

TALES OF THE NURSERY.

Bright Sayings by Some Modern Mites of Humanity.

Sunday School Teacher—What would happen now if people were struck dead for lying, as they were in ancient times?

Bright Pupil—There wouldn't be anybody left to bury 'em.

Uncle George—Tommy, here's a dollar to buy your mamma a birthday present next week. Have you any idea what she would like?

Small Tommy—No, but I know what I'm going to buy for her.

Uncle George—What?

Small Tommy—A toy drum.

Little Elsie (in the country)—Oh, mamma, look at those Leghorn chickens!

Mamma—Yes, I see them, dear. But how do you know they are Leghorns?

Little Elsie—Why, don't you see those little horns on their legs?

Small Edith was visiting in the country for the first time.

"What do you think of our rural scenery, dear?" asked her grandmother.

"Oh, it isn't so bad," replied Edith. "It looks almost as natural as real theater scenery."

Little Elmer—Mamma, won't it do just as well if I take a bath Sunday instead of going to church?

Mamma—Why, what do you mean, dear?

Little Elmer—Well, takin' a bath is the next thing to goin' to church if cleanliness is next to godliness.—Chicago News.

Clara's Joke.

Little ten-year-old Clara had heard a joke at a friend's party. It was entirely new to her, and as soon as she returned home she repeated it, with much elaboration of detail, to her father.

He had heard it many times before, but his unique treatment at Clara's hands amused him so much that he laughed before she was half through.

Clara was much astonished and ejaculated:

"Why, papa, what made you laugh before I had finished?"

"Oh," her father said evasively, "the story was so funny that I couldn't help it!"

"Well," replied Clara, "it takes you quicker to see a joke than anybody I ever saw!"—Bohemian Magazine.

He Loaned Money to Papa.

She—Have you ever loaned papa any money?

He—Once or twice.

She—That must be the reason he has forbidden me to marry you. He says anybody that parts with his money as easily as you do will end in the poor-house.—Judge.

A Modern Cook.



"Mary, why do you let the scullery maid make the dumplings? That should be your work."

"I know it is, ma'am. But my man-cup has forbidden it!"

Cigars and Cigars.

Customer—I want a cigar.

Dealer—Yes, sir. Here's a good cigar. Five cents straight.

Customer—I want a cigar.

Dealer—Beg your pardon, sir. Here's our special fifteen cent straight—Catholic Standard and Times.

Careful of Herself.

Miss Mary, why didn't you finish winding the clock? You only gave it a couple of turns.

Mary—You must remember that I'm leavin' you tomorrow, mum, and I'd not be after doin' any of the new girl's work!—Smith's Weekly.

The Conversation of Coin.

"Money talks," said the succinct person.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "and some of it at present seems to be quite gossip and scandalous in its remarks."—Washington Star.

Concerning Priscilla.

Priscilla knows a clever scheme. To bring the men folk to her side. She drives them single or in team.

For reins, her apron strings, well tied. The other girls might sit an hour in passive attitude and pose.

But what's the use? They lack the power. Priscilla knows.

Priscilla knows when she should talk. And then, again, when smiles go best. She never wants to take a walk.

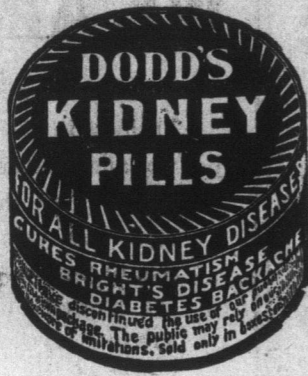
When you are tired and would rest, But, best of all (this is the most beautiful thing to all her beauty), Just how to listen while they boast.—Priscilla knows.

Priscilla knows this thoroughly. And practices it both night and day; Yet when she tries that trick on me The tables turn the other way.

You see, I know Priscilla's plan. And so I make her talk, which shows I'm really quite the nicest man.

Priscilla knows.

—Jack Appleton in Judge.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURES RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE, GRAVEL, GOUT, AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.
The public may be assured that these pills are genuine, and are sold only in the original packages.

GREAT SPECIALISTS IN STOMACH CATARRH.

Though often they fail to give even temporary relief, Mr. W. Seymour, Huntsville, Ont., cured himself with Ferrozone. "My trouble," he says, "was chronic catarrh of the stomach. There was constant bad taste in my mouth, I was constipated and usually nauseated before and after meals. I also had a gnawing sensation in the stomach. Ferrozone gave me great relief, and I also used Catarrhozone, which is good for catarrh. Although it took a number of boxes of Ferrozone, I got back my health and to-day am quite well." For stomach catarrh, indigestion and kindred disorders nothing excels Ferrozone. In a thousand cases it has proved a wonderful success. Try it yourself, 50c. per box at all dealers.

Cannibalism in Papua.

Victoria, B. C., Feb. 18.—Advice from Australia says that H. M. S. Prometheus, a British warship, placed in the vicinity of the group to protect the returning blacks, killed the Village of Sienua on Milne Island. From Papua news was brought of a punitive expedition following a raid on a Cape Capula village, two children being murdered and eaten at a cannibal feast.

Wireless Approved.

Paris, Feb. 18.—The Cabinet Saturday approved the recommendations of the committee of national defense, relative to the organization of wireless stations.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for each case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Welsh Rabbit Fiasco.

"When I was starting my apartment," remembered the bachelor, "several of my lady friends wired me they would bring a small party of people up for Welsh rabbit. I went out and bought a chafin dish, the handsomest I could find; a dozen plates, silver knives and forks, and spoons, and napkins and a table to set the rabbit out on, so that the rabbit, which at a restaurant would have cost about \$1 all told, cost me about \$35. And then they didn't come."

THEY GIVE WONDERFUL HEALTH.

None are of healthy, so buoyant and full of life as those who regulate with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Even in one night they worked wonders. Fur and coating they take from the tongue, headaches they relegate to the past, biliousness and stomach disorders they prevent and absolutely cure.

Think what it means to have the system cleansed and purified by Dr. Hamilton's Pills! A true laxative, a perfect tonic, harmless and wholly vegetable in composition, they will do you good. To feel and look your best use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 35c.

Sudden wealth is apt to bring trouble to its owner.

That's the house the doctor built—The biggest house you see; Thank goodness, he don't get our money.

For we all drink Rocky Mountain Tea.

A. I. McCall & Co.

It's lucky to have a rabbit's foot—at least the rabbit thinks so.

BOWSER, NATURALIST

Discovers That Most Animals Change With Seasons.

IT IS SO WITH MANKIND.

Cost the Philosopher Three Pails of Beer to Corroborate His Theory About the Goose—Takes a Mean Advantage of Mrs. Bowser.

[Copyright, 1905, by C. H. Sutcliffe.]

Mr. Bowser had hardly entered the house the other evening as he returned from the office when he inquired as to the whereabouts of the family cat. Being informed that Glimalkin was circulating around the neighborhood somewhere, he dropped the matter, and, though Mrs. Bowser directly questioned him, he made evasive replies. It was not until dinner was over and they had returned to the sitting room that the cat walked in and took his accustomed place on the rug. Mr. Bowser at once gave the feline his full attention and kept it up so long that Mrs. Bowser petulantly demanded:

"Now, what on earth do you see about that old cat to interest you? One would think you were a child and seeing a cat for the first time."

"I am seeing certain things for the first time nevertheless. I see corroboration."



THE GOOSE MAN WAS IN HIS GOOSEERY.

ration of an article I read in a scientific magazine the other day. Mrs. Bowser, what change do you see in that cat since the fall season set in?"

"None whatever."

"Had you asked me the same question yesterday I should have answered it in the same way. Now I must tell you that I see a dozen changes. You will observe that his eyes are brighter and have a more intense color. There is a certain elation about him. There is an alertness that strikes you at once. He is no longer morbid or lymphatic. He is no more the cat he was last August than day is like night."

"Well?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Well, the same or other changes have taken place in all other animals—in the horse, the ox, the dog, the fowl of the air and of the coop. They have taken place in mankind itself. Ever since the world was created there have been changes of seasons, but up to this present moment mankind has not been ready to admit that all things change with the seasons. It stands to reason that they do, however."

"And, if they do, then what?"

"Then we have solved one of the human problems. If man changes his nature four times a year, as the seasons change, then he has but to discover when he is at his best and his worst to guard against things. Am I the same man I was last spring or last summer?"

"You didn't kick about last month's gas bill."

"Then there has been a change in me. That was the very point I was fishing for. If we can secure a few other instances, we can set it down that human nature is a greater kicker over the small gas bills of summer than over the big ones of winter."

"But haven't we got to take human nature as we find it, good and bad?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"We have had to, but when we find human nature's best and worst seasons we can shape our course accordingly. Suppose that the spring season is your mean and cantankerous season. As soon as I discover it I treat you differently from what I otherwise would. Suppose my cantankerous season is the summer. You know it, and you don't talk back to me during those three months. Is crime more rampant in spring, summer, autumn or winter, and why? Are there more divorces in March than November? Does our conscience upbraid us more in January than July? Why should we give a tramp 10 cents in September and the boot in April?"

It was beyond Mrs. Bowser, and she simply shook her head.

"It is changes, my dear, changes. Last August I seriously thought of getting a divorce from you for your extravagance in using up clothespins. Tonight I feel that I could not sever the bond under any circumstances, not even if you smashed half the crockery in the house. What has changed me except the change of season? If a man has criminal desires in the spring, he must fight them off until summer. If the summer makes a man soft and mellow and an easy mark, he must have a guardian appointed until September comes. I already begin to understand that my season for being real good begins with the first fall month."

What I shall be during the winter season is a mystery at the present moment. The magazine article that I referred to says that the change is more observable in the goose than in any other living thing."

"That's queer."

"So it is, but it will not long remain so. There's a man down the street who keeps geese by the score, and I propose to drop down and have a little talk with him. Like the rest of humanity, I have always supposed that a goose was a goose the year round, but if it is true that she changes her disposition four times a year I want to give her all proper credit."

"I'd let the goose part of it go if I were you," said Mrs. Bowser, feeling trouble in the air all of a sudden.

"But there is the foundation of the whole question, you see. Does the goose change with the seasons? If she does, then why not all other living things, man included? If she changes, what are the changes? I'll be back in an hour and tell you all about it, and I may think best to sit up the rest of the night and write an article dealing with the question."

When Mr. Bowser left the house he headed straight for the gooseery. The fire engines crossed his path, but they could not tempt him aside. There was a free for all fight among a lot of long-shoremen, but he refused to halt. A tramp wanted him to stop and argue on the amount of food a man could live on for a week, but he was brushed aside. The goose man was in his gooseery, as it behooved him to be, and within five minutes of his arrival Mr. Bowser had stated his case. Did a goose change with the season? Under the head of goose he included gander as well. The promptness of the goose man was rather surprising.

"If you will send for a pail of beer, sir, we'll talk," he said, and his little son soon returned with a two quart pail frothing over. He took it that Mr. Bowser was a strictly temperate man and offered him none of the contents.

"Do a goose change with the seasons?" he repeated after imbibing half the contents of the pail without drawing breath. "I answer you that he do, sir. We will begin with spring."

In the spring he is lamblike and would not hurt a fly. He sits and warbles love songs and makes goo-goo eyes at his mates. He takes long walks in the moonlight and can be heard to sigh ten rods off."

"You astonish me!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser.

"Yes, sir, and the pail is empty, and as soon as more beer arrives we will take up summer. Dan, the gentleman is handing you 10 cents for more beer."

When the pail came back and had been duly looked into, the goose man continued:

"When spring runs into summer the goose gets cranky. He drops poetry and love and moonlight and won't take a word from nobody. He becomes morbid. He reasons that all the world is agin him, and it is then that he attacks and devours young children. If you have a young and innocent child, sir, let it beware of the summer goose."

"Nonsense! I have heard of a goose chasing a person, but as for inflicting—"

"You are talking to a man who has lived his life among them, sir. If you were to hand Danny another 10 cents, he would get another pail of beer, and we would pass on to the fall season."

Mr. Bowser hesitated, but finally handed out the money, and four or five minutes later the goose man, refreshed and in good spirits, was saying:

"September has hardly come, sir, when the goose begins to show a disposition to make a ass of himself. He wants hair renewed for his bald head, though he knows that it won't renew. He bosses and bulldozes and thinks he's a devil of a fellow, and the only way to tame him down."

"What are you driving at?" sharply demanded Mr. Bowser as he rose up.

"Danny," said the goose man to his son, "the gentleman will hand you 10 cents to get a pail of beer."

"The gentleman will do nothing of the kind!" replied Mr. Bowser.

"Then the gentleman, as is no gentleman, won't get no more goose information here and can go to Texas."

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