

to an old fisherman, he said: "It is very stupid of you, I think, to sell such herring at 50 for 6d. Why, if you take them down to London you could get 1s. 6d. a dozen for them easily!" The old fisherman scratched his head thoughtfully. "Mun," says he, "y're right, ye mon be frae ane o' the colleges, I suppose. It's a wunner it never struck me afore. An' I'm jist thinkin' if ye could jist cart Loch Lomon' doon tae Hell an' sell it at a penny a mug-foo, ye'd mak ye're fortune in sax weeks."—*Glasgow University Magazine*

A POETICAL SIGN BOARD.

"We won't print any such stuff as that!" said the editor loftily, as he handed back the manuscript to the ambitious gent'leman from '98. "Well, you needn't be so haughty about it," retorted the latter. "You're not the first one who wouldn't print it." And having thus squelched the editor, he walked out of the sanctum.—*Ex.*

A lady, after looking over the books on the counter at one of our bookstores the other day, stepped up to a clerk and asked: "Have you 'Cometh'?" "Cometh, ma'm; I don't know of any book by that name." "Oh, don't you? Well, I saw a book here called 'Goethe,' and I thought likely there was a companion book by the name of 'Cometh'."—*Boston Transcript.*

THANKFUL.

"I don't see what makes people go to football games on Thanksgiving Day," remarked his wife. "It hasn't anything to do with the spirit of the occasion."

"Oh, yes, it has," was the reply. "I never went to a football game in my life that I didn't feel tremendously thankful that I wasn't one of the players."

The above goes very well with the experience of the little girl, who locked up the dog in a dark closet while the family were at church Thanksgiving day, so that he might be thankful when they came home and let him out.

A BOGY.—On a certain festive occasion, a great French naturalist had dined not wisely but too well. When he retired to rest, his repose was troubled, and he dreamed a dream. It appeared to the slumbering naturalist that a sort of bogy entered the room, having something of the outward semblance of a cow. "I've

come to eat you!" roared the bogy. The naturalist eyed the animal with the unflinching and critical gaze of a scientific man. "Horns," he muttered to himself, "hoofs and a tail. Graminivorous! Impossible!"—and, so saying, he turned upon his side and saw no more of the ridiculous and untruthful cow that night.

—*Distaff.*

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