

The True Story of the Four Fishers.

And it came to pass in the reign of King George and of his law-giver Asquith, that four mighty men of physick, of the tribe which is Canadian, said one to another: "Behold, it hath been said that 'there are more fish in the sea than have ever been caught.' Let us, therefore, find a boatman that we may fish."

And in due season came a day that was fitting, and the valiant fishermen embarked, and rowing out about the space of an hundred cubits, did cast their lines into the deep.

And one was there, who rejoiced greatly when he tackled a tooth. Yea, even at times did he poke into a man's vitals through a bad molar. And he said to his companions in the boat: "Behold, I am weary of the sea; verily, it maketh me sick." And they looked, and lo, his face shone even as the colors of Joseph's coat. And again he said: "I am sick unto death, and do yearn for the shore; take me thither, I pray you, that I may die in the bosom of my family." And they took him in.

But Sparkus, the lightning man, Somnus, the maker of sleep, and the Equestrian said; "Let us fish again." And they did so. But the seas rose to a great height, so that even the mighty sailor, Sparkus, marvelled; and he did not fish, for he was anxious for his friend who had departed.

And it came to pass that Somnus hooked a monster of the deep, even that which is known as the crab. And when Sparkus saw it he said: "I pray thee put me ashore that I may search for my departed friend." And they did so.

So the Maker of Sleep and the Equestrian went out alone to fish. But the Somnus said: "It doth appear that I have not dined too wisely; my soul doth pall at fishing, and my heart yearneth for my comrades." But the Equestrian fished until the going down of the sun, nor would he land the Maker of Sleep, though he entreated him sorely.

And it came to pass that many fish were caught, whose length was even unto the tenth part of a cubit.

The fish that were dead wot not of it. But they that were alive rejoiced; for that which they had received from the fishers was greater than that which was taken away from the sea.

Logic.

Sandy, the plumber, was working on a job with an apprentice.

In the course of the forenoon the boss visited the job, and, failing to find Sandy anywhere about the premises, waited his return.

"Where have you been?" demanded the boss when Sandy put in an appearance.

"Gettin' ma hair cut," answered Sandy, quite coolly.

"And how dare you get your hair cut in my time?"

"Weel, disna it grow in your time?"