

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

"Look here! You said that if I give you your dinner you'd mow the lawn for me." Tramp—I'd like to do it, but I got to teach ye a lesson. Trust the word of a total stranger—

A bad boy of the school had done something more than usually outrageous, the teacher talked to him gravely. The boy watched and listened to him in vain, and the teacher thought he was making a great impression. At last, on the appeal to his better self was a light of discovery broke over the boy. "Say, teacher," he said, eagerly, "your lower jaw that moves, isn't it?"

NO FLIES ON HIM.

Two Irishmen, just landed, stopped at a private boarding-house on one hot July day. Retiring early, they left the windows open and the light burning brightly. Mosquitoes swarmed into the room and began biting. The man, awakening, called to Pat to put the light out. Pat got up and put it out and crawled back to bed again. Pat woke about an hour later and found the room full of fire flies, and said: "It's no use, Mike; they are coming in like lanterns."

Several Ohio inspectors of dairy products were going the rounds in one town when they came upon a small boy loading a wagon with milk.

"My boy," said one of the inspectors, "I'm taking by the abruptness of the question to take the boy off his guard—'my boy,' do you put anything in that milk?" "Yassir?" said the boy, promptly.

And what is it?" asked the inspector, in his kindest tone. "That's tellin'," responded the lad, with a sly wink, "but I'll put you next you'll each give me a quarter."

Whereupon the inspectors immediately obeyed the necessary seventy-five cents, which they put into the boy's hand, saying: "Now, what is it, son?"

"I put the measure in every time I take my milk out," replied the boy, as he hopped into the wagon and drove off.

An official of the Superior Court of Cook County, Illinois, which has jurisdiction in the matter of the naturalization of foreigners, tells the following:

"In October last a man named August Alzberger took out his first papers, and he was about to leave the courtroom, he was observed to scan very closely the official envelope in which had been enclosed the document which was to assist in his naturalization.

"In a few days, August again turned up. Presenting himself to the clerk of the court, he bestowed upon that dignitary a broad Teutonic smile, saying: 'Well, here I vos!'

"Pleased to see you, I'm sure," said the clerk, with polite sarcasm. "Would you mind adding who you are and why you are here?"

"August seemed surprised. He exhibited his official envelope. 'It says, 'Return in five days,' he explained, 'und here I vos.'"

The Marquis of Bute, who is very popular in Scotland on account of his philanthropy, tells an amusing story concerning a poor Scotch widow and her family whom he used sometimes to visit.

This woman was so extremely poor that very often she and her children lived almost solely on oatmeal porridge throughout the week. Occasionally, on Sabbath mornings, however, the little ones were allowed a cup of weak tea as a special treat.

One Saturday evening Lord Bute visited the widow for the purpose of giving her some pecuniary assistance, and during his stay one of the little girls came into the room and went up to her mother.

"Mither, mither," she asked, "will we hae tea for breakfast to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, dearies," replied her mother, somewhat sadly, "if we're spared."

"And if we're no' spared," inquired the child anxiously, "will we just hae parritch?"

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This vital element is Ruberoid gum—made by our own exclusive process.

It is this wonderful Ruberoid gum which gives Ruberoid roofing the life and flexibility to withstand seventeen years of wear where other roofings fray out in a few summers.

These substitute roofings are made to resemble only the uncolored Ruberoid.

Ruberoid can also be had in colors. It comes in attractive Red, Brown and Green—suitable for the finest home.

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A great show this year. New Grand Stand, one of the finest on the continent. Return to Night Spectacular. Greatly increased Prize Lists, especially in Live-stock Departments. New Buildings, Improvements, and Highest Class of Special Attractions. 65 Special Sweepstake Prizes, including 35 Gold Medals. New Process Department. Stock Buildings all renovated and made attractive. Don't miss the 1909 Exhibition.

Write Secretary **E. McMahon, 26 Sparks St., Ottawa,** for a Prize List.

SUBSTITUTION.

"Good morning, madam!" voiced the cheery salesman.

"Good morning!" echoed the quiet-looking matron, "have you something very choice in Irish lace?"

"Well—er—no; but here's something just as good at seventy-five cents a yard."

"Just as good?" doubtfully.

"Yes, yes; in fact, confidentially, superior to the real article. How much do you wish, please?"

"Just a yard," sweetly. Here's your money."

"But, madam!"—in confusion, "you've made a mistake—this isn't money."

"No?" agreeably.

"Why, no; it's a matinee ticket."

"So it is!" sweetly. "But it represents seventy-five cents, and, while it isn't actual money, it's just as good. Adios."

When the New York Ledger was wavering on the brink of failure, Robert Bonner, the proprietor, sent to the New York Herald a brief advertisement, to be set up in a single line. So Greeleyesque was Mr. Bonner's handwriting that the advertising manager interpreted the directions as ordering the copy be run in full page, which instructions he obeyed, though marveling greatly. The Herald came out the next morning with one whole page devoted to the crisp adjuration to read the Ledger's new story. The effect upon Mr. Bonner was almost fatal, first from chagrin at the thought of the possible bill, then from amazement as subscriptions began to pour in, and finally from satisfaction as they continued to flood the office until the fortune of the publication was made. The novel, though accidental device, had struck the public's fancy. Mr. Bonner was hailed as the pioneer of a new and daring theory of exploitation, and the advertisement gained tenfold currency by being commented upon as a feature of the news.

PLANNING FOR QUICK RESULTS.

Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, said the other day of a certain farmer:

"He is now profiting by the Department's advice, but he was very stupid at the beginning. He farmed as a Philadelphia woman, one spring season, planted her garden.

"The woman's husband came home and found her poring over a seed catalogue. She had a long list of seeds written on a sheet of paper.

"This is a list, my dear," she said, "that I want you to buy for me to-morrow at the seed man's."

"Her husband looked at the list. Then he laughed loud and long.

"You want these flowers to bloom this summer, don't you?" said he.

"Yes, of course."

"Well, those you have put down here don't bloom till the second summer."

"Oh, that's all right," the lady said, easily.

"All right? How is it all right?"

"I am making up my list," she exclaimed, "from a last year's catalogue."

DID AS HE WAS TOLD.

Some years ago the Yankee schooner Sally Ann, under command of Captain Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut River. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notion of things the schooner was getting a "leettle" too near certain mud flats which lay along the harbour shore, so aft he went to the captain, and with his hat cocked on one side, said:

"Cap'n Spooner, you're getting a leettle too close to them flats. Hadn't ye better go about?"

The captain glared at him.

"Mr. Comstock, jest you go for'ard and tend to your part of the skuner, I'll tend to mine."

Mr. Comstock went for'ard in high dudgeon.

"Boys," he bellowed out, "see that ar mud hook's all clear for lettin' go!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Let go, then!" he roared.

Down went the anchor, out rattled the chains, and like a flash the Sally Ann came lulling into the wind, and then brought up all standing. Mr. Comstock walked aft and touched his hat.

"Well, cap'n, my part of the skuner is to anchor."