

It's not always the man who looks the wisest that knows the most, but most people don't know this so it will pay you to look just as wise as you possibly can

Charlottetown has a new Automobile Company. Wonder have they received any applications yet from parties who would like the job of currying the horses.

The regret we feel regarding the postponement of the Coronation is doubtless great—but think of all the lesser jail birds who expected their cage-doors to be opened on that day.

Hot summer weather has not struck in but the cattle fly has, and when one of them perches on a cow's backbone and introduces himself to the animal the latter's actions are always put down by the ladies of near-by picnic parties as the maneuvers of a "mad bull." There are more mad bulls now than in the cooler weather.

The "superior man" from the city has his composure sadly jarred when he goes forth with his rod, casts and flies, and his little country nephew, to fish in the "old home" creek; and the nephew catches all the big uns with a bean pole and a can of common garden worms. It costs but little however to shift the burden of proof so that the story can be reversed on return to town.

Funny thing, but I've noticed often that big men are furnished with small voices and *vice versa*. Now out at the militia camp I had to smile one evening. Quite a large military looking gent had charge of a squad, and the proceedings were dignified until he essayed to shout his commands. The sons of Mars in the ranks were so surprised that they mixed up their right feet with their left feet and completely lost their ability to steer in conformity with the words of command. Result: more vehement squeaking, and more amusement in the ranks. And all because the "sojer in charge" was gifted with a voice that did not fit him.

Out at the Exhibition grounds L. Squadron of the Mounted Infantry are in camp. They have taught their horses not to run away from under them but a great deal of the animals lack ginger. They are getting more drill than the troopers, and the poor quadrupeds that have their tails cut short and spend most of their time on parade vainly trying to switch off the flies, probably regret that L. Squadron are not not mounted on automobiles or some other kind of hobby horse.