

DEATH CLAIMS PAID IN APRIL, 1898.

T 14933... O'Reilly.....	\$1,006.00	T 33863... Cart.....	15.00
33757... Rickman.....	201.00	T 25364... Lee.....	27.07
71457... Mardran.....	5,000.00	18698... Miller.....	1,000.00
71458.....		50245... Ritchie.....	4,745.00
46010... Sennett.....	1,000.00	T 16078... Belanger.....	26.25
9842... Kirkland.....	1,133.00	T 35433... Soucis.....	117.00
31635... Warnock.....	500.00	T 19099... McAbbe.....	8.50
30399... Lacerk.....	1,011.00	T 5796... Plamondon.....	17.00
25853... Bergeron.....	1,039.00	T 19357... Garipey.....	17.00
35162... Schneider.....	991.00	T 36380... Deschene.....	27.50
63386... Morrison.....	1,000.00	T 37497... Hubert.....	4.50
47366... Lemieux.....	937.70	T 1671... Lavallée.....	42.00
6881... Gilbert.....	1,000.00	T 17262... Robillard.....	15.00
21751... Herrera.....	1,001.25	T 10638... Papineau.....	34.00
37232... Dussault.....	1,000.00	T 5024... Danis.....	17.00
T 18702... Lapointe.....	7.50	T 7821... Smith.....	111.33
T 19925... Dubois.....	6.25	42952... Heron.....	150.00
T 33975... Allard.....	6.25	30335... Benoît.....	526.00
T 19986... Cheval.....	8.50	19618... McCnock.....	225.00
6463... Abbott.....	5,789.00	34042... Lahaie.....	312.00
48194... Rousseau.....	1,000.00	11601... Knox.....	2,231.00
T 24405... Faison.....	86.00	35873... Wilcocks.....	2,927.22
T 36743... Donaldson.....	12.50	28972... Girard.....	65.80

BROKEN STOWAGE.

Where the Miracle Came In.—“Well Uncle Rasburry, how did you like the sermon?”

“It was a pow’ful sermon, Marse John.”

“What was it about?”

“It was ’bout de mir’cle ob seven thousand loaves and five thousand fishes bein’ fed to the twelve ’postles.”

“Seven thousand loaves and five thousand fishes being fed to twelve apostles? But where does the miracle come in?”

Uncle Rasburry scratched his head a few moments meditatively. Then he replied:

“Well, Marse John, de mer’cle, ’cordin to my perception of de circumstances, is dat dey all didn’t bust.”

Anything But That.—A poor man lay dying, and his good wife was tending him with homely but affectionate care. “Don’t you think you could eat a bit of something, John? Now, what can I get for you?”

With a wan smile he answered, feebly: “Well, I seem to smell a ham a-cooking somewheres. I think I could do with a little bit of that.”

“Oh, no, John, dear,” she answered promptly, “you can’t have that. That’s for the funeral.”

Unfeeling.—A certain drill sergeant, whose severity had made him unpopular with his troops, was putting a party of recruits through the funeral exercise. Opening the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed cortege between them, the instructor, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he did so: “Now I’m the corpse, pay attention.” Having reached the end of the party, he turned round, regarded them steadily with a scrutinizing eye for a moment or two, then remarked: Your ’ands is right, and your ’eads is right, but you ’aven’t got that look of regret you ought to ’ave.”

A Prohibitive Tariff.—A grizzled farmer down in Mississippi went to a newspaper office to have a notice inserted about the death of a relative.

“What air your charges?” he asked of the manager.

“We charge two dollars an inch.”

“Land sakes!” said the farmer, “I can’t afford that. William he was six feet three inches.”

A Cheerful Giver.—Some one once went to Dumas pere for 50 sous to help bury a friend.

“What was he?” Dumas asked.

“A bailiff, sir,” replied the borrower. Dumas’ eyes lit with memories. He ran to his desk and returned with a note which he thrust into the man’s hand.

“You say it costs 50 sous? Here are 100 Bury two of ’em.”