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 Established 1865

**WIT AND HUMOR**

A hearty laugh had gone almost around over the story of the fisherman who, to locate the place on the lake where he had had good luck, cut a nick in the side of his boat.

'Almost around,' for the Englishman sat solemn and silent. About five minutes later, however, he awoke with a roar of laughter, and when asked the trouble, replied: 'Well, wouldn't it be a corking good joke if that fisherman got a different boat the next time he went out!'—*Argonaut.*

Charity workers often feel great awkwardness in making public appeals for funds.

Few of them, declares the *Washington Star*, can carry off that embarrassment with the grace of the colored preacher, who said to his congregation: 'Brudren, Ah kain't preach hyah an' board in heb'n.'

When Rudyard Kipling visited Cecil Rhodes on his South African fruit farm, Mr. Rhodes went around his farm before breakfast, and Mr. Kipling was good and hungry before he returned. When Mr. Rhodes came back, he found his trees laden with placards inscribed in huge black letters with 'Famine,' 'Pity the Starving,' etc. On reaching the front door he read: 'For the human race breakfast tones the mind, invigorates the body. It has sustained thousands: it will sustain you. See that you get it.' 'Why die when a little breakfast prolongs life?' In the breakfast room Kipling was found reading his paper, but the expression of innocence on his face was rather overdone.

Willowby had a good shoemaker, Hiram Pool by name. Nobody knew the trade of making, mending and tapping, re-soling and patching shoes better than he. His conversation took on color from his shop, no matter what the subject might be. One evening an astronomer, sojourning in Willowby, gave a 'talk' at the town hall, and Hiram went to hear him.

'What did you make of all he said about the cause o' wet weather, when he'd spoken so light of the moon having all to do with it?' somebody asked Hiram next day.

Mr. Pool held up the boot he was mending and squinted at the sole of it. 'His talk needed waxing,' said the shoemaker dryly, when his inspection of the boot was finished. 'But what I made out of it was that he considered the wet weather usually comes when the clouds are so old and rotten they won't hold patches.'—*Youth's Companion.*

He—"Miss Hunt, I love you, but now I dare not dream of calling you mine. Yesterday I was worth ten thousand dollars, but to-day, by a turn of For-

**Black Watch**  
 Chewing Tobacco  
 The big black plug.

tune's wheel, I have but a few paltry hundreds to call my own. I would not ask you to accept me in my reduced state. Farewell, forever."

She (eagerly)—"Good gracious! Reduced from \$10,000 to \$100! What a bargain! Of course, I'll take you. You might have known I couldn't resist."

A Crimean veteran, Mr. Charles Fleet—who was buried with military honors at Little Baddow, near Chelmsford, recently—had in his early days the unusual experience of receiving an apology from King Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales)

Fleet was performing sentry duty at the grand entrance to Windsor Castle, when Queen Victoria came along on foot with the boy Prince of Wales.

The Prince was a little behind his mother, and when she had turned a corner he slyly picked up a pebble and threw it at the sentinel. The stone struck his gun and made a rattle.

The Queen heard it, and, turning round, went quickly up to Fleet and asked if the Prince had thrown a stone at him.

'Yes,' was the reply, 'but he has done me no harm.'

The Queen called the Prince back and made him take off his cap and apologize.—*Bristol Times.*

Miss Pepprey—"She's got a King Charles spaniel for a pet now, and she's very fond of it." Cholly—"Yaas; the othah evening when I was there she awsked me if I didn't want to kiss the little beast. Fawncey!"

Miss Pepprey—"That's strange! but perhaps she didn't know that you smoke cigarettes."

According to all accounts, the arrival of the Cameron Highlanders in Pekin to replace the Middlesex Regiment as legation guards has created something of a sensation among the inhabitants. The kilt is a source of great wonderment. *The China Times* asserts that the natives are hard at work trying to assimilate the Scotch language. They are reported as already making favorable progress. Instead of their favorite expression, "me no savee," they now employ "I dinna ken," and they greet the foreigner with "Guid manin!" with an excellent Auchtermuchty accent. It is added that some Chinese compradores, who are men of an inquisitive turn of mind, want to know 'what for new soldier man catchee cloths allee same missis?' which recalls the story of the Russian Crimean veteran who declared that the best fighters in the British army were the women!

**TO A COW**

Why, cow, how canst thou be so satisfied,

So well content with all things here below,

So unobtrusive and so sleepy-eyed,

So meek, so lazy, and so awful slow?

Dost thou not know that everything is mixed,

That naught is as it should be on this earth?

That grievously the world needs to be fixed?

That nothing we can give has any worth?

That times are hard, that life is full of care,

Of sin, of trouble, and untowardness?

That love is folly, friendship but a snare?

Up, cow! this is no time for laziness!

The cud thou chewest is not what it seems,

Get up and moo! tear round and quit thy dreams!—E. Robinson, in the *Congregationalist and Christian World.*

**EMBLEM FLOWERS**

Roses, flashing red and white,  
For delight;

Honeysuckle wreaths above,  
For love;

Dim, sweet-scented heliotrope,  
For hope;

Shining lilies, tall and straight,  
For royal state;

Dusky pansies, let them be  
For memory.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

**IF I WERE YOU, MY BOY**

I wouldn't be ashamed to do right anywhere. I would not do anything that I would not be willing for everybody to know.

I wouldn't go into the company of boys who use bad language.

I wouldn't conclude that I knew more than my father before I had been fifty miles away from home.

I wouldn't get into the sulks and pout whenever I couldn't have my own way about everything.

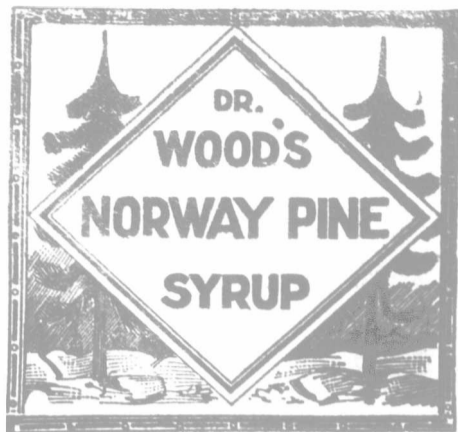
I wouldn't let other boys get ahead of me in my studies.

I wouldn't abuse little boys who had no big brother for me to be afraid of.

I would learn to be polite to everybody.

**NO MORE SMASH-UPS**

Harold W. Price, B.A., one of the School of Science lecturers, is being widely congratulated this week upon his promotion to the front row of present day inventors. The child of his genius, the Price Automatic Train-stopping System, renders, it is claimed, anything like a wreck impossible. Indeed, if engineer, fireman, sectionman, despatchers, operators and others on the road were suddenly seized with sleeping sickness; yea, if "every mother's son of them went and died," the train would thoughtfully halt were there danger ahead. These extravagant claims are based upon the mechanical impossibility of smash-ups. The track is divided by insulated rail joints into sections of a half-mile or so. At one end of each section is a battery underground, connected with the rail; at the far end is a track relay also connected to the rails.



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**A HARD DRY COUGH.**

Mr. J. L. Purdy, Millvale, N.S., writes—"I have been troubled with a hard, dry cough for a long time, especially at night, but after having used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, for a few weeks, I find my cough has left me. To any person, suffering as I did, I can say that this remedy is well worth a trial. I would not be without it in the house."

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