



THE RETURN.

Tourist: "My physician advises me to locate where I may have the benefit of the south wind. Does it blow here?"
 Landlord: "My! but your fortunate in coming to just the right place! Why, the south wind always blows here."
 Tourist: "Always? Why, it seems to be blowing from the north now."
 Landlord: "Oh, it may be coming from that direction, but it's the south wind. It's just coming back, you know."



"Algy will never marry you. He is only flirting."
 "Well, why did you tell me? Now you've queered the flirtation."



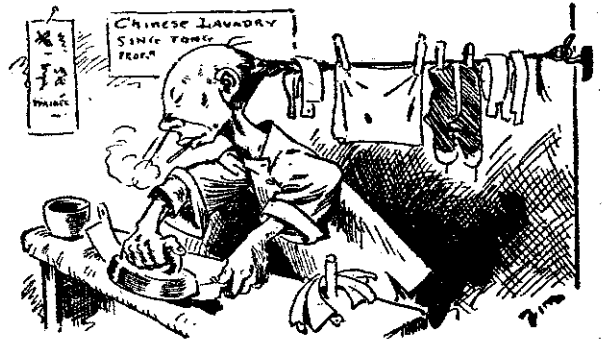
GOOD ADVICE.

Fond Mother: Now, Willie, fly straight to school, and be careful that you are not run over by an aeroplane.



AN ADVANCE GUARD.

Irate Mother—"What you got stuffed in your pants?"
 Son—"A book called, 'Home Protection.'"



THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

Is it any wonder that we abhor the Chinaman? He has successfully acquired the much-hated cigarette habit, robbed the faithful washerwoman of her honourable profession, and now, "had luck to him!" he even deprives the miserable clothesline of its duties.



Mrs. Kwoery: "How did you lose your limb, my poor man? Did a shark get it?"
 Bill Topso: "Not egesactly, mum. He only got most o' what I got from the railway company that got it."



The Grawler (to wood-cree): "Say, sweetheart, do you think you'd get along any better if I brought you the nail file?"



SUCH A GOOD BOY!

Willie—"Huh! You always read about good little boys. Anyway, I never make any noise running down stairs like other fellows."
 Sister—"Pooh! That isn't true."
 Willie—"It is so. I always slide down the bannister."