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fellows in the States call the beaver? A musk-rat with a swelled tail!" "Is that so?" said the Canadian, quietly. "Do you know what some fellows here in Canada call the American eagle? A jay with a swelled head!"—*The Week*.

* * *

Very Comforting.

DURING a charge in the last Boer War, the following incident is said to have occurred:

One of the men got his thumb shot off, and turning to his chum, an Irishman, ejaculated: "Whatever shall I do? I am done for life."

Pat, taking things somewhat coolly, and thinking his chum was making a fuss over a mere trifle, responded solemnly, "Sure and that's nothing to make a fuss about. Here's poor Sam Jones wid his head cut off, an' not a word is he sayin'!"

* * *

A Celebrity.

RURAL Parishioner (about to marry for the second time) to congratulatory friend: "Weel, I'm marrying mostly for the sake of the bairns. If it was just mase!, I could e'en gang on being a celebrity."

* * *

Proof of Skill.

IN his early days Sir Walter Gilbey used to devote some portion of every year to mountain-climbing. While in Switzerland once he had a somewhat weird experience. He was about to make an ascent when he thought that he might as well make some inquiries about the guide who was to accompany him.

"Is he a thoroughly skilful climber?" he asked his hotelkeeper. "I should say so," was the reply. "He has lost two parties of tourists down the mountain-side, and each time has come off without so much as a scratch on himself."—*M. A. P.*

* * *

None for Him.

NELLIE L. McCLUNG, the western author, whose book, "Sowing Seeds in Danny," has been so well received, and a small boy, are the hero and the wicked woman in a good story that is being told in a small Manitoba town. Mrs. McClung recently gave a series of readings from her book, in a number of places in Manitoba. On her tour she did not know just where she would be entertained in each town, so she directed that her mail be sent in care of the Methodist minister.

One morning while staying in a small town, she saw the minister's small son toddling toward the house where she was staying. He had a letter in his hand, so she went to the door, expecting that it was for her.

The small boy stopped a few feet from her and said: "Are you Nellie L. McClung?"

"Yes," said Mrs. McClung, "have you something for me?"

The child threw the letter at her, and then ran as hard as he could, until he apparently thought he was at a safe distance. Then he shouted back: "You can sow seeds in Danny if you like, but you're not going to sow any in me."

Then he ran as fast as his little legs could carry him, until he was safe in his own yard.—*Saturday Sun-set*.

* * *

An Eye to Business.

MR. H. G. WELLS, the novelist, tells a story of a gentleman next to whom he once sat at a public dinner. The conversation had turned upon one of his own books and Mr. Wells had said something to the

effect that "were there no self-seekers the world would be a very Utopia." This neighbour promptly observed, "I maintain that all water used for drinking and culinary purposes should be boiled at least an hour." "You are a physician, I presume?" suggested the novelist. "No, sir," was the unexpected reply, "I am in the coal line."—*The Standard*.

* * *

How He Got Even.

A TRAVELLING man who stutters spent all afternoon in trying to sell a grouchy business man a bill of goods, and was not very successful.

As the salesman was locking up his grip the grouch was impolite enough to observe in the presence of his clerks: "You must find that impediment in your speech very inconvenient at times."

"Oh, n-no," replied the salesman. "Every one has his p-peculiarity. S-stammering is mine. What's y-yours?"

"I am not aware that I have any," replied the merchant.

"D-do you stir y-your coffee with your r-right hand?" asked the salesman.

"Why, yes, of course," replied the merchant, a bit puzzled.

"W-well," went on the salesman, "t-that's your p-peculiarity. Most people use a t-teaspoon."

* * *



THE RIGHT BOY

Employer to Applicant: Are you truthful?

"Y-E-S, but not so's to queer your business."—*Life*.

* * *

Vindicated.

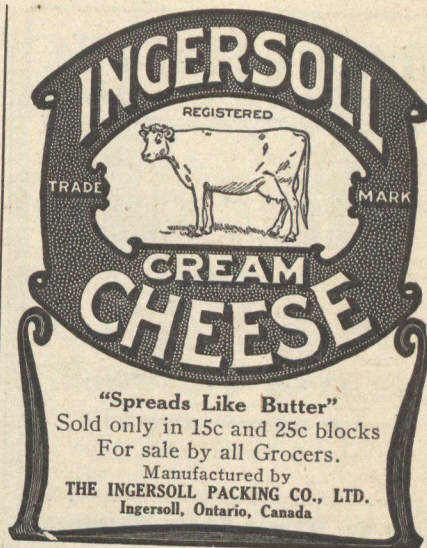
THE suburban customer shook the bill in the plumber's face. "I'll never pay it!" he yelled. "The idea of that little job in my kitchen taking your man ten hours; it's an outrage!"

"Now, please don't put all the blame on the man," the plumber said, conciliatorily. "He would have got through in one-tenth of the time if you had chosen a more advantageous day."

"What was wrong with the day I selected?" the customer from the suburbs fumed.

"Several things," replied the plumber quietly. "In the first place, it was not your cook's day off, she was present and did all she could to make the man feel at home; secondly, your wife's society held a musicale in the parlour and my man, who is passionately fond of music, could not help hearing the strains of harmony; lastly, there was a football game played in the empty lot next door to your place and my man, who used to play at Yale, naturally glanced at the game from time to time. With all these attractions to fascinate him can you censure the man for lingering a little?"

The demeanor of the suburban customer changed. "No, I cannot," he confessed honestly; "receipt your bill and give this to the man I have been wronging so unjustly," and he flung down on the plumber's desk a ten dollar bill.—*Chicago News*.



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