

and was about to leave, when the owner of the dog remarked:

"I hope your son was not badly bitten?"
"Why, he ain't my son. I have not got any son."

"Whose son is he, then, and how did you come to demand money of me?"

"He is the son of a friend of mine, who owed me seventeen dollars, and he didn't have any money. The only available assets he had were these dog bites on his son's body, and he turned them over to me for collection, and I have collected them."

"Well, I declare!"

"And, stranger," continued the man with the axe-handle, "if you or any of your family ever get bitten by a dog, and you want the damages collected promptly, from the owner of the dog, let me know, and I will do it twenty-five per cent. net, and furnish my own axe-handle."

Casarsa, Ont. SARA DRACON.

[303] —Selected.

The Mother and Her Dead Child.

With ceaseless sorrow, uncontrolled, the mother mourned her lot; she wept, and would not be consoled, because her child was not. She gazed upon its nursery floor, but there it did not play; the toys it loved, the clothes it wore, all void and vacant lay. Her house, her heart, were dark and drear, without their wonted light; the little star had left its sphere, that there had shone so bright. Her tears, at each returning thought, fell like the frequent rain; Time on its wing, no healing brought, and Wisdom spoke in vain. Even in the middle hours of night she sought no soft relief, but by the taper's misty light, sat nourishing her grief. 'Twas then a sight of solemn awe rose near her like a cloud: the image of her child she saw, wrapped in its little shroud! It sat within its favorite chair; it sat, and seemed to sigh; and turned upon its mother there a meek, imploring eye. "Oh, child! what brings that breathless form back from its place of rest? for well I know no life can warm again that livid breast. The grave is now your bed, my child; go, slumber there in peace!" "I cannot go," it answered mild, "until your sorrow ceases. I've tried to rest in that dark bed, but rest I cannot get; for always, with the tears you shed, my winding-sheet is wet. The drops, dear mother, trickle still into my coffin deep; it feels so comfortable and chill, I cannot go to sleep!" "Oh, child, those words, that touching look, my fortitude restore; I feel and own the blest rebuke, and weep thy loss no more." She spoke, and dried her tears the while, and as her passion fell, the vision wore an angel smile, and looked a fond farewell!

Oxford Mills, Ont. DORA A. NORRIS.

[309] —Selected.

Good Advice.

A young Irishman (placed by his friends as student at a veterinary college) being in company with some of his colleagues, was asked "if a broken winded horse were brought to him to cure what he would advise?" After considering for a moment, "By the powers," said he, "I should advise the owners to sell him as soon as possible."

Markham. H.H.S.

—Selected.

A Bad Blunder.

The respectable gentleman of the following anecdote was the victim of a slight misunderstanding, and probably he did not forget it. He went to the train one day to see his favorite daughter off. Securing her a seat he went off to the bookstall and then returned to her window to say a parting word, as is frequently done on such occasions. While he was away the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a prime old maid came in and took her place. Unaware of the important change inside, he hurriedly put his face up to the window and said, "One more kiss, sweet pet!" In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the passionate interjection, "Scat, you grey-headed wretch!" He scatted.

Bewdley, Ont. R. H. WRIGHT.

[310] —Selected.

A Smile.

Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but it is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son; a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes a lovely woman resemble an angel in paradise.

A. M. EVANS.

50 Charles-st., Hamilton, Ont.

[311] —Selected.

The True Gentleman's Portrait.

The following sketch is called "The Portrait of the True Gentleman." It was found in an old manor-house in Gloucestershire, England, written and framed, and hung over the mantel piece of a sitting-room: "The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master and his own man. Virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest and happiness his reward. God is his Father, Jesus Christ his Saviour, and the saints his brethren, and all that need him his friends. Devotion is his chaplain, Chastity his chamberlain, Sobriety his butler, Temperance his cook, Hospitality his house-keeper, Providence his steward, Charity his treasurer, Piety his mistress of the house, and Discretion his porter to let in or out, as most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of virtue, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven, and he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a man and a Christian."

93 Bay St., Hamilton. AGNES PEARSON.

[312] —Selected.

It Sounded Funny.

Scotch Highlanders have the habit when talking their English of interspersing the personal pronoun "he" when not required, such as "The king he has come." Often in consequence a sentence is rendered extremely ludicrous. A gentleman says he lately listened to the Rev. Mr. —, who began his discourse thus:

My friends you will find my text in the first epistle general of Peter, fifth chapter and eight verse.

"The devil he goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."

Now, my brethren, for our instruction I have divided my text into four heads. Firstly, we shall endeavor to ascertain who the devil he was? Secondly, we shall enquire into his geographical position, namely, where the devil he was going? Thirdly, who the devil he was seeking? And fourthly, and lastly, we shall endeavor to solve a question which has never yet been solved, what the devil he was "roaring about."

Lansing, Ont. S. SHEPHERD.

[313] —Selected.

How a Gutsy Mother Got the Best of Her Little Angel.

Two Dallas ladies were overheard talking over the fence as follows:

"What is the matter with your baby? I don't hear it cry any more."

"I have cured it of bawling."

"Do you give it soothing syrup with opium in it?"

"No, I don't give it any medicine at all. I have adopted an entirely new plan."

"What is it?"

"When it begins to cry I smear the tips of its little fingers with molasses, and give it a few feathers to hold in one hand. Its attention becomes aroused and it picks off the feathers with the other hand. The feathers stick to the other hand, of course, and the little darling picks them off again. The little angel's mind is thus so completely absorbed with the feathers that it forgets to cry."

Belleville, Ont. LIZZIE JONES.

[314] —Selected.

The Author's Compliments.

When Mr. Aytoun was wooing Miss Wilson, daughter of "Christopher North," he obtained the lady's consent conditionally on that of her father being gained. This Mr. Aytoun was much too shy to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady to ask for it herself. "We must deal tenderly with his feelings," said hearty old Christopher, "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it to your back." Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning her around the delighted suitor read these words. "With the author's compliments."

CLARA CLIFF.

Sullivan, Grey Co., Ont.

[315] —Selected.

On the Instructor.

A sharp boy at a commercial college had addressed a letter to a firm as "Gents."

"You mustn't do that," said the instructor.

"Why not?" asked the boy.

"Because 'Gents' is vulgar. Don't you know that invitations to negro balls are always addressed that way?"

"Well, no; I never got one," replied the boy, with such significance that the instructor blushed and hurried on to the next desk.

MISS JANE MARTIN.

Pt. St. Charles, Montreal, Que.

[316] —Selected.

The Modern Shakespeare.

"What, ho! Andromeda!"

"Judged by the tone Jehu of thy voice, methinks, Henrico, 'twere the tallyho."

"Whereat I tally one for thy sweet wit. But list thee, seraphim. Hast heard the news that late hath tattled of Beatrice Marcia?"

"Merival! the choir? What of her? If thou hast news that villifies the jade, then feed me, my boy, the very dregs of it."

"She hath betrothed her to the Count Persimmons."

"What! he that owns the peanut mart below, and daily sops the shekels of the just in change for pop-corn, taffy, and the like?"

"The same, Andromeda, the very similar!"

"What, ho? And she? Nay, nay, it cannot be! Plutonian furies crush it! the bird! For will she not to fair Italia hie and ride gondolas in the market place, sit for her portrait to Sir Michael Angelo; swap garlic with the fragrant Genoaese, and homeward come with voice with foreign timbre so venerated that she may sell her ditties by the quaver, and count her Lucats as we count her faults?"

"Go to, thou jealous jabberer, go to! Thy fears do make but corpses of thy wits. There do be ways of circumventing ill, if this thing Illiad of woes should come. I have an uncle, girl."

"As wondrous news as if thou'dst told me thou'dst a father once!"

"But whatst thee, wench! 'Tis a man of gold, this goodly uncle that I tell thee of, and death hath even now a mortgage on the same. Thine own Henrico is the coming heir, and when, on tongue of joy, doth come the tidings of his dear demise, then will us twain across the waters speed and purchase this Italia that thou speakst—"

"But, good Henrico—"

"Nay! withhold me not, for iron is not stronger than me will. Each jot and tittle of this fabled land I will secure me with me uncle's gold—Florence, Lombardy, Sicily, and Rome, with all their piles of lore and bric-a-brac, shall be but ours and only ours, me love; and this Persimmons and his cackling mate will meet their doom in Corno's limpid tide, or forced to live in circumstance as lean as is the tower to Pisa consecrate."

"Now do the gods venge me soul with peace, sweet comforter, and I do swim in dreams of Paradise."

Ottawa, Ont. JULIA GORDON.

[317] —Selected.

Women and Decoration.

A California writer says: "A woman looks first to decoration; a man to comfort. It is a woman's privilege to adorn herself in a fantastic garb to please the eye of man—and outrage the eye of woman. I can fancy Adam when he was turned out of the garden of Eden looking for a cabbage leaf to lay awkwardly on his head to keep the sun off. I can picture Eve making a wreath of flowers to ornament her hair and leaving the necessary comfortable leaf-covering for her comely shoulders until the last. Adam, with his cabbage-leaf, probably went to sleep, until Eve woke him up to ask if "that wasn't pretty." The taste for adornment is as deep as nature and as ineradicable. But why should the ladies of San Francisco fix themselves up in such a mixture of dress arrangement that one wonders whether God made the woman or she made herself? No man is ever respected who wears anything loud in color or garish. Simplicity is the feature of man's dress; but complicity describes the woman's. She is merely an accomplice in the matter."

Barrie, Ont. MRS. C. O. ANDERSON.

[318] —Selected.

The Fun Was as Bad as the Disease.

"Doctor," he said, "I am suffering from that most dreaded of all diseases—cancer, and as I heard so much about your wonderful cures, I come to you, doctor, as a last hope. Oh, doctor, do not tell me there is no hope, for life is sweet. I will give all I have to hear the sweet words, 'I can cure you,'" and the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes, gazed at the doctor's face, anxiously awaiting the reply. Falling to get an answer, he, in a tremulous voice, repeated the question, "Oh, doctor, can you cure me?"

In a voice of emotion the doctor answered, "I cancer."

Hamilton, Ont. L. M. DAVIDS.

[319] —Selected.

Only Talk.

A week after a celebrated stranger had visited our Sunday School the superintendent, in his closing remarks, asked if any of the children could remember anything the visitor had said. After quite a pause, a little five year-old, golden-haired girl, stood up and said: "If you please thir, he talk-ed, and he talk-ed, and he talk-ed, and we all thought ath how he wath going to thay thomething, and he talk-ed, and he talk-ed and he told uth ath how he loved uth and thaid nothing."

Montreal. MRS. BENN.

[320] —Selected.

A Girl Should Learn:

To sow.
To cook.
To mend.
To be gentle.
To value time.
To dress neatly.
To keep a secret.
To mind the baby.
To avoid idleness.
To be self-reliant.
To darn stockings.
To respect old age.
To make good bread.
To keep a house tidy.
To be above gossiping.
To humor a cross man.
To control her temper.
To take care of the sick.
To make home happy.
To sweep down cobwebs.
To marry a man for his worth.
To be a help-mate to a husband.
To take plenty of active exercise.
To see a mouse without screaming.
To read some books besides novels.
To be light-hearted and fleet-footed.
To wear shoes that won't cramp her feet.
To be a womanly woman under all circumstances.
To keep clear of flash literature, by reading TRUTH.

Markham, Ont. MRS. A. FORSTER.