

The Craven Dam, at the junction of the Qu'Appelle with the outlet from Long Lake.

## Only a Trifle Gone.

The editor of a paper in Western Indiana declares it to be a fact that a "cub" reporter on an Evansville sheet, in describing the murder of a man in an adjacent town, wired his paper as follows:

"Murderer evidently in quest of money. Luckily Jones had deposited all his funds in the bank day before, so he lost nothing but his life."

## Senator Hoar on Profanity.

United States Senator Hoar above all things disliked profanity. The story is told, how much shocked the venerable senator would be by the inflammatory interjections of a certain politician, with whom he frequently was compelled to confer. But on such occasions he would refrain from censuring the culprit except in the mildest manner. One day when the politician came to the senator's committee-room on a subject of considerable importance, Mr. Hoar indicated a seat to him and remarked, "Now, Mr. Blank, before we enter upon a discussion of this question, we shall assume that everybody and everything is damned. Then we can talk it over amicably."

## Why Norah Was Worried.

My maid Norah went to consult a fortune-teller and returned wailing dismally.

"Did she predict some great trouble?" I asked, sympathetically.

"Och, mem, sich terrible news!" moaned Norah, rocking back and forth wringing her hands.

"Tell me," I said, wishing to comfort the girl.

"She told me thot me father wurks hard shovellin' coal an' 'tindin' foires fer a livin'."

"But that's no disgrace nor sorrow," I said, a trifle vexed at such affectation.

"Och, mem, me poor father!" sobbed Norah. "He's bin dead these noine years!"

## Catching A Skeptic.

A well-known divine was once reading his Bible in a railway carriage, when a fellow passenger of skeptical proclivities said, "It is time you ceased reading that book which the scientific world has long since repudiated."

"It would be better for you, sir, if you knew more about this old Book," replied the clergyman.

"Oh, I know all about that old Book; I have studied it from one end to the other."

"Then will you please tell me," inquired the minister, "what you think of the Book of Jehoachim?"

The Book of Jehoachim, sir, is the

best book in your Bible," replied the skeptic; "but it is full of historical inaccuracies."

"There is no such book in the Bible," replied the clergyman.

The skeptic immediately subsided.

## Spoke Only for Himself.

An Atlanta minister tells this at his own expense. He had employed as a general utility man a country negro named Jake, and found him a very satisfactory servant, except for the habit he had of asking rather long vacations every little while. One day he came to the minister and made his usual request.

"Ah's des bleegeed ter go, Mars Jeems," he said. "Ah dun had er letter frum mah wife what libes out yander in de country, an' she dun say Ah hatter come home an' help pick cotton."

"When did you get your letter?" the minister asked.

"Last Chusday, sah."

"Well, I had one from her yesterday in which she said that, after all, she thought she could manage the cotton, and for you not to come. How about that?" asked the minister, who had a rather well-developed sense of humor, and who was secretly greatly amused.

"Dat so?" the man asked, in surprise.

"Den Ah reckon Ah won't go."

As he was leaving the room, he turned and said:

"Mars Jeems, Ah reckon Ah oughter fess dat Ah war tellin' a lie—Ah nebber had no wife in mah life!"

## An Anecdote of Wagner.

The following anecdote of Wagner is told by Alfred Reisenauer, the pianist, who, as a pupil of Liszt, knew the composer of "Parsifal" personally.

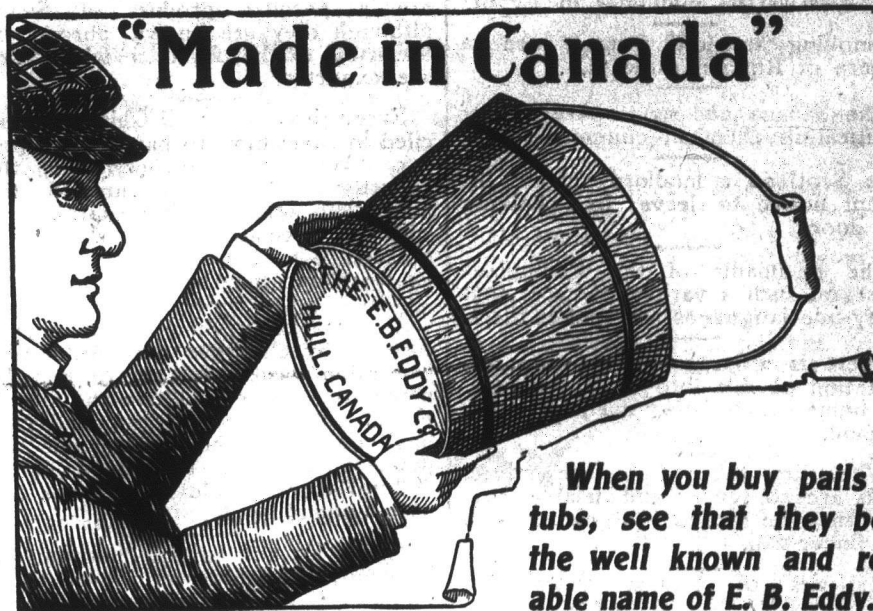
"Wagner was always more or less self-conscious," says Reisenauer, "and only at rare intervals did his friends see him in moods that could be called anything but premeditated. In Bayreuth I saw him in a highly characteristic situation, and I never shall forget it. It was at a rehearsal of 'Parsifal'. The garden scene had just been admirably sung and danced, whereupon Wagner, in his exuberant joy, hugged and kissed the artists, and then, quite beside himself, got down on all fours and barked like a dog, concluding his exhibition by throwing his legs in the air and balancing himself on his head. At this interesting moment Liszt and several of his pupils, including myself, walked on the stage. Quick as a flash, Liszt, who always played the role of Wagner's self-constituted defender, said grimly, 'Well, if that's a pose, it's the hardest one in the world to hold, by thunder!' For the sake of the Meister we tried to restrain our mirth, but the effort was not wholly successful. I firmly believe, however, that Wagner himself was secretly pleased at the sensation for which he was responsible."



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Earl Grey from the elevator.