



The farmer has caws for alarm when he sees the crows hovering over his cornfield.

The office clock with a cathedral chime must sometimes see strikingly out of place.

Adam and Eve had the earth at one time. Their experience should be a warning to those people who want it to-day.

"If marriage is a failure," said Binks, "what on earth is an engagement?" "Only a temporary embarrassment," said Maude.

The man who undertook to dress according to the thermometer this Spring wore a linen suit and carried a fur lined ulster.

"Let us see, a cynic is a man who is tired of the world, is he not?" the young language student asked. "No, no, my child," replied the knowing tutor. "A cynic is a man of whom the world is tired."

An eminent surgeon says that with four cuts and a few stitches he can alter a man's face so his own mother would not know him. That's nothing. Any newspaper in this country can do that much with only one cut.

A recent report of an embezzlement accuses a bank official of being responsible for the "impairment of the resources of the bank." In these days a spade is no longer a spade; it is an agricultural implement designed for the tilling of the soil.

Bobby: "Well, sir, you see, orders is orders. Your little dog ain't got a muzzle on, and I'll have to trouble you for pa's name and address." Master Tom: "Why, don't you know? We know you. Your name's Jim Wilson, and our nurse has got your cabinet photograph in her work box."



THE WORM—

WEARY RAGGLES (to his companion).—Wake up, Wayside! I say, ain't they some law agin' this ruthless defacing of nat'l scenery by commercial vandals.

A tough beefsteak is a cure for the consumption—of the beefsteak.

"This poor fellow is to be pitied," said the small-pox of the patient.

Most people wouldn't have so many troubles if they didn't spend so much time in talking about them.

There is no solitude so miserable as that of the man alone in a noisy city, unless it be that of a man alone with a noisy baby.

For every man who knows more than he tells, there are fifty who tell more than they know.

Exclaimed the angler to the trout,
"Your playing with the bait, no doubt,
Is cunning as 'tis pat,
But when you come to bite the same
I wish to pointedly exclaim,
I draw the line at that."

Mrs. HICKS.—"That's a dreadfully uncouth trick of yours, wiping off the chairs before you sit down. It appears as if you were afraid you would get your trousers soiled. I was terribly mortified last evening."

MR. HICKS.—"Never you mind, Mariar; I taught a district school fourteen years before I married you."

The Villian Unmasked.

NOTE.—This story will not be published in book form.

CHAPTER I.

GWENDOLINE Iphigenia Broughne, sat in her exquisitely furnished boudoir receiving the finishing touches which her own maid was bestowing on her elaborate toilet. Gwendoline was a beauty of the most bewitching type, with a superb form and faultlessly featured face, a complexion of milk and cherries, eyes as blue as heaven's own azure, a mouth like a rosebud and hair like the tassels of corn when it is made luminous with the golden sunshine that issues from the portals of the morning.

Somewhat impatiently tapping the rich Persian carpet with a satin slipper, which incased a tiny foot smaller than that of the head wife of a Chinese mandarin, she said:

"Marie."

"Oui, mademoiselle."

"Who sent those flowers?"

"Lord Nozoo."

"Ah! I expect him. There's his ring now. Am I ready?"

"Oui, Mademoiselle."

CHAPTER II.

Lord Nozoo sprang from the rich fauteuil on which he had been sitting, as Gwendoline in all the pride of her regal loveliness swept into the room, and with outstretched hands and an eager light in his eye darted forward to meet her.

"Stop!" she said, with a commanding gesture.

He stopped.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Lord Nozoo," he replied.

"You have no right to the title," she said. "It has been discovered that you are an impostor, a bogus lord. And to think that I gave up John Smith for you! By assuming a title you thought to marry me and obtain possession of my wealth. Your villainy is unmasked."

"The game's up, then," he said with a sigh of resignation.

"It is. What is your real name?"

"I decline to reveal it."

"I know what it is," she said, as she turned to leave the apartment.

"What is it?" he asked, with blanched cheeks.

Sweeping out of the room with the same regal air that she entered it, she turned her head, and casting upon him a withering look, said, in tones in which scorn and indignation were blended:

"Your name is Dennis."

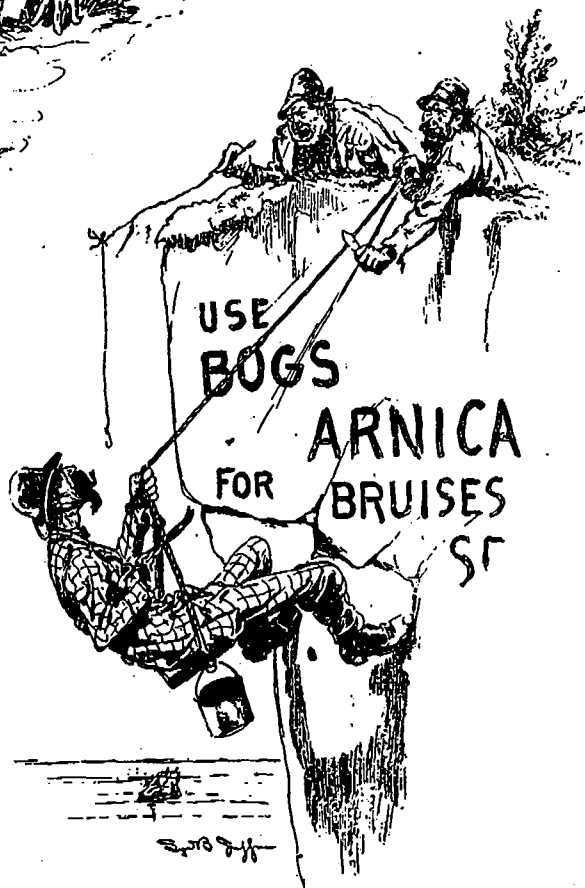
THE END.

"Tastes differ," said Mugley. "Good thing they do," put in Bottleton. "If they didn't, squills and strawberries would taste the same."

Detroit Free Press: Sports who invest in the ante are sooner or later bound to call upon their uncle.

Wife.—You can buy a sealskin sacque now for a song. Husband.—Sorry, my love, but I can't sing, you know.

Someone once said that he could almost hear the grass grow. We disbelieved him until, while crossing Holmes Field the other day, we distinctly heard it mown.



—WILL TURN.

WAYSIDE INNIS.—Excuse us, Mister; but could you oblige a couple of gents with the price of two good suits of clothes?



"FARMER B," Kentville, N.S., writes:—If any of your readers have tried to make a walk with coal ashes without success, here is a recipe which will help them out: Mix with ashes and coal screenings some unslaked lime, adding water sufficient to make a concrete. Put it on when it is the consistency of water, and roll smooth. If care is taken to follow these directions, this mixture will grow as hard as an oak floor, and a second application is only necessary to fill out the uneven spots.

"VET," Toronto, writes:—Comparatively few animals are properly groomed. A farmer's son may clean the colt, but the old horse that daily performs the drudgery of the farm seldom has the dust, dirt, and sweat thoroughly removed from his sensitive skin, that plays so important a part in his healthfulness. If the importance of grooming could be impressed upon farmers, and they would practice what they learn, it would add many years to the valuable service of farm animals. An important part of grooming is hand-rubbing. The legs of some horses are liable to swell, and there is no remedy so successful as hand-rubbing. The curry-comb should never be used on the bony parts of the head or on the legs. A good bed is not only a comfort to the tired horse, but it also saves much labor in grooming.

"ALICE," Dunville, Ont., writes:—I would like to say a few words about seeds for the garden. We see cheap seeds advertised, and when grown they are not worth the space they occupy. We cannot expect to "gather grapes from thistles, nor figs from thorns," neither can you raise flowers from poor and trashy seed. If I could not afford to lay out much money, I should buy only one paper of seed, but I should want the best. If several friends or neighbors would join you, they could with a small outlay have a variety of very choice seeds, as one package contains too much for a very small garden. I have always found plants of my own raising more satisfactory than bought ones; not being forced there is no falling back. You may have noticed no matter how fine a plant you buy, after a short time it degenerates; the flowers grow smaller, and do not open regularly, and the plant makes very little headway till nearly time for frost. The following are about the best for border and baskets; they are six to eight inches high: Sweet Alyssum (little gem) one of the loveliest, very fragrant; can be potted in the fall and bloom all winter. Pyrethrum Aureum (golden feather) with handsome yellow foliage; is very hardy. I have some in my garden now, raised three years ago from seed. Miosotis (Forget-me-not) for a shady border. Oxalis rosea, also hardy; and last but not least, the lovely double Portulacca—no soil is too poor for them; neither heat nor drought is too great; when other flowers wilt in the hot atmosphere of July and August, they gladden you with hundreds of lovely flowers of all shades and colors. For bedding and pot culture, Sweet Mignonette (marchant) is the red and Golden Queen the yellow variety. The new Marguerite Carnation, mixed colors, is said to bloom four months after sowing, and all winter in the house. Coreopsis or Calliopsis, Candy tuft, Marigold, Larkspur, Poppy, Trinnia, Phlox drummondii and the Camelia flowered Balsam. They come in all shades and colors, and are so much improved you would hardly recognize the old fashioned Lady-Slipper in them. Asters are particularly fine for fall blooming. For climbers prefer Honeysuckle and Wisteria. Still if you prefer those that die down in the winter, take Balsam apple, Hyacinth bean, Sweet Peas, and the tall growing Nasturtiums. These are about the most desirable annuals. Of course there are others just as desirable, but for those you are too late as they should be started early under glass.