

### HUMOR OF MARK TWAIN

Breaking it Gently.

Changing to look one morning at the house opposite, into which a family had recently moved, Mark Twain saw something that made him cross the street quickly and deliver this speech to a group of new neighbors seated on the verandah: "My name is Clemens. My wife and I have been intending to call on you and make your acquaintance. We owe you an apology for not doing it before. I beg your pardon for intruding on you in this informal manner, but your house is afore." That at this point the meeting suddenly adjourned, it is unnecessary to say.

Mark Twain, the innocent. Interviewer—What is to be the name of your book?

Twain—Had thought of calling it "another innocent abroad," but following advice, as the lawyers say, I have decided to call it "The Strutting Innocent Abroad." Now my wife said, "But that is not true, because there is so-and-so in Cleveland and that and the other in Philadelphia." But I said to her, I will fix that. So I am going to put a little explanatory note to that title pointing out that although there are still in existence some eight or ten of the Pilgrims who went on the Quaker City expedition, I am the only surviving one who has remained innocent."

A Plague of Flies.

Mark Twain tells an amusing story of his wife's attempt to clear their home of flies one hot summer. She offered the children a bounty on the flies they killed. They imagined that their mother wanted flies for some scientific reason, and set to work collecting. At first Mrs. Clemens was delighted with their success; there was not a fly left in the house; but dead ones still poured in, and had to be paid for—and then she grew suspicious. Inquiries proved that the children had arranged with their young friends in the neighborhood to pay a small commission for all the dead flies they could secure, and they themselves were realizing a handsome profit.

Mark Twain and the Millionaire.

Mark Twain once wrote to Andrew Carnegie as follows—

"My dear Mr. Carnegie,

"I see by the papers that you are very prosperous. I want to get a hymn book. It costs \$1.50. I will bless you, God will bless you and it will do a great deal of good.—Yours truly,

Mark Twain."

"P.S.—Don't send me the hymn book. Send me the \$1.50.

The Lazy Man.

At a dinner at Jamestown exposition Mark Twain talked about laziness.

"We are all lazy," he said, "but some of us fight it down. Some of us again, don't. I knew a non-combatant of this class when I was a boy in Hannibal. His name was Jim Black and one fine summer morning I found him lying under a tree beside the river, listening to the singing of the birds and watching the ships glide up and down the great stream.

"Well, what are you doing here?" I said.

"I'm here," said Jim, "for to pile them bates on to the wharf."

"Oh," said I, "and you are resting are you?"

"No," said Jim, "I ain't resting, because I ain't tired. I'm just waiting for the sun to sink down behind that there hill, so's I can work."

Poor Aunt Susan.

Mark Twain was once staying with friends whom he knew only slightly. The family believed in cremation and all over the house in the most unexpected places, stood vases which contained the ashes of deceased relatives. In the morning Mark came down rather late for breakfast, and ate for some time in unwonted silence. Presently he said thoughtfully—

"By the by, that's rather strange tooth-powder you have got in the bath-room."

"Tooth powder?" they said.

"Yes, in that silver canister with the screw top."

"Oh, did you use that for tooth powder," they said. "That was Aunt Susan."

Toast to the Ladies.

Human intelligence, can not estimate how much we owe to women. She sews on our buttons; she smooths

our aching brows; she mends our clothes; she gets round us at bazaars; she gives us good advice—and plenty of it, sometimes she gives us a piece of her mind, sometimes all of it. Woman everywhere is an ornament to society. Look at Cleopatra look at Joan of Arc, look at Florence Nightingale, look at Mother Eve, —yes, sir, Mother Eve was an ornament to society, before the fashion changed. Wherever you find woman she is a treasure to the world. As a sweetheart she has few equals and no superiors; as a mother and nurse she is unparalleled; as a cousin she is very convenient; as a wealthy and ailing grandmother she is exceedingly precious. Where would we be without women? We would be scarce, sir, mighty scarce. Let us therefore love and cherish her; let us give her our support, our sympathy, our protection, ourselves—whenever we get the chance.

Mark Twain on His Seventieth Birthday.

We have no permanent habits until we are forty. Then they begin to harden, presently they petrify, then business begins. Since forty I have been regular about going to bed and getting up—and that is one of the main things. I have made it a rule to go to bed when there wasn't any body left to sit up with, and I have made it a rule to get up when I had to. This has resulted in an unswerving regularity of irregularity. It has saved me sound, but it would injure another person. In the matter of diet—which is another main thing—I have been persistently strict in sticking to the things which didn't agree with me until one or the other of us got the best of it. Until lately I got off of it myself. But last spring I supped frolicly with mince pie after midnight; up to then I had always believed it wasn't loaded. I have made it a rule never to smoke more than one cigar at a time. I have no other restriction as regards smoking. I do not know just when I began to smoke; I only know that it was in my father's lifetime, and that I am discreet. He passed from this life early in 1847, when I was a shade past eleven; ever since then I have smoked publicly. To-day it is all of sixty years since I began to smoke the limit. I have never bought cigars with life belts around them. I early found that those were too expensive for me. I have always got cheap cigars—reasonably cheap—at any rate. Sixty years ago they cost me four dollars a barrel, but my taste has improved latterly, and I pay seven now.

As for drinking I have no rule about that. When the others drink I like to help, otherwise I remain dry, by habit and preference. This dryness does not hurt me, but it could easily hurt you, because it is inherent. You let it alone.

I have never taken any exercise except sleeping and resting, and I never intend to take any. Exercise is too tame. And it cannot be any benefit when you are tired. I was always tired. But let another person try my way and see where he will come out.

I desire now to repeat and emphasize that maxim; we can't reach old age by another man's road. My habits protect my life, but they would assassinate you.

Mark Twain Obeeyed the Spirit.

In the Iowa town where Mark Twain used to reside, the following story of him is occasionally handed about:

One morning when he was busily at work an acquaintance dropped in upon him, with the request that he should take a walk, the acquaintance having an errand on a pleasant country road.

"How far is it?" temporized Mark Twain.

"Oh, about a mile," replied the friend.

Instantly the humorist gathered his papers together, laid them aside, and prepared to leave his desk.

"Of course I will go," he announced, "the Bible says I must."

"Why what in the world has the Bible got to do with it?" asked the puzzled friend.

"It distinctly demands," answered Mr. Clemens, "if a man asks thee to go with him a mile, go with him Twain!"

A Doubtful Compliment.

The following is a quite recent anecdote of Mark Twain. It is told by

a Chicagoan, who crossed the Atlantic with him in June on the Minnesota. Mark's conversation invariably made the Captains table gay. The ladies continually enquired the humorist, and the last night on board he proposed a toast in their honor.

"The ladies," he said, raising his glass and bowing, "the ladies—second only to the press in the dissemination of news.

Two Smart Retorts.

At a society dinner some years ago the great American humorist was just finishing a piquant address when a Mr. Everts, a lawyer, rose, thrust both his hands down into his trousers pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly remarked—

"Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

It is said that the roars of laughter which greeted Mark's retort could be heard streets away.

At another dinner party Mark Twain was somewhat strangely involved in a curious wager by a clever move of an ingenious guest—a Mr. Daly—the representative of a notorious city in the States. The wager lay between Mr. Daly and Mark Twain, and was to the effect who told the biggest lie won. Mr. Daly claimed the right to start, which was readily granted by his opponent, and he spouted forth—"Well, ladies and gentlemen in (mentioning the city he represented) whom—"

The general Mark rose at this point and interrupted with the drawing remark—"Ladies and gentlemen, he has won."

Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets? It is said that the roars of laughter which greeted Mark's retort could be heard streets away. At another dinner party Mark Twain was somewhat strangely involved in a curious wager by a clever move of an ingenious guest—a Mr. Daly—the representative of a notorious city in the States. The wager lay between Mr. Daly and Mark Twain, and was to the effect who told the biggest lie won. Mr. Daly claimed the right to start, which was readily granted by his opponent, and he spouted forth—"Well, ladies and gentlemen in (mentioning the city he represented) whom—" The general Mark rose at this point and interrupted with the drawing remark—"Ladies and gentlemen, he has won."

### KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum, during the past few years, has had his character more distorted and overdrawn probably than any other public man in the service of Great Britain. Ever since his defeat of the Dervishes at Omdurman those qualities that he does possess have been so emphasized, and so many others which he can lay no claim have been attributed to him, that the world at large has gained a totally wrong impression of the man.

Face to face with Kitchener one realizes at once that he is far from being an incarnation of Bismarck with a dash of Wellington, or a man of "ice and iron." On the contrary, his nature might be described as highly emotional. He has learnt the difficult art of concealing and controlling his emotions—that is all. It pleases him to effect a stoicism under any and all circumstances that in reality is very far from feeling. This affectation has become almost second nature to him, and a good deal of it is now quite unconscious.

"What is the good of having a reputation and not living to it," he once remarked. "The British public chooses to regard me as one without human feelings, and it would be a pity to disappoint it."

It takes some time to penetrate beneath the surface with Lord Kitchener, and probably not a dozen people have ever succeeded in doing this and in getting at the real man.

His Impatience

Impatience is the leading trait in Lord Kitchener's character. He knows it, and he is never trying to curb himself. "See a thing and do it," might well be his motto. He carries out the routine work of his lightning flash until at times he becomes the despair of his staff. He dashes from subject to subject like a hawk pouncing on its prey. Nothing escapes either his eye or his memory. No detail is too trifling for his personal attention, nothing, however unimportant, is allowed to interfere with the smooth working of his office. Nothing annoys him more than to be phrased, and the task of those condemned to take a shorthand note of his words is not one to be envied.

In South Africa one day an aide-de-camp unused to Kitchener's ways, was summoned to his tent to receive a series of verbal orders for transmission to the mobile column close at hand. Three times did the officer ask Kitchener to repeat the orders or a portion of them. Kitchener at last wheeled sharply in his chair, and wrote a few hurried words on a piece of paper, and handed it to the officer, saying, "Here Captain—take this note. It is to the Principal Medical Officer, asking him please to examine very carefully the state of your ears. There is evidently something wrong with you somewhere. Please send me someone else in as you go out."

Two Instances.

Twice in his career this impatience—fatal impatience one might almost term it—has almost proved disastrous to him. These two occasions were Omdurman and Paardeberg. At Omdurman he dashed his troops forward impetuously at the foe, and had it not been for the steadiness of the supporting Sudanese Brigade, admirably trained, and handled by Hector Macdonald, the result of the battle might very easily have been quite different from what it was, and Herbert Kitchener might to-day have been holding some unimportant command and scarcely known outside its limits.

When the veteran Cronje was driven to earth in Paardeberg Dr. Kitchener came hot-foot on his heels with an infantry division behind him eager to strike the greatest blow at the Boers that they had ever known experienced. No sooner had the guns located the position of the Boers larger than Kitchener threw his infantry straight at it. Small time was lost on a preliminary bombardment or in a reconnaissance of the position. There the foe was, "Get in at him and get it over," was Kitchener's policy. In a short time the carnage was awful. Kitchener sat there how ever impassive, taciturn, and pitiless, heading only the end and not count-

er who ever strutted down Bond Street, or along the Simla Mall to a state of limp dejection.

The World's Greatest Organizer

For a man of such intense energy Lord Kitchener takes remarkably little exercise. An hour's walking, or riding, with possibly, a game of tennis, is his usual daily allowance. Like most of his countrymen, when opportunity serves, Kitchener is very fond of riding to hounds, and he is equally ready with the gun and rifle. Cards he has no great liking for, but those who have played with him know that he is an almost ideal partner, with a facility for remembering where the trumps are.

As one who has known and admired him long, the writer would venture to say that Kitchener's apothosis is not yet. In the future, if the Fates so will it, he will pull the strings of a great campaign, and he will pull them as surely and successfully as ever Von Moltke did. But he must always remain "the man in the back ground." It is he who must plan the campaigns, and leave it to others to win the victories that he has placed in their hands. In the field Kitchener has to-day many superiors among his comrades in the British army. As an organizer and director of armies his peer is not to be found among the military forces of the world.

Don't MARRY, DOCTOR OF FLAUGHTS OF HUMAN NATURE, on health, disease, love, marriage and parentage. Tell what you'd ask a doctor, but don't introduce it into any one's mind until you've got it out of your own. 128 East 29th Street, NEW YORK 25-38.

Good GOODS AT FAIR PRICES

F. ENGLAND The Jeweller C.P.R. Official Watch Inspector Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Wm. Keay Teaming & Draying OSLER ST. REGINA Phone 178 P.O. Box 108 ICE Having arranged to store an unlimited quantity of ice, I am consequently able to deliver daily all ice ordered for the season. Orders received by ice man or at office over Armonth's Butcher Shop.

FOR Carpenters' Tools, Shelf, Hardware, Building Papers, Nails, Screen Doors and Windows, Shingle Stains, Island City Paints, Varnishes, Oils, Brushes, Etc. Call at Bocz's Hardware, Broad St. where you will be convinced that prices are most reasonable. We are prepared to serve you and wish you to keep us busy.

Have received a car of Empire Queen Ranges and Cook Stoves. These will be sold at very close figures. Get prices before buying elsewhere. Balance of Crockery below cost to make room.

Phone 340 K. BO CZ Broad Street

NOT A SINGLE APPLICANT HAS EVER BEEN REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES BECAUSE OF HIS OR HER POVERTY

Canadian Outdoor Life

IN THIS NUMBER Articles on the Open Air Treatment of Tuberculosis of the Lungs Attractively Illustrated. TORONTO, CAN. 107, 1900 10c. 50c. \$1.00 year.

Facsimile Cover Page (reduced in size) new Monthly Magazine of The National Sanitarium Association. Full size of page 10x7.

No Father, No Mother, No Home—Worse Than a Prisoner GARFIELD BRACEY, BERLIN, Ont.: Enclosed please find doctor's certificate and examination papers. Hope you will secure me a place in your Sanitarium. You will notice that my circumstances is a hard one; no father, no mother, no home—worse than a prisoner. Nobody wants me on account of my disease. Hoping you will have the charity and consider my position, and give me a position at once in your Sanitarium, I ever pray.

It is always encouraging to have a letter from friends who kindly contribute. For the convenience of those who have not time to write, the following blank may be used:

"DO IT NOW" Is a business motto of this strenuous age that applies with tremendous force when it is a good act you should do. "A child's kiss set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad. "A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong. "Thou shalt be served thyself in every sense of service which thou renderest.

"I WAS SPECIALLY PLEASED WITH THE ATTENTION PAID TO CONDUCT THE INSTITUTION CAREFULLY AND ECONOMICALLY."—Dr. R. W. Bruce-Smith, Governor sent Inspektor Hospitals and Charities.

STAND Over Three H Work--T

The fifteen judges judging the thirty-eight standing fields in this province which total of three hundred entries. The judges in their praise of winners are taking more and more growing of first class that winters in the generally flooded seed. Those of the at work last year a great improvement of the crops shown those of last. been taken in having free from weeds and varieties and other. On account of the season some of the before the fields entered matured and some of touched by the frost be harvested but stances nothing else done. On account of the season two agriculture competitions in stand oats. The winners Togo, W. B. Ross, Taylor, Newmarket; tar King; and At Battleford first obtained by Geo. T. and D. H. Weber, remainder of the agr confirmed their attitude with the results as Where the variety is is red.

Alameda: Jas. M. Young, C. Dargid, son, Daleboro; Abernethy: C. S. Ferrer, I. Steuck, W. Broadview: J. C. Wilson, G. Daws Creelman; W. A. Wensley, W. H. Blaw Churchbridge; R. file: R. Bt. Fraser, Cay, Stanley; A. Plant, Gilbert Plan; Carrot River: J. W. Taylor, red; arts, white file. Carnduff: J. S. McKillop, Z. M. Dill

NEW METHO CHURCH (Continued from

F. M. Crapper Dealer in PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PICTURES and PICTURE FRAMES Frames Made to Order Wall Papers Unlike other houses, we have the latest imported goods. Also Paper from 5c up. Write for Samples. Particular attention given to work outside the city.

F. M. Crapper Painter and Paperhanger Scarth Street REGINA - SASK. ADVERTISE IN THE WEST

SAVE YOUR HORSE

BOG SPAVIN CURB LAMENESS  
BONE SPAVIN SPLINT SWELLINGS  
RINGBONE POLL EVIL SOFT BUNCHES

are CURED—leaving the horse sound as a dollar—  
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

No matter what you have tried—or how many veterinarians have failed—get KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE, use it as directed and it will give perfect results.

NOTE: DAME DES BOIS, P.O. Sept. 20, 1907  
"I am treating two horses—one with Spavin—the other with Poll Evil. I am using Kendall's Spavin Cure and must say I find my horses much improved. I have used many remedies but find Kendall's the King Of All."  
GEO. BRODEUR.  
"A bottle—for 50c. Don't Treat On The Horse" will give you many hints as to how to keep horses free from blemishes and lameness. Write for free copy."  
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VERMONT, U.S.A.

A Society Secret

R  
Fresh Tea, Hot, One Cup  
Sweet Cream, Table-spoonful  
Sugar Leaf, One Lump  
ROYAL BLUE 5 o'clock Tea  
Oaks, 5  
To be taken every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

This prescription can be filled by any up-to-date grocer. If your grocer does not carry "Royal Blue" goods write to the factory, giving your grocer's name, and we will send a package direct.

Wait for "Albino" Soda Seltzer

Dep. 333. Alberta Biscuit Co. Ltd. CALGARY, ALTA.

FORWARD STEP IN THE INTERESTS OF Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives

The National Sanitarium Association of Canada has undertaken to publish a monthly magazine devoted to the Outdoor Treatment of Tuberculosis, and the inculcation of Hygienic Methods of Living for the people generally. The first number was issued in November, 1906.

All profits from this magazine— from subscriptions and advertising—will go to the maintenance of patients at the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives.

Any one contributing one dollar a year, or more, to the funds of the Hospital will become a subscriber to CANADIAN OUT-DOOR LIFE for one year.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK.

Dear Sir,

I have pleasure in enclosing the sum of.....\$....., as a contribution to the maintenance of the MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

Name.....  
Address.....

CONTRIBUTIONS MAY BE SENT TO: RON. SIR W. R. MEREDITH, Kt., Chief Justice, Vice-President Nat. San. Association, Toronto, or W. J. GAGE, Esq., Chairman Executive Committee, Toronto.

All Subscriptions received will be acknowledged in the Toronto "Globe" and "News." Anyone subscribing one dollar or more becomes a subscriber to the Canadian Outdoor Life for one year.

"DO IT NOW"

The above c