

## In Lighter Vein

### Wise Silence

He had studied by himself, and came up for examination to college with inadequate preparation. He approached ancient history with fear and doubt, for he had had little time to stuff himself with the history of the Caesars.

The paper contained a question at which the young man looked with dismay. "What can you say about Caligula?" He did not remember that Caligula was the worst of a long line of mad and bad Roman emperors.

But a witless inspiration came to him, of the sort that often saves the young and ignorant. He wrote:

"The less said about Caligula, the better."

He passed.

### A Partly Good Egg

Hal had just sent his dish of cereal back to the kitchen. "It's not half-cooked!" he said disdainfully. "When I was a boy," began his father, "children were taught, in fact, made, to eat what was put on their plates."

"Would you have eaten raw oatmeal?" demanded Hal.

"I would," said his father, virtuously, "unless I'd been lucky enough to slip it to the dog or on my sister's plate."

"I am not so sure of it," retorted the officer.

"But I am Doctor Clifford, and I am due to preach in another minute and a half."

"Oh, are you?" said the incredulous policeman. "I have let in two Doctor Cliffords already."

### An Unexpected Promotion

Benny's intellectual achievements were far from notable, but in the eyes of his small sister he was nonetheless a wonderful personage. She keenly resented allusions to his lengthy stay in the last desk row at school, although Benny himself took quite a cheerful and philosophic view of the matter.

One afternoon the little girl appeared, flushed and panting, in the library doorway.

"Daddy," she exclaimed, "you promised Benny a dollar when he got moved off the bottom bench, and now he's up in the next row with me and—"

"Why, what's this I hear, my son?" his father welcomed him. "I'm very glad you've worked your way up—"

The boy stared uncomprehendingly. "Elsie says you're in the second row now," his father continued, in explanation.

nacle, which my eyes have been aching through all the weary years to see once more before I die. My longing has been satisfied at last, and I thank you from the bottom of a grateful heart!"

Again lifting his hat, he stepped forth into the pouring rain and strode rapidly down the street.

### New Caste

Two men were discussing the social station of a lord who had married an American girl.

"You say his social position has improved since he married her?"

"Yes, indeed. Formerly he was only a nobleman, but now he belongs to our heiresstocracy."

### Harder Work, Higher Pay

Mrs. Blank was trying to decide upon a new cook. "You say you have not had much experience?" she ventured, as she looked doubtfully at the applicant.

"No'm."

"Well, I like your being truthful about it, but—it seems to me you're asking rather high wages for an inexperienced person."

"Well, ma'am," returned the applicant, "you see, it's just that much harder for me, not knowing how to do the work, and having it on my mind how I might be making you all ill any minute with a misstep."

### Not a Favorite Breed

Lovers of good, plain dogs, which have been allowed to grow naturally, will ap-

## A Temperance Question

### ALCOHOLIC EXTRACTS

Contain 4 drops Flavor and 36 drops of Alcohol to the spoonful.

### NON-ALCOHOLIC

4 drops NON-ALCOHOLIC FLAVOR equals one Spoonful ordinary Extract.

### WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

1 PART FLAVOR.

9 parts Alcohol.

10 parts Flavor.

NO ALCOHOL.

### WHICH ARE YOU USING?

### NON-ALCOHOLIC

Original

PURE FOOD FLAVORS

in tubes

One 25c tube equals three 25c bottles. 30

Flavors—All guaranteed or money refunded.

### STOP USING ALCOHOL

in your Extracts. Order a tube of NON-

ALCOHOLIC PURE FOOD FLAVORS

to-day. Send for complete list of Flavors and

Profit Sharing Plan.

Price 25c and 50c per tube Postpaid.

O. E. Baer, Mfg. Agent, Dept. W.

282 Robert St. Toronto, Ont.

**Grand Trunk Pacific**

**Canadian Industrial Exhibition**

WINNIPEG, MAN.

July 10th to 18th, 1914

**SINGLE FARE**

FOR

**ROUND TRIP**

From all stations on the Grand Trunk Pacific in Ontario (Ft. William and West), Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia.

Good Going, Tuesday, July 7th, to Friday, July 17th inclusive.

Returning Wednesday, July 22nd, 1914.

For tickets, reservations and full particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Pacific Agent. Passengers from stations where there are no agents can purchase reduced fare tickets from train agent.

W. J. QUINLAN,  
District Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.



Winnipeg School Boys at their Cadet Inspection.

"Nearly always," he went on, "we took what was given us without a word. Children were not supposed to condemn, criticize or otherwise assert themselves."

"It made for heroism, if not for truthfulness," he continued, in a glow of pride and reminiscence.

"I remember being at Aunt Martha's at Thanksgiving-time. She was an excellent soul, but her fetish was economy—in just the wrong things."

"At breakfast one morning, while I was struggling with an egg, she said she was afraid it wasn't very good, but without offering a substitute."

"Oh, it's all right," I said, manfully, for mother's eyes were upon me. "Some parts of it are very good."

### A Well-Supplied Pulpit

There are various morals to this story of Doctor Clifford, the eminent English clergyman. One is that it is wise for public speakers not to put off their appearance at the meetings they are to address till the last moment. A writer in *Woman's Life* tells the story.

Doctor Clifford was once conducting a series of services in Birmingham. Arriving a few minutes before the commencement, the doctor was refused admission by the policeman at the door.

"I want to go in," said Doctor Clifford.

"Are you a seat-holder?"

"No, I am not."

"Then you can't go in."

"I think," remarked the famous passive resister, "that there will be room for me in the pulpit."

"Course!" returned the youngster, imperturbably. "We're all in the second row—the bottom bench's being painted."

### What Moved Him

The extravagant hats which the ladies have been wearing this year have little to recommend them, but they have at least proved a boon to the comic artists and the funny men of the newspapers. Here is a *jeu d'esprit* taken from the *Chicago Tribune*:

The rain, which had come suddenly and unexpectedly, was falling in torrents. Among the persons who had taken shelter under a friendly awning was a fashionably dressed woman.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said a plainly attired man considerably past middle age, stepping up to her and lifting his hat, but I want to offer you my sincere thanks."

"What do you mean, sir?" she said.

"Thanks for what?"

"I never expected to see it again," he went on. "It has been nearly thirty years since—"

"Since what, sir? What are you talking about?"

"Pardon my emotion, madam, but I used to live in Salt Lake City and—"

"I have nothing to do with Salt Lake City, sir. I never was there in my life."

"But I was. That was my home for many years. And when I saw—"

"When you saw what?"

"That hat of yours, madam. It brought back the old thrill. It's an exact reproduction of the great Mormon Taber-

preciate the story of the English pedlar who went to a dealer in dogs and thus described what he wanted:

"Hi wants a kind of dog about so 'igh an' so long. Hit's a kind of gry'ound, an' yet it ain't a gry'ound, because 'is tyle is shorter nor any o' these 'ere gry'ounds, an' 'is nose is shorter, an' 'e ain't so slim round the body. But still 'e's a kind o' gry'ound. Do you keep such dogs?"

"No," replied the dog man. "We drowns 'em."

### Not Epicures

A city woman who had decided that she would keep some hens as profitable amusement during her long summers in the country asked the farmer of whom she bought them what they could eat.

The man looked at her in silent amazement for a moment before he replied.

"It would take me the rest o' my days to tell ye what they can eat," he said, at last, "but it won't take long to tell ye what they can't. You avoid feeding 'em with salt fish and cobblestones, and I guess you won't have any trouble."

### For a Remote Future

Mr. Green looked with a calm but not unkindly gaze at the simple-minded young man from Vermont who aspired to be his son-in-law.

"What preparations have you made for the future?" he asked, gravely. "You know how my daughter has been brought up."

"Yes, sir," said the young man, with equal gravity, "but up in our little town there's not so much difference between the Orthodox and the Methodists as there is in some places, and I'd be willing to go to the Orthodox Church if 'twould make any difference. I'm not what you'd call narrow, sir."

### He Knew His Worth

A gentleman calling on a member of Parliament one day, while waiting in the reception-room, was attracted by the manner of the small attendant, and started a random conversation.

"And how much do you earn a week, me boy?" he inquired.

"Ten pounds," said the youngster, with avidity.

Being shown into the member's private office just then, the visitor's surprise found vent in words.

"Mighty bright youth you have, to be getting ten pounds a week," he remarked.

"Why," said the member of Parliament, "he gets only twenty-two shillings."

"But he told me just now you were giving him ten pounds a week," persisted the gentleman.

"Nonsense!" said the member of Parliament, and he touched the bell.

"Billy," he said, "did you tell this gentleman I was paying you ten pounds a week?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't? Well, what did you say?"

"I said I earned it," was the prompt and stout rejoinder.