

HAT TO
LATE.

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Good Friday,
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DLEWORK.

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advantage.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

If some people had the faith to
move mountains they would soon
make all their neighbors' land hilly.

It is to be feared that there are
men who owe careers of integrity
to the fact that honesty has a repu-
tation for being good policy.

Husband—How do you like your
new girl?

Wife—Well, she works me a
little harder than the last one, but
she is more respectful.

Chatfield—I sat back of your
wife at the play the other night.

Hatfield—How did you like it?

Chatfield—I thought it was very
becoming from the rear.

Two Irishmen were watching the
chemical engine test Thursday
night, when one of them inquired
of the other, "Pwhat the devil are
they putting out the fires wid now?"

"Be gorra," answered the other,
"they're shquirtin lemonade an it."

Chinese razors are made out of
old shoes pounded over. Many a
man who has had a three-days'
growth of beard extracted in a
second-class shop, is willing to
swear that Chinese razors were
used without the horse shoe nails
being pulled out.

An Irishman was painting a
house green when the paint-pot fell
to the sidewalk.

A woman chanced by "Mercy!
what's the matter?" she exclaimed.

And the small boy standing near
shouted, "That Irishman up there
has just had a hemorrhage."

Literature certainly runs in the
Greensmith family. The two
daughters write poetry that nobody
will print, the son writes plays that
nobody will act and the mother
writes novels that nobody will
read. "And what does the father
write?" "Oh, he writes checks
that nobody will cash."

A Parisian thief was lately
arrested at his lodgings. The
rooms were full of valuable objets
deluxe. "Where in the world did
you scrape together the money to
buy all these valuable articles?"
inquired the astonished detective.
"Sir, I never buy anything!" re-
plied the thief with a noble air of
self-possession.

He—Do you ever mean to marry?

She—Perhaps I may some time.

He—Have you made up your
mind who the man will be?

She—Mercy, no!

He—Still you think you will
marry somebody some time?

She—I may.

He (desperately)—Well, what's
the matter with me?

Gladstone insists that he owes
his long life and hearty old age to
perfect digestion and his perfect
digestion to the fact that he never
swallows a bolus of food before he
has chewed it 32 times. If the G.
O. M. ever tackled a Vancouver
restaurant sandwich he would find
that he would have to masticate his
bolus about 32,000 times before he
could chip the corners off.

A lecturer in Cork once began an
address by remarking very sol-
emnly: "Parents, you may have
children, or, if not, your daughters
may have." And concluded with:
"There is no man, woman or child
in this house who has arrived at
the age of fifty years but that has
felt these mighty truths thunder-
ing through their minds for cen-
turies."—N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

Prof. Melbourne, the rain wizard,
has just fulfilled an extensive con-
tract in Western Nebraska and
Eastern Colorado. He agreed to
cause a half-inch water fall over an
area of 8,000 square miles. The
water came down within the speci-
fied time, and Melbourne is reap-
ing a rich harvest of glory and cash.
He should now visit Vancouver
and cause it to stop raining for
awhile.

Here is a bit of dialogue from an
exchange. The moral of it is not
expressed, but perhaps the reader
will be able to find it:

"What is Mamie doing?"

"She is a saleslady."

"Does she earn much?"

"Hardly enough to keep soul and
body together, but her sister helps
her a little."

"What does her sister do?"

"She's a servant girl."

That charity alone endures which
flows from a sense of duty and a
hope in God. This is the charity
that treads in secret those paths
from which all but the lowest of
human wretches have fled; this is

that charity which no labor can
weary, no ingratitude detach, no
horror disgust; that toil, that par-
dons, that suffers; that is seen by
no man, and honored by no man;
but like the great laws of Nature,
does the work of God in silence and
looks to a future and better world
for its reward.

Spain is having trouble with the
socialists, but is determined to put
them down. The government has
notified the socialists of Barcelona
that, if they begin rioting on a large
scale, it will not hesitate to bom-
bard the city until not one stone is
left upon another. This is no idle
threat, as those who remember past
bombardments in Spain can testify.
At the same time it is humiliating
for a government to be reduced to
dependence upon such measures as
these. Barcelona is the quarter
from which the most serious anarch-
ical and socialistic agitation is ex-
pected, and, in the recent riot, the
rebels against law and order killed
dozens of the police.

Evangelist—"Are you a Chris-
tian, Sing Yeh?"

Sing Yeh (late of Hong Kong)—
"Ess; heapee Clistian. Go Sun-
day school, singee, playee, leadee
Biblee; allee same heapee much
Clistian."

"But I understand you worship
Joss, too?"

"Ess; play to Joss allee sams
evly dayee; bulnee Joss-sticks;
heapee stan' in wiv Joss allee
while."

"But you cannot be both Chris-
tian and Pagan and worship God
and Joss at the same time."

"Wattee mattee clan't? Swingee
on bot' side fence allee same likee
politician. Dont clal diam which
beatee. Me safee, eithel way."

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