

NOT QUITE TRUTHFUL.

WHEN five or six men get together and begin to tell stories there is always more or less fibbing done, especially if they are only casual acquaintances.

Going down on the boat from Leith there were three or four groups which hung together, and each of us told some pretty good yarns.

There was a man from London who laid himself out for a whopper, and, when the rest of us had finished, he lolled back and said:—

"Gentlemen, the ship which was carrying me to India was burned off the Island of Borneo, and I got away in a boat with a single sailor."

"When was this?" asked a humorous but shrewd Scot.

"In 1858."

"Exactly—go on."

"We had neither water nor provisions in the boat," said the man, "and, after drifting for three days, I wanted to draw lots to see who would die. The sailor refused."

"His name?" asked the Scot.

"Foster, I believe."

"You are right; go on."

"I suffered one day more, and then, as he slept, I killed him with my knife. It saved my life. Next day I was picked up by a ship."

"And you killed the man, did you?"

"I did."

"And drank his blood?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are the man I've been looking for these many years. The sailor was my brother—the only brother I ever had!"

"No."

"Yes, he was. Some of those who got away in another boat saw him go off with you and told me of it. Sir, the man who drinks my brother's blood has got to die."

"But you must be mistaken. I—I hardly think his name was Foster."

"Oh, yes it was. Name was Foster—ship got afire—off the Island of Borneo—drifted about in a boat. It's all straight, and now I want satisfaction. I shall have you arrested."

"Look here, gentlemen," said the London man, as he caught his breath. "I'm in a hole and must make a confession. I was lying about that adventure from start to finish."

"Sure of it?" demanded the Scot, while everybody else laughed.

"I know I was."

"Didn't kill my brother and drink his blood?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, that's all right. I'm glad to hear it. I'm as humble as a lamb on ordinary matters, but when it comes to killing my brother—the only brother I ever had—why, who wouldn't want revenge?"

We asked the London man to tell us some-thing else, but he wouldn't do it. He went off to his cabin and tied his head up with a towel.

THE PROFESSOR.—What paper, Patrick, is that you're lighting the fire with. Did you take it from my writing desk?

IRISH SERVANT—Shure an' Oi did, yer honour, an' it's all right. 'Twas only thim what was written on, sorra; not one o' the nice clean sheets have Oi—

Tramp.—Madame, in the unsettled state of our tariff law, it will be impossible for me to split this wood at old rates.

Housewife.—How can the tariff laws affect you?

Tramp.—Why, madam, you see it is this way. Should the Democrats obtain control, our industry would be shattered by foreign competition; and should the Republicans obtain control, we will be mercilessly robbed by high war taxes. No, a change must be made in our prices.

THE OPEN WINDOW CONTROVERSY.

Brown (to Jones, sitting by open window in railway carriage). "Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying."

Jones (pleasantly): "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to and bear it."

Brown: "I wish you would close it, sir."

Jones: "Would like to accommodate you, but I can't."

Brown: "Do you refuse to close that window, sir?"

Jones: "I certainly do."

Brown: "If you don't close it I will."

Jones: "I'll bet you won't."

Brown: "If I go over there I will."

Jones: "I'll give odds you won't."

Brown: "I'll ask you once more, sir, will you close that window?"

Jones: "No, sir; I will not."

Brown (getting on his feet): "Then I will, sir."

Jones: "I would like to see you do it."

Brown (placing his hands on the objectionable window): "I'll show you whether I will or not, sir."

Jones (as Brown tugs at window): "Why don't you close it up?"

Brown (getting red in the face): "It appears—to be stuck."

Jones: "Of course, it is. I tried to close it before you came in."

THE PERILS OF A BALD HEAD.

THE following story is told of a divine who, years ago enjoyed great popularity in the north of England. He had been delivering a lecture at a town some miles distant from his own home, and went to sup with a gentleman preparatory to returning by a late train.

Host and guest were alike in the possession of a resplendent bald head. They found themselves so much to each other's mind that, on the latter starting up to catch his train, he was eagerly pressed to remain.

"We can put you up comfortably for the night, and you will be able to get home as early as you like in the morning."

After some hesitation the reverend gentleman consented, and talk was kept up to a late hour. On retiring to his room he discovered that his bag had been left in the hall, whereupon he groped his way downstairs in the dark, and found it.

As he cautiously pursued his way back he became suddenly conscious of a female figure on the step above him, and before he had time for further observations he received a sounding slap on his bald head, while a voice, which he at once recognised as that of his hostess, said:

"There take that for asking him to stay the night!"

What the three personages concerned in this little scene had to say to each other when the mistake was discovered—the bag who had administered the chastisement, the victim whose shining skull had been mistaken for that of her husband, or that gentleman himself—no historian, so far as we know, has ever recorded.

MISTRESS: "Isn't there a man in the kitchen, Bridget?"

BRIDGET: "Yes, mum, that there is."

MISTRESS: "Well, Bridget, I don't like you to entertain company in the kitchen."

BRIDGET: "Indeed, mum, I don't like it no better nor you. We're just watin' for yez to lave the parlour."

FOYLE BREWERY.

P. & J. O'MULLIN,
HALIFAX, N. S.

Brewers, Maltsters and Bottlers.

Sole Manufacturers of KRAIZER BEER.

N. B. FAMILY ORDERS A SPECIALTY.