

At last he stopped for a personal colloquy with his tormentor, and said :

"Look here, Mr. Myers, you say money makes the mare go, and you mean that I lecture on temperance for money, don't you?"

"Yes, that is what I mean, Mr. Hunt."

"Well, Mr. Myers, you carry on a distillery, and *you* do it for money, don't you?"

"To be sure I do, Mr. Hunt; money makes the mare go."

"And so, Mr. Myers, you say I have a mare, and you have a mare also; suppose we trot them out together, and see how they compare?"

The meeting was in a grove, and the sharp lecturer knew a thing or two, and so the old distiller found out; for Mr. Hunt pointed to a young fellow who was quite drunk, and was steadying himself by a tree, and said :

"Mr. Myers, who is that young fellow?"

The distiller started as if stung, as he answered :

"That is my son."

"Your son, is he, Mr. Myers! He has been riding your *mare* and got thrown, hasn't he?"

"And who is that young fellow sitting so drunk on that log out there?"

The distiller uttered an exclamation of real pain, as he said :

"That is my son, too."

"He is, is he?" said Mr. Hunt; "I guess *he* has been riding your mare, also, and she has kicked up and thrown him over her head, hasn't she? Your mare must be a vicious, dangerous brute, isn't she, Mr. Myers?"

The distiller could not stand it any longer, but said :

"Look here, Mr. Hunt, I won't say another word if you will let me off."

Billy Myers' mare is a very dangerous beast. She steps off very gaily at first, but she is sure to kick up before you are through with her. The man who starts out on that beast is pretty sure to come home on foot, if he comes home at all, which is by no means certain. Don't ride Billy Myers' mare.—*Boston Christian*.

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### Our Gasket.

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*Doctor*—"There, get that prescription filled and take a table-spoonful three times a day before meals." *Pauper Patient*—"But, doctor, I don't get but one meal in two days."

*Papa* : "Yes, Harry, it is supposed the moon is inhabited, and is largely populated." *Harry* : "Mus'nt the people be dreadfully crowded," specially when its new moon?"

An Effective Temperance Lecture.—An old negro at Weldon, North Carolina, at a recent lecture, said : "When I sees a man going home with a gallon of whisky and half a pound of meat, dat's temperance lecture enuff for me, and I sees it ebery day. I know's dat ebery ting in his home is on the same scale—gallon of misery to ebery haif pound of comfort."

A Connecticut story is told of a widower preacher who proposed to a young lady and was rejected. Following this a young widow of his congregation sent him this text to preach from : "You ask and receive, not because you ask a miss." With this it seems as if the preacher might have taken the hint and the widow also.

The Germans call a thimble a "finger-hat," which it certainly is, and a grasshopper a "hay-horse." A glove with them is a "hand-shoe," showing evidently that they wore shoes before gloves. Poultry is "feather cattle;" whilst the names for the well-known substances, "oxygen" and "hydrogen" are in their languages "sur stuff" and "water stuff." The French, strange to say, have no verb "to stand," nor can a Frenchman speak of "kicking" any one. The nearest approach, in his politeness, he makes to it is to threaten to "give a blow with his foot"—the same thing probably to the recipient in either case, but it seems to want the directness, the energy of our "kick." Neither has he any word for "baby," nor for "home," nor "comfort." The terms "upstairs" and "downstairs" are also unknown in French. The Hindoos are said to have no word for "friend." The Italians have no equivalent for "humility."

Why is an orderly school master like the letter C? Because he makes lasses into classes.

"I fear no man!" he said. And about that time his wife came along and led him off by the ear.

Bob Burdette says that his invalid wife has made him all that

he is. "That's it," mutters the *Woman's Journal*, "blame it all on your wife."

"Is your mother in?" asked a visitor of a little Mormon boy who opened the door. "No, ma'am," the little boy replied, "but my brother's mother is in."

The Rev. Miss Oliver says that every time a young man spends five cents for a glass of beer, he takes seven bricks from the pile of a snug little home.

There are some marriages which remind us of the poor fellow who said : "She couldn't get any husband, and I couldn't get any wife, so we got married."

"Girls should have more gum-shun," said the principal, as he reproved a young lady for chewing spruce.

A good husband, like a good base-burner, never goes out nights. Because, like a base-burner, he knows he'll get a good shaking if he does.

They tell us, said John B. Gough, that alcohol gives strength and nourishment. No, it does not, it gives stimulus. You sit down on a hornet's nest, and it may be quickening but not nourishing. A man once said to a friend of mine : "You are fighting whisky. Whisky has done a great deal of good. Whisky has saved a great many lives." You remind me," said my friend, "of a boy who was told to write an essay about a pin, and in his boyish way he said : "A pin is a very queer sort of thing. It has a round head and a sharp point, and if you stick them in you they hurt, and women use them for cuffs and collars, and men use them when their buttons are off. If you swallow them they kill you. For five cents you can get a packet of them, and they save thousands of lives." The teacher said : "What on earth do you mean? How have they saved thousands of lives?" "By people not swallowing them," answered the boy.

MET HIS MATCH.—Anderson, the wizard, met a Scotchman who stole a march on him after the following pattern : Enter Scotchman : "I say, are you Professor Anderson?" "Yes, sir, at your service." Weel, you're a smart man, and I'm sumthin' at a trick, too, you know." "Ah, indeed, and what tricks are you up to, sir?" asked the Professor, amused at the simple fellow. "Weel, I can take a shilling and change it into a gold piece." "Oh, that's a mere slight-of-hand trick; I can do that, too." "No, you can't. I'd like to see you try." Well, hold out your hand with the shilling in it. This is your shilling is it?" "Sure it's nothing else." "He'd on to it tight, Presto! change. Now, open your hand." Scotty opened his fist, and there was a gold sovereign on his palm. "Weel, you did it, I declare; much obleeged to you!" and the Scotchman turned to go out. "Stay," said the Professor, "you must leave my sovereign." "Yours! wasn't that my shilling, and didn't you turn it into this 'ere yellow thing, eh? Good-bye!" And as he left the room he was heard to say. "I guess there ain't anything green about this child."

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### Literary Record.

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The *London Advertiser* has been enlarged and improved. It is now an eight-page daily, printed in fine form and gotten up in first-class style. The *Advertiser* is one of our best Canadian dailies, and one of its many good qualities, not by any means the least, is its soundness and outspokenness on the temperance question.

The *Law and Order Advocate* is the title of a new monthly, the initial number of which we have just received. It is published at Belleville by Rev. W. K. Barr, M. A., and A. H. Brintnell, who are its editors, and it announces an unusually large and talented staff of contributors. The first issue is certainly a creditable production in both matter and style. The range of subjects that it discusses is a very wide one, and the originality and ability that are displayed in treating its varied topics promise well for the future of the enterprise. We wish our new friend a hearty God-speed, and commend it cordially to the favor of our readers. The *Advocate* will be issued monthly, printed on good paper, consisting of twenty-eight pages, devoted to the following subjects : Law and Order, Theology, Science, Temperance, Poetry, General Literature, News of the Day, Farming in all its branches, Advertising, &c. Price—\$1.00 per annum.