

SUNSHINE

VOL. VI,
No. 7.

MONTREAL

JULY,
1901.

He Had Seen No Stray Horse.

Not long ago a certain grammarian, of whom it is said that to his refined and sensitive ear the braying of a donkey is melody compared with the utterance of an uncouth expression, was met at the street corner by a countryman, and the following conversation was commenced by the latter :

"Mister, you haven't seen no stray horse pass this way within a short time?"

"You are mistaken, sir; I have."

"Which way was he going?"

"Which way was who going?"

"The horse."

"What horse?"

"The horse you saw pass here."

"I have seen no horse pass here."

"You just said you had."

"Well, I say so still."

"I asked you a civil question, I believe?" said the countryman.

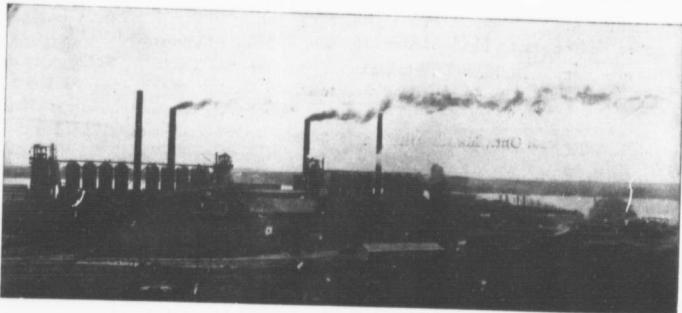
"You asked me no question at all," replied the pedant. "You accosted me by saying that I hadn't seen no stray horse, and you must allow me to persist in my declaration—that I have seen no stray horse pass this way."

After scanning the scholastic individual for a moment with a look that seemed to say, "there's something wrong about the fellow's upper storey," the rural gentleman walked off to institute further search for the stray animal.



If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget;
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.

—LONGFELLOW.



PARTIAL VIEW OF THE WORKS OF THE DOMINION STEEL COMPANY, AT SYDNEY, N. S.