CANADIAN COURIER.



The Scrap Book

Choosing a Name.—There is prob-ably as little poetry in the average British workman as in any class of men in the world. But "the omnipo-tent baby" will evoke poetic senti-ment in the prosiest nature. Some years ago a Nottinghamshire clergyman in baptizing a baby paused in the midst of the service to inquire the name of the infant, to which the mother, with a profound courtesy re-

mother, with a profound courtesy, replied:

"Shady, sir, if you please." "Shady?" replied the minister. "Then it's a boy and you mean Shadrack, eh?" "No, please your. reverence, it's a girl."

girl."

girl." "And, pray," asked the pastor, "how happened you to call the child by such a strange name?" "Why, sir," responded the woman, "if you must know, our name is Bower, and my husband said as how he should like her to be called Shady, because Shady Bower sounds so pretty."

Unharmed.—Ardent Sportsman—"I think that bird'll come down, John, don't you?"

"Aye, I reckon he will-when he's hungry." * * *

New Turn to Old Tale.—"If you kiss me again," declared pretty Miss Love-ly firmly, "I shall tell my father." "That's an old tale," replied the bold young man. "Anyway it's worth

it.

it." And he kissed her. Miss Lovely sprang to her feet. "I shall tell father," she said, and left the room. "Father," she said to her parent when she got outside. "Mr. Bolder wants to see your new gun." A minute later, when father ap-peared in the doorway with his gun in his hand, there was a crash of breaking glass as Mr. Bolder dived through the window.—Milwaukee News. News. * * *

Suicidal.—"That life-saver seemed to have difficulty in getting to shore." "Yes. He took a terrible chance. He jumped overboard, wearing all his hero medals."—Washington Star.

* * * His Idea of News.—The new reporter was assigned to gather the news in a rather unimportant suburb. He did fairly well for a few days, though he was terribly late in getting his copy up. But on the fourth day he came in much earlier than usual. He was visibly excited, and he wrote rapidly. Finally he took his stuff to the city editor's desk, and said, "May I go now, sir?" The city editor looked over the copy. "Mr. Brown is thinking of building a tawk house." "Mr. B. F. Jones has started on his vacation." "A new drinking fountain is proposed for

started on his vacation." "A new drinking fountain is proposed for Front Street." And so on. "Is this all you have?" asked the city editor. "Yes, sir," answered the reporter. "I just left, and there wasn't another bit of news." "All right—you can go. But what makes you in such a hurry?"

"Why, a man murdered his wife, just as I was leaving, and I want to go out and help lynch him!"

* * * Not "Married in Haste."—"You look like a wreck to-day, Anna. Have you been sitting up all night again read-ing a novel?" "Yes, madam. It was such a beau-tiful story, but they didn't get mar-ried till nearly five o'clock this morn-ing!"

Compensation.—"I got my hand stung by a sea nettle," said the young girl.

"Terrible; too bad." "It wasn't so bad. Four young men insisted on holding my hand all at once."—Kansas City Journal.