



INVESTIGATING THE FIRE.

FIRE MARSHAL—You say it started in the waste-basket. Now, you had four of these grenades in a rack at your elbow, how was it that you did not use them?
MR. CASSIDY—Och! Them things, is it? Sure, I thot of them to wast; but while I was gittin' a corkscrew to open wan, the fire got the start of me intirely!

A SNAG STORY.

Commodore Davidson's greatest enjoyment was story telling. One of his pet stories was about a pilot who had been discharged from an opposition line because he had run his boat upon a snag and sunk her. When the fellow came to the Commodore for employment he seemed rather proud that he had struck the snag.

"I don't want pilots who run upon snags," said the Commodore.

"Of course you don't. I wouldn't if I were in your place," said the applicant. "That's why I think you ought to hire me."

"But do you strike snags?"

"I used to, Commodore, but I don't now. I've been running on snags in this river off and on now for fifteen years, and I've hit every one of 'em, every blamed one of 'em, Commodore. But I never hit the same one twice, so I'm the safest man you can get now."

The Commodore used also to tell a companion to this one. It was about another man who came to him to get a place as pilot.

"Do you know the river the Commodore asked?"

"Yes, sir."

"Know where the snags are, do you?"

"No, sir; I don't."

"Then how in the world do you expect to handle a boat safely?"

"Well, Commodore, I know where the snags aint, and that's where I always run my boat."

FOUR FATHERS.

Josie's mind became exercised upon the subject of her forefathers.

"Four fathers," she soliloquized; "I am sure I can't think who they are. There's father and my two grandfathers, that's plain enough. But who can the other be?"

Here she twitched her mother's dress inquiringly, but no immediate answer being given, she solved the problem for herself with a triumphant shout:

"Oh, I know! It is 'Our Father who art in heaven.' I have got four fathers!"

And she walked off, disdaining further information on the subject.

REMEMBERED ALMOST EVERYTHING.

"John," she said, as they were leaving the Union station, "have you got my valise?"

"Yes."

"Got the shawl?"

"Yes."

"Got my new umbrella and the lunch box?"

"Yes."

"And Uncle Henry's field glasses and the cushion to sit on while we see the parade?"

"Yes."

She thought for a while and then exclaimed:

"Oh, John! where's the baby?"

"Well," said John, slowly, "I must own up, Maria, I did forget the baby."

And he went back to recover the one thing that had escaped his attention.

A Georgia exchange, in giving a definition of a philosopher, says that a philosopher is a man who earns \$9 a week and is contented with the world.

The surest way out of serious trouble is to keep out.

"You have been losing flesh lately, haven't you?" "Yes; I've been shaving myself."

He—"What makes you think this is the milk train?" She—"Because it has stopped so often for water."

The man who has the smoothest sailing in life does not always have the pleasantest landing place when the voyage is ended.

"Did Mr. Cumso seem annoyed at your calling with his bill?" asked Mr. Gaskett of his new collector. "No, sir," replied the young man. "On the contrary, he asked me to call again."

She was winding yarn for her grandmother and broke out with: "I wish I was one of those ocean greyhounds we read about." "Why, dear?" "Because I've made forty knots in the last half hour."

A Strachan avenue father went home the other evening and at once asked what caused such an unpleasant odor in the house. Little Mamie, who was looking through a picture book promptly exclaimed: "It's a dead rat in his here pisher, I melled it soon's I turned the leaf."

Little Grandson—"Grandpa, you said last summer when you were here that if I took a cold water bath every morning you would give me something nice." "Yes, Henry, but you didn't do it." "I am taking them now, grandpa; I eluded you knew best." "Glad to hear it, my boy. It will be the making of your health. Take this \$5 and get what you want with it. How long have you kept it up, Henry?" "I commenced this morning."

New father—"What's the baby crying for?" Mother—"Because I told him he looked like you."

He—"Has the young man a good reputation?" She—"Excellent. He has the reputation of being a millionaire."

Doctor—"Mr. De Slimdood is suffering from brain fatigue or mental confusion." Mrs. Heartless—"Ah, he has been trying so hard to think?"

Bicker—"Why do you run out to your farm so often; what is there on the place to absorb your interest?" Dicker—"A thundering big mortgage."

Mrs. Ryer—"Those are nice looking eggs." Grocer (enthusiastically)—"Yes, indeed; they're birds!" And then he wondered why she didn't buy any.

McCarthy—Old Brown declares that you are the most entertaining talker in the club. What do you usually talk about in his company?" McCormick—"Old Brown."

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray do not mention such a trifle," was the not very flattering reply.

Judge—"Ah, you have seen me more than once already, haven't you?" Prisoner—"I have had that your honor. And, as we know each other so well, permit me to ask how your charming wife is."

"Did you write James Skidmore's name on this note?" said the judge to the prisoner accused of forgery. "I'd like to know, judge," said the culprit, "if Jim Skidmore has a copy-right on the letters as happens to form his name."

VIOLATING AN ORDINANCE.

The young fellow about the merchant's store had grown from bad to worse, and at last his employer had an open row with him.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked the youth solemnly.

"I'll fire you," said the irate merchant.

"You do and I'll have you arrested."

The merchant gasped.

"Have me arrested?" he exclaimed, "What for?"

"For firing in the city limits without a permit," and the merchant risked it then and there.

A DECIDED DIFFERENCE.

"What means this colness between Jonson and Joanes—is there a difference between them?"

"Difference? I should say so! As much difference as there is between a gentleman and a donkey."

"Hm! But which is the gentleman and which is the donkey?"

"Well, it is just where they differ."

SMART YOUNG KING.

Court journals always contain smart sayings attributed to royal babies. King Alfonso XIII, of Spain, is only 6½ years old, but when he was confined to his room in Seville from illness the Prime Minister, Senor Canovas, came in and called him by his pet name.

"Ah!" said he, "how is Alfonsito to day?"

The little king looked up severely.

"To mamma I am Alfonsito," said he; "to you I am King."

She was a little old fashioned girl, raised among people much older than herself. One of the cold nights of this old fashioned winter she was sent to bed and a jug of hot water was placed as a protection against cold feet. She made an earnest protest against this, and the mother had to threaten punishment before the little hopeful yielded to the point. No doubt she did some literal kicking after getting into bed, for shortly after doing so she hopped to the top of the stairway with her foot parboiled from the contents of the jug, and with streaming down her cheeks called lustily: "Mamma, it's really very inconvenient for me to have that jug in my bed. It was removed and the nurse sat up with the foot."

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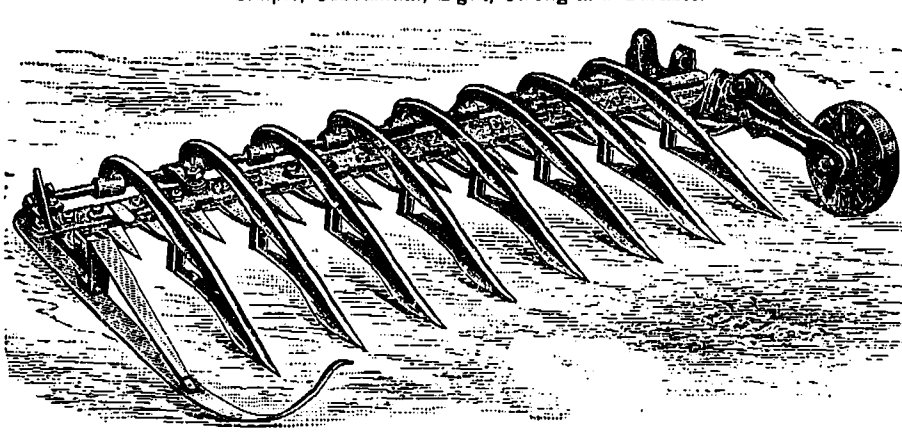
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