


SEAL OF ALBERTA
"THE FAULTLESS FLOUR"



**"THE FAULTLESS FLOUR" MAKES PERFECT BREAD,
 AND FROM THE HOUR THAT THIS IS SAID,
 WE DO CONTEND THAT YOU WILL SPEND,
 YOUR DAYS,
 DEMANDING IT.**

"A WESTERN FLOUR FROM WESTERN WHEAT"

THE CALGARY MILLING CO. LIMITED
CALGARY AND VANCOUVER
CANADA.

Wit and Humor

Mr. Edison is still busy with his new storage battery which he claims will solve the traction question. In his experiments with these batteries Mr. Edison has had men at work for years with a patience unparalleled. More than half a ton of reports on experiments with batteries have been made. Two of his best men had to give up the work because of its unending monotony to save themselves from a nervous breakdown.

The work was continued night and day for more than three years, and more than 9,000 experiments were made without obtaining the result which Mr. Edison wanted.

A visitor to whom this was told exclaimed: "Then all those experiments were practically wasted." "Not at all," said Mr. Edison. "I now know 9,000 things not to do."

The young ter had been constant to the nursery, and strict injunction had been laid upon them to "play a nice, quiet game." But a new member, however, found a "considerable" with a dash of "factory" in it, and from the room and noisier in bed in "Mercy on a shabby!" he exclaimed. "Wherever are you going? You must not make any more noise!"

"But, mamma," explained one of the darlings, "we are only playing theatre."

"Theatre?"

"Yes, the scene is a storm at sea, and all of us except Tommy are shipwrecked people calling for help."

Mamma's attention was thus directed to Tommy, who, crouched in the corner, emitted doleful howls.

"And what is Tommy doing?" she asked.

"Tommy's the scenery."

"The scenery?"

"Yes, he is the ocean shrieking in the teeth of the storm." Tit-bits.

A Hereford gentleman met an eccentric old squire of his acquaintance riding with only one spur.

"What have you done with the other spur, squire?" he asked.

"Why, what would be the use of the other?" said the squire; "if one side of the horse goes, the other can't stand still."

An Irishman travelling in France was challenged by a Frenchman to fight a duel, to which he readily consented, and suggested shillalals as weapons.

"That won't do," said the Frenchman, "I want a sword." As challenged party you have the right to choose the arms, but shillalals, being that you will double men's weapons, will do it. Frenchmen are the best at shillalals." replied the Irishman. "Very well, well, let us fight then."

A London caddy, on looking into his cab to see that all was in perfect order, discovered a dead cat on one of the seats. In his anger and rage he was about to throw the carcass into the street, when he espied a police constable, and the following dialogue took place:

Constable: "What are you up to there?"

Caddy (holding up the cat): "This is how I am insulted. What am I to do with it?"

Constable: "Surely you know what to do with it. Take it straight to Scotland Yard, and if it is not claimed within three months it becomes your property."

A story is told of a new cook who was helping her mistress to prepare the dinner. All went well until the macaroni was brought out.

The cook looked with surprise as she beheld the long white sticks. But when they were carefully placed in the water, she gave a choking gasp.

"Did you say, missus," she said, in an awed voice, "that you were going to eat that?"

"Yes, Jane," was the reply, "that is what I intend to do. But you seem surprised. Have you never seen macaroni cooked before?"

"No, ma'am," answered the cook. "I ain't. The last place I was at they used their things to light the gas with."

THE COLD SPARE BED

When you have a friend to visit you, in she be a welcome guest, and you will try to make her happy, and you'll give her of your best; you'll tell her all the stor of your varied household cares, and relate in picturesque details all your own affairs. But whatever else you do, don't for mercy's sake let her To put that helpless woman in the cold spare bed!

You may tell her of your troubles with your numerous hired girls, and what "she said," and what "I said," till her understanding whirls. You may talk of the servant question till the setting moon's last gleam, and begin next morning on the same old tiresome theme.

But whatever else you do, don't for mercy's sake, let her To put that helpless woman in the cold spare bed!

You may tell her of your pains and aches, and what the doctor said, that time you came near dying with neuralgia in your head; of how you poured down bottles, and drops and patent pills. When you caught the dread malaria, and had such awful chills.

You may love her, on ma, wear; her, till she wishes she were dead. But for mercy's sake, don't put her in the cold spare bed!

New England Farmer