

### HE WAS A STRANGER AND THEY TOOK HIM IN.

When Mr. Nash made his first visit to England he found himself extravagantly charged for eatables and drinkables, as well as lodging and washing. At the end of the first week he took aside Mr. Crump (master of the ceremonies), who invited him to Bath, as being the cheapest place in England for a man of taste and a bon vivant. Mr. Crump, who loved his joke, and knew that Nash loved a pun as well as himself, replied, "They have acted by you upon truly Christian principles." "How so?" says Nash. "Why," resumed Crump, "you was a stranger, and they took you in." "Ay, but," said Nash, "they have fleeced me instead of clothing me."

### DID NOT REQUIRE MUCH MILK.

A city minister, who had recently married a city-bred lady, was inducted to a country charge. Their nearest neighbor, a farmer, who was also the ruling elder, arranged to have a supply of milk sent to the manse. After a time, the minister and his wife thought they would like a cow of their own to occupy the glebe. Before deciding, they agreed to go and consult with the elder. When Mr. So-and-so was told, he said it was the best thing they could do. Then the minister's wife said, sweetly: "You know, Mr. So-and-so, that we do not require much milk at the manse, not having a large family, and (artlessly) don't you think that a little calf would be quite sufficient for a year or two?"

### KLONDICITIS.

The new medical word is Klondicitis, and one of its victims of the disease, not the word—went

to a tourist agency, and demanded a return ticket for Klondike. "We don't issue returns for Klondike," said the clerk. "Why not?" said the enthusiastic would-be gold-seeker. "This agency has a conscience, sir," returned the clerk, with dignity, "and we cannot sell you what will never be the least use to you." "But can't I effect a saving somehow?" "Well, sir, if you like to take out one of our 'all-in' tickets, we guarantee you a first-class to Klondike, and a really handsome funeral in the new cemetery at Dawson City afterwards."

### UNCONSCIOUS BEADLE.

A church beadle not far from the parish of St. Andrew's was in the habit of going to sleep during the church service. One Sunday he took a stranger friend with him to his own seat. By the time the sermon began John was serenely snoring in the arms of Morpheus, loud enough to cause considerable consternation amongst the good folks assembled. The minister stopped his discourse and, addressing the friend of the unconscious beadle, said in a tone of evident irritation:—"Would you waken John Campbell there." With some difficulty his friend succeeded in wakening the somnolent official, who, turning to his visitor, said in a voice of deep vexation and disgust:—"Man, he's aye waukenin' me," and, turning his head, went peacefully asleep again.

Lake Shore Lodge, No. 6, of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the pioneer lodges of the Buckeye State, had a death in its ranks recently. In this connection the "Illustrated Times" of that city had the following to say:

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