

In Lighter Vein.

Some Tame Animals I Have Known.

By Nixon Waterman.

A thick-fleeced lamb came trotting by: "Pray, whither now, my lamb?" quoth I. "To have," said he, with ne'er a stop, "My wool clipped at the baa-baa shop."

I asked the dog: "Why all this din?" Said he: "I'm fashioned outside in, And all my days and nights I've tried My best to get the bark outside."

A hen was cackling loud and long. Said I to her: "How strange your song." Said she: "Tis scarce a song; in fact, It's just a lay, to be eggs-act."

I asked the cat: "Pray tell me why You love to sing?" She blinked her eye. "My purr-puss, sir, as you can see, Is to a-mews myself," said she.

A horse was being lashed one day. Said I: "Why don't you run away?" "Neigh, neigh! my stable mind," said he, "Stills keeps its equine-imity."

I asked the cow, "Why don't you kick The man who whips you with the stick?" "Alas I must be lashed," said she, "So I can give whipped cream, you see!"

Rejected With Scorn.

A certain social organization, called the "Young Woman's Club," found itself in difficulties after the lapse of some twenty years. The "young" women were no longer rightly named. The New York "Times" says that Mr. William H. Crane, the actor, was once consulted by some charming girls in regard to the name of their prospective club.

Their object, they wrote, was the building of character. They wished that to be suggested in the title, and also the fact that they were unmarried. Mr. Crane replied that he had a name for the club—"The Building and Lone Association."

A Rare Disease.

Mrs. Juniper entered the doctor's office, dragging by the hand an overgrown boy of fourteen. She was excited and impatient; he was dogged and glum. "O, doctor, he has lost his voice! He hasn't spoken a word for two days," she said.

The boy looked at her sullenly, and suffered the doctor to hold his face up to the light.

"Open your mouth. H'm! Tongue all right?"

"Ya-ah."

"Hold your head up and let me look at your throat. Seems to be nothing the trouble there. Push your tongue out. Now pull it back. Feel all right?"

"Ya-ah."

"Why, Mrs. Juniper, there is nothing the matter with him," said the doctor, impatiently. "Boy, why don't you talk?"

"How can I when I ain't got anything to say?"

Per Capita.

Europeans who are inclined to deny the South African native a sense of humor should read a story of Veltman, the chief of the Fingoes, which Dr. Perceval Laurence has told in his recent book, "On Circuit in Kaffirland."

On one occasion four advocates, one of whom was Dr. Laurence, were hard up for transportation, and were glad to charter one of Veltman's wagons, with a span of six mules, to convey them to the next circuit town.

The charge, they were told, would be four pounds per mule, which they suggested was a trifle stiff.

Veltman took time to consider their representation, but ultimately sent a message that his price would not be four pounds per mule, but four pounds per advocate.

The Idol of His State.

One of the most prominent citizens of Pickens County, Georgia, was not long ago driving through the sparsely-settled mountain section of his State when darkness overtook him. It is the custom throughout the South for the latch-string of a farmer's home to hang

on the outside for the accommodation of the wandering stranger, so this particular wanderer stopped in front of the first home he reached and halloed. After some delay the head of the household appeared at the door.

"My friend, can you put me up for the night?" asked the wanderer.

"Can't do it, stranger. Sorry, but my house is full. You'll find Squire Dickey's nigh on to three mile farther down the road."

"But it's already dark. Surely you can find a place for me. I'm a lawyer

and I'm all right," the wayfarer added, fearing he might have been taken for one of the "revenoos" so much dreaded in the region of mountain dew.

"All lawyers is robbers. I'm agin them all."

"But I'm a Baptist preacher over my way."

"Squire Dickey's a Baptist. I'm Methodist myself. You go on yonder."

Thinking to find some means of melting the stony heart, the stranger announced himself as chairman of the Democratic County Committee of

What "Montserrat" Is

The lime is a tropical fruit, belonging to the same family as the orange, lemon and grape fruit. It grows on trees—is about half the size of a lemon—almost round—of a greenish, yellow color when ripe—and is valuable for its juice which is unique and distinctive in flavor, tart like the grape fruit but much more pungent and pleasing in flavor.

The finest limes in the world grow on the Island of Montserrat, in the West Indies.

"Montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice is the expressed and purified juice of these choice Montserrat Limes.

It makes most delicious summer drinks and frozen desserts—and is a delightful flavoring for pies and cakes.

Because of its wholesomeness and healthfulness, all ships of the British Navy must carry "Montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice and serve it to the men.

Get a bottle of "Montserrat" from your druggist or grocer—and learn the "Montserrat" way of having lots of good things that you don't usually get at most places you go.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL.





A Prize Contest

open to the
Farmers of Canada

\$3,600 in Cash Prizes for Farmers

READ the conditions of the Prize Contest we are conducting for the farmers of Canada. \$400.00 in prizes will be awarded to each Province. These prizes will be divided into four groups, consisting of:



PRIZE "A"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who will use during 1911 the greatest number of barrels of "CANADA" Cement. PRIZE "B"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who uses "CANADA" Cement for the greatest number of purposes. PRIZE "C"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who furnishes us with the photograph showing the best of any kind of work done on his farm during 1911 with "CANADA" Cement. PRIZE "D"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who submits the best and most complete description of how any particular piece of work (shown by photograph sent in) was done.



Every farmer in Canada is eligible. Therefore, do not be deterred from entering by any feeling that

Canada Cement Company, Limited
MONTREAL

Please send Circular and Book.

Name.....

Address.....