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FURNACE CATALOGUE  
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## GOING BY THE BOOK

It falls now and then to a law officer to attend a meeting of the British Cabinet in order to keep members right on points of law, and a story is told about a remarkable conflict of wit across the table between Mr. Gladstone and an Attorney-General of the day who had been called in.

Mr. Gladstone was determined to take a certain course, and the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Bethell, was equally determined against it.

He told the Cabinet it would be contrary to the law, and, by way of supporting himself, produced a bulky and forbidding book of law, from which he read at great length.

Mr. Gladstone asked to be allowed to see the volume, and turning over the leaves, began to read another passage which qualified away the one which the Attorney-General had read and set matters right from Mr. Gladstone's point of view.

Coming away from the meeting, a member of the Cabinet asked Mr. Gladstone how he came to know that such a passage as the one he had read was in the book.

"It was not," said Mr. Gladstone, "and neither was the passage which Bethell read."

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## POOR SUE!

Freddy was at his first party, and was enjoying it immensely. The only disappointment was that he hadn't been able to take sister Sue with him, as she had a bad cold.

"Now, Freddy," said the hostess to him as he was leaving, "I want you to take this box of chocolates home to your sister, and here's another for yourself for your trouble."

Freddy, like a well-behaved boy, thanked her nicely, and trotted off home with his nurse, the two boxes of chocolates clutched tightly in his two little fat hands. Unfortunately, he had not taken hold of nurse's hand, and he stumbled suddenly, so that one of the boxes of chocolates spread themselves on the dirty, muddy pavement. Freddy picked himself up, and looked at the box intact in his hand. Then he looked at the one in the mud. "Poor Sue!" said he.

## A Judicial Raconteur

Lord Kingsburgh, the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, is famed for his fund of good stories. He was in great form at the gathering of the Clan Donald Society, Edinburgh, recently.

He had several anecdotes to tell of the bag-pipes. At a certain garden party a lady accosted a piper who had been giving selections, and remarked that it would be an improvement if the instrument were without the things that made the buzzing noise.

"Is it the drones that you would be meaning?" asked the piper.

"Yes," said the lady, "these things that stick over your shoulder."

"If it was not for the drones," replied the piper, "she would be no better than a common piano."

His Lordship then alluded to the remark

of the Highlander who said that while sailing on the West Coast of Scotland on one occasion he was in a small cabin where there were four pipers playing different tunes, and he thought he was in Heaven.

Very smart was the reply of the piper who was playing early one morning at Balmoral. Lord John Russell, who was Minister in Attendance on the Queen, remarked to the piper, in a patronizing way, that he was rather fond of the pipes, and would not mind having a piper playing in the morning at his place in England. He inquired if he could get him a piper.

The Highlander looked down on his Lordship, who was a very small man, and asked, "What kind of a piper would you be wanting?"

"Oh," said Lord John, "just a piper like yourself."

"Ay," replied the piper, "you might easy get a Lord like your Lordship, but you couldna easy get a piper like me."

The simplicity of the Highlander was exemplified in another story.

A gentleman, who had taken a lease of shooting in the North, invited a party for a day's sport. His gamekeeper, in conversation with several ghillies who had come to the party, said that there would not be a good bag that day.

"Are there no birds?" asked the ghillie.

"Yes," replied the gamekeeper, "there are

heaps of birds, but the new tenant canna see."

"He canna see?"

"No, for I went to the house, and was called into the drawing-room, where his wife and his two daughters was sittin', and he walks up to me and says, 'MacNab, where's your hat?' and it was on my heid a' the time."

Turning to a more serious subject, Lord Kingsburgh told the story of a young man who was telegraphed for from the south, his father being very ill.

On arriving in the morning the son was met by his sister, who told him that their father was dead.

"Have you not been greeting?" asked the son.

"Aye," replied the young woman, "I've been greetin', but I'll yoke to it again after I've had my breakfast."

On a similar subject the story goes of the relatives of an old man who was dying assembling near the bedside and discussing the funeral arrangements.

One suggested that John Mathieson should be asked to make the coffin, but another replied that that would never do, as John Mathieson and the old man had not been on speaking terms.

At this stage a croak was heard coming from the bedside—"If John Mathieson makes my coffin I'll ne'er put a foot in't."