This and That 36

AN HONEST STREAK.

Humor makes its appearance in queer places, but one would hardly expect to find it at the door of a house of correction. 4. unfortunate fellow was recently taken before a justice of the peace in Milwaukee, charged with stealing a quantity of wood. There was not much of a defense to offer, but an attorney who knew him volunteered to say a few words to the court in his behalf.

The attorney began his talk, and warming up to his subject as he proceeded, finally succeeded in making a good plea for leniency. The justice of course, found the prisoner guilty, but let him off with a sentence of thirty days in the house of correc-When the committment had been made out it was discovered that there was no constable present, so the lawyer said to the prisoner:

"John, you know where the house of correction is, don't you ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, here's five cents and this paper. You take a car and go out there and give them this paper, and they'll let you in. Will you do it? "Sure ?'

And the funny part of this story from the Milwaukce Sentinel is that John kept his word.—Sel.

Ernie-Gussie Sapp says if I refuse him he will go away and join either the Japanese or Russ ian army.

Belle—Then accept him. Those nations have enough troubles already.'—Ex.

A farmer during a long continued drought invented a machine for watering his fields. However the very first day while he was try-ing it there suddenly came a downpour of rain, rnd he was heard to remark:

'Ye can dae naething nooadays without competition.

INTERESTING FACTS.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text> For Nearly Every Man, Woman or Child.

ANOTHER SORT OF RECESSIONAL

O Poet Kipling, known of old, Author of many a stirring line, Who once with magic verse didst hold The critics who do now repine, Rudyard, thou'tt writing tommyrot, Hast thou forgot—hast thou forgot? We've read the jungle tales of yore, And Ballads of the Barrack Room; But now, O Bard, were grieving sore. Thy verselets fill the soul with gloom, Kipling, thou writest dreary stuff, Is it a bluff—is it a bluff?

If, druck with "sight of cheques, thou loose Wild verse that says "there was a man; Such rhymes as Alfred Austins use, And aw-some lines that will not scan, Bard of the Empire, spare us yet, Lest we regret—lest we regret 1

In 'Soldiers Three' we put our trust, We haved 'The flag of England' song, O'er 'Seven Seas' with many a gust We sailed nor deemed the voyage long, O Rudyard Kipling, if you'd let The old notes ring—we'd not forget.

Just turn your back on politics, And let 'Wee Willie Winkle' smile; The tariff's always in a fix Mulvaney could our cares beguile. Write these again and you can bet We won't forget—we won't forget l

The train as usual, crawled along-you know the line—and then stopped dead. 'Conductor I' shouted a jovial passenger, may I get out and pick some flowers?

'Afraid yon won't find many flowers about here.

'Oh, there'll be heaps of time,' replied the jovial one. I've brought a packet of seeds .-Ex

Down in the Old Dominion the people used to set much store by their pedigrees. An anecdote is told of the captain of a steamer plying at a ferry from Maryland to Virginia who being asked by a needy Virginian to give him a free passage across, iuquired if the applicant belonged to one of the F. F. V No, answered the man, 'I can't exactly say that; rather to one of the second families. Jump on board said the captain. 'I never met one of your sort before.'-Ex.

MEDICINE AND RHYME.

Dr. O'B-, having discontinued his pro-fessional visits and attentions upon a lady patient on account of her improved condition sent a couple of ducks to the mother of the convalescent lady accompanying the present with the following note:

I've despatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter, To say that Miss Lucy is very much better A regular doctor she no longer lacks. And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks.'

The lady returned thanks with this:

Yes, 'twas polite truly my very good friend, Thus a couple of quacks to your patient to

send, Since there's nothing so likely as 'quacks', it is plain, To make work for the regular doctor again

A fishy old fisher named Fischer, Fished fish from the edge of a fissure. A cod with a grin. Pulled the fisherman in-Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

WOULD NAME THE DOG 'CARE.'

The family had added a bull terrier to its stock of pets. The first day after its arrival the new member ended the career of a pet cat. He was forgiven however and that night there was a discussion over a name for the dog. Six year old Pauline listened to reveral suggestions and then said gravely, I'd call him Care, I think You know Grand-ma says "Care killed a cat."

THE VETERAN'S LAPSES.

An old man with the Crimean ribbons on his breast was relating in a railway train the hardships of the war.

'Look here gentlemen for three solid months we never tasted tea--forgot what it tasted like, almost. And tobacco-well tobacco was so scarce we were glad to smoke tea

The old chap didn't seem quite clear as to why the other passengers laughed.

107 GERMAIN S

AINT JOHN, N.B.

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