

Suppose from hence we change our base,
From telling truth the truth we'll chase
With telling lie ;
The wiggling trout a monster fish,
Served up for ten, a mighty dish,
In a fish pie.

The world will doubt or even jeer,
But to our stories we'll adhere
Through thick and thin ;
The oft repeated tales, we know,
To truths in minds of anglers grow,
So lets begin.

BREAD AND BUTTER FRENCH

By Cook of Boston.—Easy way of getting French language
enough to eat, drink, sleep, ride and travel in France.
Sent postpaid for 15 cts., in cash or stamps.

Address:

C. S. COOK, 24 WINTER ST., BOSTON.

See what the " Hermit Poet " of Cap Rouge says :

" Ask and you shall receive," says Cook,
" If you'll hut memorize my book.
It's simple French for simple things,
Bread and butter to diamond rings."
It's awf'ly simple is Cook's French,
It gives to English no side wrench ;
For nose well held in a firm clasp
Cook's French is well within one's grasp.
It's all so easy, if you'll hut think,
To pinch your nose when you want a drink.