mer. "You are going to do uns you'd be done by, and give my e a chance to run smooth? 1 fuse, I could wish that fearful back that I might set him at

s twitched. "I'm not sure." "whether you ought to be in a in the school-room."

tht to be on a motor-boat tour two most charming girls in the and if I'm not to be there, I s well be in my grave. Do ask bout me. Ask my aunt. I'm rillain. I'm one of the nices't you ever met, and I've no bad is. I've got too much mone n adventurer. Why, look here! posed to be quite a good match. f the girls can have me and my

Both are at the feet of either ent I've no choice. Don't drive rink. I should hate to die of s; and there's nothing else liquid well die of in Holland." talked, I had been thinking hard

I should have to spare him. nat. But-I saw something else

ceep your ridiculous secret, Mr. n one condition," I said. e only to name it." me to go with you on the

ear fellow, for heaven's sake k me the one thing I can't do. elty to animals. It isn't my m a guest. Perhaps you don't nd—''

I do. Van Buren told me. He d that you hadn't been able to cipper to take the motor-boat the canals."

s true. But we shan't be de-We have our choice between s with fair references; not ideal rhaps; but you don't need an to get you through a herring-

canal is different from every

You must have a first-rate man,

ws every inch of the way, what te you choose, or you'll get inus trouble. Now, as you've ising yourself, I'll follow your You couldn't find a skipper nows more about 'botor-Dutch waterways than I do, plunteer for the job. I go if

there's the offer. ou serious?" All his nonsense lenly forgotten. itely.'

o you want to go? You must eason.' It's much the same as гΘ.

blowed! Then you've met-

seen them. Apparently that's you've done." nean, if I won't get you on skipper you'll give me away ilent. I did not now mean

of the kind, for it would be to betray the engaging But I was willing that he ink my silence gave consent. would know you weren't a comd skipper. How could I ex-

say you've a Dutch friend who ly offered to go, as you can't one else who's competent for You'd better not mention your ame at first, if you can avoid the ladies have been anxious skipper, and asked van Buren e, they'll probably be thankful ght, and only too glad to acend of yours in the place." deceived angels! What's to our snatching one of them from

very nose ?" ust run the risk of that. Beneedn't worry about it till up your mind which angel

ld naturally want whichever lid. We are made like that." don't agree, and they go without you, you can't get

true. Most disagreeable things I there's just a chance, if you rous, that Tibe might polish I saw the way he looked at ll, needs must when some es. It's a bargain then. I'll girls what a kind, generous nd I have. We'll be villains

(To be continued.)

National Humour.

CAN THE SCOT BEAR COMPARISON WITH HIS NEIGHBOR?

Is there such a thing as National Humor? To test it let us take a typical anecdote from Scottish, English, Cockney, Welsh, Irish, and American sources. The Rev. David Macrae in "National Humor" (Alex. Gardner, Paisley, 5s. net) has provided the world with a handsome and entertaining volume that will become known to many by this simple expedient.

THEY KENT!

In the days of Nelson, someone at a gathering of Scotsmen, said he wondered at Nelson signalling "England expects every man to do his duty," and saying nothing of Scotland which supplied some of the bravest and best men to the British fleet. To which another member of the company replied wittily "Why should he speak o' Scotland 'expectin' '? England might only be able to 'expect,' but Scotland kent-and kent fine that every son o' hers would dae his There was nae fear and nae doot on that point.

WHENCE COMES THIS?

Speaking of people who exercise themselves more in puzzIing over the origin of evil than in trying to get rid of it, a preacher said, "These people begin at the wrong end. What would you think of a man, who, if he saw a pig in his garden, should begin to discuss the question how that pig could have got in, when the pig is busy all the time rooting up his potatoes? No; the first thing is to drive the pig out. Let us drive sin from our hearts and from the world. Let this be our business here. We shall have a whole eternity afterwards to ascertain how it got in at first."

GRIM BUT CHARACTERISTIC.

At a certain naval engagement, two sailors—one English and the other Irish -agreed to look after each other in case of accident. During the action the Englishman's leg got shot off, and he called to his friend Pat to carry him to the doctor, which Pat readily proceeded to de. Having got some short distance with his wounded companion on his back, a second ball took off the poor fellow's head. Through the noise and din of battle Pat was unaware of this, and continued on his way to the doctor. An officer, observing him at this moment with a headless body on his back, asked him where he was going. "To the dochter, sorr," "The doctor!" replied the officer. "What can the doctor do for a man who has had his head knocked off?" Pat dropped the body in surprise, and, regarding it very attentively for a few moments said, "Sure enough! But, begorra, he towld me it

A LEGAL EXPLANATION.

When some railway bill was before a Committee of the House of Commons, Mr. Sergeant Merewether, who led for the promoters, said, "I don't come here hefore you (as counsel often do) with a superficial knowledge of the country through which the proposed line would pass, for I have fished in the rivers and shot on the mountain-sides of the valley of Edernion, and have read the Twelve Commandments in the church of Llandrillo.'

"Twelve Commandments!" retorted the lawyer on the other side. "Perhaps you will kindly give us the last two." "Well, the eleventh is, 'Don't interrupt counsel when he is addressing the Committee,' and the twelfth you shall have before you want it, when this Committee gives its decision.

FIRST BUSINESS PRINCIPLES. A child was crying in the street near

Charing Cross, when a compassionate lady, passing at the time, stopped and asked him what he was crying for. "Cos I've lost a penny mother gave

"Ah, well, never mind," said the lady. "Here's another for you," and gave him

She had not got much further, when she heard the little fellow bellowing more lustily even than before. Coming back to him, she asked what he was crying for now.

Whether it was the little fellow's game to make money by crying, or whether the lady's kindness had suddenly sugsested to him that he had tapped a

fountain that might be made something more of, he replied, "I'm crying 'cos if I 'adn't lost that there first penny, I should 'av 'ad tuppence!"

THE FATAL ASPIRATE.

A friend of the name of M'Laurin, who was putting up at Charing Cross Hotel, sent the waiter to see if there were any letters for him. The waiter was long in returning, the letters addressed M'Laurin having got into the wrong pigeon hole. "They should have been in 'Hem,' sir; but had been put into 'Hell' by mistake."

A story is told of a pompous manufacturer at a school examination asking a smart boy, "Wot's the capital of Olland ?" To which the boy replied, "The letter 'H,' sir."

A TALE OF QUEBEC.

An amusing story is told of a gallant Highlander who with his trusty ferrara had wrought havoc in the enemy's ranks at the storming of Quebec. General Townsend, who had witnessed his exploits, saw him, after the victory was won, sit down beside a heap of Frenchmen whom he had slain, wipe the dust and sweat from his brow, and refresh himself with a huge "sneeshin," or pinch, from his Highland snuff-mill. On the return of his regiment to this country the King, who had heard of the incident through Mr.Pitt, expressed a desire to see the brave old Highlander, and, on his being introduced, held out hls hand for Malcolm to kiss. Honest Maicolm, unacquainted with the ceremonial of Courts, and thinking that the King was holding out his hand for a pinch, exclaimed: "Here you are, God bless your great Majesty!" and presented the box. The King laughed heartily at the mistake, took a pinch, made Malcolm a lieutenant, and gave him half pay for life.

It seems to us that Mr. Macrae's stories stamp themselves fairly well. And a further knowledge of his collection will confirm the reader in this belief .-T. P's. Weekly.

In August.

E. F. Miller, in Harper's Weekly. Through all the long, slow, slumb'rous afternoon

The white cloud crept across the glowing sky,

And little vagrant breezes wandered Too tired to set the dusty leaves a-croon.

Insistent rose the jar-fly's clamor shrill, Then sank, and all was quietude again; The tall corn drooped in silence on

the plain; The grass was brown upon the sun-

Within the shade the lazy cattle lay, Late daisies round them nodding sleepily,

And all the wide fields seemed like them to be Waiting for the sunset's boon and end

Down where the white road through the valley gleamed. With fiercer heat and light, a swift

of day.

dreamed.

car swept; It passed; the dust sank back to earth and slept;

And listlessly again the landscape

It is the custom of a minister in a certain seaboard town to read in church the requests for the prayers of the congregation. Not long ago the minister was absent and a city clergyman, who did not know the custom, officiated in his place. At the usual time the deacon handed the notices to the minister, explaining what was to be done with them. In a few moments the congregation was startled to hear: "A man going to see his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safe return." The notice really read: "A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safe

Sunday School Tearis . Can y a tell me who dwelt in the Garden c. Eder? Little May .- Yes, ma'am; the Adamses.

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