



A Reluctant Passenger An exciting scene at Swanson Bay, B.C. The stubborn donkey refused to come aboard ship, so heroic methods were adopted to place him on the deck. There was some indignation among the passengers until it was discovered that it was a hoax. The donkey's skin was stuffed.

OF THE TWO EVILS.

Hostess—"It's beginning to rain. You'll get wet. I think you had better stay to dinner." Departing Guest—"Oh, dear, no! It's not raining so badly as all that!"

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HOW IT AFFECTED HIM.

Customer—How is that clerk of yours that got hurt when the soda fountain exploded? Druggist—I'm sorry to say, sir, that he's what you might call a fizzy wreck!

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AN OPTIMISTIC MAID.

Crack! Boom! Bang! Down the kitchen stairs they heltered and skeltered—plates, dishes, knives, forks, beef bones, gravy, and potatoes, the entire trayful of crockery which Jane was carrying from the dining-room. Not a salt-cellar remained unbroken, not a scrap of provender fit for the morrow's lunch. Within the dining-room the man and woman sat spellbound in agonized silence. Then the man buried his face in his hands, and thought how far it was to pay day and how close to rent day. "Jane!" cried the wife, springing up at last from her chair and rushing into the passage—"Oh, Jane, what have you done?" The servant met her with a beaming countenance. "Oh, mum," she remarked, "it's only the dinner-things, mum! What a good job it was I hadn't washed 'em up!"

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IN THE SAME BOAT.

The only son of the family was rather refractory, and his mother finding gentle words of no avail, sought to reprove him by means of sterner measures. A lively chase ensued between mother and son, and the latter, as a last resource, darted under a bed, where he was safe from pursuit. His father, arriving home shortly afterwards, on hearing of this, set off to punish the young hopeful. Stooping down to look under the bed he was greeted with the excited inquiry—"Hullo, dad, is she after you, too?"

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ASHAMED.

Chaplain—"This is your third term in prison. Are you not ashamed to have your friends see you here." Abashed Convict—"Indeed I am. The room is disgraceful. The reception-room smells like a tap-room, the cells are dark as caves, the warden is no gentleman, and the table is not fit to sit down to. Ashamed to have my friends come here? I am mortified every time I see them; but what can I do?"

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ORDERS OF THE DAY.

Dean Pigou gives a few reminiscences of Doncaster, where at one time he was vicar. Among the stories he tells is this, concerning one of his curates. He went to see an old woman with whom visiting had perhaps been overdone. She at once accosted him, "So you are the new curate, aren't you?" "Yes," he replied. "Well, just you sit down on that 'ere chair." It was a three-legged stool of most uncertain standing. "Now, I'll tell you what you does when you comes to see me. You sit on that stool. You then read me, mind, a short Psalm. Then you give me a shilling, and you can go."

HE DID NOT COUNT.

When the new boarder went into the dining-room and sat down, there was only one other person at the table. The new boarder had a kind heart and thought he would be affable. "I s'pose you've boarded here for some time?" he said to the other man. "Yes; quite a while." "How is it? Any good?" "Yes, pretty fair. I have no complaint to make." "Landlady treat you decent?" "Well, perhaps I ought to"—and then he hesitated. "Oh, never mind, old man," said the new boarder. "That's all right. I'm on. I never had a landlady that didn't treat me A1 yet. It's all in the way you handle 'em. See. I'll bet I can live here for a month on end without being asked for a shilling. Watch me banter her when she comes in. Before this time to-morrow she'll be telling me her family history. Poor old girl! She looks as if she'd had her troubles. Probably got tied up to some John Henry, who was about man enough to shoo chickens out of the yard, and that's all. My name's Smith. Let's see, I haven't heard yours, have I?" "No—no, I believe not. But it doesn't matter. I'm just the landlady's husband."

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PATIENCE.

Millie (watching a revolving light on the coast)—"How patient sailors are, Jack." Jack—"Are they dear?" Millie—"They must be! The wind has blown out that light six times, and they still keep on lighting it again."

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BY EXTRACTION.

"You display a great knowledge of Scotland, Mr. X," once remarked a judge to a lawyer who has since held very high legal office; "are you a Scotsman?" "No, my lord," was the reply; "but I receive a great many fees from Scotsmen." "Ah," retorted the judge, "then you are a Scotsman by extraction."

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ACCORDING TO SPECIFICATIONS.

A Londoner owning a country place near the capital engaged a stable-boy. During his last stay at the place the owner did not see the boy for several days. Finally, however, having special need of the lad, it occurred to him that the stable-hand was not exactly "on the job." "Where the deuce do you keep yourself?" demanded the master of the place. "I don't believe I've seen you since you were engaged. Have you been asleep all this while?" "Yes, sir," was the unexpected response. "I thought that was what you wanted, sir." "What I wanted!" exclaimed the employer, amazed. "What are you driving at?" "Well, sir," explained the lay, "your advertisement said you wanted a boy of sixteen to sleep on the premises."

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FRANK DISCUSSION.

A young man, who had just married, suggested to his wife that they should argue some question fully and frankly every morning. This he thought would help them to gain a fuller insight into each other's nature, thus making for increased happiness. The first question happened to be: "Can a woman dress on fifteen pounds a year?" He took the affirmative. And when last seen he had climbed into a hay-loft, and was pulling the ladder up after him.

A Healthy Mind in a Healthy Body

He sat next me in the train. Such a well-groomed, well set up, handsome, and above all, such a wholesome, hearty fellow, I could not but be attracted to him.

And he turned out a most entertaining and intelligent travelling companion. He was on his way to try for the swimming championship of his province—a province overflowing with fine water and of splendid swimmers.

I took him for a student and asked him to what college he belonged.

'Now you have touched my tender spot,' he replied. 'I have longed for a college training, but the fates are against it apparently. Anyway, I have to earn my own living and help the family; there is no other way for it.'

'Do you study at all by yourself, or attend any course of lectures?'

'No, after a long and hard day's work I want exercise and fresh air, and under the circumstances they may stand me in better stead than Latin or Greek or the higher mathematics.'

'Well,' I said, 'you read a certain amount, no doubt. Now I have a little paper in my grip (which I promptly produced), which, taken by the year only costs three cents a week, but which gives me, and that in a more entertaining way, more true culture and intellectual pleasure I firmly believe than many a student gains from his university course. The fact is I read 'World Wide' because my appetite for it seems to be keener every week. I have, as you might say, contracted the 'World Wide' habit, and would sorely miss it if I could not get it regularly. I would advise you to subscribe to it and read it regularly. If we ever meet again, as I sincerely hope we shall, you will thank me for the advice. I know it will not take the place of a college course, but it will open up to you the life and thought of the day as would nothing else I know of.'

While thinking of his advantage in becoming acquainted with such a paper my eyes were on the paper itself. Imagine my surprise, when, on hearing all I had to say, he pulled out of his hip pocket a much-folded copy of last week's 'World Wide.'

'I quite agree with you,' he replied. 'I have taken 'World Wide' for nearly three years, and carry it around with me a good deal. I read it on the street cars—an article or two a ride. The print is better than that of ordinary papers, and it is easier carried and more entertaining than most books. I often feel like handing my copy to someone else by way of introduction but I seldom do before I have read every last line of it. The articles are so well selected and cover so wide a range of popular interests that I never like to lose one of them. It is a "liberal education" to read 'World Wide' regularly. I like it so much myself, and am so anxious that others should discover it too, that I usually carry these postcards with me (here he drew from his vest pocket two or three of the small sized printed postcards furnished by the publishers, and which only needed the address filled in, to secure three consecutive sample copies free of charge), and I hand them to friends and acquaintances who I think would be glad of the opportunity of making the acquaintance of that splendid little paper.'

'That is a hint for me,' I said. 'I had not known of those postcards. I can use some to advantage and will at once write for a supply to John Dougall and Son, the publishers of 'World Wide,' Montreal.'

My travelling friend was a sport—but not a mere sport. You would have liked him—and you also would enjoy 'World Wide,' as much as he did. Do not wait, write at once to John Dougall and Son, publishers, Montreal, and they will send you three consecutive sample copies of their splendid little magazine free of charge. It is their standing offer.