

Saved His Money.—“Two penn’orth o’ bicarbonate of soda for indigestion at this time of night!” cried the chemist who had been aroused at two a.m., “when a glass of hot water would do just as well.”

“Weel, weel,” returned Sandy, hastily, “I thank you for the advice. I’ll no bother ye after all. Gude nicht!”

A stranger, intending to visit the prison farm got on a college car by mistake the other day. As the car neared the college he imagined the large edifices before him were part of the prison buildings. Looking at Mac Hall, he enquired of a passenger what the building was for, whereupon the party replied that it was full of girls. The stranger looked blank and amazed and then exclaimed: “Girls? Why, what did they do?”

A GOOD STORY THEY ALL TELL.

It happened in Glacier National Park. The packer’s name was Goldie. His skill with horse and pack was extraordinary and no less so his dexterity in holding tourists spellbound with tales of the extremely wild west.

Presently it fell to his lot to take a party of school teachers over Gunsight Pass. Now Gunsight looks enough like the real thing to make the unsophisticated gasp a little, although it is safe as a boulevard for even more than fairly poor riders.

Any mountain trail looks ticklish in spots and one of the school teachers began to question Goldie about accidents. The inimitable Goldie rolled a fresh cigarette reflectively.

“Yes’m,” he said, “there’s some danger now and then, and sometimes things happen. I was goin’ over with my wife when just as we got to that big rock there”—pointing ahead to a

turn in the trail—“her horse slipped and both of ’em went over the side.”

At this point the school teacher gasped and swallowed audibly. “Did she—was she—” she stammered.

Goldie went on with unruffled face. “I left my horse and climbed down around to the ledge where they landed. The horse was dead. (A pause by Goldie and a breathless question by the tourist.) “And your wife—was she?”

“No-o,” drawled Goldie, “but her leg was broken and I had to shoot her.”

(Note—It does not destroy the interest of this yarn to know that it is one of the stock stories told by western guides to tourists all the way from the Grand Canyon to Yellowhead Pass.)—Guelph Mercury.

A PROMISING RECRUIT.

The officer of the day, during his tour of duty paused to question a sentry who was a new recruit.

“If you should see an armed party approaching, what would you do?” asked the officer.

“Turn out the guard, sir.”

“Very well. Suppose you saw a battleship coming across the parade-ground, what would you do?”

“Report to the hospital for examination,” was the prompt reply.—Harper’s Magazine.

THE KAISER’S DECEIT.

Old Lady: This be a terrible war, doctor.

Doctor: It’s, indeed.

Old Lady: It’s a pity some one don’t catch that there old Kruger!

Doctor: Ah! You mean the Kaiser.

Old Lady: Aw—changed his name has he, deceitful old varmint.—Tit-Bits.