

Fresh Fun

Sence Simpson went to hyvingly bliss,
The hours crawl slowly by,
An' every now an' then I ketch
A wetness in my eye.
I sense it's juty calls him thar,
An' yet—old fool I be—
I've hed him under foot so long
I miss him po'rfully.

I only hev to shut my eyes
To see him s'tin' thar
Amongst 'em in the meetin'-house,
Big-boned an' tall an' spar'.
I sight his freckled face, his head
All slick with ile an' comb;
I'm mighty proud o' him, an' yit
I wish et he was home.

I know his voice is riz on high,
A-shoutin' hymns o' praise;
I know his groans is deep an' loud
When preachers ask a raise.
I see his buzzum heave, I see
His clinchin' fistis lock;
But, oh' I druther hev him here
A-growlin' at the stock;

A-squabblin' with the neighbour-men,
An' hangin' round the place,
A corncob-pipe betwix' his lips,
A scowl across his face.
I pine to see the critter 'round
A-whittlin' with his knife,
A-sassin' back at me as big
An' 'ast as mean as life.

A friend from Montreal contributes the following:

Three children, aged three, five and seven years respectively, in one bed, talking and carrying on.

Father (watching, impatient to get away)—"Now, you children, stop talking and let me see who'll be asleep first."

Seven-year-old—"I can't go to sleep till those kids stop talking."

Five-year-old—"I'll be asleep in a minute, papa."

Three-year-old—"I am asleep, papa. See my eyes?" (Eyes tightly closed).

Father—"Your eyes may be asleep, but your tongue isn't."

Three-year-old—"Well, my tongue can't go to sleep, cos it ain't got any eyes. See?" (Shows tongue.)

Miss Sentimental—Charles, did you ever allow your mind to pierce the secrets of the universe, to reason that this dull, cold earth is but the sepulchre of ages past, that man in all his glory is but the soil we tread, which every breeze wafts in an ever-shifting maze, to be found and lost in an infinity of particles—the dust of centuries, reunited and dissolved as long as time shall endure?

Charles—No-o, I dunno as I did. You see, I've had to earn my livin'.

Bobby (at the breakfast table)—Maud, did Mr. Jones take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?

Maud—Why, of course not! Why should he?

Bobby—That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did, because I heard him say, when he was going out, "I'm going to steal just one, and—" Why, what's the matter, Maud?

"I been readin' most every day in the papers about them hossless kerridges," said Deacon Applejohn, of Hunlock, at the circus yesterday, "but I've got one that suits me to a T and works like a charm, b'gosn!"

"How is it built?"

"Jest like any other waggon."

"How do you make it go? Electricity?"

"Nope."

"Gasoline?"

"Nope."

"Kerosene?"

"Nope."

"Steam?"

"Nope."

"Well, what furnishes the motive power?"

"Come agin!"

"What makes it go?"

"Oh; why, oxen, by cracky! Haw, there, Bill!"

A traveller by postchaise wished to buy a piece of cherry-pie in Brussels; but not daring to leave the vehicle lest it should leave him, called a lad from across the street and requested him to purchase the pastry at some shop in the vicinity, and then, 'to make assurance doubly sure,' he gave him another piece of money, and told him to buy some for himself at the same time. The lad went off on a run, and presently came back eating a piece of pie, and looking complacent and happy. Walking up to the window of the postchaise, he said, with the most perfect nonchalance, returning at the same time one of the pieces of money given him by the gentleman, who, it may be remarked, was extremely hungry:

"The restaurateur had only one piece of pie left, and that I bought with my money that you gave me!"

He is like all boys, forgetful. Johnny has perhaps a greater faculty for remembering to forget than the ordinary boy, and that led him into trouble. His employer told him that the next time he forgot what he was told his services would be dispensed with.

The cashier is a kindly fellow. He told Johnny to make a memorandum of each thing he had to do during the day. That afternoon the cashier noticed a paper pinned above Johnny's desk. It read:

"Memo.—Leave at six o'clock."

The perfection of toilet powders is Mennen's borated talcum, a skin tonic, perfectly harmless, beneficial for all skin troubles. Approved by highest medical authorities. There is nothing equal to it for prickly heat, nettle rash, chafing, sunburn, blotches, pimples, etc. Makes the skin smooth and healthy. Delightful after shaving. Be sure to get "Mennen's." At all druggists, or by mail for 25 cents. Free sample by sending to Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

SALADA CEYLON TEA

IS DELICIOUS AND PURE



IT IS SOLD ONLY IN SEALED LEAD PACKETS