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Stories

A MISSING OFFICER.

PAT had a new job which necessitated his getting up an hour or so earlier every morning, so he borrowed his landlady's alarm clock. The first couple of mornings everything went fine, the clock doing its duty, but on the third morning it did not ring and Pat slept sweetly on till long past nine o'clock. Finally the sun shining in his eyes awakened him, and one glance at the clock confirmed his worst fears. He threw the clock with all his strength against the wall, smashing it to bits.

"Bad cess to you and your alarms," he said. "'Tis me that has alarms for me job."

Then instantly regretting his hasty action he stooped down to gather up the pieces, when among the dislodged springs and wheels he discovered a roach stiff and cold in death.

"Sure," he said, "it's unreasonable I am. How could I expect the thing to work when the engineer was dead?"

* * *

INFORMATION FOR FOOLS.

THESE are just a few of the things which inquiring readers send through the mails.

Katie: "Will you kindly tell me what kind of costume to wear when calling on the widow of a red-haired prize-fighter? Also tell me what is good for weak eye-brows. Would you think from my writing that I have the artistic temperament? Who is your favourite poet? What kind of home do you think I would make for the right man?"

In answer to last question, see Sherman's definition of war. Wear an iridescent foulard, trimmed with recherche touches of panne velvet in any of the new shades in making the alleged call. As much ink as you can put on a dollar-bill is excellent for infirm eye-brows. Yes, you have a perfect peach of a temperament judging from the way you curl your commas. Ella Heeler Woolsocks is my favourite poet. Her "Vapours in Vice" is a lovely thing to read to your maiden aunt on Sunday afternoons. Write again, any old time.

Dorothy: "It must be lovely to be a newspaper woman. Are you a man? I should like to know how many of my husband's cards I should leave in calling on the mother of an archdeacon? Do you know anything that is good for falling hair? Sometimes my husband pulls out a handful of my raven locks when he comes home a little late. Do you suppose this is bad for the roots? And will you kindly tell me how to make a daisy chain? I know this information has been in, half a hundred times, but I have mislaid my copy of the paper."

No, I am not a man. You may tell me your inmost thoughts. I think I should leave the ten of hearts and the two of spades. You might ask your husband not to drag you around by the hair. It is very bad for the scalp. I am sorry not to be able to give you information about the daisy chain but the specialist who used to write the directions has lately gone to the lunatic asylum. Do write soon again. I love to hear from people who have Beautiful Thoughts.

ANNABELLE.

* * *

A DESPERATE COURSE.

AN Orangeman tells this story of a district near St. Thomas where there were two parishes of the Roman Catholic Church which were to be made into one. It was finally

decided that a church was to be built in Parish B and Father O'Brien approached Michael Doherty of Parish A with a subscription list.

"Nivir a cint will I give," said Michael stubbornly. In vain did the worthy priest plead and exhort. Michael would have nothing to do with the hated location. At last, Father O'Brien's patience was exhausted and he hinted darkly that there might be a force applied to Michael's stubbornness which would lead to a loosening of purse-strings.

"Nivir!" repeated Michael firmly. "Before I'd give a cint to that church, I'd join the Methodists and go to hell with them."

* * *

NOT EXACTLY.

WILLIE MAYBURN has lately begun to take an interest in nature study and such diversions. His father, wishing to encourage his small son, asked him recently: "My boy, what is a biped?"

Willie looked thoughtful for a moment, then exclaimed: "It's a gentleman with two wives."

* * *

ONE TOO MANY.

A STREET-CAR in charge of a newly appointed Irish conductor had just left the car-barn for the down-town run. Before it had proceeded many blocks it was boarded by an inspector. This official, after a glance at the register and the occupants of the car, asked, in surprise: "Why, O'Flaherty, how's this? You have seven passengers, and the register shows but six fares rung up."

"Begorra, is that so?" puzzled the green conductor. Then instantly a happy solution of the difficulty struck him. "Git out o' here, wan o' yez!" he shouted. "There's wan too many o' yez on this car!"

* * *

A WISE EDITOR.

THE musician was visibly annoyed. "But, hang it all," he said, "I told your reporter three or four times over that the violin I used was a genuine Stradivarius, and here in his report this morning there's not a word, not a word."

With a scornful laugh the editor replied:

"That is as it should be, sir. When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddle advertised in this paper under two dollars a line, you come around and let me know."—Southwestern's Book.

* * *

ONLY ONE.

"AT the unveiling of Rodin's bust of Henley in Westminster Abbey," said a New York editor, "a number of good stories were told about the great poet."

"H. G. Wells praised Henley's conduct of the 'New Review.' Of course, this periodical failed, yet it was undoubtedly the best edited magazine of the last century. In it Henley introduced to the world new writers of such distinction as Joseph Conrad, Kenneth Grahame, W. B. Yeats, Mr. Wells himself and so on."

"One day as Mr. Wells and Henley stood in the office of the magazine, discussing rather sadly its gloomy prospects, a funeral went by with slow pace."

"Henley leaned out of the window and looked at the funeral anxiously. Then he turned to his companion and said with a worried frown:

"Can that be our subscriber?"—Washington Star.

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Trains leave Napanee for the north at 7.50 a. m., 12.10 p. m., 1.25 p. m., and 4.25 p. m.

Trains leave Tweed for the south at 7.00 a. m., 7.20 a. m., and 2.55 p. m., and for the north leaving Tweed at 11.30 a. m. and 4.50 p. m.

Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

Leave Deseronto at 1.00 a. m., 1.40 a. m., 5.55 a. m., 7.00 a. m., 7.20 a. m., 9.50 a. m., 11.30 a. m., 12.40 p. m., 12.55 p. m., 3.45 p. m., 6.10 p. m., 7.40 p. m.

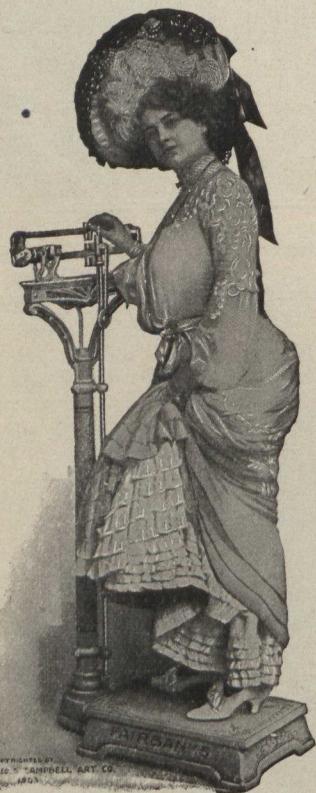
Leave Napanee at 2.20 a. m., 3.30 a. m., 6.30 a. m., 6.35 p. m., 7.55 a. m., 10.30 a. m., 12.05 p. m., 1.20 p. m., 11.00 a. m., 4.30 p. m., 6.50 p. m., 8.15 p. m.

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