

The Size of It

Up in the morning and work all day
Just for the grab of to-morrow to pay;
Work to-morrow for meat to eat—
Got to keep working or else I'll starve.
Work next day for a chance to sup;
Just earn money to eat it up;
Next day after it's rot or die—
Habit of eating comes mighty high.

Next week, too, it is just the same—
Never can beat the eating game.
Working on Monday for Tuesday's
bread,
Working on Tuesday to keep me fed;
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, too,
Same old game, and it's never new.
Don't want to kick or make a fuss,
But blamed if it isn't monotonous.

—Anonymous.

One is Enough

With all the pain I have to bear
And all the woe and strife
I don't think I would ever care
To lead a double life.

The Post Card Fiend

"I fear she won't enjoy herself in
heaven."
"Why not?"
"I don't believe you can send sou-
venir postal cards from there."

Reward of Kindness

John Burroughs, the naturalist, was
laughing about the story, widely pub-
lished not long since, of a wild duck
that got a salt water mussel caught on
its tongue and had intelligence enough
to fly from the salt to the fresh water,
where it dipped the mussel, sickening it
through osmosis, and thus caused it to
loosen its firm grip, says the New York
Tribune.

"I believe that story of the duck
that understood the theory of osmosis,"
said Mr. Burroughs. "I believe it as
implicitly as I believe the story of the
crippled lion and the young lieutenant."

"Perhaps you have heard this story?"
No! Well, then:

"A young lieutenant, during an
African campaign, came one day upon
a badly crippled lion. The great brute
limped over the tawny sands on three
paws, holding its fourth paw in the air.
And every now and then, with a kind of
groan, it would pause and lick the in-
jured paw.

"When the lion saw the young
lieutenant it came slowly towards him.
He stood his ground, rifle in hand. But
the beast meant no harm. It drew close
to him; it rubbed against him with soft
feline purrs; it extended its hurt paw.

"The lieutenant examined the paw
and found that there was a large thorn
in it. He extracted the thorn, the lion
roaring with pain, and he bound up the
wound with his handkerchief. Then,
with every manifestation of relief and
gratitude, the animal withdrew.

"But it remembered its benefactor.
It was grateful. And in a practical
way it rewarded the young man.

"This lion ran over the regiment's
list of officers and ate all who were
the lieutenant's superiors in rank. Thus,
in a few weeks, the young man, thanks
to the astute animal, became a colonel."

Accommodated

Ex-President Cleveland used to fish
and shoot in the Barnegat Bay district.
John Camburn, a guide, says that one
cold, wet night Mr. Cleveland got lost.
He wandered through the rain and dark-
ness trying to find his party, but not a
house could he see, not a light, nor a
road.

Finally he struck a narrow lane, and
in due course a house appeared. It was
now late. Mr. Cleveland was cold and
tired. He thought he could go no farther,
so he banged at the door till a window
on the second floor went up, and a gruff
voice said:

"Who are you?"
"A friend," said Mr. Cleveland.

"What do you want?"

"I want to stay here all night."

"Stay there, then."

And the window descended with a
bang, and Mr. Cleveland shouldered his
gun and wearily resumed his journey.—
Boston Herald.

"Where have you been?" asked Mr.
McGruff, as his wife came in the draw-
ing-room all excited.

"Why, I have been down to the gen-
ealogist's," she replied, proudly, "and
he has traced my ancestors back a thou-
sand years. Here is the list. You will
notice that after some of them there
stands the letter 'P.'"

"H'm! What does that stand for?"

"Why, either poets or painters."

"You don't say! I thought, perhaps,
it stood for pirates or peddlers."—De-
troit Tribune.

Pat—Mikey, my boy, when you grow
up to man's estate there are two kinds
of people you'll have to watch. Them
thats gets drunk when you need them
most, and them that are dry when you
get paid off.

Son—Father, what is a working man?
Father—Why, son, he is a fellow that
works for the capitalist.

Son—And, father, what is a capital-
ist?

Father—He is a man that works for
the working man.

Son—Then they work for each other?

Father—Sure, son. And when they
work for each other under fair condi-
tions they are O. K. Naturally, both
start from the same place and end at the
same goal.

THE WORST EVER.

On a street car the other day two small
boys were overheard quarreling.

"You're a pig."

"You're a goat."

"You're a calf."

"Well, maybe I am, but you, you—"
and then in tone of unutterable con-
tempt, "you're a girl!"

EXTINGUISHED.

Matron—Charlie Brown was an old
flame of mine.

Rosebud—And what happened?

"Father put him out."

GAY LIFE.

Crawford—How many residences does
a rich man have?

Crabshaw—Usually three. A city one
when he votes, a country one when he
swears off his taxes, and a western one
when he sues for a divorce.

Magistrate—You've been behind the
bars several times, haven't you?

Prisoner—Why, yes, I —

"I thought so. Your face is very
familiar to me."

"Yes, sir; as I was sayin', I'm a
bartender."—Exchange.

Two neighbors were conversing the
other day when one said to the other:

"By the way, how is Mrs. Hogg, the
invalid, going on?"

"Oh," replied the other, "they do
not call her Mrs. Hogg now."

"Why, what do they call her?"

"Oh, they call her Mrs. Bacon now.
She's cured."

"A man's epitaph is about as much
benefit to him as a last year's snow-
ball."

"I'm so sorry supper isn't ready,"
said Mrs. Dinsmore to her husband
when he came in. "I attended the
meeting of the sewing circle this after-
noon, and I couldn't get away."

"Hemmed in, were you?" asked her
husband.

Mother—Willie, you must stop asking
your father questions. Don't you see
they annoy him? Willie—No'm; it ain't
my questions that annoy him. It's the
answers he can't give that make him
mad.

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