

## THE SPICE OF LIFE.

To his teacher's request that he give the class ideas on the subject of "Bravery," little Johnny delivered himself of the following:

"Some boys is brave because they always plays with little boys, and some boys is brave because their legs is too short to run away, but most boys is brave because somebody's lookin'."

A man of sixty, who had been a grumbler all his life, and made a practice of changing his doctors on the slightest provocation, called in a young physician of considerable reputation. He was telling what he thought was the trouble with him, when the doctor ventured to disagree with his diagnosis. "I beg your pardon," said the patient, in a haughty way, "it isn't for a young physician like you to disagree with an old and experienced invalid like me!"

A leading doctor in a big Western city has a dash of Indian blood in him and is very proud of it. While walking with a friend one day he said: "I have just found a book about a chief who was one of my ancestors. He was a great man. He was a warrior, a man of mighty prowess in battle. Why, I learn from that book that he, personally, killed scores of his foes. He killed nearly a hundred persons himself."

"Well," said the friend, "he hasn't got anything on you."

"Perhaps not," replied the doctor thoughtfully, "but we must give him credit just the same. You see, he never had my opportunities."

He was a kindly constable, and had for long been answering the inquisitive old lady's question to the best of his ability. But he was beginning to tire a little. "And what's your truncheon for, policeman?" inquired the inquisitive dame.

"Ketch a feller a cop over the nob if he gets vilent!" responded Bobby.

"And what are those numbers for?" "Hidencashun purposes, mum," said Bobby, laconically, turning away.

"And what, policeman," said the old dame, catching him by the arm, "is that strap under your chin for?"

"Well, mum," snorted Bobby, "that's ter rest me jaws on when I gets tired answering silly questions."

"I'm going over to comfort Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Jackson to her daughter Mary. "Mr. Brown hanged himself in their attic last night."

"Oh, mother, don't go! you know you always say the wrong thing."

"Yes, I'm going, Mary. I'll just talk about the weather. That's a safe enough subject."

Mrs. Jackson went over on her visit of condolence. "We have had rainy weather lately, haven't we, Mrs. Brown?" she said.

"Yes," replied the widow, "I haven't been able to get the week's wash dried."

"Oh," said Mrs. Jackson, "I shouldn't think you would have any trouble. You have such a nice attic to hang things in."

## NO UNDUE HASTE.

Discussing the political situation across the line, that pro-Republican but Anti-Protectionist weekly, the Saturday Evening Post, remarks, that in coming Congressional elections, "The only real fight is against that scheme of government, which, in the words of the clothing manufacturers, has taken one-third from the weight of woollen cloths, and at the same time established higher prices for the deteriorated article. That, and the whole category of favoritism, which it aptly illustrates, is what is to be voted on next November."

In another issue, the same journal comments in line vein of irony upon the official figures covering imports for the nine months ending April 30th, which indicate a reduction of duty by the last revision amounting to eighty-eight one-hundredths per cent. of dutiable imports, or to almost two per cent. as to all imports—free and dutiable combined. The Republican party, having since 1870, vouchsafed a reduction of 2.22 per cent. on the duty on pig-iron, the Post cheers its readers with the calculation that in about 400 years the tariff will be reduced to reasonable limits.

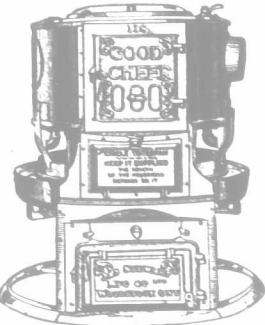


SCIENTISTS tell us man originally lived in the water. Be that as it may, health still demands a plentiful supply of moisture in the air we breathe as well as in the food we eat. The commonest cause of colds, sore throats, pneumonia and similar troubles in winter is the over-dry, over-heated atmosphere of so many furnace-heated houses.

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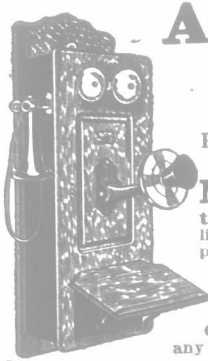
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"Compensation," said Michael. "Phwat's that?"

"Why, I can't explain, but fur instance, if the sense of smell is poor, the sense of taschte is all the sharper, and if yez are blind, ye can hear all the better."

"Ah, yes," said Mike, thoughtfully. "I see it's loike this: Fur instance, if a man is born wid wan leg shorter than the other, the other is longer."

The professor was instructing his class on the necessity of using their faculties of observation.

"He laid on the table before him a pot filled with some vile-smelling chemical compound—a thick, brown stuff.

"When I was a student," he went on, "I did not fear to use my sense of taste."

"He dipped his finger deep into the pot, and then stuck the finger in his mouth."

"Taste it, gentlemen. Taste it," he said, smiling grimly.

"The evil pot passed around the class, and one after another we dipped our fingers in it, and then sucked them clean. The taste of the thick brown compound was horrible. We made wry faces and spluttered. The professor watched us with a grim smile.

"When the pot was finally returned to him, his thin lips parted, and he gave a dry chuckle.

"I must repeat, gentlemen," he said, "that you do not use your faculties of observation. If you had looked more closely at me, you would have observed that the finger I put in my mouth was not the one I dipped into the pot."

#### The Pioneers of Canada.

Daniel Carey

Ho' men of brawny shoulders, ho' men of horny hands,

What want ye in this wilderness where kingly pine tree stands?

What seek ye in this solitude where trade hath never been?

This is no fabled land of gold and sparkling gems between,

The tangled forest brush conceals the savage beast of prey;

Before you lies no smiling path—thick dangers bar the way;

The year is old—seek not to brave wild winter's icy frown;

Its wrath is grim, its breath is fierce, it hurls the strong oak down.

Then up spake one, a lordly man, of glittering eye and keen—

Of sinewy form, his clarion voice well matched his noble mien;

"We go not back, we fear no storm; we dared the ocean waves;

Twice fifteen hundred miles behind we've left our fathers' graves."

We seek no fabled cave of gems nor streams where gold sands run;

By God's command we journey on, our task we may not shun;

"Go forth," 'twas said, 'subdue the earth—this is man's work to do,

'Twas thus men mighty empires raised, 'twas thus the nations grew;

We are the men by fate ordained to hew this forest down,

And they who follow in our wake shall hold us in renown."

Long years the forest warriors plied the keen wedge-axe so well

That maples, pines and branching elms for leagues around them fell;

And where primeval gloom had dwelt for ages all supreme,

Down poured the golden sunlight's flood in broad, unbroken stream;

Man's curse accomplished, blessings came from out that curse distilled,

And men, rewarded in their toil, with plenteousness were filled.

Oh, men of brawny shoulders!—oh, hardy pioneers!

God grant ye peaceful, happy days through life's declining years.

What though no lofty obelisk may bid the future age,

Record your deeds in reverence on history's teeming page;

What matter though your names be lost, the mighty truth shall live—

That ye to exile, homeless men bright homesteads free did give.

Ye are the true foundation stones whereon our glories stand—

Long may your worth be held esteemed throughout this northern land!