



A RAILWAY GUIDE.

THE scribes who write the railway folders occasionally say weird things, by way of literary and historical information. In an illustrated pamphlet setting forth the charms of the scenery along the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, the writer pauses, in expending a few adjectives on Lake Evelyn, to explain that this beautiful sheet of water is named after "Lady Evelyn Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Argyll, who, as Marquis of Lansdowne, was at one time Governor-General of Canada."

Would you listen to that! The learned author probably refers to Lady Evelyn Cavendish, daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who, indeed was Governor-General of Canada. It may be necessary to state that the Duke of Argyll, as Marquis of Lorne, was also Governor-General of Canada and that his wife is Princess Louise, a sister of King Edward, and that there are neither sons nor daughters in the household. It is just possible that the authorities of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario road employed an enterprising Yankee to write up their scenery and that he supplied imaginary details.

It may please the exploiters of the Lake Evelyn region to learn that the lady, after whom it was named, has lately acceded to the rank of Duchess as her husband, formerly known as Mr. Victor Cavendish, will succeed to the titles and estates of his late uncle, the Duke of Devonshire.

GETTING EVEN WITH THE DOCTOR.

AN old Scotchman, not feeling very well, called upon a well-known doctor, who gave him instructions as to diet and exercise and rest. Among other things he advised the patient to abstain from all form of spirits. "Do as I say," he added cheerfully, "and you'll soon feel better."

The Scotchman rose silently and was about to withdraw when the doctor detained him to mention the all-important topic of the fee. "My advice will cost you two dollars," he said.

"Aw, mebbe," said the old Scotchman, "but I'm nae gaun to tek yer advice."

ON WHAT THEIR FATE DEPENDED.

DURING the week certain members of the flock had been paying overmuch attention to sampling the local whisky, and the minister took advantage of his position in the pulpit to administer gentle reproof. "An' I tell ye, one an' all, ye're on the way to Perdection!" he cried. At that moment a fly settled on the Bible before him. He raised his fist. "Ye're gaein' tae hell!" he shouted. "An' ye'll all get there, just sae sure as—sae sure as I ding the life out o' this flee!" His fist crashed down as he uttered the words, then he looked to see the result of his handiwork. "Missed!" he ejaculated. "Ah! weel, maybe there's a chance for some o' ye yet!"

A NEW SOCIETY.

TWO men were standing together in the corridor of a post-office. One of them happened to notice that a post-card held in the fingers of the other was addressed to the holder.

"Why, what does this mean?" he asked. "Do you address letters to yourself?"

"In this case, yes," was the answer.

"That's funny."

"Well, not so very. See the other side."

He held it up, and the other side read: "Brother Blank—There will be a meeting of the I. G. O. S. B., No. 387, at the hall, the evening of October 1, to transact special business. Members not present will be fined \$5. N. B. —, secretary."

"Yes, but I don't exactly catch on," protested the innocent.

"Oh, you don't? Well, I got the cards printed

myself; the society is all a myth. When I want to get out of an evening I direct one of these cards to my house, I reach home, and my wife hands it to me with a sigh. I offer to stay home and stand the fine of the fiver, but, of course, she won't allow that. That's all, my friend, except that the scheme is worked by hundreds of others, and our poor deluded wives haven't tumbled to it yet."

A COMPENSATION.

IT was not always possible for Mrs. Leahy, from her permanent station at the wash-tub, to appreciate the silver lining which Mr. Leahy discovered in every cloud, and pointed out to her.

"I've lost me job, Nora," he said, cheerfully, "but this is the time you'd ought to be thankful I'm not as smart as some."

"Why should I be thankful for that?" inquired Mrs. Leahy, pausing for an instant to wipe her glistening forehead with her damp apron.

"'Tis aisy seen," and her husband gazed tolerantly at her from his comfortably tipped-back chair by the stove. "If I was Terry Dolan, now, and out of me job, I'd be losin' t'ree dollars a day instead o' wan-sivinty-five. You think o' that, me darlin', an' 'twill put the heart into you, same as it has into me."

STRICKEN FROM THE LIST.

I THINK it was James Payn who told me the story of how he escaped performing his duty as a citizen. He was bewailing his untoward fate in some public place, when a most respectable man informed him that for some small sum he would insure his never being called upon again to serve. James Payn gave what he asked, and being consumed with curiosity to see how he would manage, he repaired to the court whither he had been summoned and waited. His name was called, and then a sad figure in deep black arose from the well of the court, bearing a spotless handkerchief in his hand. The man simply said, "Dead, my lord!" The judge uttered a few commonplace condolences, the name

was struck off the list, and he was never again called upon to act.—From "Leaves from My Life," Anonymous.

ANOTHER STORY.

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL tells with keen enjoyment of a medical friend of his who engaged a nurse, recently graduated, for a case of delirium tremens. The physician succeeded in quieting his patient and left some medicine, instructing the nurse to administer it to him if he "began to see snakes again." At the next call the physician found the patient again raving. To his puzzled inquiry, the nurse replied that the man had been going on that way for several hours and that she had not given him any medicine.

"But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he began to see snakes again?" demanded the physician.

"But he didn't see snakes this time," replied the nurse confidently. "He saw red, white and blue turkeys with straw hats on."—Lippincott's Magazine.

HOW HE DID IT.

WHEN I was connected with a certain Western railway," says a prominent official of an Eastern line, "we had in our employ a brakeman who, for special service rendered to the road, was granted a month's vacation.

"He decided to spend his time in a trip over the Rockies. We furnished him with passes.

"He went to Denver and there met a number of his friends at work on one of the Colorado roads. They gave him a good time, and when he went away made him a present of a mountain goat.

"Evidently our brakeman was at a loss to get the animal home with him, as the express charges were very heavy at that time. Finally, however, hitting upon a happy expedient, he made out a shipping tag and tied it to the horns of the goat. Then he presented the beast to the office of the stock car line.

"Well, that tag created no end of amusement, but it served to accomplish the end of the brakeman. It was inscribed as follows:

"Please Pass the Butter. Thomes J. Meechin, Brakeman, S. S. and T. Ry."—Harper's Weekly.

A VALUABLE MEMBER.

THE British M. P., Mr. Will Crooks, is looked upon in the slum district of Poplar, London, as a species of guide, philosopher, and friend for all the neighbourhood. If there is a street fight, someone runs to call him; if the drains are wrong in a neighbour's house, Will Crooks is appealed to, to make the landlord "look sharp." If there is a row between husband and wife, father and son, mother and daughter, Will Crooks is expected to arbitrate. A little girl once came to his door with the announcement, "If you please, father's took to drink again, and mother says will Mr. Crooks come round and give him a good hiding?"



Old Lady (to Conductor—her first drive on an electric tram). "Would it be dangerous, Conductor, if I was to put my foot on the rail?"
Conductor (an Edison man). "No, Mum, not unless you was to put the other one on the overhead wire!"—Punch.