

**Fly Song.**

Ten little flies  
 All in a line ;  
 One got a swat !  
 Then there were \* \* \* \* \*

Nine little flies,  
 Grimly sedate,  
 Licking their chops—  
 Swat ! Then there were \* \* \* \* \*

Eight little flies  
 Raising some more—  
 Swat ! Swat ! Swat ! Swat !  
 Then there were \* \* \* \*

Four little flies,  
 Colored green-blue ;  
 Swat ! (Ain't it easy ?)  
 Then there were \* \*

Two little flies  
 Dodged the civilian—  
 Early next day  
 There were a million !

—Buffalo News.

**A Secondary Interest.**

A dishevelled young man was stopped at the door of a fashionable church in London. "Are you related to the bride or groom?" asked the sexton. "No," said the young man. "Then what interest, may I ask, have you in a ceremony that is to be of the quietest character?" "I'm the defeated candidate!" replied the young man.

**"Going Some."**

The recently appointed chief justice is a pretty good story teller. He was formerly a Louisiana sugar planter, and this is one of the stories attributed to him:

Two negroes on a Louisiana plantation became involved in a row with another Ethiopian who was handy with a gun. The two started to run about the time the bad man began to shoot. The fleeing ones had proceeded about a hundred yards when the following dialogue occurred:

"Sam, you hear dat bullet?"

"Yes, I hearn it—two times."

"How you mean two times?" asked the questioner, as he quickened his pace.

"I hearn dad bullet once when it passed me, and den anudder time when I passed it," jerked out Sam between short breaths.—New York Tribune.



TORONTO.—PRESS BUILDING, TORONTO EXHIBITION.

**At Sea.**

Miss Maude Adams, at a dinner on the Mauritania, said of ship-board etiquette:

"It is unconventional and odd. Sometimes it causes embarrassment. For example:

"A beautiful young widow sat in her deck-chair in the stern, and near her sat a very handsome man. The widow's little son, an urchin of four or five years, crossed over to the man and said:

"What's 'oor name?"

"Herkimer Wilkinson," was the smiling reply.

"Is oo married?"

"No; I'm a bachelor."

"The child turned to its mother and said:

"What else shall I ask him, mamma?"

**Where Alone is Rest.**

The late Henry Ward Beecher once got a letter from a youth, asking him to find an easy berth. Beecher replied as follows:—"If you wish an easy berth, don't be an editor. Do not try the law. Do not think of the ministry. Avoid school keeping. Let alone all ships, stores, shops, merchandise. Abhor politics. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer nor mechanic; neither be a soldier nor sailor. Don't work. Don't study. Don't think. None of these are easy. Oh, my friend! you have come into a hard world. I know of but one easy place in it, and that is the grave!"

The Sun Life of Canada is  
 "Prosperous and Progressive."