

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER

Oh! never was a brow of care so frown with such a playful air. For who's the child of wisdom, and good-humour is the twin. No need to play the Phœnix, nor grand at man a depravity— Let one man be a good man, and let 't be fair within.

WARRINGTON, V.G.

(From the Harmaworth Magazine).

(1) ON THE FIELD.

A pitch-black night in a rocky valley of Afghanistan, a few stars in the heavy, black, moonless sky only indicating the almost palpable darkness. A mile or two southward, where the rocky valley swelled into rocky heights, little flashes of light recurring at intervals, followed by sharp little cracks, showed where the late skirmish and retreat was fighting itself out around about the camp.

THE SECOND DAY OUT FROM KIL WAT LAM.

Warrington looked up at the sky. "That was my first taste of the walk-up-and-downward-target business," said Vicary solemnly, "and I was in a blue funk. Couldn't help it. Knees all baby and face all twitchy when those bullets began whizzing and patting."

(2) AT HOME.

An afternoon in early November, a cosy room, bright fire, big armchairs, piano, pipes, photographs, and decorations; a male figure extended to prominence, a male figure, with feet stretched out on the hearthstone; another male figure with back turned toward the room, gazing out of window at the unceasing rain. Thick clouds of tobacco smoke and silence.

LOVE'S FLOWER GARDEN.

In Love's Flower Garden there is the all-blissful road of married happiness and the holy path of joyous motherhood for every woman who takes proper care of her health in a womanly way. For the tenacious, nervous, dependent woman, who suffers untold miseries in silence from weakness and disease of the delicate organs concerned in the womb and motherhood, there are only three, and to her perfume of motherhood is the aroma of death.

WHERE SLEEP THE DEAD.

Montreal, Nov. 2.—It is computed that twenty-five thousand people responded to the invitation of the Archbishop yesterday, and were present at the Cote des Neiges Cemetery to take part in the religious ceremonies for the repose of the souls of the dead interested there. This is the first time probably that such an imposing ceremony with such a large attendance has taken place at the cemetery.

MEDICAL Science Started. THE NEW INGREDIENT IN RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE (Cures Rheumatism, Kidney and Skin Diseases) 4000 Canadians testify to its Merits. Physicians use it daily in their practice. King's Daughters, Hamilton, say: "No hesitation in recommending it. Know it has cured a terrible case of Sciatica, and other cases of Rheumatism."

IT'S JUST HOR I'M FRIGHTENED OF.

It's just hor I'm frightened of, said Warrington. "I'd rather go through a week of Chukundas than speak; but I'd go through a lifetime of them with her at the far end." "But, Warrington," said Vicary, "she's not such a Tartar."

NO-I SAY—HALF A MINUTE, VICARY.

No-I say—half a minute, Vicary. Is my tie straight? I ought to have changed my collar. Hang it—all right I'm coming. Wait for us, cabby—we shan't be five minutes. Vicary, don't ring. I—I don't think I'll call to-day, after all—it's a bit late, don't you think? You have rung? Dash it! I—I—let me ask. The door was opened.

YOU NEED NOT OUGH ALL NIGHT AND DISTURB YOUR FRIENDS.

You need not ough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you remaining in the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or pneumonia, while you can get Bickel's Anodyne Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes the mucous membrane, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from violent plagues.



LOVE'S FLOWER GARDEN.

AS THEY LEFT THE ROOM HE SLOPPED HIS HAND THROUGH VICARY'S ARM.

As they left the room he slopped his hand through Vicary's arm. "You're a bit of a fellow," said Vicary, gravely. "You're a whacking bit balance on the Chukunda side," he said. "Needn't say good-bye to the mater," he went on, as they descended the stairs; "you'll come back to dine."

WHY WE'RE THERE.

Why we're there," said Warrington, flushing and fidgeting; "how that horse has been going!" "Three doors down the square," said Vicary to the cabman through the trap. "Tell him to drive once round first," said Warrington, pulling a glove off and then beginning to put it on again. "I've got something to say to you—"

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH SOUTH.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church South, which met recently, received a fraternal greeting by telegraph from another religious body—the members concluding as follows:—"See Act twenty-three two." The clerk of the Assembly, says a religious journal, therefore read Act 23:—"And the high priest Ananias commanded them that stood by him to smite him on the mouth." This message "riled" the clergymen, who looked upon it as distinctly unfriendly in tone; but investigation revealed the fact that the telegram which they handled the despatch had omitted to place a comma after the word twenty. The text really sent was Act 23:—"And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."