor perhaps she could stand it better.'

Said Paddleford to his wife on the way back from the museum, 'I'm firmly convinced that woman have an innate, natural, constitutional love of the horrible.' 'Good thing for you!' she retorted, 'or you might have been a bachelor to your dying day.'

'Never would call a boy of mine "Alias,"' said Mrs Jones, Hunterville, Ala., 'if I had a hundred to name. Men by that name is alias cuttin' up capers. Here's Alias Thompson, Alias Williams, Alias the Night-hawk, all been took up for stealing.'

To admire a man because he's well-dressed is folly, if not something worse; It isn't the coat that makes the man, But the money he has in his purse.

SHE: You never hear of women cashiers embezzling or running off with their employers' money.

HE: Not often; but when it does happen they take the employer, too.

Gentleman (rushing into chemist's shop apparently in a great hurry): 'I want something to cure a bad headache.' (Chemist rushes round the counter and shoves a bottle under the gentleman's nose, the pungency of which nearly chokes his nose.) Gentleman: 'You drivelling idiot! You maniac! You jackass! It's my wife that's got the headache.'

It is only the female mosquito that bites people and animals, and draws blood. The male mosquito is a vegetarian, and is never blood-thirsty.

Do not call to mind the day which has passed from you; do not lament for the unborn to-morrow; do not build on the coming and the passed away; take the present hour, and do not cast your life to the wind.

Advice is like counterfeit money. Most people are ready enough to part with it, but none care to take it.

WHERE HE FAILED.

He had chased the merry football

Over many a gory field,
He could stand behind a batsman
'Gainst all bowlers wickets keep.
In a pugilistic contest
He was held among the best;
He could mingle in a riot
And enjoy it too with zest;
But his fine physique was ruined—
Crushed in a most brutal way,
When his wife took him out shopping
On a ladies' bargain day.

ANOTHER story about the late Mr Spurgeon. He was once, so it is said, addressing a Sunday school on the lesson of the day, which happened to be 'Jacob's Ladder.' He got along awfully until a little urchin in one of the back seats squeaked out: 'Why did the angels have to have a ladder when they had wings?'

After the inevitable laugh had subsided, Mr Spurgeon said: 'Well, that is a fair question, who can answer it?'

There was a pause, and then up went a pudgy fat, 'Well, my little man,' asked the great preacher, 'why was it?'

'I s'pose they was a-moultin,' was the astonishing reply, and the address was concluded.

A CHEERFUL VIEW.

'You dread the wedding day, eh?' said Boothby to his friend Youngboy. 'Oh! cheer up. Marriage isn't such a bad thing.'

'I must confess I feel a little nervous about it, Boothby,' said Youngboy.

'Tut, man,' replied Boothby, cheerily. 'I was reading only this morning that the human hair may be stretched one-third of its entire length and yet regain its former size and condition. Look on the bright side, boy!'

They were on their way to the theatre, and she was tremulously happy. She felt that the words she so longed to hear would be spoken that night, and the idea made her almost dizzy with delight. 'Mr Sampson,' she said, softly, 'why do you wear that bit of string about your finger?' 'Oh,' replied Mr Sampson, taking it off, 'that was to remind me of my engagement with you to-night.' It wasn't much, but it was enough to take away the delightful dizziness.

LIFE'S LIMITATIONS.

Do your best and let that end it,
All your worry is in vain;
You can carry an umbrella,
But you cannot make it rain.



A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN.

HIS EMPLOYER: 'Patrick, I have employed you as porter for a year. During that time I have found you to be dishonest, neglectful, stupid, and cowardly; but I will not discharge you without one chance.'

The Porter: 'Fot'll I do, sir?'

HIS EMPLOYER: 'I've obtained a position for you on the police force.'



A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

HOUSEHOLDER (appearing suddenly): 'You're welcome to the silver if you'll take this portrait of my wife's mother, too. I've been trying to get rid of it for years!'

AFTER agonising for eight months on the border-land of uncertainty, young Perkins mustered up courage enough to declare his passion for the beautiful Miss Wiswall, and was sweetly and graciously accepted.

'My own darling!' he cried, joyfully holding her to his heaving breast, 'how very, very happy you make me! And you do love me?'

'Ye es, Harry, I—listen.'
'What is it, my angel?'
'Nothing, I was mistaken. Go on, dear.'
'My precious one! If you only knew—'
'I listen, dear.'

'What is it? No one is coming. Let us be happy—happy in—'

'Hush—listen! No; I am not mistaken this time. The newsboy is coming with the evening paper, and I am so anxious to know who's got in at Thacker. Won't you run and get the paper, darling?'

He went, and never, never came back.

Sambo joined the church, and his pastor thought it best to look after him. 'Have you stolen any chickens, Sambo, since you met with a change of heart?' said the minister one day. 'No, massa—no, no, I hasn't stole no chickens 'tall!'

'Any turkeys?' persisted the pastor. 'Oh, no, massa—I hasn't took nary a turkey!'

'Well, Sambo, I'm glad to hear it—very glad. Watch and pray!'—and the good man went on. 'Golly,' chuckled Sambo, peeping inside his coat, 'if he'd sed "ducks" he'd a had me!'



FRANKY (aged six): 'Aunty, dear, do look. I've had such a pretty head put on my doll, and it only cost a shilling.'

Aunty: 'Yes; it is a beauty.'

Franky: 'I wonder what they would charge to put a new head on you, aunty.'