

when they heard such praise lavished upon a few big squashes, which thought they were the whole show.

While the phonograph at one end of the building was ringing out the over-done "Hiawatha," another class of the population were taking in a band by the kine brigade. The music for the occasion was of a class which the small boy would make no mistake in terming "bully."

The flavor of Island cheese which greeted the visitor going in by the western entrance calls to mind all we've heard of cheese within the past year. The Island cheese now is as good as any. In some places they use a certain make of cheese cured in Germany. If it really was cured there it must have taken a relapse coming over. The P. E. Island article is good enough for those who care about cheese.

We met one old lady who got kicked while milking a cow and ever since she maintains a hatred for everything connected with dairying. She started buying milk from a milkman, but owing to poor measure, and quality which wasn't rich either, she gave him up, claiming that the milk of human kindness was skimmed. She absolutely refused to take a free sample of baking soda because there was a picture of a cow on the package. In travelling through this world you will meet eccentric people.

A great many people were very anxious to see the balloon ascension. The first attempt to fill it was a failure. It's strange the difference between a balloon and a man. When a balloon is full it will go up; when a man gets full he goes down—very likely for \$4 or ten—first offence. Probably the reason the rain came down like that on Thursday afternoon, was in order to see why the balloon hadn't gone up.

Why, what's all this shouting? "Have you seen Brown? What Brown? Why George Brown! Everyone's talking about him. If you haven't seen George, the