



BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY



A NECESSARY CONDITION.

WILLIE FOSTER is a small Canadian whom his father is endeavoring to instruct in the best methods of becoming a good citizen. The other day, Mr. Foster gave his son the advice which Josh Billings has expressed so forcibly: Consider the postage stamp, my son. Its success is gained by sticking to one thing until it gets there.

"That's good advice, Willie," said Mr. Foster. "Don't ever forget it." "But, father," said Willie, with a certain pensive sadness. "The postage stamp doesn't act like that until after it's been licked."

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AFTERNOON TEA.

By J. G.

Just a cup of frailest style,
Just a fleck of cream;
Just a glimpse of Edith's smile
Fleeting as a dream!

Just a tiny silver spoon,
Carved and filigreed,
Just a dainty macaroon,
Such as fairies knead.

Just a bit of sugared kiss
Served from Edith's dish,
As I ate the crumbling bliss
Edith read my wish.

Just a curtained, fragrant spot,
Where the roses be,
Where a blue forget-me-not
Smiles in sympathy.

Just her slender finger-tips
Held in mine once more;
Just a touch of girlish lips,
And the tea was o'er.

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THE BETTER PART.

MR. McNABBER, says the *London Daily Mail*, had just told his pastor that he was planning a trip to the Holy Land.

"And while I'm there," he continued, "I'll read the ten commandments aloud frae the top of Mount Sinai."

"Mr. McNabber," replied the minister, gravely, "tak' my advice. Bide at hame an' keep them."

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JUST GOOD ENOUGH.

George: "Do you think that I'm good enough for you, darling?"

Darling: "No, George; but you're too good for any other girl."—*Illustrated Bits*.

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UP TO DATE.

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The Beef Trust laughed to see the rise,

And the citizen dined on a prune.
—*New York American*.

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MODERNISM.

"**WHERE** are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going first to Smith and Jones to match a piece of ribbon, then to Jones and Smith's to get a dozen hairpins, next to Jones Bros. to look at those darling little baby-pins, after

that to Smith Bros. to look for some of those nice what-do-you-call-em's, and then to the hair-dressers, sir, she said."—*The Purple Cow*.

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PECULIAR WEDDING PRESENT

"**WHAT** a peculiar choice for a wedding present!" remarked a lady, trying not to laugh as she inspected a large flat-iron which her charwoman had just purchased.

"Ain't it, ma'am?" said the charwoman, rather proudly than otherwise. "It's my sister that's getting married, and I'm repaying her for the gift she sent on my wedding day."

"Did she send you something very ugly then?"

"Deed, no, ma'am. Her's was a

especially for you," answered the dutiful son. Next morning his son was awaiting him with rather an anxious expression on his face.

"Good morning, dad," he ventured. "Did you sleep all right last night?"

"Fine," was the encouraging reply. "Not sick at all, or didn't have any pain?"

"Why, of course not," answered the professor.

"Hoorah," said the botanist; "I have discovered another species that is not poisonous!"

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HIS TROUBLES.

THE budget has given rise to a number of good stories about Mr. Lloyd-George, a particularly good one concerning a recent ban-



How He Enjoyed the Easter Service.—*Life*.

beautiful present. But, you see, ma'am, a little bird whispered to me that her future husband's a man of violent temper, and I thought I'd send her something that would be useful in case of family disputes. She has the straightest aim with a flat iron ever I seed!"

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AN UNFILIAL SON.

A PROMINENT Yale professor is exceptionally fond of mushrooms. His son, who is an enthusiastic botanist, one day brought some home and told his mother to have them prepared, as a special treat for his father. When the professor came in to dinner he was delighted to find his favorite dish at his place. "These are not all for me, are they?" he asked, not wishing to be selfish.

"Yes, father, I gathered them

quiet at which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was a guest.

Sitting next to him was a young lady, who listened reverently to every word that fell from her hero's lips.

"Ah," she ventured at last, "you have suffered a great deal in your life from being misunderstood, have you not?"

"Yes," Mr. Lloyd-George is reported to have replied, "I have suffered from being misunderstood; but I haven't suffered half as much as I would have if I had been understood."

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CONVINCING ENOUGH FOR HIM.

A PROPOS of his great love for horses, the Earl of Haddington told a capital story at an agricultural dinner some time ago. Having pur-

chased a carriage horse to match one he already possessed, a day or two later he asked his groom what he thought of the new arrival.

"Weel, sir," was the reply, "he's a gran'-looking horse, but he's a wee bit touchy i' the temper."

"What makes you say that?" "Weel, he didna seem to tak' kindly to anybody, sir. In fact, he didna like me to gang intae his box to feed him."

"His surroundings are strange to him," suggested his lordship. "I don't think there is anything wrong with his temper."

"I didna either at first, sir," replied the groom, "but he kicked me clean out of the box twice, an' when ye come to think about it, that's sort o' convincin'."—*Tit-Bits*.

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ALL HOPE GONE.

THIS most persistent lover seemed to make no progress whatever with the object of his affection; she gave him no apparent encouragement. Finally he said:

"My dear Gertrude, can you give me no hope—none whatever?"

"No, my dear boy, I cannot; not one speck of hope—for I am going to marry you."

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FOR HOME OR COUNTRY.

AN Irish recruit who ran at the first shot in his first battle was unmercifully laughed at for his cowardice by the whole regiment, but he was equal to the occasion.

"Run, is it?" he repeated, scornfully. "Faith, an' I didn't, nayther. I just observed the general's express orders. He told us, 'Strike for home and yer country,' and I sthruck for home. Thim what sthruck for their country is there yet."

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UNCOMMON WANTS.

CURIOSLY worded advertisements which are funny without the author's intent, are to be found in almost any number of any newspaper. The following announcements were printed in all good faith in the advertising columns of various English newspapers, and, as a whole, they won a prize offered by a London periodical for the best collection of such specimens of unconscious humor:

Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here.

A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going away, in a strong iron frame.

Wanted—Experienced nurse for bottled baby.

Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors.

Wanted, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor.

Respectable widow wants washing on Tuesdays.

For sale—A pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs.

Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins.

A boy who can open oysters with reference.

Bulldog for sale, will eat anything, very fond of children.

Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same.

Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.

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A POOR PASSENGER.

AN Irishman got out of his carriage at a railway station for refreshments, but the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast.

"Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the car, "hould on, ye murthen ould stame injin—ye've got a passenger on board what's left behind."