BALLAD OF THE BANSHEE Rev. Jones B. Dollard (Silvemon) in Donahoe's for March.

nk thro' the hills I hurried home Ever my boding soul would say Mother and abster bld thee come Long, too long, has been thy stay

Stars shone out, but the moon was pale.
Touched by a black cloud's racked rim. Sudden I heard the Baushee's wall, Where Maimor's warstower rise, grim.

Quick I strode across the slope, Passed the grove and the Fairy Mound Gleomy the most where blind owis mopel, Scarcely breathing, I glanced around

Mother of mercy ' there she sat f A woman clad in a snow-white shroud. Streamed her hair to the damp moss-

matt. White the face on her bosom howed

"Spirit of Woe" I caper cried,
"Tell me none that I love has
gone,"
'c.id is the grave"-my accents diedThe Ranchee lifted her face so wan.

Pale and wan as the waning moon Seen when the sun-spears hereit Seen when the can-dawn. Coased all sudden her dreary croop, Full on my own her wild eyes shone

Burned and seared my inmost soul, (When shall sorrow depart from in Black-winged terror upon me stol Bhally gaping, I turned to flee.

Back by the grove and haunted mound, O'r the lone road I know not how, Hearkened afar my baying hound, Home at last at the low hill's brow.

I one the cottage—the door fluns wide.
Four likhts burned—oh, sight of dread!
Breathing a prayer, I rushed inside.
"Mercy, God!" 'twas my mother, dead!

Dead and white as the fallen leaf (Kneeling, my slater prayed near by) Wild as I wrestled with my grief, Far and faint came the Bansheo's cry!

"SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY."

In an old churchyard stood a stone.
Weather-marked and stained;
The hand of time had crumbled it.
So only part remained.
Upon one side I could just trace,
"In memory of our mother."
"She always made home happy!" tals
Was chiseled on the other.

I gazed on monuments of fame,
11th tow'ring 'o the skies;
15th tow'ring 'o the skies;
15th the semiptured marble ste
Where a great hero lies;
15th ty this ceptual I paused,
And read it o'er and o'er,
15tr I had never seen inscribed
Such words, as these before.

"She always made home happy
What
A noble record left!
A legacy of mour les sweet
To those whom death hereft
What testimony to her worth
By those who lines her best,
Engraven on this crumbling stone
That marked their mother's rest.

It was a narrow resting place
Among the humble poor.
But they had seen their mother totl
And patiently endure.
They marked her willing sacrifice
As, one by one, she bore
Her crosslike burdens up the hill.
Till all her toll was o'er.

So when God stilled her weary heart, Folded her hands so white, And she was carried from the home the always made so bright, Her children reared a monument That riches could not buy. The witness of a noble by the witness of a noble by the state of the

TO A BIRTHDAY.

What boots it if our natal day Has not forever come to stay, But year by year slips one away

What odds if here and there appears A strand of silver from the years, And little creases where the tears

Have flowed in bitterness? Although Tears are not always, since we know That smiles to little wrinkles grow.

What difference if the years go by As white clouds in a windy sky, if those we love are ever nigh?

The years are very kind. They pass With equal speed for lad and lass, From christ'ning song to requiem mass

And though they bring us age, to It must be happy as our youth If we may know in living truth,

That hand in hand, in smiles or tears, With those we love we meet the years And always hear the voice that cheers,

And always look into the eyes That see for us the coluest skies. That find for us the dearest prize.

That boots it if our natal day
as not dorever come to stay?
and the birthdays of our friends.

—The Criterion.

THE DUOMO.

(Florence.)
the flour. How doubly twist here.
arly blent are roof and archive

trave
in a mountain hollowed to a cave),
ev'n the glance of noonday is auswhat reverbentions fill the car, bough commingling storm and tor-rent gave

ve place speech, or prophet e clave, time, the desert vast and the firs

e' Cristo!" How his accents thrill,
in the wild, the first evangel cry!
d still I hear them, midst the murmuring streets,
twilight Fiorence, mediaeval still.
dith M. Thomas, in March Century.

"Why is it that geniuses are nearly ways eccentric?" "Inguess it must because that's about the only way which genius can obtain recog-n."—Chicago News.

## PERE VIDELLE.

Closeph Sebastion Rogers in Four O'clock)

O'clock)
Throughout the whole province there was not a more fearned divine than Per. Videlle. His beeks on desmatte theology had made him famous and its scientific and literary lectures had wen for 11m many an adolitor among the thinking choses of a cultured (tty. In those days the good man loyed to while away an evening with the Marquis de le Rocher in profound dissertation man, the Investigity of the

Marquis de le Rocher in profound dis-soritation upon the immeriality of the scul, or with the Comte and Contiess Dorante, elacidating the mysters of the Thinty, or with M. Gichard, wag-ing florce war upon theosephism. Then came the fever, I beft Per-Videlle v cak and worn, shattered in

Videlle weak and worn, shattered in lody and mind.
The first day he happened abroad after his fliness he encountered the sexton digrafing a trave.
"What bean do you plant there, my kood man." he asked, having in mind the doctrine of Pythagores. But the sexton, not comprehending, was struck with darin, none the less by Pero Videlle's words than by the unnatural most in his eyes.

with tarm, none the less by Ferr vision is delle's works than by the unnatural light in his eyes.

So he is took himself to the Bishop. "The Pete Vid.16," said he, "is not well—is not right," and he tapel bis damp brow with an earth-covered

bis damp brow with an earlineaveral finger. Monseigneur, a joyial soul, laughed instily, and bade the rexion go back to his work. But monsiour le medical was called in next day and advised that Pere Videlle be given a parish in country, where the contemplation

the country, where the contemplation of nature would leave no room in his mind for abstract and intricate thought. Hence it came about that as soon as Pere Videlle was stronger he was sent to the parish of Nazarine. Certainly the place was well selected as far as quiet went. Situaced ten miles from any town, Le Nazarine was merely a cluster of houses. The church and the rectory overlooked the river, a pleasing stream that would rerpentine between the green banks of a fertile country.

rerpentine between the green banks of a fertile country.

The entire population of the community numbered not more than two hundred. These, for the most part, were peasants—reod, simple souls—whose sum total of knowledge embraced the culture of potatoes, the local folk-lore and the rudiments of Christian doctrine.

For a week the Pere Videlle was delighted. Sitting at case on the broad veranda, with a bottle of cognae by his side, the impressions of the city were quite lost in the contemplation

his side, the impressions of the city were quite lost in the contemplation of the gilltering river, the cool, green banks and the torest beyond.

It was the second day when Jean Soule, the miller, the rich man of the town and, as it was told with awe, the owner of one hundred acres of arable land, called with his wife. The weather, the crops, the sick, and the lame, and the dead, were discussed until minally the pere sighed heavily and stretched himself in his chair.

"Yes, yes," said he, looking dream:

stretched himself in his schulr.
"Yes, yes," said he, looking dream;
lly upon the river—they saf upon the
veranda—"a thousand centuries are,
and this spot was the boltom of the
occan—the abyss of chaos. Fiat lux,
and light was made. Then began the
era of strange avaturs. You have, of
course, read Lamarck, and marked of
dare say with keen interest his theory
of the evolution of all animals?" he
went on, looking the militer, whose face
had now assumed a startled expression, full in the eyes.
"The roul alone is not evolved. The

ill in the eyes. Foul alone is not evolved. The "The roul alone is not evolved. The nume-the mere animal man—may have sreung from slimy protoplasm, but do you hold—can you, as a reasoning, thinking man for an instant, hold that the soul was likewise evolved from state to state?"

The miller's wife moved close to her husband, and began nudging blim vehamently with her fan.

"I—I th'nk I never heatd of it before," the miller faltered, arising and looking longingly toward the front gate.

looking longingly toward the from gute. "What, what," said: Pere Videlle, also getting up. "Then I will lend you the 'Review,' which contains a full and complete resume of all the works on the subject," and he darted into

on the subject," and he darted into his study.
"Come, corre," whispered the wo-man, pulling her half stupefied hus-band by the sleeve. They tripped across the porch and out the gate.
"Wrong, wrong!" muttered the mil-

ler, tapping his forehead as they hur

"How good Pomona is to you," ex-claimed Pere Videlle, "giving you such

lovely fruit."
"Pomons?" questioned the woman, vacantly. "He never gave me any-thing. I do not even know him."
"What what! Pomona—the ancient

godders of fruit, the protectress of nur series, the gentle guardian of cool groves-you should know her, my good

groves—you should know her, my good woman."

The woman shook her head, grasped the basket and quickly vanished.
So a week passed. Scarcely a soul now darkened Pere Videlle's door. Time began to lag heavily with the good priest. He longed for the broad avenue filled with gilltering equipages: the beautiful parks where he was wont to take his evening constitutional arm in arm with some man of title; for the spacious salons of the Marquis, the spacious salons of the Marquis, the grand old cathedral, the wide halls of Monzelgnour's residence, and oven Monzelgnour's residence, and oven Monzelgnour's residence.

versition, profound dissertation on subjects abstrace. Being lonesome one day he called Victor, the stable loy.

"See, Victor, I have new proofs of the immortably, the spirituality and simplifity or the sout. Shall I begin my theres?"

my thoses?"

And forthwith he began a long serie of syllogisms, but seems Victor was done.

my thoses?"

And forthwith he began a long seriest of syllogism, but is one Whiter wood dumb—

"Why don't you diny, affirit, passover the major or minor? Site your self, man?" in each landed.

Victor might have been the sphilax or Talle grand, whereupon the good han took both the affirmative and the negative of his these, and a heated disputation canned.

This manner of discussing questions soon became a highly with him. Plere Bouver, the known boy, came to solicit an order. He froped several times, but obtaining no response wandened on the posts tuttile was arrosted by the sound of Pere Videlle's voice. Glancum cautiously within he healed the holy man standing in the middle of the floor conversing with some one whom Perre could newhere discover.

Shortly after this it was it moved that Pere Videlle was in leasue with the divit, and conversed with him the livelong day. Thenceforth the rectory was without a visitor. The good people came to Masso on Sunday, but almost with the last gaspel the church would be cleared.

Soon a long rainy spell set in. The Prey Videlle, now forced to forces the broad vernard where formerly nature had cheered him. given landid and sick at heart. The most distressing inclancholy took possession of him. It found utterance in many a sollioquy, in which he drew striking contrasts between his past and his present life. The idea that his former friends cardon more for him soon took deep root in his feverish mind.

One gloomy day, when the rain was bearing dismaily upon the roof, Pere Videlle thus made lanent:—

"I am forgotten by all mankind. Such is the constancy of human nature—so soon as we are lost to sight then we are lost to mind. It seems years since I talked with the Marquis and as for the last discussion I had with Monsi-un Grichard, that must have been in another world centuries ago. Unnoticel, neglected, forgotten,

with Monsi in Grichard, that must have been in another world centuries ago. Unnoticed, neglected, forgotten, buried alive! Truly, I might as well be dead! Ah, better; for then if uny friends I have they would weep over my demine."

Here he fell into a deep study.

friends I have they would weep over my demise."

Here he fell into a deep study. What if he should die? Would his friends mourn hira? What would his friends mourn hira? What would the papers say? Would the world give him his just desert, or would his friends estimate of him be expressed in a newspaper paragraph something like the following: "The death of Pere Videlle, which cocurred at Le Nazarine, a small, half-unctvilized parish forty miles north of this city, will occasion considerable regret to those who knew bim."

"Considerable restret!" Pere Videlle shuddered. He arose and began walking the floor. "What would they him What would they say?" he kept repeating to himself. "Have I any friends? If so, would they be grieved at my deat.,? I am practically dead. Why not notify Monseigneur? Why not mostly Monseigneur? Why not now! light of interest breaking over his worn face. Then he set down and wrote a telgram to Monseigneur. To this he signed the millier's name. He rang the bell for Victor and thrust the message into the boy's hand. "Get the horse—ride to town, and send this message. You can spend the hapters, and come home quickly."

When the gaping-mouthed Victor had gone Pere Videlle fell back into a chair. He was in a faver of expectancy.

"To-morrow—to-morrow I will into the propers and present and

a chair. He was in a ton-ancy.
"To-morrow—to-morrow I will know!" he would exclaim, clapping his hands. Verily, had the sexton seen him then he would have had good rea-son to tap his forehead and run to Monsedgener.

Monseigneur.

Meanwhile Victor pursued his way through the muid and tha rain. Arriving at the village he sent the message, and the next morning repaired to the station, where he se, red the papers, which had just arrived on the oarly train. As he mounted the horse

## Raised . . . From a Bed of Sickness . . .

SINCOE, Jan. 18th, 1897.

SINCOR, Jaa. 18th, 1897.

Messra, Edmanson, Dates & Co., Toroata.

Gentlem-n.—For over five months I was confined to my bed, not being able to move. The best medical skill was called in, all crasting me for estarth of the stomach, but to no small. I could not eat the most simple food without many and the state of the stomach, but to no small. I could not eat the most simple food without high medical ship. After apending a targe sum in usedical advice, I was advised to try a hox of Dr. Chase's Catarth Care. I particulated the state of the state o

he saw a late, portly man in cleifed garb basiling about the station.
"I want a suggested must have a vehicle of some kind to carry me to be Naratine," he was saying.

By the time Victor arrived at the rectory the tain had ceased and the sun was shining brightly. Pere Videllie was standing at the gate.
"Bon garton! ben garton!" he established the sun was shining brightly. Pere Videllie was standing at the gate.
"Bon garton! ben garton!" he rectained, taking the popers and patting the boy on the shoulders. Then he hurted into the study and glanced engerty at one of the papers. On the first page was the heading:—
DEATH OF A LEARNED PRELATE.

DEATH OF A LEARNED PRELATE FOR MANY YEARS THE FAVOUR-ITE OF THE ELITE OF THIS

The Author of Numerous Works on Theology.

Theology,

Following was an eulogy full of highsounding prodess for the "dead" priest.
The good man's face gloved with the
teenest phospire.

'Victor, cognor-cognac!" he called;
'am still alive!"

"I am still alive!" Paper after paper he read, Each contained a long account of his eventful He and bemovired his sudden d suth. On executive the profound grief and other, how M. Urchard, upon hearing the sad Edinas, had shut himself up and refused to see any one; a third gave the particulars of the funeral. The remains of the decilet elergyman would be brought to the city, and would light state for two days at the eathedral, etc., (i.e. Even the names of the pull-bearers were given—names prominent throughout the country.

As the Pere Videlle read, his eyes

As the Pere Videlle read, his eye

As the Pere Videlle read, his eyes silled with tears.

A loud knocking sounded at he front door. Pere Videlle started and looked around in a dazed fashion. He was quite surprised to find he was still in the land of the living. Arising hastily he went to the window. He could not see who was at the window, but in front of the gate stood a waggon, and in it a long wooden box, such as generally encase coffins. By the side of the team a man dressed in sober black, and wearing a decorous expression of solemnity on his countenance, was lottering.

Again the knocking was repeated—

lottering.

Again the knocking was repeatedthis time somewhat louder than before.

Pere Videlle went out into the hall, and
with a centain tremo of the nerves

flung open the door. There stood Mon-

seigneur.

"God be with us! Who-whom-what, do-do! see?" he cried, starting back and rapidly making the sign of the cross.

the cross.

"And God forgive me for my lack of charlty!" cried Pere Vidella embracing his good Bishop:

"I deemed I was forgotten—dead to the world, but see," dragging Monselgneur into the study and rapidly showing him the arctoles, "see this tribute, this gulogy, this encomium, this pane gyric, and—creater still—yourself coming all this distance, and even bringing a coffin! It is too much, Monselgneur, I am unworthy."

I am unworthy."

Compassionately Monseigneur regarded the pricet. "The acxton was right," he muttered, and his eyes grew moist. But when he thought of the elsborste funeral arrangements he had made, the newspaper stories, and, larly, the coffin he had brought and the good pere still alive, a keen sense of the ridiculousness of the vibole situation flashed thum blim and he drought less achief.

that made the house ring to the econ"Mor. pore, mon oher pere, you do
not like this country, I see," he said.
"Aye, the cognac—such a fright you
give me' I you may ill my glass, and
then you shall go back with me."
"But not in the coffin, Monselgneur ?"

"But not in the comming in war ?"
"God be praised, not yet in the coffin," murmured Monselgneur; and as
Victor passed by the window he heard
Fere "Jidelle

Victor passes of the proofs of immortality, the spirituality, the simplicity of the spirituality, the simplicity of the soul. Shall I begin my theses?"

"Begin," said the Monselgneur, wiping the team from his eyes.

THE O'DONNEL OF TYRCONNEL

Senor Dr. Carlos Tuero O'Donnell, senor Dr. Carlos Tuero O'Donneil, commander of the regiment of infantry of the King and nephew of the Duke of Tituan, late Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Canovas Cabinet, and cousin too of his Lordship the ever revered and patriotic prelate of Raphoe, Ireland.was patriotic prelate of Raphoe, Ireland, was married on the Hit hist, in the private chapel of the palace of Stn Estatem Navaria—the princely residence of the bride's uncle-to Senorita Donas Solidad Seminario, one of the most beautiful an daccomplished senoritas of Navarra's aristocratic society. Dr. Don Isidoro Bengoechea the revered parish priest ofthe church of Santa Maria San Sebastian, performed the nupital seremony. The happy pair in the ovening proceeded to Blarritz and from thence to Paris and the South of Europe to syend their honeymoon. The uncle of the bride, in his ancient palace save a succession of cornival fetes and

Fever and Ague and Billiors Derange-ments are positivaly cured by the use of Parmeles's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all billions matter, but they open the accretiony vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions front the blood into, the bowels after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural peasage of the body. They are used as general family medi-ciae with the best results.

## HON. JOHN COSTIGAN AS A HUNTER.

White, says a New Bramewick corresponding of the New York Sun, the Hon. John Costigan occupies a forement cank among Canadian points large bear or an otter in the depth of the New Brumwick wilderness, or guiding a bark cense on the fradul surface of the bids forest lakes. Nextly every autumn he escapes from the presence of the lebbyist and the office-socker, and with rifle, park, and bfrehen skiff goes to the upper waters of the Tolque, where, on the wooded shores of the wild mountain tikes, he pitches his tent and sets his trajes for boar, ofter, fox, and mink.

sance, on the wooled shores of the wild monitor likes, he pitches his tent and seets his traps for bour, otter, fox, and mink.

Under the administration of Sir John Macdonald he has held with credit the important offices of Secretary of State and Minister of Customs. Since Mr. Lautier assumed the relins of power Mr Cestigan has had belsure to redline in the cold in shades of Opposition, but such is the estern in which he is held seen by his political enhies that his is perhaps the only Conservative seat in Canada which the Liberal leaders have no with to capture. The population of the county of Vetocha is composed almost entirely of English Protestants and Freach Catholics. As an irishman, Mr. Costigan seems to have been accepted as a desirable compromise by these rival factions.

In his youth Mr. Costigan received a fiberal colucation, but his heart was in the woods, and trapping and hunting formed his chief occupation. Beaver were plantful in those days on the tributary streams of Green River and Salmon River, and Mr. Costigan recalls that in one winter he caught no feeter than seventy-live of the valuable animals, besides a large amount of petity. He was noted far and wide in those days for immense personal strength, and among the stalwart loggers and river men, to whom fighting gers and river men, to whom fighting

to ver than seventy-live of the valuable animals, besides a large amount of peltry. He was noted far and wide in those days for immense personal strength, and among the stalwart loggers and river men, to whom fighting and wrestling form, the chief joy of life, few could be found who cared to measure muscles with Costigan. Even now at the age of 64, Mr. Costigan between think nothing of carrying a sxtypound pack, with a birch cance on top of that, over the carry from Mud to Trowers lake. He is the most darling and skilful canceman to be found anywhere in the Tbolique country, and will vexture in his frail bark upon the white-capped waves of Trowers lake when the loggers are afraid to launch the loggers are afraid to launch a batteau.

In his long experience as a trapper and hunter, Mr. Costigan has had many exciting adventures. He was once, paddling up the east side of island lake, accompanied by a friend, when a rile builet was accidentally discharged, the builet narrowly missing Mr. Costigan, and ploughing a big hole in the cance. It was only by desperate exertions that they were able to reach them. On another occasion he had walked on snowshores many miles from camp when a snowstorm set in, followed by a gale of wind and bitter cold. Thinking to shorten his return to camp, Mr. Costigan struck out on a beeling was very heavy, and the falling snow so obscured the natural landmarks that he lost his way and found himself at sightfall totally exhausted and without food or fire. He was on the point of giving himself up for lost when he happened to find a sable bait his pocket. This he ate, and it seemed to give him renewed strength and courage. He made another at tempt to face the blast, and was fortunate enough to fird a lumber road, by which he reached the camp. Mr. Costigan has had some very lively experiences with the buil moose that infeat his traoping grounds. He

Costigan says that it was the sable batt that saved his life.

Mr. Costigan has had some very lively experiences with the buil moose that Infest his trapping grounds. He was once paddling up Long Lake with an Indian named Tom Bear, when a mammoth moose, either seeing the canoe from the open ridge on which he stood, or else attracted by the he should be supplied to the paddles, charged straight down into the lake and swam for the canoe. The Indian, who was in the stren, became so confused that the canoe simply turned round and round as the moose drew swiftly near. Mr. Costigan did not wish to shoot the moose, as it would be difficult to handle the carcays so far from shore ite whooped and shoutest to alarm the will be discounted the same than the canoe, Junped of the animal had totally demoralized Mr. Bear, and that vallant redskin suddenly sprang up in the canoe, Junped overhoard on the opposite side from the moose, and started to swim ashore.

The splash seemed to attract the notice of the moose, for he at once looked around, snorted, and headed fair for

The sphash asemed to attract the notice of the moose, for he at once looked around, anorted, and headed fair for the Indian. The situation was now really aerious, as the moose would soon overtake the 'Indian, and doubtless disable, him with a single stroke of his lancelike hoofs. Mr. Costigma at once select the paddle, and with a few powerful shovts interposed the cance between the moose and the rad man, at the same time shouting with all his sight to induce the moose to change the same time anouting with air his might to induce the moose to change his course. The savage moneter merely responded with a roar, and struck at the cance with his foot. He was unable, however, to raise his foot high snough to do any damare, but as his horns collided with the uplitted bow of the cance the danger of a causive was

not help bagghing at the ham cross feature of the stroation, but as the moose sain at radily, and to be been and in the death and the help been more mischlef, he sudderly observed that he could not smoothe mose with cut rounding a great risk of structure the help and fairly lifted the both and fairly lifted the both out of the water as he hurried to the receive. As he hauled up alongade of the moses the latter was which a few feet of the Indian There was not even time, to the and level the rifle, so Mr. Costigant to the ladder of his palide. This diversel, for the third time, the northly purpose of the moose across the house with the blade of his palide. This diversel, for the third time, the northly purpose of the moose. Just then the offinal situck notion and started for the shore, when Mr. Costigan first diversel, for the word mornally, and he fell as he left the water. Mr. Data then gaspling postalimed the moving purpose of this light!

By funders, John, I'm not so sood Cat'olle as you. Sarth it tought if one got to ke you was do best man.

## PIRESIDE PUN.

The Story of a Sled.

My pa got a sled for me, says he.
"Now, be careful, son," says he.
Pas is awful funny men,
Gives yo" things to play with, nen
Says, "Be careful, now, my son!"
tures pas never hea no fun,
Sareful cy'll fail and lose cir hats—
Pan is awful fraily-cats!

Took my sled, an' ma said, "Dear, Don't go fat away, now, hear?" Ahr't mas awful 'ttotlat'. 'Bout a feller gon' far? Like to know hy I can't go Jus' a hunnerd miles er so? Wouldn't do it, though—my laws! Mas is nervouser 'en pas.

Went down on the hill an' foun' hoo'ly ev'ry boy in town. Pobby Jones he laffed an' enid: "Where you git 'at funny sled? "Boys," says he, "shift it immense Bet it cost your pa ten centa;" Nen I said to Tom McPhee, "Jus' you hold my sled fer me!"

Nen I stood up an' I said:
"You just leave alone my sled!"
Net I blevied bobby nose,
Net I blevied bobby nose,
Full his an' treed his clother;
Nen he call the control of the control
Im is olderer 'en his control
'Cause pa said." Be careful, my son!"

Non, when I got home, my ma She jus' looked at me an' saw 'At my sleeve was ripped, an' she Oda is ye trush an' beated me, Man' ty trush an' beated me, 'Ey can't test and much as pas. 'Ey can't test as much as pas. Tied my sed out in the yard— Standin' up to conat 's hard, Ods . -Hobart

"I suppose you laid the foundation for your success by taking time by the forelock?" "No." answered the politician. "It was by taking the Logislature by the deadlock."—Washington

Star.

An enterprising South London undertaker displays in his window this notice: "Why walk about in misery when you can be decently buried for 30s?"—Tit-Bits.

"Coppage, you observed."

Tit-Bits.

"Coppage, you always come in when I'n busy." "No, you always get busy when you see me come in."—Chicago Record.

Watts—Did you ever know a doctor who would take his own, medicine? Fotts—I think I did, once, an old backwoods fellow who prescribed whiskey for meanly every nostible composity.

for nearly every possible complaint.for nearly every possible complaint.— Indianapolis Journal.
Winks—What did your wife say to you when you got home at 4 o'clock this morning? Blinks (wearly)—Say, old man, I've got some work to do to-day.—Somerville Journal.

day.—Somerville Journal.

It was the beautiful young wife, reprovingly. "Oh, Harold, you do have
such awfully expensive tastes." And
the extravagant young "usband. "Yes,
dear, that is why I am so fond of you."

"What kind of an alarm clock have you?" was asked of a Third avenue baker, whose work demands his presence in the wee hours. "Two years old, fat, chubby, full of ginger, and with lungs like a fire gong."—Detroit Free Press.

She-Have you left your last board-ing-place? "Oh, no; there are several more in town that I haven't tried yet." -Yonkers Statesman.

Spiffins—Is your wife jealous of your Spiffins—Is your wife jealous of your type-writer. Snaggs? Snaggs—She doesn't know I have one. "How is that?" "She asked me about my type-writer one day, and I told her I man-aged to get along with a stationery en-gineer."

gincer."

Mrs. Homespun (suspiciously)—I wonder why Hennery's college diploma is writ in Latin, Josia? Mr. Homespun (grimly)—Wal, Sarah, to tell you the truth. I think the perfessers have got suthin' to say about Henry in that diploma they don't want us to know about.—Puck.

about.—Puck.

"The Tubbses must have had a quarrel." "What makes you think so?"

"Tubs has gone back to wearing that
button portrait of his first wife."—Detroit Free Press.

troit Free Press.

"Isn't that man travelling incognito?" "S-h! Yes. Don't speak of lit!"
"Why? Is he in dauger?" 'In great
danger." 'S-s-h! Whisper it. He is
the weather man,"—Chicago Post.
"Who captured that prisoner?" asked one officer. "That's not the question," answeed the other, who had absorbed some exaggerated impressions
from recent events. "What we're waiting to find out is who captures the
glory,"—Washington Star.
These are many access medicines.

washington Star.

These are so many cough mediclose story "washington Star.

The cance the danger of a capsize was imminent.

By this time the Indian had opened out a long lead in his 4-septent efforts to gain the shore. In passing the bow of the cance the mone again caught sight of this. Mr Costlan knew the Indian was a fine switning, and could be supposed for suppo