

A FABLE.

Lunch was over, the boys were pouring down the main hall towards the lockers. A group of boys were strolling down towards a paper parcel in the centre of the hall. They were boarders. "Ha, ha!" remarked one, "some day boy forgotten his lunch." Immediately there was a scramble for the lunch in question, eager hands grabbed for it, whilst minds still more eager thought of the feast in store. "Bags I three sandwiches," said one. "I want the cake, if there is any," said another, "The hard boiled egg for mine," said a third; whilst others named the different articles they would have. "Let McFoolish open it," said one hungry-looking individual, Galagher by name. "Yes," said Magee, quietly, "and then we will toss up for

the cake." So McFoolish carefully cut the string whilst the hungry ones crowded 'round. Just then he tore off the heavy wrapping papers and then he tore aside the tissue papers and disclosed—a brick.

We wish to remark that the poor mut who sent the remark around that the Rival had failed, evidently had a cavity in the top of his crust which might be filed in with sawdust or some other like substance.

If it takes a man a week to eat a ham, how long will it take him to eat a hammer?

It all depends whether he is a professional or an amateur ('ammer chewr).

BEARDMORE CO.

LIMITED

TANNERIES

Acton and Bracebridge

WAREHOUSES

Acton, Bracebridge,

Toronto, Montreal.