

## Fact, Fancy, Fun

**WHAT HE WANTED.**—Visitor:—"I called in reference to your advertisement in to-day's paper, sir."

Man of the house:—"Yes; I have just invented a balloon that is going to revolutionise science, and I need an assistant."

Visitor:—"Exactly, sir. What do you want me to do?"

Man of the house:—"I want you to go up in it."

**PROBABLY** in March more than any other month in the year are the ravages of cold in the head and catarrh most severely felt. Do not neglect either for an instant, but apply Nasal Balm, a time-tried, never-failing cure. Easy to use, pleasant and agreeable. Try it. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price—50c and \$1 a bottle. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

**A BOY'S IDEA.**—The following conversation reported by a friend was recently overheard between two brothers, aged four and six years:—

"Say, Winny, what is the difference, anyway, between a bicycle and a trieycle?"

Elder (with patronising air):—"Why, Ray, don't you know that? If a man takes the thing home to see how he likes it, it is a *try*-cycle, but, if he buys it outright, it is a *buy*-cycle."

This etymology is not more fantastic than some proposed by older children.—*Christian Register*.

Mrs. Theresa Johnstone, whose name may be recalled in association with the work of Father Damien at Molokai, has gone to Capetown for the purpose of devoting the remainder of her life to the service of the lepers on Robben Island. Mrs. Johnstone is a native of England, and graduated under Florence Nightingale at St. Thomas Hospital.

**CONSIDERED HIS YOUTH.**—Sir John Macdonald, who was Premier of Canada nearly all his political lifetime, was noted for his art of saying things that "tickled the town." No matter where he went, no matter how short the time that he stayed, he made on some matter of current gossip some genial joke that travelled from lip to lip after he was gone.

In Toronto some years ago, a hale, rich and merry old gentleman of eighty, long an acquaintance of Sir John, became engaged to a very wealthy lady a few years his junior.

When the news "got round," the town talked of little else for a week. During this time Sir John arrived. Going to his political headquarters at the Albany Club, he found the newly-engaged octogenarian there "facing the music."

"What's this I hear, Mr. —?" said John, affectionately laying his hand on the other's shoulder. Then, in an indulgent tone, and with a slight sigh, "Well, well, boys will be boys."

The Halifax *Critic* deals soberly and with discrimination. The reader finds it reliable upon current topics, political and literary. To be humane, truthful and magnanimous gives value to a public journal, and these, we believe, are qualities the people of Halifax will not overlook in the editor.

**NAMING A MOUNTAIN.**—An English tourist in British Columbia says that his sophisticated and conventional mind was captivated by the freedom and heartiness of the dwellers in that country. The first friend he made was a little girl about five years old, who "seemed to be living independently of her relations." She announced her name as Miss Jenny Lorena Wells, and gave the stranger many interesting details as to the life and habits of her doll.

Our landlord, too, was exceedingly hospitable and agreeable. By way of conversation we asked the name of the mountain opposite the door, a peak so striking in its rugged magnificence that in Switzerland there would have been two railways and a dozen hotels planted on it. With princely generosity he replied:

"You can call it what you like. Every outfit that comes along gives it a new name, and I'll be shot if I can remember what the last one was."

It was gratifying to reflect that we were now an "outfit," but at that moment we could not think of an appropriate title for the mountain.

A name occurred to us not long afterward, however, as we began to get acquainted with one of the peculiarities of British Columbian speech, namely, the various uses of the phrase "What's the matter?"

"What's the matter with some supper?"

"What's the matter with the bread?"—that is, Please pass me the bread.

"What's the matter with skipping out of this first thing in the morning?" These and sundry other similar expressions suggested to one of the company a name for the nameless mountain, and the world will be good enough to take notice that it is to be known henceforth as the "What's-the-Matter-horn."

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