

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

A Belfast man went fishing with a boatman named Dan Murphy. "Don't you think, sur," said Dan, looking thoughtfully at a mackerel lying in the bottom of the boat, "that a mackerel that dies a natural death in the boat tastes far better than one that's drowned at sea?"

"No," said the village landlord with the sorry mug, "I don't believe in advertising."

"You don't!" exclaimed the hardware drummer. "Why not?"

"Because I advertised for a wife once; that is why."

"And failed to get one, eh?"

"No, I got one. That's the trouble."

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED.

The late Col. J. H. Brigham, assistant secretary of agriculture, was noted for his frank and honorable ways.

"Col. Brigham," said a member of the agricultural bureau, "despised sneaks, and would have none of them."

"He was a farmer in Illinois after the civil war, and a sneak among his hands learned to his cost one day that mean and underhand methods would not go with the colonel."

"This chap sought out his employer in private."

"Col. Brigham," he said, "you are workin' five men on this farm o' your'n."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, there's consider'ble loafin' goin' on when your back's turned. I want to say to you that four men could do your work here jest as well as five."

"Is that so?" said Col. Brigham.

"It certainly is, sir."

"Then," said the colonel, "I shall not want you after to-day."

TAKING THE FARMER DOWN.

A couple of individuals were recently gazing with admiration at a fine fat beast at a cattle show.

"I wonder what his weight might be?" observed one of them, who, as it happened, was a cockney without any special knowledge.

"It's easy enough to guess pretty nigh it," said the other man, a stalwart farmer, looking with some contempt at his companion.

"Oh, well," said the cockney, "I think I could guess as near as you can."

"Could ye, now?" roared the farmer.

"Well, I'll bet ye a sovereign ye can't."

"Done!" returned the cockney. "How much do you say?"

After a critical survey the farmer replied:

"A hundred and seventeen stone."

"Well," said the cockney, "I'll say a hundred and seventeen stone, too. Now hand over the money."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Well, I said I'd guess as near as you, and I've done so. I've guessed exactly the same."

And the bystanders taking his part, the bumptious farmer had to give him the money.

WHAT "P. C." MEANT.

Booker T. Washington's sense of humor is keen and some of his best stories are at the expense of the sons of Ham.

As bearing upon the fondness of the American black man for ecclesiastical honors and religious functions, Mr. Washington tells with new point a yarn that dates back, I think, to Peter Cartwright. One day—it was during the slavery epoch—a negro went to the famous Virginia circuit rider, the bluntest, wittiest, oddest preacher. American Methodism has developed, and said he felt heaven had called him to preach the Gospel.

"Is that so?" answered Cartwright.

"When did you hear the call?"

"Didn't hear it, Massa Cartwright. I seed it."

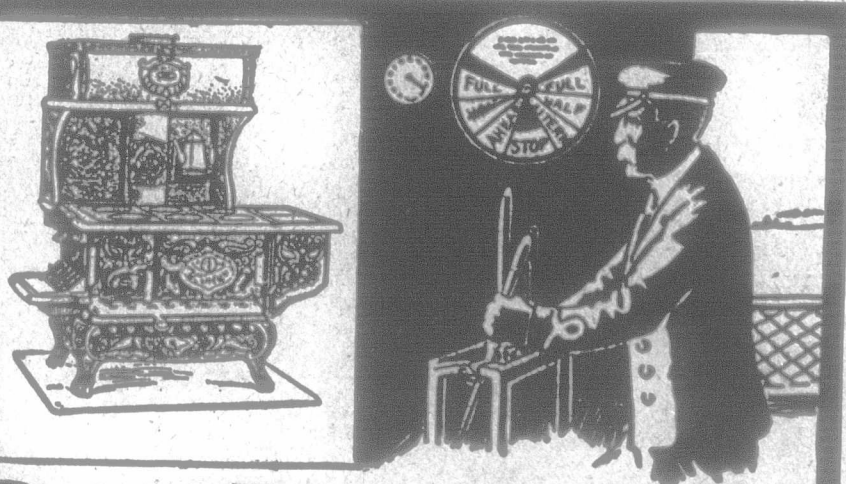
"When did it happen?"

"Last night, Massa Cartwright. I was prayin' in the cotton field, and I saw the heavens open and on a white cloud I saw the letters 'P. C.'"

"And what did you believe those letters meant?"

"They meant 'Preach Christ.'"

"Sambo," said Cartwright, resting his hand on the negro's shoulder. "You were mistaken. They meant 'Pick cotton.'"



Pandora Range

Managed Like an Engine.

One-third of a housekeeper's life is spent in her kitchen. One-half the labor of housekeeping is at the cook stove. Your range can double or halve the cooking slavery of housekeeping. A poor range adds worry as well as work, and worry multiplies the housekeeper's care.

Get a range that reduces the work and eliminates the worry. The Pandora Range is as easily and accurately managed as an engine—it responds to the touch as quickly and certainly as the huge engine obeys the hand of the engineer.

The Pandora Range saves worry, and because worry kills, it prolongs life. Sold by enterprising dealers everywhere. Write for booklet.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

PAY WHEN CURED:



If you come to me and I tell you that I can cure you I've got confidence enough in my treatment to take all the chances. I am curing hundreds of weak men and women every day, and I know what I can cure and what I can't. If you will secure me you need not pay until cured.

WEAK, PUNY MEN

I know that no man remains a weakling because he wants to. I am sure that you want to overcome every indication of early decay that has shown itself on you. I don't think the man lives who would not like to feel as big and strong as a Sandow, and I know that if you have a reasonable foundation to build upon I can make you a bigger man than you ever hoped to be. I want you to know that you who can't believe it, and I want you to have my book in which I describe how I learned that strength was only electricity, and how I learned to restore it; also I want to tell you the names of some men who will tell you that when they came to me they were physical wrecks, and are now among the finest specimens of physical manhood.

Get the Grandest of All Remedies—

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT.

To those who still doubt there is any cure, because they have been misled by false representations and want evidence of cure in their own cases before paying, I am willing to take all the chances of curing any case of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Varicocele, Nervous Debility, Constipation, Lost Energy, resulting from exposure and excesses in middle-aged men. Give me reasonable security and you can have my Belt and pay me when you are satisfied that the cure is complete.

I want you to read my book and learn the truth about my arguments. If you are not as vigorous as you would like to be, if you have rheumatic pains, weak kidneys, loss of vitality, prostate troubles, nervous spells, varicocele or any ailment of that kind that weakens you, it would assure you future happiness if you would look into this method of mine. Don't delay it, your best days are slipping by. If you want this book I send it closely sealed free if you send this ad. Call for free consultation.

DR. M. S. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge St., Toronto. Office Hours:—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday (all 2.30 p.m.)

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

by taking subscriptions for the FARMER'S ADVOCATE. For terms, etc., apply at once to

THE WILLIAM WELD CO., LTD., LONDON, ONTARIO.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Once, in the country, and walking through a field, Whistler, the artist, suddenly found that a huge bull was making straight towards him. He ran as he had never run before, and succeeded in getting to the other side of the fence before the bull got to him. When he reached the other side he saw a farmer, the owner of the field, coolly watching the proceedings. Mr. Whistler was furious, and, shaking his fist at the farmer, said:

"What do you mean, sir, by letting a savage bull like that roam at large? Do you know who I am, sir? I'm Whistler."

"Are you?" replied the farmer. "What's the good of telling me. Why didn't you tell the bull?"

A Brooklyn school teacher sends some answers given by boys in her class in a recent examination:

"What are zones?"

"Zones are belts running around the earth giving out heat as they run."

"What do we import from Italy?"

"Italians."

"Of what is the earth composed?"

"Sand, water, air and human beans."

"What causes a fog?"

"The night before."

"Name two things we import from Africa?"

"Ivory and Ivory soap."

A short time since a number of amateur musicians in a town of western Pennsylvania made an effort to organize an orchestra. They were successful in procuring all the performers they desired, except a clarinet player. One of the number finally volunteered to take up the instrument and try to learn to play it. He had no clarinet, but, hearing that he could probably borrow one from a young man in the place who was thought to own one, he met him on the street one day and accosted him with:

"How are you, Brown? I heard you had a clarinet."

The fellow looked at him in amazement, and stammered out:

"Well, I—I—was sick about two weeks ago, but I don't think I had that!"

A man who was too old by ten years to be appointed a fireman, but who put his conscience to sleep and dreamed he was young in applying for appointment, was undergoing the physical examination. The doctor finished, and then announced that the man should not pass.

"Why?" asked the applicant.

"You have a varicose vein," replied the doctor.

"An' is that all that's wrong?" said the would-be fireman, forgetting all caution in his indignation. "Why, I've earned my living for forty years with that vein in my leg."

"I'm glad you told me so," said the doctor, "now I can reject you also as being over the age limit."

FUN IN THE POST OFFICE.

A very funny story is told of an Oxford man, now a distinguished cleric, who had a passion for practical joking. He was, and is, a large man, of solemn aspect, and he went into a post office and asked the clerk if they kept stamps. The clerk, with a tolerant smile, admitted that they did, but was a little taken aback by the next question:

"What sort do you keep?"

"All the values, sir, that are issued, from a halfpenny to a pound," he replied.

Whereupon his would-be customer shyly intimated that he "would like to look at some penny ones."

The clerk, with something of an air, produced one of the huge sheets which hold some twenty shillings' worth of stamps, and spread it on the counter.

"There you are, sir," he said; "if you want penny stamps, there are some."

The customer appeared dazzled with the display, and seemed unable to take his eyes off the stamps. He looked and looked, and at last, after a careful examination, which had comprehended every part of the sheet, he pointed to a stamp in the middle, and murmured:

"I think I'll have that one, please."