

The whale is the sulkiest of all fishes. He is the worst ponter in the business.

Your landlord is probably the finest example of filial affection and duty you ever met. He is unremitting in his attention and care of his pay rents.

"Was it her brother?" is the title of a new novel. We think not. It is our impression that the large gentleman in the plaid coat, who was kicking him down stairs and calling for the dog, was her brother.

George Washington's strongest hold upon the American people is the fact that he never wore a box coat and a plug hat.

History says, "Caesar had his Brutus." But somehow or other we always had the impression that Brutus rather had Caesar.

By some wicked and unpardonable error, the case of the photographs of editors on exhibition at the Centennial got misplaced, and was exhibited in a frame labelled "Native woods of the United States."

Nature's effort to maintain equilibrium is never better set forth than in the instinctive struggles of a man with one suspender to carry both shoulders even.

On account of the Turco-Russian war and the failure of the American cabbage crop last year, nearly all the genuine imported Turkish tobacco used in this country this summer will have to be made out of plantain weed.

The day after Christmas, father and mother no longer come sneaking in at the back door with mysterious looking bundles. No indeed. Mother is gliding around with the expression of a Christian martyr with the toothache, because she didn't get what she expected, and father is sitting around, holding his breath till the bills come in.

Flies are made for some good and useful purpose after all. If it wasn't for the busy flies, men with their never dying souls to save and lots of work to do, would lie down after dinner and sleep till six o'clock every day.

A Nashville bank robber burrowed under a street for five days, and at length came up in the coal vault of a beer saloon, three doors away from the bank, and bit himself in eleven places with the most uncompromising dog he ever tried to conciliate. The next time he attempts any mining operations he will take a practical engineer along.

It was intensely hot in Salt Lake City last summer, and one night about 1,820 linear feet of prickly heat broke out on the infant backs in Brigham Young's nursery. The eruption hasn't been equalled since Mt. Vesuvius cooled off.

You can utilize your cake of maple sugar, if you find there is too much sand in it, to make molasses of, by putting it in a new frame of card-board, or some kind of fancy work, in bright colours, and hanging it up against the wall to light matches on. It never wears out.

It is in the merry month of spring that the tree peddler comes around and talks you to death, and sells you a plum tree that bears fruit so bitter that it poisons every curculio that tastes it, and some cherry trees that send up one hundred and fifty sprouts to the square inch and will lift the house off its foundations in two years' growth, and some apple trees that neither sprout, blossom, nor bear fruit, and some blackberry bushes that spread all over a ten-acre lot the first season, and some gooseberry bushes that have thorns on a foot long, and never have anything else, and some peach trees that break out in bloom from the ground to the tip of the topmost branch five days after they are put in the ground and die as dead as a flint the sixth day, and a climbing rose tree that turns out to be wild ivy and poisons every soul about the house before the summer is over.

When the late Governor of the Persian province of Fars retired from office, the Government officials put him in the stocks and pounded the soles of his feet until he disgorged \$300,000 of crooked salary. If the Government of the United States would adopt that system, five hundred million pairs of crutches would carry the population of the republic to and from its daily labour. And if we knew where we could get hold of a man who would give down like the late worthy Governor of Fars, we would gather him by the ankles, stand him on his head, and welt the soles of his feet until the backbone went through the top of his head and stuck nine inches in the ground.

There is a junior in the Burlington high school who, when his father cuffs his scholastic ears for leaving the wheelbarrow standing athwart the front gate, can go out to the woodshed and swear in French, grumble in German, threaten to run away and be a pirate in good classic Greek, and blubber in honest United States.

One day last winter a young lady broke through the ice of a deep skating pond near Toronto, and a young man rescued her at the risk of his own life. As the half-drowned girl was recovering consciousness, her agonized father arrived on the spot. Taking one of her cold, white hands in one of his own, he reached out the other for the hand of her rescuer, but the young man, realizing his