## In Lighter Vein

Hon. "Sam" Blake and the Camel.The Hon. S. H. Blake, in spite of his eighty-nine years, carries on a large correspondence with friends and strangers in all parts of the world. He has largely retired from business affairs, but retains a keen interest in missionary mevements and other Christian work. Many of the letters he receives each day are from missionaries in various parts of the wor:d who endeavour to interest hili in their enterprises.

One morning recently Mr. Blake in southern India asking him to supply the necessary funds for the pur plyase of a camel, which the man chase ou a cold, the round of his district. The distinguished jurist was puzzled what to reply.
puzzled what to reply. what a camel costs," he reflected, "and if I bought costs, I suppose I would be liable for one, its support. Then, also, there might in time be little camels, which would in time have to be cared for. In the end, also have to be cared ior. when my came to give him a Christian burial, ly have to give him a haristian a misconsidering that he had been a mis-
sionary camel. Altogether, I think it sionary camel. Altogether, inces the necessary problematical whether the ne to betmoney could not be invested of the ter adva
cause
Yet some persons say that jurists have no sense of humour!-Toronto Star Weekly.

He Got a Job.-When Sir Edmund Walker, now president of the Bank of Commerce, was general manager of that institution, he was rather unpleasantly surprised one pusy morning. In response to a brisk knock at ing. In response private office and invitation to come in, there appeared a bright boy come in, there appeare a age, poor:y about fourteen yea
but neatly dressed.
but neatly dressed.
"Well, sir," said the banker, not unkindly. "What can I do for you?" "Please, I want a job, sir."
"Please, I want a job, sir.
"How did you happen to come in here, and who sent you?"
"No one, sir.
"Then how did you find your way up?"
"By the same way as you did, sir."
"What way is that?"
"Why, you have it printed on the door downstairs," remarked the urchin.
"What's on the door?"
"Push," replied the lad. The clever chap was given a position before ne left the building.-Toronto Star Weekly.

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Slow Growth.-Barefaced Junior"Yes, I'm trying to raise a mustache and l'm wondering what colour it will and Then wondering what."
Miss Green-"Gray, I should say, at the rate it appears to be growing." Yale Record.

Outclassed.-On a street railway job two gangs, Italian and Irish, were at work in the same block. The at work in the same block. The
former were smaller than their Hiberformer were smaller than their Haber-
nian neighbours, and when it came to nian neighbours, and when it came to lifting a section of track they were
unable to raise it. Their foreman unable to raise it. Their foreman then called the Irish crew to assist. "We don't need any help," said their leader. With a united heave they fifted the rails, ties and all, and carried the mass to one side. As they walked away their foreman jerked his thumb over his shoulder and said contemptuously: "An' thim's the fellers they make Popes av!"-The Argonaut.

Nothing in the Name.-A Spug by any other name wouid give as little. -New York Tribune.

Hard Times.-"We don't have honest elections in dis town like we used to," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Like you used to?" "Yassuh. It used to be dat when dey promised you $\$ 2$ foh yeh vote you'd get it. Now dey won't even promise!"-Washington Star.

