

### Bathing by the Pound.

"When I was connected with the hotel at Lake Minnetonka several years ago," remarked C. W. Delvey, "we had as a regular summer guest a woman from the south who was remarkably stout, weighing something over 200 pounds. One day she called a bell boy and inquired:

"What do they charge for a bath?"

"I don't know," said the boy, "but I'll find out."

After being gone a short time, the boy returned and said:

"Seven cents a pound."

"What?"

"Seven cents a pound," said the boy a second time, while the woman's face became scarlet as she made her way to the clerk's desk.

"I want my bill," she exclaimed. "I've been grossly insulted, and shall leave your house."

She stated her grievance, the boy was sent for, and explained:

"She asked me what they charged for bass. I told her I didn't know, but would find out. I asked the steward and he said seven cents a pound."

As the ludicrous blunder of the boy dawned upon them, both the clerk and the guest made the hotel office resound with their laughter.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### He Was Popular.

A minister who had undertaken to preach at a small church a few miles away hired a trap at the village inn, and drove to his destination. It was a cold, stormy day, and when he mounted the pulpit he discovered that the congregation consisted of only one man. He resolved, however, to go through with the service, and after preaching for a quarter of an hour, he asked his solitary

auditor if he had had enough. "Oh no Sir," said the man, "please go on." So he preached for another quarter of an hour, and again asked the question. "Go on sir; please go on." Much pleased the minister continued his discourse for another half hour. He was not quite so pleased, however, when the service being over, he discovered that his "congregation" was the driver of the trap whom he was paying by the hour.



A gentlemen went into a restaurant where there were colored waiters and ordered a sandwich and a cup of coffee. It was one of the rules of the place, says the Washington Star, that the waiter should write the order on a little slip of paper and put the price opposite. The check is then paid to the cashier at the desk. The gentlemen tells the story:

When I had finished my meal I picked up the slip, and glancing at it, saw that the waiter had written, "Pie, five cents Coffee, five cents."

I called to the waiter, "Hey, George! I didn't have any pie. I ate a sandwich."

"Dat's all right, boss," he replied. "Pie an' san'wich is both the same price, an' I ain't so good on spelling san'wich."



Springhill, N.S., Dec. 9th, 1903.

W. J. MARQUAND, Esq.,  
Mgr. SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA,  
Halifax, N.S.

Dear Sir,—I desire to convey to you my sincere thanks for your Company's cheque, which you handed me on the 25th ultimo, in settlement of claim under my late husband's policy, No. 45,228, for \$1,000.00.

You will please convey to your Company my appreciation of its prompt and satisfactory settlement, which was made as soon as claim papers were presented.

Again thanking you, and wishing your Company every success,

I remain,

Yours very truly,

MARY A. McDOWELL.