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If you See it in our Paper its so!

One day a man called at the office of a certain newspaper and said to the editor:

"Sir, your paper says that I am dead."

"Well," replied the editor, "if it is in our paper it is correct."

"It is not correct, for here I am, alive," rejoined the other.

"Well, it can't be helped," said the editor.

"But I expect you to contradict it," said the injured man.

"No, I can't do that," said the editor, "as we never contradict anything that appears in our paper. I will do the only thing I can do. Tomorrow I will put you in the list of births."



S. R. Crockett, the popular writer, is said to have recently had this experience, which he relates with keen appreciation. It was after one of the two or three public lectures that he has ever delivered. A heavy, solemn-faced Scot came round after the tragedy, and shook him by the hand in a melancholy manner.

"I hae read a' your buiks," he said; and, after a pause he added, "up to this."

Mr. Crockett expressed his thanks. The man was silent a while, and tried again.

"You dinna do this for a livelihood?" he asked, referring to the recent lecture.

"No," replied Mr. Crockett meekly.

"I was thinking that," said Mr. Crockett's critic, with still deeper solemnity.



HOME OF HON. SYDNEY FISHER,
On Brome Lake, Knowlton.

Teacher: "John, what are your boots made of?"

Boy: "Of leather."

"Where does the leather come from?"

"From the hide of the ox."

"What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?"

"My father."

—Tit Bits.