

The Spice of Life.

Father (from top of staircase)—Ethel,
is that young man gone?
Ethel—Awfully, pa.—Grit.

SHE TOOK UP POULTRY.

"Hens have made a new woman of her. She looks ten years younger, and she's lost fifteen pounds she in no wise needed."—Girl's Own Paper.

Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called:

"Are yez dead or alive, Mike?"
"O'im alive," said Mike, feebly.
"Sure you're such a liar Oi don't know whether to belave yez or not."
"Well, then, Oi must be dead," said Mike, "for yez would never dare to call me a liar if Oi wor aloive."

Mrs. Black woke her husband one night and whispered: "Larry, there's a burglar in the parlor! He just bumped against the piano and struck several keys."
"Is that so?" said Larry. "I'll go right down there."
"Oh, Larry," whispered the excited wife, "don't do anything rash!"
"Rash!" replied the husband. "Why I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can move that piano from the house without assistance, do you?"

A young gentleman with a very plain face was rather annoyed because his view of the stage was obstructed by the hat of a pretty girl who was sitting in front of him in the gallery. Wishing to get a glimpse of the performance, he plucked up courage, and in a nervous voice exclaimed: "See here, miss, I want to look as well as you." "Oh, do yer?" she replied in a rich Cockney accent, as she turned round and looked at him square in the eye. "Then you'd better run home and change yer face."

WHY HE LOVED.

A woman prison missionary was insistent that there was some good in every one—even the worst of the prisoners. To prove it she sought out the prison demon and found him fondly stroking the cat.

"A man who'll pet a cat certainly has love in his heart," she said to herself, adding aloud:

"Do you love that cat?"
"You bet I do," replied the prisoner. "He bit the warden this morning."

A small boy had been given a penny with a hole in it. Handing it to a still smaller companion, he said:

"Jimmie, I dare you to go into that store and buy something with this penny."

Jimmie was quite willing. Entering boldly, he said:

"I want a doughnut." And taking it, he hastily presented the penny.

"Here," said the clerk, "this penny has a hole in it."

"So has the doughnut," announced Jimmy, triumphantly holding it up.

NOT SO NOISY.

A gentleman tells this story of Sabbath breaking north of the Tweed.

One brawny Scot was hammering away at the bottom of his wheelbarrow when his wife came to the door.

"Mon! Mon!" she exclaimed, "you're making much clatter. What wull the neebours say?"

"Never mind the neebours," returned the busy husband. "I maun get ma barrow mendit."

"Oh, but Donal," it's very wrong to work on Sabbath," protested the good woman. "Ye ought to use screws."

Murphy was a new cavalry recruit and was given one of the worst horses in the troop.

"Remember," said the sergeant, "no one is allowed to dismount without orders."

Murphy was no sooner in the saddle than the horse kicked and Murphy went over his head.

"Murphy," yelled the sergeant, when he discovered him lying breathless on the ground, "you dismounted!"

"I did."

"Did you have orders?"

"I did."

"From headquarters?"

"No, sor; from hindquarters."

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Girl Training.

A few years ago Prof. Wm. A. McKeever, Child Welfare Department in the University of Kansas, wrote an admirable work called "Farm Boys and Girls," commended in "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine." At a later date he followed it with a supplemental work, "Training the Farm Boy," and now completes the series with a third, "Training the Girl." The latter is a volume of 350 pages, issued by the Macmillan Co., well printed, and illustrated. It might very properly have been dedicated to the service of the multitudes of growing girls in Canada, and should find its way into every library, rural and urban, for the help and inspiration of parents, and particularly of mothers in the upbringing of their daughters. The book offers a wholesome whole-life plan, arranged in four sections.—Industrial Training, Social Training, Vocational Training, and Service Training. The various chapters conclude with very complete lists of other publications by specialists that take up in detail almost every conceivable related subject. In some respects this book is more important than the other two, because more fundamental in relation to the betterment of the coming generation. It is a happy, hopeful, understandable work, and its faithful perusal should open the eyes of indifferent or frivolous home-makers to the duties resting upon them.

One of the most amusing things in nature may be seen in the month of May wherever a brood of baby bullheads is undergoing education. This little cat-fish, lurking in sluggish streams from whose muddy bed it gets good fare of worms and the like, is a pattern of paternal care, for when the young are hatched in the tunnel-like burrow under the bank where the mother had left her eggs, the father becomes nurse and guardian—the mother has long disappeared. As the fry swim about in a close flock, he moves round and round them, keeping them together; and the moment he thinks danger threatens he hurries them back to the cave, and shuts the door by placing himself in the entrance, his ugly, horned head peering out and, ogre-like, defying intruders.

"Tommy," said a young lady visitor at his home, "why not come to our Sabbath school? Several of your little friends have joined us lately."

Tommy hesitated a moment. Then suddenly he exclaimed: "Does a red-headed kid by the name of Jimmy Brown go to your school?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the new teacher.

"Well, then," said Tommy, with an air of interest, "I'll be there next Sunday, you bet. I've been layin' for that kid for three weeks, and never knew where to find him."

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

A suburban minister, during his discourse one Sunday morning, said: "In each blade of grass there is a sermon." The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawnmower about, and paused to say: "Well, parson, I'm glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short."

His Contribution.

Bacon.—"Are you doing anything to relieve the sufferings of your neighbors?"
Egbert.—"Yes; I've sold my phonograph!"—Yonkers Statesman.

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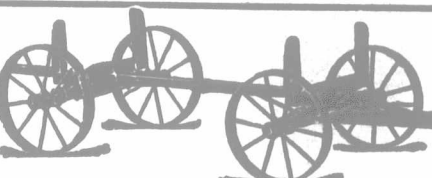
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The newly appointed master at a school had learned all about "cribbing" and such little dodges as schoolboys practice, and had not forgotten them.

One day during a lesson in history he observed one of his pupils take out his watch every minute or two. He grew suspicious, thinking that the pupil was consulting notes on the lesson. Finally he strode slowly between the desks and stopped in front of the boy. "Let me see your watch," he commanded.

"Yes, sir," was the meek reply.

The master opened the front of the case. He looked somewhat sheepish when he read the single word "Sold!"

But he was a shrewd man. He was not to be thrown off the scent so easily. He opened the back of the case. Then he was satisfied, for he read: "Sold again!"

Tommy—"Paw, what is a free thinker?"
Paw—"An unmarried man, my son."

SLEEP PREFERRED.

Mrs. Randall had just finished instructing her new girl, who came to her from an intelligence office. Her general appearance pleased the mistress greatly, and she felt sure that at last she had succeeded in finding a prize.

"And, Lizzie, do you have to be called in the morning?" she asked as an afterthought.

"I don't have to be, mum," replied the new assistant hopefully, "unless you just happens to need me."

TACTFUL.

Edward was the proud owner of his first pair of pants. On the occasion of his first wearing them a neighbor happened in and was chatting with his father, but, much to Edward's disgust, the all-important subject was not mentioned. The little fellow stood it as long as he could, then, in a very indifferent manner, remarked, "There are three pairs of pants in this room."