

Two Faitherless Bairns.

On one occasion two irreverent young fellows determined, as they said, to tackle the minister, Watty Dunlop. Coming up to him in the High Street of Dumfries, they accosted him with much solemnity—"Maister Dunlop, dae ye hear the news?" "What news?" "Oh, the deil's deed." "Is he?" said Mr. Dunlop, "then I maun pray for twa faitherless bairns."

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Identified.

Francis Wilson was speaking at the Players' Club not long ago of the all too prevalent ignorance of dramatic literature in the country to-day.

"Why," said Mr. Wilson, "a company was playing 'She Stoops to Conquer' in a small western town last winter when a man without any money, wishing to see the show, stepped up to the box office and said.

"Pass me in, please."

"The box office man gave a loud harsh laugh.

"Pass you in? What for?" he asked. The applicant drew himself up and answered, haughtily:

"What for? Why, because I am Oliver Goldsmith, author of the play."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," replied the other in a meek voice, as he hurriedly wrote an order for a box."

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His Prize.

A Montreal widower, while away from home on a business trip, met and married a lady who, though famed for her goodness of heart, would be spoken of even by her friends as "plain." The man believed that she would be a kind mother to his two children, however, and as she was also possessed of a fair amount of

this world's goods, was not inclined to expect the beauty of a peach in a potato.

After his marriage he telegraphed to the eldest of his children, a girl of fifteen:

"Have won a prize. Am married. Will be home to-morrow."

When the bride and groom arrived, the children were watching at the door, and at the sight of their future mother gave a little gasp of consternation.

The second child, a boy, nudged his sister and whispered:

"Say, Nell, that must have been the consolation prize that pa got!"

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The Secret of Keeping Young.

Lord Wemyss, that vigorous nonagenarian peer, has been questioned as to the secret of keeping young, of which he is such a typical example—tall, alert, firm of step, and strong in voice, with only the fringe of silver hair under his clean shaven boyish chin to suggest that on Tuesday last he entered on his ninety-first year. His lordship's reply to his interlocutor was

Be moderate in all things.

Sleep at least eight hours a night.

Eat well and take plenty of good exercise.

His belief in the possibilities of the future is quaintly expressed:—"I have seen miracles happen in my lifetime; the unexpected has come true so often that I am determined not to be surprised at anything nowadays. I began life with tallow dips, and am ending with the electric light. Perhaps we may yet light London by rubbing radium on the dome of St. Paul's. We now have motor cars, and the next thing will be wings."—Business.

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