

## THEY'D HAD OTHER VISITORS.



HE visitor from Hawcreek had been invited to address the Sunday school.

"I am reminded, children," he said, "of the career of a boy who was once no larger than some of the little fellows I see here before me. He played truant when he was sent to school, went fishing every Sunday, ran away from home before he was ten years old, learned to drink, smoke, chew tobacco, play cards and slip in under the canvas when the circus came around.

He went into bad company, frequented livery stables and low bar rooms, finally became a pickpocket, then a forger, then a horse thief, and one day in a fit of drunken madness he committed a cowardly murder. Children," he continued, impressively, "where do you think that boy is now?"

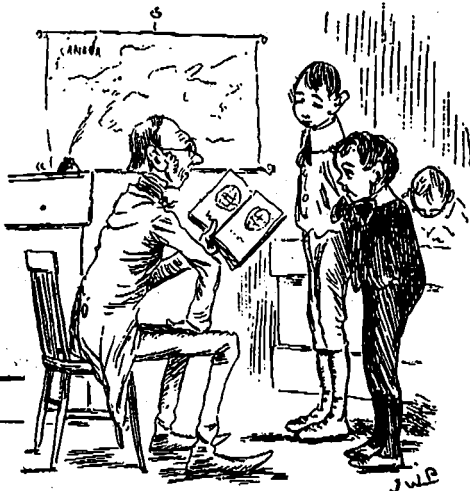
"He stands before us!" guessed the children, with one voice.

## LOOK HARD AT JAFFREY.

"IS the editor in?" asked a serious-looking person, stepping up to the counter of the *World* office.

"Not at this moment," answered the book-keeper. "I expect him in shortly, however, as he went three hours ago to one of the city merchants to see if he couldn't beg an advertisement on the score of patriotism. You see, sir, the city merchants advertise in the *Globe*, *Grip*, and other largely circulated journals and the *World* gets rather left. The editor has been doing his level best to set the merchants against his esteemed contemporaries by giving them guff about the *World* being their only friend, and the other papers all being the friends of the farmer and consequently the enemies of the merchant. He ought to be back by this time, as it doesn't generally take more than three hours for him to find out that he can't get the ad. Will you take a seat in the room there, sir?"

"Yes, I think I'll wait. I want to see Mr. Maclean particularly," said the serious person, moving slowly to the sanctum and sitting down. He drew a well thumbed copy of the *World* from his pocket, and was soon



CORRECT!

TEACHER—"Freddy, how is the earth divided?"

FREDDY—"Between them that's got it and them that wants it."



"DAVE."

PORT HOPE'S FLYING TAILOR.

immersed in a profound study of some paragraphs on the first page.

Meanwhile the front door opened and the editor shambled in. "Any luck?" asked the book-keeper. "Naw!" responded the editor, "the racket don't seem to catch on with the blamed chumps!"

"There's a serious person waiting to see you," said the book-keeper, and the editor proceeded to the sanctum. He regarded the visitor with suspicion, as though he might possibly be an emissary from the sheriff's office, but he was at once undecieved. "Are you the editor of the *World*?" asked the stranger, rising.

"I have that honor," said Mr. Maclean.

"Then perhaps you'll explain what you mean by this. I've read it, or something like it day after day in the *World*. This: 'Let the public look hard at Mr. Jaffrey as they pass him on the street.' Now, I've done it. I've stared right into his face fifty or sixty times, and what good has it done me? I want to know what you mean by giving this advice?"

"I want to crush Jaffrey and I think his face is enough to condemn him if people only look at him carefully."

"Oh, that's it, eh? Well, tastes differ about faces, I suppose, but for my part I think Jaffrey's is about as pleasant, intelligent and honest a face as I've met to-day. Do you really think there's much in physiognomy?"

"Everything, sir," said Mr. Maclean, earnestly. "A man's face is a sure index to his character, and Jaffrey's is bad, sir, bad!"

"Tastes differ," said the serious person, "as I've already remarked. I don't go very much on physiognomy myself, but if I had your views, and your countenance, I would never advise the readers of my paper to look hard at anybody to draw hasty conclusions. Good day, sir."

And he folded up his paper and departed.