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sonage had so far forgotten herself as to hit him with a shovel. Jock's good nature suddenly forsook him at the affront; also his chivalry. Snatching up a long, three-pronged fork, Jock launched himself with a howl of rage in the cook's direction, and she fled before the onset. Outdoors she dashed, with Jock at her heels, and round and round the lawn went the chase, pursuer and pursued leaping madly over flower beds as they ran. But Jock was lean and agile, and cook, as is the wont of cooks, was fat and scant of breath. She felt that her end was near; she could run no longer, and the fateful prongs were at her back, when a flash of native wit came to her rescue. Whirling about to face the frantic avenger, she put her arms akimbo, and with her hands on her hips called to him with a laugh as he came up:—"Man, Jock, that's been a race."

Jock dropped the fork with a pleased grin, and replied proudly:—"Hecht! Ye may say't!"

COMMANDER WHO DIED FOR HIS FRIEND.

Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friend. In the war two men were clinging to the wreckage of a boat, and one was a Salvationist. There was not room for both to remain in safety, and the Salvationist said to his friend: "One of us must go. I am ready to die and you are not." Then he slipped off.

Now there comes another story of this kind—a story of the heroism of peace. The greatest height human nature can reach is in laying down life willingly for others, and in that spirit of sublime nobility there has just passed from the world Commander Douglas, Conservator of the Port of Madras.

When sailing in the harbor of that port with a friend, his yacht overturned in a squall, and the commander, turning to his companion, who, with two natives and himself clung to the upturned boat, said: "Look here, old chap, this boat will not support us all, and you're a married man. There is only one thing for it." Then he dropped off.

His companions were rescued, but the commander could not be found. It is such quiet heroism as this that nourishes in the human spirit all that is good.

BIRD SURGERY.

One Sunday morning in the early fall of 1917, says Mr. E. F. Keller in the Zoological Society Bulletin, a little boy brought me a full-grown cedar waxwing that he had rescued from a cat. Its right wing hung down limply, but a careful examination showed that the injury was only a flesh wound. The bird seemed to realize its helpless condition, and showed no fear, and when I offered it some raspberries, it ate them while perched on the boy's finger.

I carefully washed the wounded wing with disinfectant and, after drying it with cotton, dusted it over with aristol. I then had my son hold the bird while I carefully placed the wing in its natural position, and bound it with lantern-slide binding tape, which covered the wing but left the injured tissues exposed. I placed the bird in a box, where it promptly proceeded to preen its feathers.

It thrived on a diet of elderberries and meal worms, and it seemed pleased to be taken for an airing. Strange to say, it made no attempt to fly. After ten days the wound had healed so well that I submerged the bird in warm water and removed the binding tape. I then set my patient on a branch of a cedar tree in front of the porch, where it sat in the sun-

shine for about an hour and then began to preen its feathers. It was particularly on the wing that had been bandaged, and, to my amazement, it flew to the top of a tree thirty feet away without effort at that time until it flew away with a flock of cedar waxwings, I let it and come at will.—Youth's Companion.

Mr. Seymour Hicks, in his admirable "Twenty-Four Years of Actor's Life," has some funny stories to tell. For instance, he says he overheard the following conversation in a New York restaurant, in which a much-harassed waiter was heavily off a tiresome customer who was ordering some oysters, the waiter turning to go and execute the order and being brought back each time.

"Say, waiter."
"Yes, sir."
"I want a dozen blue-points."
"Yes, sir."
"Oh, waiter."
"Yes, sir."
"Steamed, you know."
"Yes, sir."
"Oh, waiter."
"Yes, sir."
"You'll see that they are not too much?"
"No, sir."
"Oh, and, waiter."
"Yes, sir."
"Will you see that they put just a squeeze of lemon in each shell?"
"Yes, sir."
"Oh, and, waiter, just the small amount of butter over them when you serve them."
"Yes, sir."
"Oh, and, waiter."
"Yes, sir."
"Don't forget the pepper and salt."
This last remark was too much for the poor knight of the napkin, who turning back of his own free will, said, "And, sir."
"Yes, waiter," answered the oyster wisher.
"Would you like them with or without?"
"What?" said the luncher.
"Pearls," said the waiter, and disappeared.—M.A.B.

ENGLISH IS A DIFFICULT LANGUAGE.

From Lagos, Nigeria, a native gentleman (evidently a book-seller) sends to a London publisher the following literary curiosity:—"To the Gentleman.
"Dear Sir,—With my most respectful regards, I am writing you this letter to mand your catalogue of books, because I am needed of order from you when you shall allow me to do with pleasure and I require you satisfy me by your kindly favourably and I Hope you shall fail to let me get your quick rejoinder from you by returned of me to our coast. Kindly I require you let me know any kind of books you get for in your bookshop or of Talismans for get knowledge or charms of for learning and Eloquent or book of Stop-forgetting for memory or as six or seven book moses or key of Solomon the King. Sometimes you may direct me to other bookseller in London I shall be very glad. Dear Sir Hope to hear from you as Early. Always faithfully yours."—M.A.B.

THEY WERE BOTH ANGLICAN

First S.S. Teacher.—"What was Boyd Carpenter?"
Second S.S. Teacher.—"A Prebendary of St. Paul's."
First S.S. Teacher.—"Well, that's funny. I never saw his name in the Bible."