



VIEWS OF CUBA.—"SUN LIFE CLUB OF HAVANA."

He Could Stop That.

"Well," said the doctor, briskly, as he entered the patient's room, "how is everything this morning?"

"It still hurts me to breathe—in fact, the only trouble seems to be my breath."

"Oh, well, I'll give you something that will soon stop that."



An Irish horse owner, whose horse had been prescribed for by a veterinary surgeon, ran into the latter's office and with tears in his eyes and his face the "picture of bad luck," cried:

"Oh! Dr. Moriarty, I'm poorly; the powder's kilt me entoirly!"

"The powder?" cried Dr. Moriarty.

"Why, I didn't tell you to take the

powder. I told you to place it in a paper tube, and put one end in the horse's mouth and blow hard."

"Yes, sorr," said Pat. "I put the powder in the chube, and I put the end of it in the horse's mouth, with the other end in me own, but, begorra! he blew first!"—The Scholars' Own.



One morning Jenkins looked over his garden wall and said to his neighbor: "Hey, what are you burying in that hole?"

"Oh," he said, "I'm just replanting some of my seed; that's all."

"Seeds!" shouted Jenkins, angrily.

"It looks more like one of my hens."

"That's all right. The seeds are inside."—Christian Work and Evangelist.