

The Ring in His Boot.

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and brary: A good story reaches the London Woman from the somewhat out-of-the-way region of Petaluna. Early last week all was going merrily at a very interesting wedding in the town until the bridegroom was called upon to produce the wedding ring. In vain he felt in his trousers pocket for the missing trifle. Nothing could be found except a hole through which the ring had evidently fallen into the fligh boot which is affected by young men of that country. What was he to do?

"Take your boot off," said the parson. The suspense and silence was painful.

The organist, at the priest's bidding, struck up a "voluntary."

The young man, sitting on the altar rails, removed his boot, the ring was found—also a hole in the stocking, which led the worthy divine to remark: "Young man, it is time you were married."

An Important Date.—"What was the date of the Union of the Crowns?" asked an inspector. "1603," he was instantly informed. "Right. And why was this date an important one for you to remember?" "Because you were sure to ask for it," replied the little victim of cramming.—Christian Register.

Lending Books.

A grievous habit is that of lending books. Not to the borrower, however, we hasten to say. He, on the contrary, is entertained, instructed, or it may be enriched by the spendthrift generosity of his friend, the book lover, who in his eager desire to share the delight, that a good book has afforded him, places it in the honest palm of his friend and visitor, all forgetful in the benevolent enthusiasm of the moment that time and the unconscious operation of the old maxim, "possession is nine points of the law," may cause his beloved volume to take up its permanent abode on his friend's book shelf. Who can adequately describe the pangs suffered by an unfortunate lender? May we be pardoned for the suggestion that in this genial spring-time when nature prompts us to sow good seeds in the ground and form good resolves in the heart that we gather up the "walfs and strays" from other libraries and gladden the hearts of their owners by returning them, with suitable acknowledgements to their accustomed shelves.—Canadian Churchman.

He-You look to me older than you said you were.

She-You can't expect me to remember age. Why, its' altering all the time.-Fliegende Blaetter.