Paddy was driving down the street in a sweat because he had an important meeting and couldn't find a parking place. Looking up to heaven he said, "Lord take pity on me. If you find me a parking place, I will go to Mass every Sunday for the rest of me life and give up me Irish Whiskey!"

Miraculously, a parking place appeared.

Paddy looked up again and said, "Never mind, I found one."

Johnny was due to start school. His mother energetically pumped up his enthusiasm, buying him new clothes, telling him about the new friends he'd meet, and so on.

Came the first day, he eagerly set off and came back home with glowing reports about school.

Next morning she woke him up and told him it was time to get ready for school.

"What?" said Johnny. "Again?"

The following is an ad from a newspaper that appeared four days in a row - the last three hopelessly trying to correct the first day's mistake.

MONDAY:

For sale: R.D. Jones has one sewing machine for sale. Phone 948-0707 after 7 P.M.. and ask for Mrs. Kelly who lives with him cheap.

TUESDAY:

Notice: We regret having erred In R.D. Jones' ad yesterday. It should have read "One sewing machine for sale cheap. Phone 948-0707 and ask for Mrs. Kelly, who lives with him after 7 P.M."

WEDNESDAY:

Notice: R.D. Jones has informed us that he has received several annoying telephone calls because of the error we made in the classified ad yesterday. The ad stands correct as follows: "For sale -- R.D. Jones has one sewing machine for sale. Cheap. Phone 948-0707 after 7 P.M. and ask for Mrs. Kelly who loves with him."

THURSDAY:

Notice: I, R.D. Jones, have no sewing machine for sale. I intentionally broke it. Don't call 948-0707 as I have had the phone disconnected. I have not been carrying on with Mrs. Kelly. Until yesterday she was my housekeeper, but she has now quit.