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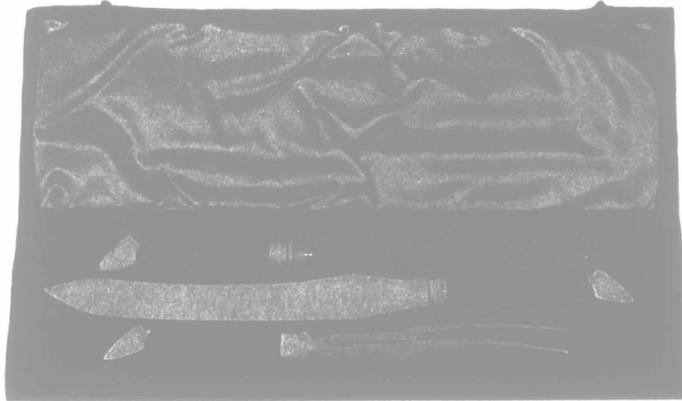
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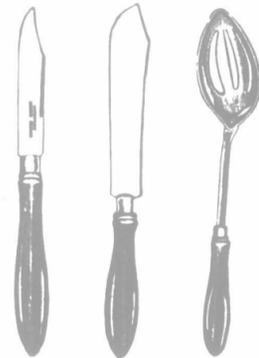
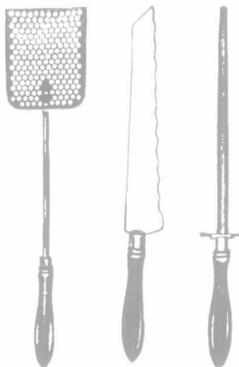
**SET SCISSORS.**—One self-sharpening scissors, one embroidery scissors, one buttonhole scissors—will cut buttonhole any size. All good quality steel. For only **One New Subscriber** to The Farmer's Advocate. Must be sent by present subscriber.

### A Complete Kitchen Equipment. A Utensil for Every Purpose.

All made of the highest grade of crucible steel, carefully tempered, ground and polished by the latest improved process. Rubberoid finished hardwood handles, mounted with nickel-plated ferrules. Now is your opportunity to supply your kitchen with a complete cutlery outfit.

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These premiums are given only to our present subscribers for sending in bona-fide new yearly subscriptions, accompanied by \$1.50 each.

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## The William Weld Company, Limited, London, Ontario.

### THE SPICE OF LIFE.

The child who defined a mountain range as "a largesized cook-stove" had imagination, if not accurate information. On a test paper at the Sheffield Scientific School, says a writer in Everybody's Magazine, an older student made a much worse blunder. The question read, "What is the office of the gastric juice?" The answer, no doubt struck off in the heat and hurry of the examination, was, "The stomach."

The Doctor—"Some creatures, you know, are exceedingly sensitive to musical sounds. You may not believe it, but it is a well-authenticated fact that two song sparrows once flew into a room where a grand-opera singer was rehearsing an aria, listened a few moments, and dropped dead."

The Professor—"I don't doubt it. I have heard before of killing two birds with one's tone."

It was at the time of the Japanese scare, and the people in the far western country were all wrought up.

"I'm wid Teddy on this," said one. "We must have a big navy. The bigger the better, says I. No nation can be thrily great widout a navy. No nation ever has."

"Whist!" put in another Irishman. "No nation has never been great widout a navy? Luk at Ireland. No navy, an' thim widout a navy, no navy think!"

"I regret to announce," said the substitute preacher, "that your beloved pastor, Dr. Pounder, is indisposed, and will be unable to occupy this pulpit for several weeks. Our text this morning is from Hebrews iv, 9: 'There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God.'" And he could not think why some of the congregation smiled.

A writer in the Argonaut tells of the sister of Lord Houghton, who was frequently annoyed at the guests whom her brother brought to the house.

"Do you remember, my dear," he asked her at dinner one day, "whether that famous scoundrel X was hanged or acquitted?"

"He must have been hanged," she replied, "or you would have had him to dinner long ago."

Policemen in New York and Brooklyn are required, while on their beats, to keep a record of the night's events in little books furnished them by the Department.

A new "rapper," just appointed and not long over, was put out in Brooklyn. He found a large, dead dog at the corner of two streets. He took out his head, and went on. "This morning, at 11:30 a. m., I found a dead dog at the corner of 125th and 126th streets, and discovered it was a bulldog named 'Pezko.' Then he was killed by a car." Then he was put out to the corner of 125th and 126th streets.

A "cub" reporter on a daily paper was sent out by the city editor to get a story on the marriage of a young society girl and a man well known in the city. The "cub" was gone about an hour and then returned and went aimlessly over to his desk, by which he sat down. Shortly afterward the city editor noticed his presence and his evident idleness. "Here, kid!" shouted the superior, "why aren't you at work on that wedding?" "Nothin' doing," replied the boy. "Nothing doing? What do you mean? Didn't the wedding take place?" "Nope; the bridegroom never showed up, so there ain't nothin' to write."

Scene: Boer farmer sitting at door of his cottage, large stack of hay in backyard.

Enter Colonel Shovelong's staff officer. Staff O.—I have orders to either buy or destroy all forage and food in this district. I therefore give you notice that I am about to set fire to that pile of cat straw.

Boer Farmer—Bod I tell you—

Staff O.—Resistance is futile.

Boer Farmer—Bod could you please—

Staff O.—I can listen to no excuses.

The stack of straw presently bursts into flames, and the staff officer goes on his way rejoicing. The Boer turns to his wife and says: "Dose khakis are strange peoples. I wanted to dell him dat dis vas de oat straw dat I haff sold to his colonel half an hour ago." And he thoughtfully jingled the British sovereigns in his pocket.

Mr. D— went to the club, leaving Mrs. D— with a lady friend, whose abilities as a scandal-monger and mischiefmaker were pre-eminent. When he returned, he just poked his head into the drawing-room and said, with a sigh of relief:

"That old cat's gone, I suppose?"

For an instant there was a profound silence, for as he uttered the last word he encountered the stony stare of the lady who had been in his mind. Then his wife came to the rescue.

"Oh, yes, dear," she said, "I sent it to the cats' home in a basket first thing this morning."

Here is what a Bohemian man says in answer to the question, "Does a calf drink milk from a pail?"

"Ring off, the whole bunch of you, and get back to the land. It is not a case of drinking either in or from; it's suckling. And using your fingers as a teat while your hand is in the milk, he sucks and fidgets till he gets his nose into the milk and shuts off his wind, then with a frisk of his tail he gives a snort and a hunt, that sends the milk into your face and all over you, and you give him a side swipe with your foot, as you shower hunks of tangled language at him. But there is no sport in the blamed calf. Not a bit. He just stands there, milk dripping from his nose, and stares at you with unflinching eyes, wondering how in Sam Hill the teat and milk have so suddenly changed into a kicking, blithering idiot on two legs."