Storiettes

Appearances are sometimes deceitful, as the traveller in Arkansas discovered. He saw a negro seated on a covered. He saw a negro seated on a fence evidently observing the telegraph wires with deep interest. "Watching the wires?" he asked. "Yes, sah." "Waiting to see a message go by, hey?" The negro smiled and said, "Yes, sah." The gentleman kindly told him that messages were invisible, and explained the working of the elecand explained the working of the elec tric current to him at length. Concluding, he said: "Now you know something about it." "Yes, sah." "What do you work at?" "I'm a telegraph operator at the Hazel Switch station,

A young New York man, a member of one of the first families as far as wealth is concerned, had been in the habit of writing poems, which, unable to dispose of he to dispose of, he managed to get printed in certain publications by paying therefor at advertising rates. He attended a social gathering at which a cynical old fellow named Timble, who despised the would-be poet, knowing of his manner of obtaining publicity, chanced to be present. The rich young man lost no chance of referring to his "works," and finally remarked, ostentatiously, that he was born on the same day that Washington Irving died. "Both of which occurrences," snapped old Timble, "have had a very depressing effect upon American literature."

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Two students at the University of California, not overburdened with means, room together and do their own cooking. A few days ago one returned from marketing with two chops, among other things. Hardly had they been placed on the table than the cat sprang upon them, caught up one of the pieces of meat, and dashed off with it. "Ah," said the second student, "the cat has run away with your chop."

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"Bliggins says he got on by burning the midnight oil." "Well, keeping late hours did help him some. He danced all night three or four times a week till finally he met a rich girl and married her."—Buffalo Courier.

"Miss Norah, if it wasn't for Tirrence O'Brien that do be coortin' ye, I'd be after havin' somethin' to say to ye, mesif, th' night." "It's very considerate ye are, Mr. Mulligan, but did ye niver hear that prisint company is always accipted?"—Dallas News.

* * *

The president of the company stopped to speak to old George. "How soes it?" he asked, genially. "Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. And he continued to currycomb a bay horse. "Me an' this here hoss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for your firm sixteen year." "Well, well," said the president, thinking a little guiltily of George's salary. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?" "H'm," said George, "the both of us was took sick last week, and they got a doctor for the hoss, but they just docked my pay."

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Henry Carey, a cousin to Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her Majesty's favour for several years, lost it in this manner: As he was walking in the garden of the palace, under the Queen's window, she asked him in a jocular manner, "What does a man think when he is thinking of nothing?" The answer was a very brief one. "Upon a woman's promise," he replied. "Well done, cousin!" said Elizabeth; "excellent!" Some time after he solicited the honor of a peerage, and reminded the queen that she had promised it to him. "True," said Her Majesty; "but that was a woman's promise."









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