

parson for sixteen years before he charmed the world with "Mehalah."

Half Caine was a comparative failure as an architect. Richard Le Gallienne as an accountant, William Le Queux as an artist, while Conan Doyle was quick to recognize that he could win fame more speedily by writing books than by writing prescriptions.

WHY SOME SOUTH AFRICAN TOWNS WERE SO CALLED.

The origin of the names of some of the towns in Cape Colony and Natal which are at present so prominently attracting public attention is of interest. Durban is named from Sir Benjamin Durban, who was Governor of the Cape in 1834. Grahamstown and Harismith are named respectively from military commanders—Colonel Graham and Colonel Sir Harry Smith. Caledon, Beaufort, Somerset and Craock are named from former Governors—the Earl of Caledon, Lord Charles Somerset and Sir John Craock (Lord Howden). The towns of Ladysmith, Port Elizabeth and Lady Grey are called after the wives of Cape Governors. Kimberley is named after the Earl of Kimberley, who was Colonial Secretary from 1870 to 1874, when that town advanced from the position of a mushroom camp to that of a permanent mining centre.

To the Editor—
Dear Sir.—When you gain your sweetheart's "Yes," that is happiness.

By the sea,
Rustic seat;
He and she
Awful sweet.

Pleadings dumb
From his eye;
Ditto from
Malden shy.

Pouted lips,
Soulful eyes;
Luscious sips,
Blissful sighs.

Question fair—
Modest "Yes."
Solitaire—
Happiness.

—J. P. Muga.

Charity: "Can't you help me, Mr. Sinnick? We are getting up a calico ball for the benefit of—"

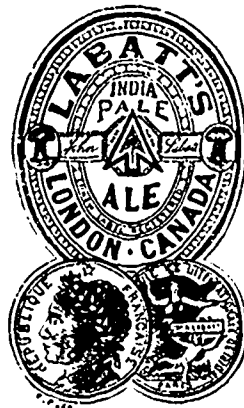
Sinnick: "It seems to me you women are bound to get into print one way or another."

"How many fellows have called on your sister this week?"

"Five."

"That doesn't include me, does it?"

"Oh, no. Sister says you don't count."



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The TONIC EFFECTS of Le Malto Labattine are very pronounced. It increases the appetite, and at the same time is also a MOST VALUABLE AID TO DIGESTION; particularly in the case of starchy foods.

For people who are run down, for nursing mothers, for invalids and delicate children, this pure Liquid Extract of Malt is invaluable.

Signed, MILTON L. HENSEY, M. A. Sc. McGill.

JOHN LABATT,

LONDON, CANADA.

MONTREAL: 127 Delorimier Av.

BE HONEST!

"Yes," said the man in the waiting-room at the station, "above all other quantities I admire honesty. Your clever man is more often unscrupulous than not. Deeds of daring are invariably prompted by a lucky impulse and the thirst for fame, while your brave man is never without his share of conceit. Philanthropy and pomposity, too, should in many cases be spelt the same way. No, my friend, there is nothing that will stand the rough wear and tear of this life like honesty, and my constant watchword to my little sons here is, 'Be honest, and you can snap your fingers at the world and its verdict!'"

Then he went to the booking-office and procured two half tickets for the little sons—aged sixteen and seventeen respectively.

"So Whippins got married. Well, I thought all he cared for was horses."

"Yes, but he got a wife who is a perfect nag, you know."

Materfamilias (11 p.m.): "What's the matter? You look distressed."

Paterfamilias: "I thought it about time to give that young fellow in the parlor a vigorous hint that it was nearing midnight, so I walked right into the room, and, giving both him and our daughter a severe look, I deliberately turned out the gas."

"Mercy! Did he get angry?"

"No; he said 'Thank you.'"

BIFFLY ON THE BUFFET.

Durbin and Wikey were talking together.

"You know how close Biffly is?" asked Durbin. "Got a joke to tell you about him. He went to Manchester last week. Put up at a third-rate hotel. Met Wilson in the street one afternoon. Wilson loves a joke, and doesn't care a bit more for a sovereign than he does for a cigarette.

"Have dinner with me?" said Wilson. "I know a place where you get a great spread for 2s. Come along as my guest."

"Biffly accepted, of course. They had everything from soup to wine. It was nothing less than a royal banquet, and they were at table two hours, and Wilson paid 15s, but Biffly didn't know."

"Only 2s, did you say?" asked Biffly, as they passed out.

"He made careful note of the number, and the next evening he was there to repeat the feast alone. He ordered like a prince and an epicure. He ate to the limit of his capacity, and chuckled to himself. When filled to repletion he asked the waiter for the bill.

"What's this?" he shouted, when he saw the list; "what do you mean by charging me 14s 6d?"

"And then it dawned upon him.

"He is now lying in wait for Wilson, and intends to have him, even if it costs £10,000."