

In a Lighter Vein

HOW TO KNOW THEM

The Soda Water Man—By his phiz.
The Temperance Man—By his no's.
The Conceited Man—By his I's.
The Surveyor—By his feet.
The Captain of Industry—By his hands.
The Military Man—By his arms.
The Stovepipe Man—By his elbows.
The Rubber Man—By his neck.
The Miserly Man—By his chest.
The Tourist—By his trunk.
The Dairy Man—By his calves.
The Iron Man—By his nails.

The *Chicago News* fails to name the hero of this story, but has it that the visitor to the home of a well-known Hoosier State author found his three youngsters romping in the hall-way. "What are you playing, boys?" he inquired. "We are playing pirates," said the smallest. "Pirates? Why, how can you play pirates in Indiana? There are no seas bordering on this state." "Oh, we don't need any seas. We are literary pirates, like pa." And five minutes later a chorus of yells from behind the barn told that the hand that wields the pen can also wield the shingle.

On the boundaryline of two farms in an Austrian village there is a large gooseberry bush, from which the two farmers have for years gathered the product. "What grows on my side is mine, and you may have the rest" was the agreement.

Three years ago the neighbors had a misunderstanding, and this came to a climax when the gooseberries became ripe. A lawsuit followed, and appeals were made to higher judicial bodies. The final decision has just been recorded in an Austrian paper.

Each party is to have the right to pick the berries which grow on his side of the line, just as it was originally, but neither may destroy the bush. The costs are charged half to each litigant. Each farmer had to pay two hundred and twenty-five krone. The yearly yield of the bush is worth about one-half krone, and the judge told the fighting farmers:

"With good luck, it will take you only eight hundred years to make the bush pay. Take good care of it."—*Youths' Companion*.

The secretary of a periodical published not far from New York city, and noted for the literary flavor of its editorial pages, recently received a letter from a subscriber asking for the address of George Meredith. The secretary had a careful examination made of the long pay roll of the company, but the search was in vain. A reply was, therefore, sent to the subscriber couched in this language: "We are very sorry that we are unable to give you the address of George Meredith. But if you will write to Joe Meredith, of our St. Louis office, perhaps you can ascertain it from him."

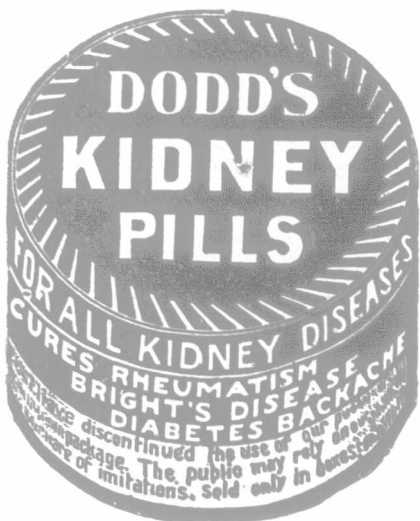


Men should look for this Tag on Chewing Tobacco. It guarantees the high quality of

Black Watch

The Big Black Plug.

2272



It is interesting to know that the railroad between Jaffa and Jerusalem was made possible by locomotives from Philadelphia. They were originally made, writes Prof. H. W. Dunning, in *'To-day in Palestine'*, for a road in Central America, which unfortunately could not pay for them when they were ready for delivery. They happened to be just right for the Jaffa-Jerusalem line, and were at once purchased and shipped. I happened to be in Jerusalem, he writes, the day the first locomotive arrived there, Aug. 20, 1892. Not only the people from the city, but many from the villages came to see the new wonder. Among them was a Bedouin from beyond Jordan. He carried back the report to the tribe: "It is like a big iron woman. It gives one screech and then runs away." This ingenious description spread rapidly through the ancient land of Moab.

After all, it is the praise of the users and purchasers of a piano that counts, and, judged by this standard, the Goulay piano is pre-eminent in Canada. The unsolicited praise which has come from the thousands of satisfied users throughout Canada is the sincerest and most convincing form of appreciation.

THE LAY OF THE LAZY MAN

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
"To-morrow morning I will rise
Before the sun lights up the skies.

"I'll set this clock so it will ring,
Before the birds begin to sing;
Its strident bell will me awake,
An early morning walk I'll take."

And when at an ungodly hour,
Next morn, the clock with all its power,
Made noise enough to stir the dead,
And woke the man upon the bed—

Breathes there a man, I now repeat,
Who wouldn't chuck it in the street,
And back into the bed then leap,
And with a sigh go off to sleep?
—From the *Bohemian*.

THE AVERAGE MAN

When it comes to a question of trusting
Yourself to the risks of the road,
When the thing is the sharing of burdens
The lifting the heft of a load,
In the hour of peril or trial,
In the hour you meet as you can,
You may safely depend on the wisdom
And skill of the average man.

'Tis the average man and no other
Who does his plain duty each day,
The small thing his wage is for doing,
On the commonplace bit of the way.
'Tis the average man, may God bless him,
Who pilots us, still in the van,
Over land, over sea, as we travel,
Just the plain, hardy, average man.

So on through the days of existence,
All mingling in shadow and shine,
We may count on the everyday hero,
Who haply the gods may divine,
But who wears the swart grime of his calling,
And labors and earns as he can,
And stands at the last with the noblest,
The commonplace, average man.

A court-martial was held, with grandma as president. "Johnnie," she said, "who destroyed those flowers?" "Johnnie thought a moment. Then: 'Sister Kathleen,' he said. 'Now, then,' reproved grandma, 'be a man! Tell the truth! Say I did it.'"

Surgeon-General Rixey was talking about his recent statement concerning the harm that cigarettes do sailors.

"Let them defend the cigarettes as they please," he said, "whenever I hear these defences I think of the sick horse and the turpentine."

"Tom met Bill on the road one day."

"Bill, I want a word with you," he said.

"Be quick, then," said Bill. "I'm in a hurry."

"What did you give your sick horse the other day?"

"A pint of turpentine."

"Tom hurried home poured a pint of turpentine down the throat of his own ailing nag, which at once grew worse, and in an hour was dead."

"Then Tom, disgusted with Bill's veterinary ability, sought him out."

"Why, Bill," he said, "I gave my horse a pint of turpentine and it killed him."

"So it did mine," said Bill.

"Why is a pancake like the sun?"

"Because," said the Swede, "it rises out of der yeast and sets behind der vest."

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