



BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY



The Secret.

A CERTAIN family is convinced that its eight-year-old hopeful is destined to become a great scientist. He has already begun to see the connection between cause and effect.

Not long ago this youngster was looking at a drop of water through a microscope. Here, there, and everywhere were darting animalculae.

"Now I know," announced the child to the family, "what sings when the kettle boils. It's those little bugs."

* * *

No Punishment.

SHE was about ten years old, and apparently very unhappy. A swollen face served to diagnose the case at a glance as an advanced stage of toothache. Over the door they entered was a sign which, being interpreted, read "Doctor of Dental Surgery."

The mother had led her to the operating-chair and smoothed back her tousled hair as she laid her head in the little rest. Looking her straight in her eye, with finger poised for emphasis, the mother said: "Now, Edith, if you cry, I'll never take you to a dentist again."

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According.

MISTRESS (to prospective servant): "And what wages have you been getting?"

Servant: "Well, you see, ma'am, wages vary according to what you do."

Mistress: "You mean that the more you do, the more wages you would expect?"

Servant: "Oh, no, ma'am. That's what you might think, ma'am, but my brother is a student of political economy and he says it's just the other way: the more you do, the less you get."

walking up to the ticket-taker he said with an air of authority:

"Let all these boys in, and count them as they pass."

The gateman did as requested, and when the last one had gone he turned and said: "Twenty-eight, sir."

"Good," said the man, smiling as he walked away, "I thought I guessed right."

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The Whereabouts.

IT is taking some time for the flood of stories anent the discovery of the North Pole to sweep past. Along comes this belated one from old Kentucky:

The owner of a plantation said to a favorite darcy:

"Mose, they've discovered the North Pole."

"Deed!" exclaimed the old negro. "Where at?"

* * *

Euphemistic.

THE negro on occasion displays a fine discrimination in the choice of words.

"Who's the best whitewasher in town?" enquired the new resident.

"Ale Hall am a bo'n'd a'tist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently.

"Well tell him to come down and whitewash my chicken house to-morrow."

"Ah don't believe, sah, Ah'd engage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah."

"Why didn't you say he was a good whitewasher?"

"Yes, sah, a pow'ful good whitewasher, sah, but mighty queer about a chicken house, sah; mighty queer."—*Human Life.*

* * *

His Preference.

ma'am, but what he really said was, 'Take 'em away, Joe; they make me sick.'"

* * *

Saskatoon.

By CY WARMAN.

There's a town that's coming strong,
Saskatoon,
And it's coming right along—
Coming soon;
There, the summer winds are low,
Where the summer roses blow;
You can stand and see it grow—
Saskatoon.

In a valley, O, so fair,
Saskatoon,
(See the railways will be there,
Very soon);
Sunny skies and fields of gold,
Land you'd like to have and hold,
Place to have your fortune told,
Saskatoon.

Pearl, then, of a Promised Land,
Saskatoon,
Shimmering, chinook-wind-formed,
Saskatoon,
Fairest land from sea to sea,
Land of opportunity,
"One best bet," take that from me,
Saskatoon.

—*Canada Monthly.*

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An Awkward Situation.

A TRAINED ostrich recently disconcerted its exhibitor at a music hall by continually endeavoring to break away from all restraint and to climb over the footlights into the orchestra.

The widely-advertised act came to a sudden end, and the professor emerged from behind the curtain and apologized for the actions of his pet in about these words:

"Ladies and gentlemen.—Hi ham very sorry to disappoint you this evening. We are compelled to cease our engagement until the management engages a new orchestra leader.

"The one at present hemmployed 'ere 'as no 'air on top of 'is head, and my bird takes it for a hegg."—*Detroit News-Tribune.*

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The Consoler.

A N exchange recounts the following conversation between a minister and a man whose wife was buried that day.

"My brother," said the preacher, "I know that this is a great grief that has overtaken you, and though you are compelled to mourn the loss of this one,

who has been your companion and partner in life, I will console you with the assurance that there is another who sympathizes with you and seeks to embrace you in the arms of unfailing love."

To this the bereaved husband replied by asking as he gazed into the minister's face:

"What's her name?"

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A Simple Request.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,

Make me a boy again, just for to-night.
Give me a go at the food that they fry,
Let me make bold with a green apple pie,

Then let me sink to my innocent rest,
Free from all care as to what I digest;
Confident, even in moments of pain,
That mustard or ginger will soothe me again.

Fain would I seek with a juvenile zest
The cupboard instead of the medicine chest;

And drink from the spring where the germs roam at will,
Instead of from crystal, drafts foaming or still.

Give me not wealth nor the badge of the proud,
Nor a place on the platform, high over the crowd.

But give me, oh, give me my old appetite—

Make me a boy again just for to-night!
—*Washington Star.*

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Trouble.

"DO you have much trouble with your automobile?"

"Trouble. Say, I couldn't have more if I was married to the blamed machine."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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An Obliging Maid.

"IS Miss Wheaton at home?" asked one of the neighbors of the spinster, as he called at her door to get her signature to a petition.

"She is that," responded Celia Leahy, three weeks over from Ireland, and a most willing handmaiden. "Will yez step in, sorr?"

"I should like to see her on a matter of business for a few moments if she is not engaged," said the neighbor.

Celia flung wide the door and waved him in.

"If she has wan, he's neglectin' her shameful," she said, in a hoarse, confidential whisper, "for 'tis three weeks to-morrow since I came here, and he's not put his foot over the t'reshold in all that toime! Sure, 'tis your chanst."—*The Youth's Companion.*

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She Knew the Dressmaker.

MR. and Mrs. Eebeesee were about to start for the matinee.

A comely young woman came out of her apartment on the second floor and preceded them down the stairway.

"If you are going out, Miss Brytiez," they suggested, "you'd better take an umbrella. It looks like rain."

"O, I'm only going to the dressmaker's," she said.

"But isn't it possible to get wet even when going to the dressmaker's?"

"Yes, indeed; I expect to get soaked."

—*Chicago Record Herald.*

YOUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH

When you are tempted to buy "bargain" underwear—three fourths cotton—for your children, think of your anxiety when this mistaken economy results in a severe cold, perhaps pneumonia.

JAEGER'S Pure Wool Underwear

is the best protection against our variable weather conditions. It is the truest economy to secure it, for it will save you many a doctor's bill.

Be sure it is **JAEGER**



DR. JAEGER'S Sanitary Woollen System Co., Limited,

231 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
316 St. Catherine St., West, Montreal.
Steele Block, Portage Ave. Winnipeg.

They're all right to fetch and to carry,
For that's what they're made for, I think;

But daddies have no place to snuggle—
Their arms are not fashioned quite right—

The Sand Man won't come at their bidding;

Wee kiddies wants mudders at night.
—Hubert McBean Johnston, in *Canada Monthly.*

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Wasn't That Slick?

THE usual crowd of small boys was gathered about the entrance of a circus tent in a small town one day, pushing and trying to get a glimpse of the interior. A man standing near watched them for a few moments, then

Wheat has a beard.
Grapes have skin.

—*Life.*

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Same as Most of Them.

THE office boy was wearing for the first time his new long trousers, and he was really feeling politely inclined to everybody. So, when a fair artist called to inquire about some sketches, he rose and, with a fine bow, said:

"The editor is much obliged to you for allowing him to see your drawings, but much regrets that he is unable to use them."

"Did he really say that?" she asked eagerly.

"Well, not exactly. I'm very sorry,