

PATENTED JUNE 5-1894.

Safe Lock Shingle.

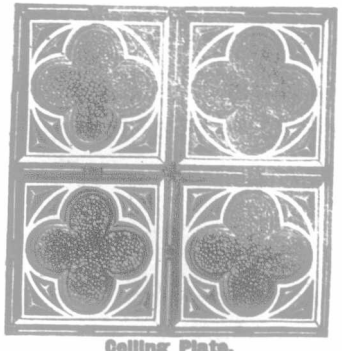
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AFRAID IT WOULD SLIP.

Senator Tillman piloted a constituent around the Capitol building for a while and then, having work to do on the floor, conducted him to the Senate gallery.

After an hour or so the visitor approached a gallery doorkeeper and said: "My name is Swate. I am a friend of Senator Tillman's. He brought me here and I want to go out and look around a bit. I thought I would tell you so I can get back in."

"That's all right," said the doorkeeper, "but I may not be here when you return. In order to prevent any mistake I will give you the password so you can get your seat again."

Swate's eyes rather popped out at this. "What's the word?" he asked.

"Idiosyncrasy."

"What?"

"Idiosyncrasy."

"I guess I'll stay in," said Swate.

Mrs. Marke—"I never saw so many soiled faces in my life. Why don't you use some soap and water?" Tommy Tuff—"We are waitin' for de angel mum." Mrs. Marks—"What angel?" Tommy Tuff—"Why, de lady dat came fru here last week and give one of de kids a nickel to wash his face."—*Chicago Daily News.*

A STORY OF MEN AND DOGS.

The readers of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE have waited long for the new story. It pays to wait when something as good as "Bob, Son of Battle" can be procured by waiting.

The girl who presided over the soda fountain in Heckelmeyer's drug store was accustomed to patrons who did not know their own minds, and her habit of thought was difficult to change.

"I'd like a glass of plain soda," said a stout man, entering one day in evident haste as well as thirst.

"You have vanilla, or you have lemon?" tranquilly inquired the young woman.

"I want plain soda—without syrup. Didn't you understand me?" asked the stout man, testily.

"Yes," and the placid face did not change in expressing or color. "But wat kind syrup you wan him mitout? Mitout vanilla or mitout lemon?"—*Youth's Companion.*

WHEN BEDTIME COMES.

Just when I'm having such good times
I never had before,
With all my playthings spread round
On table, chairs and floor;
When it's dusk behind the sofa back
And black dark under the stair,
And I wonder what strange animals
Perhaps are lurking there;
And I think I'll go a-hunting them,
And begin to clean my gun,
Then mamma shuts her book and says,
'It's bedtime, son.'

Outside the window by my crib
I see the sky all red,
Where the old sun, like me, I s'pose,
Has been carried off to bed.
He never sees the fireflies dance,
Or hears the whippoorwill;
He never sees the rockets dart
Straight up from Signal Hill;
He never sees the wee star eyes
Wink open, one by one,
I wonder now, who says to him,
'It's bedtime, sun!'

—MAY MARSHALL PARKS, in *M. E. Advocate.*

A man, while walking near a river, accidentally slipped in. Two youngsters, who were in the vicinity, immediately procured a rope and rescued him from a perilous position. Their prompt action was deservedly praised. Being spoken to on the subject, the rescued man objected to so much praise being given to one side. "Don't keep telling me about those youngsters," he said, "If I hadn't fallen in, they would never have been heard of."

"You have one habit that you want to get rid of," declared the social mentor.

"What is that?" demanded Senator Snitch.

"When a colleague calls do not tell the servant to show him up. Direct that he be admitted."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Dr. STUBB'S SOCIALISM.

The new Bishop of Truro is a Christian Socialist, and in this connection he has sometimes told an anecdote. "I had," he once said, "called on a rich old merchant in the North to ask him for a subscription. At first he was somewhat grumpy. 'Come,' he said, 'they call you a Socialist, what do you mean by Socialism?' 'My dear, sir,' I replied, 'it depends what Socialism you mean, Political Socialism or Christian Socialism, for there is a great difference between the two. The Political Socialist says: 'What is your is mine'; but the Christian Socialist says: 'What is mine is yours.'" The old man's eye twinkled. "Ah!" he said, "I've met a good many of the first sort; I never met any of the second. However, here's £5 for your fund."—*Westminster Gazette.*

The Lady—How long is it before we get into the harbor, steward?

Steward—About an hour and a half.

The Lady—O, dear I shall die before then.

Steward—Very likely, ma'am. But you'll be all right again when you've been on shore ten mintues.—*Pick-Me-Up.*

"I saw a queer thing the other day" said the story-teller: "it was a duck swimming across a pond and a cat sitting on its tail."

"Oh, nonsense," cried the audience incredulously. "How could a duck swim across a pond and a cat on its tail?"

"Nevertheless," said the story-teller, "It's perfectly true. I should explain however, that the cat was sitting on it's tail on a wall."

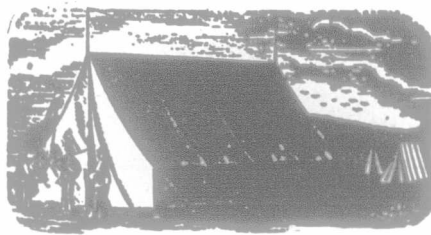
WILLIE'S PICTURE.

An amusing story is told of a certain American youngster. For some occasion of public rejoicing it was decided to decorate his school, and the boys were invited to help with gifts of flowers, etc. Thereupon Willie B— offered to bring a picture of Washington. Needless to remark the offer was accepted, and a space of about a foot square, surrounded with laurel leaves, etc., was left in a most conspicuous position on one of the walls. Next day Willie arrived with his "picture." But judge of everyone's feelings when he solemnly produced—a postage stamp bearing upon it the head of the man who "couldn't tell a lie."

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THEN THEY UNDERSTOOD.

The Earl of Wemyss celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday last Saturday. He was born before Queen Victoria, yet he found himself on such good terms with life that he married a second wife the year before her Majesty's death. Whatever Lord Wemyss tackles he tackles energetically, and it is to his perennial enthusiasm that the volunteer army has outlived its early fame as "Saturday to Monday soldiers," and become something well worth a possible invader reckoning with. For fifty years he has been a volunteer, and he can remember days when drill was not what it should have been. Once he was taking the corps he commanded up Fleet Street, and presently gave the order, Right "wheel!" The volunteers did not understand, and began to get into a rare tangle. In another second Lord Wemyss saw the corps would be in a hopeless wreck, so metaphorically throwing his drill-book to the four winds, he roared out, "Damn it all, turn up Fetter lane!" The situation was saved.—*Black and White.*

THE WAYS OF A WOMAN.

"Ye can trust 'most ev'ry woman's heart, but ye can't trust any woman's tongue."

"I've alluz figgered that a woman's mind ain't grey matter. It's a bunch o' rainbows with colors that run. They're made to think crossways."

"Women talk jist like most Injins fight. When they find a point they want to attack they creep up to within roo yards of it on one side; then they do the same on th' other side; then they try the right and left; an' then most likely they give a war-whoop, an' go runnin' off without ever attackin' th' point they wuz aimin' at at all."

"Women are cur'us. One reason why men like 'em, I reckon, is because they're irritatin' kind o' puzzles, like 'Pigs in the Clover.' Ye corral one part of their characters an' think ye've got it hobbled so it can't get away. Then ye start to drive in another, an', fore ye know it, out jumps th' first one, an' ye've got to begin all over again."—The Colonel in *The Balance of Power.*