

## The Absent-Minded Beggar.

WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING.

He's just the average man you meet with wife and kid depending  
 On the loot that he can capture out of life.  
 The struggle keeps him busy—keeps him constantly contending  
 For the home, himself, the children and the wife.  
 But he's an absent-minded beggar, and he seldom gives a thought  
 To the fact that life is fleeting and uncertain,  
 And that all his anxious planning for the kids may come to naught,  
 Should The Angel on his future draw the curtain.

For discharging all his duties as becomes a man to do,  
 He's achieved a just and lasting reputation.  
 And though he's very human with a minor fault or two,  
 As a class—why, he's the backbone of the nation.  
 But he's an absent-minded beggar and it's like him to forget  
 (With health and strength to smother the reflection),  
 That he never knows when nature will collect her famous debt,  
 And his family stand in need of some protection.

What can't be cured must be endured, the ancient adage tells us,  
 So you and we must take him as we find him.  
 And if he fails to see the point, that very fact compels us,  
 To seek him out and urgently remind him.  
 For he's an absent-minded beggar with a tendency to wait—  
 A procrastinating gentleman we find him.  
 And though he figures on old age, that may NOT be his fate,  
 Then what about the home he leaves behind him?

JOSEPH A. JACKSON, in the Columbian.

## Not Hunting but Shooting.

The motor-car stopped, and one of the men got out and came forward. He had once paid a farmer five pounds for killing a calf that belonged to another farmer. This time he was wary.

"Was that your dog?"

"Yes."

"You own him?"

"Yes."

"Looks as if we'd killed him."

"Certainly looks so."

"Very valuable dog?"

"Well, not so very."

"Will ten shillings satisfy you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, here you are."

He handed a half-sovereign to the man with the gun, and added, pleasantly, "I'm sorry to have spoiled your sport."  
 "I wasn't going hunting," replied the other, as he pocketed the money.

"Not going hunting? Then what were doing with the dog and the gun?"

"Going down to the woods to shoot the dog."—Cassell's Magazine.

A fine robust soldier, an Irishman, after serving Uncle Sam for some time, became greatly reduced in weight, owing to exposure and scanty rations, until he was so weak he could hardly stand. Consequently he got leave of absence to go home and recuperate.

He arrived at his home station looking very much of a wreck. Just as he stepped off the train one of his old friends rushed up to him and said:

"Well, well, Pat, I am glad to see you're back from the front."

"Begorra, I knew I was getting thin, but I niver thought you could see that much," said Pat.

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