

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Many a big sorrow is born of a little sin.

On one occasion, when in Congress, General Benjamin Butler arose in his place and intimated that the member who occupied the floor was transgressing the limits of debate. "Why, General," said the member reproachfully, "you divided your time with me." "I know I did," rejoined Butler, grimly, "but I didn't divide eternity with you."

On board one of the Scottish steamers, which have been built with exceedingly light draft to get over the frequent shallows of one of the rivers in Scotland, a Yankee tourist remarked to the captain, a shrewd old Scotchman: "I guess, skipper, that you think nothing of steaming across a meadow when there has been a heavy fall of dew." "That's so," replied the captain, "though occasionally we hae tae send a man ahead wi' a watering can."

At a dinner of a legal association held in Washington not long ago, one of the speakers told of a farmer's son in Illinois who conceived a desire to shine as a legal light. Accordingly, he went up to Springfield, where he accepted employment at a small sum from a fairly well-known attorney.

At the end of three days' study he returned to the farm. "Well, Bill, how'd ye like the law?" asked his father. "It ain't what it's cracked up to be," responded Bill, gloomily. "I'm sorry I learned it."

"The Cleverest Tramp in America" says that riding upon the truck beams, between the wheels of a flying passenger train, or even of a slow-going freight train, is extremely difficult. The flying cinders deluge the eyes and at times make breathing almost impossible. More than this, he says that unless one strictly watches himself one is in danger of becoming hypnotized. The rhythmically pounding wheels, jolting over the joints of the rails, have a way of insistently commanding attention that is extremely dangerous. This noise, sharp and repeated with devilish persistence, can hypnotize the unwary, he says. Often he has had to use every resource of will power which he had in order to ward off the effects of this endless and mind-compelling "click, click, click." He believes that many a tramp who has fallen to his death from the trucks has been first hypnotized in this way. Fortunately the habit of riding upon the truck-beams has not as yet become prevailing. There are safer ways of promoting or tempting sleep.

CURIOUS DECEPTIONS.

Our senses deceive us curiously at times. A flash of lightning lights up the ground for one-millionth of a second, yet it seems to us to last ever so much longer.

What happens is that the impression remains in the eye or the retina for about one-eighth of a second, or 121,000 times as long as the flash lasts. If on a dark night a train speeding along at 60 miles an hour is lit up by a lightning flash it appears stationary, yet in the eighth of a second during which we seem to see it, the train travels 11 feet.

But we really only see it during one-millionth of a second, and in that time it travels only one-hundredth of an inch.

When a man's leg is cut off, if the stump be irritated, he feels the pain in his toes. This curious deception is the same as anyone can practice on himself by striking his elbow on the table, when he feels the pain in his fingers. Of course, in both cases the pain is felt in the brain.

We do not actually perceive different distances with the eye, but judge them from various indications. When our judgment is at fault we are deceived. If you see a person in a fog, for instance, he seems to be much bigger than usual. The same thing happens when you see men or cattle on the top of a hill against the horizon in twilight. In both cases you judge them to be farther away than they really are, and consequently they appear uncommonly large.

GOING IT BLIND

Those who persist in using second or third-rate methods in skimming milk are groping along at heavy cost.

DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS THE EYE OPENERS

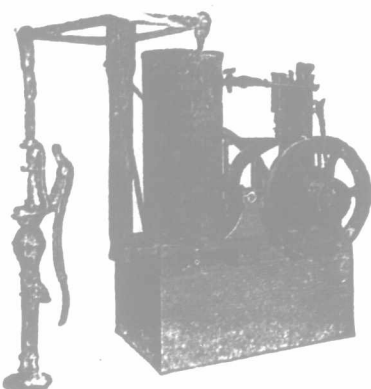
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The De Laval Separator Co.

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MONTREAL



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A FAIRBANKS-MORSE JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES

Gasoline Engine

will pump water, saw wood, shell corn, run cream separator; in fact, furnish power for any purpose. Every farmer should have one. Cut out this advertisement and send it to

The Canadian Fairbanks Co., LIMITED.

Montreal, Toronto, St. John, Calgary, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

Please send me (without cost to me) your catalogue E 101 and full information regarding your Gasoline Engine for farm use. F. A.

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Security

Whatever amount of money one puts by in an investment—whether it is \$10,000 or \$100—the first consideration is the security of the investment.

If added to the security there is a profitable dividend, the investment becomes an ideal one—exactly the kind that the saving people of Ontario most desire.

The Debentures of this Company are such an investment, safe beyond question. Assets totalling over \$10,000,000 are pledged to their redemption. Thus their security is absolutely safeguarded. They pay 4 per cent. per annum.

Put your savings into this safe and profitable form of investment. Write asking for full particulars.

Huron & Erie

Loan & Savings Co., London, Ont.



Be an Independent Canner

Install a Modern Canner on your farm and dispose of your fruit and vegetables as canned goods.

Avoid all waste and double your profits. Easy to operate, no experience required. Small investment and larger returns. Send for a Modern Canner catalogue.

THE MODERN CANNER CO. Canadian Branch, St. Jacob's, Ont.

"Do you want to draw or deposit?" asked the post office clerk.

"No, I don't; OI want to put in." The clerk sighed, and showed a form across the counter.

"Sign your name there," he said, pointing to the exact spot.

"Above the line or below it?"

"Just above."

"The whool name?"

"Yes."

"OI can't write."

A meddlesome woman who was riding on a tramcar began sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her baby, and said:

"I declare, a woman ought never to have a baby until she knows how to hold it."

"Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.

At this retort the passengers laughed heartily, much to the discomfiture of the old lady, who got out at the next stopping place.

A certain farmer in New Zealand, having got himself disliked on account of his quarrelsome habits, the other farmers decided one night to cool him down a bit.

At midnight the farmer was disturbed by a voice shouting, "Your horse is stolen."

The irate farmer hurried on his clothes, and, hastening to the door, asked, "Which way has he gone?"

"Towards H—," replied one of the farmers.

Another offered the loan of a horse he bestrode, which offer the sleepy farmer accepted. After riding all night, he found himself at daylight next morning riding his own horse.

A street boy of diminutive stature was trying to sell some very young kittens to passers-by. One day he accosted the late Dr. Phillips Brooks, asking him to purchase, and recommending them as good Episcopalian kittens. Dr. Brooks laughingly refused, thinking them too small to be taken from their mother. A few days later a Presbyterian minister who had witnessed the episode, was asked by the same boy to buy the same kittens. This time the lad announced that they were faithful Presbyterians.

"Didn't you tell Dr. Brooks last week that they were Episcopal kittens?" the minister asked sternly.

"Yessir," replied the boy quickly, "but they've had their eyes opened since then, sir."

An Episcopal rector, travelling in the South, met a native, also, by his own profession, an Episcopalian.

"Who confirmed you?" asked the rector.

"Nobody. What's that?"

"But didn't you tell me you were an Episcopalian?"

"Oh, yes," said the old man; "and I'll tell you how it is. Last spring I went down to New Orleans visitin'. While I was there I went to church, and I heard 'em say they had left undone them things they'd oughter done, and done them things they hadn't oughter done, and I said to myself, 'That's jest my fix, too.' I found out that was an Episcopal church, and so I've been an 'Episcopal' ever since."

Count Tolstoy's anecdote of the abashed Moscow hangman, who hid from the artist and would not consent to sit to him, recalls many illustrations of the natural repugnance with which such functionaries are regarded. An amusing example is given in Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences." A certain Stirling laird had annoyed his clergyman by dilatoriness in paying his tithes, or tithes, and was admonished that he must pay up at the proper time. Next term the money arrived punctually; but the minister thought he recognized the messenger, who proved to be the hangman of Stirling, sent by the laird as an affront to the minister. But the minister was equal to the occasion. He wrote the receipt: "Received from Mr. _____ by the hands of the hangman of Stirling, his doer, agent, or man of business, 'The sum of—'"