

In a Lighter Vein

WHO KILLED TOM ROPER?

Who killed Tom Roper?
'Not I,' said New Cider;
'I couldn't kill a spider,—
I didn't kill Tom Roper.'

'Not I,' said Strong Ale;
'I make men tough and hale,—
I didn't kill Tom Roper.'

'Not I,' said Lager Beer;
'I don't intoxicate. D'ye hear?
I didn't kill Tom Roper.'

'Not I,' said Bourbon Whisky;
'I make sick folks spry and frisky;
The doctors say so,—don't they know
What quickens blood that runs too slow?
I didn't kill Tom Roper.'

'Not I,' said Sparkling old Champagne;
'No poor man e'er by me was slain;
I cheer the rich in lordly halls,
And scorn the place where the drunkard
falls,—
I didn't kill Tom Roper.'

'Not we,' said various other wines;
'What! juice of grapes, product of vines
Kill a man! The Bible tells
That wine all other drink excels.—
We didn't kill Tom Roper.'

'Not I,' said Holland Gin:
'To charge such crime to me is a sin,—
I didn't kill Tom Roper.'

'Not I,' spoke up Brandy strong:
He grew too poor to buy me long,—
I didn't kill Tom Roper.'

'Not I,' said Medford Rum:
'He was almost gone before I come,—
I didn't kill Tom Roper.'

Ha! ha! laughed old Prince Alcohol:
Each struck the blow that made him
fall;
And all that helped to make him toper,
My agents were, to kill Tom Roper.'

Some English navvies in a railway coach were once in loud conversation, swearing boisterously the while. One of them was especially fluent.

"My friend," said another passenger in shocked tones, "where did you learn to use such language?"

"Learn!" cried the navvy. "You can't learn it, gov'nor. It's a gift, that's wot it is."

Lord Rosebery, who was sixty recently, is the principal figure in the following good story. It illustrates well his lordship's justness.

On one occasion a young clergyman was a guest at a dinner at Mentmore, Lord Rosebery's seat in Buckinghamshire.

After the ladies had left the table, Lord Rosebery turned to the cleric and said:

"I have often wondered, Mr.—, what is the use or purpose in our great cathedrals, magnificent though they are."

The clergyman thought for a moment before he replied:

"Sometimes a stranger to this district will point to your lordship's mansion, and ask whose it is. When I tell them

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2268

it is the home of one of the King's great nobles they are content. Yet it can be but seldom that every room in this enormous building is occupied. We don't grumble at the size of the house. A dignified position requires dignified surroundings."

There was a short pause. The other guests feared that their host might be angered; but he presently remarked:

"That is a good answer and I thank you for it."

Once Sir Henry Irving, when playing "Macbeth" in London was somewhat disconcerted by one of the "gallery gods." He had reached the point where Macbeth orders Banquo's ghost to leave the banquet board.

"Hence, horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hence!" exclaimed Irving in his most tragic tones, and with a convulsive shudder sank to the ground drawing his robe about his face.

Just as Banquo withdrew, an agitated cockney voice from high up in the gallery piped out as if to reassure Irving: "It's all right now, 'Enery, 'e's gone!"

William Huggins was angry, and he certainly appeared to have some justification for wrath.

"Liza," he expostulated, "don't I always tell you I won't 'ave the kids bringin' in the coals from the shed in my best 'at? It ain't nice, 'Liza!"

His wife replied coldly: "Just listen to reason, if you please, Bill. You have spoilt the shape of that hat with your funny head, and as you're working coal all day at the wharves, what can a little extra coal dust in your hat matter?"

"You don't see the point, 'Liza," said William, with dignity. "I only wear that 'at in the heavenin's, an' if while I'm hout, I takes it horf my head, it leaves a black band round my forrid. Wot's the consequence? Why, I gits accused o' washin' my face with my 'at on. And it ain't nice, 'Liza."

A number of representatives were facetiously discussing the resources of the State of Missouri one afternoon, when McCall, of Massachusetts, observed to Mr. Lloyd, of the first named State:

"Lloyd, I am told that Missouri stands at the head in raising mules."

"It seems to me," retorted Lloyd, "that is the only safe place to stand in the circumstances."—June *Lippincott's*.

"I know what's passing in your mind," suddenly said the maiden as the habitually silent caller stared at her. "I know, too, why you are calling here night after night, appropriating my time to yourself and keeping other nice young men away. You want me to marry you don't you?"

"I—I do!" gasped the young man.

"I thought so. Very well; I will."—*Judge*.

An Erie young man called to take his sweetheart out driving the other day, but when the stunningly attired young lady caught sight of the turnout the young man had hired for the occasion, she feigned a headache and refused to accompany him.

"Why, Violet," asked the astonished mother, "why didn't you go with him?"

"Well, mamma," was the indignant reply. "I consider that a very foolish question on your part. How could I go when the horse he was driving didn't match a single thing I was wearing?" *Kansas City Journal*.

In order to obtain the best results in musical work, it is essential to have a piano of fine tone quality and responsive action, as a means for correct pianistic expression, or to give proper support to the voice. In this respect the Goulay piano satisfies the most critical musician, either for purely instrumental use or accompaniment.

Wu-Ting-Fang, the Chinese ambassador, said modestly at a dinner in Newport: "I am aware that the honors heaped upon me are due to my exalted office, not to my humble self. It is my office, it is not I, that gains and merits your consideration. Yet this is a mortifying truth of a kind that all of us—ambassadors or no—are apt to forget. May such a truth never be recalled to our memory with the harsh shock that came to a Rhode Island farmer who won a blue ribbon at a Woonsocket stock show with a fat hog—a 1250 pound hog."

"Get my name right," he said, excitedly, to the reporters, with their pencils and yellow paper, who crowded round him at awarding time. "Get my name right, boys. It's Hiram Y. Doolittle, son of the late General Augustus Anderson Doolittle of St. Joseph, who settled in Rhode Island in the year—"

"Oh, never mind all that," the oldest reporter interrupted. "Give us the pedigree of the hog."

The elderly matron with the bundles, who was journeying to a point in Wisconsin and occupied a seat near the middle of the car, had fallen asleep. On the seat in front of her sat a little boy. The brakeman opened the door of the car and called out the name of the station the train was approaching. The elderly woman roused herself with a jerk.

"Where are we, Bobby?" she asked.

"I don't know, grandma," answered the little boy.

"Didn't the brakeman say something just now?"

"No. He just stuck his head inside the door and sneezed."

"Help me with these things, Bobby!" she exclaimed hurriedly. "This is Oshkosh. It's where we get off."—*Youth's Companion*.

There is a son of Erin in an Eastern town, who is quite a character. He has a number of children and was asked one day how long he had been married.

"Well," he said, "there's Eugene is forty, and Norah thirty-five, that makes sivinty-five, and Lizzie is thirty-two, and how many do that make?"

Farmer Stackrider (ruminatingly).—"I kind a b'lieve I'll buy me one o' these 'ere safety razors that I see advertised so much."

Mrs. Stackrider (peevishly).—"Yes, that's just exactly like you, Jason! You ain't got no more consideration for a toilin' woman than a mill-stun! How do you s'pose I can rip up seams with a safety razor?"—*Puck*.

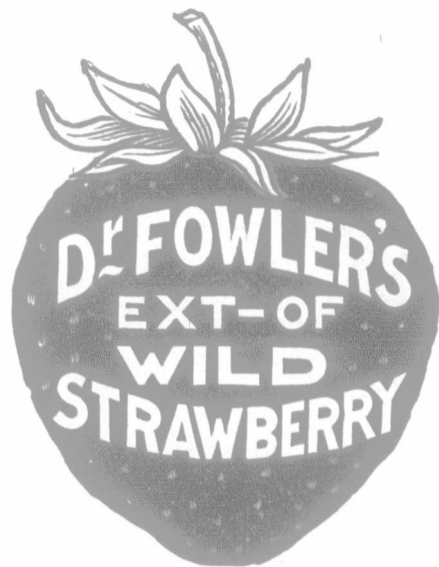
The daughter of a Derbyshire rector taught the choir boys a new tune at a Monday evening's practice to be sung on the following Sunday. Sunday morning came. "Well, Johnny," said Miss X—. "I hope you haven't forgotten the new tune, for we depend much on you."—"Naw, mum, not a bit. Why, I've been a-skeering the crows with it all the week."

A witty priest was once visiting a "self-made" millionaire who took him to see his seldom used library.

"There," said the millionaire, pointing to a table covered with books, "there are my best friends."

"Ah," replied the wit, as he glanced at the leaves. "I'm glad you don't cut them."—*Pick Me Up*.

They were walking under a very little umbrella, and she liked it well enough not to want a large spread of alpaca. He was modest and seemed to be nervous, and she finally remarked, very softly and with a note of interrogation: "Charlie, I'll carry the umbrella, if you will let me?" "Oh, no! I can carry it." "Yes, Charlie; but, you see your arm is out in the wet." "I know, Fanny, but what will I do with my arm? Won't it be in the way all the same?" "I don't know, Charlie; Tom Clark always knows what to do with his arm when he is under an umbrella with Mary Martin."



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"Harold," Mrs. Thomson began, thoughtfully, "I've been thinking a lot about you lately."

"Something nice?" questioned Mr. Thomson, with hopeful inflection.

"Do you know," Mrs. Thomson went on, quite ignoring her husband's bid for flattery, "that since we have lived here in the country and you have gone back and forth to the city every day you have seen absolutely nothing of the children?"

"I don't see how that can be helped," replied Mr. Thomson. "When I leave in the morning they are not up, and when I come back in the evening, they're in bed."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Thomson, "that is so, but you might at least send them a souvenir post card now and then."

