



"A MENTAL RESERVATION."

*Mother Kirk.*—GORDY! GORDY! I'M AMAZED! DIV YOU NO KEN IT'S AWFU' WICKED TAE PUBLISH A NEWSPAPER ON THE SAWBETH DAY?

*Gordy B.*—YES, BUT IT WASN'T A NEWS-PAPER; THERE WASN'T NO NEWS IN IT!

tail, now to and fro like the pendulum of an old-fashioned clock, now stopping for a moment to take a rest, and now whisking it over its back to annihilate the flies thereon. This is the ideal cow. Can there be anything more docile than such a cow? It is a cow like this that we see in landscape paintings where it is nearly always represented as standing in a pool of water under a spreading tree. How truly rural is the cow! A landscape without a cow is like a hand-organ without a monkey. The only article of clothing worn by a cow is a bell, probably to show that it is the belle of the stable, or to warn people that it is sometimes belligerent.

The chief productions of the cow are milk, butter, and cheese, the first directly, the two latter indirectly. The first is used for drinking purposes, but in this Age of Shams if one wants to drink pure milk, one must see with his own eyes—and a pair of goggles, if convenient—that the milk he drinks comes direct from its natural source. And why must man do this? Because of the depth of love and the limitless amount of friendship existing between the milkman and the barnyard pump, and because of the triplicate affinity between milk, water and chalk, and the love of each for the company of the others. It is the same with the butter. Unless a man accompanies his butter through the process of churning, etc., he is in doubt as to whether the grease he eats comes from a farm or an oleomargarine factory. Cheese has a slightly better reputation. It is apt to get up on its muscle and walk away, but in this case a man must use his nose, eyes, and feet to avoid deception.

Like in every other class of animals, there are some disreputable members of the cow tribe. There is the peregrinating old animal who persists in eating the tops of Aunt Belinda's rose bushes, and the vagrant, all-alone-in-the-world-and-no-one-to-love-me cow that walks over our smooth, green boulevards, "leaving footprints on that grass of mine," but these are failings of small note. We might go farther and fare worse. The only ill-natured thing that a cow ever does is to kick over the milk pail occasionally; but

this is seldom done with malice aforethought, and is not such a great crime so long as the milker is not kicked over.

The most ferocious cow is the bull (someone will surely say that this statement is a bull). A man is often left in a very queer position and is put to a vast deal of hurry and trouble by finding himself in the middle of a field all alone with a bull. If he is wearing any article of attire of a red color, the bull is sure to strike a bee-line for him with the speed of a man anxious to get away from his creditors. It is a critical moment. If he can reach a fence before the bull catches up to him, he is to be congratulated; if he does not, he will not feel very comfortable when the bull has got through playing catch with him. It takes the conceit out of a man to be tossed by a bull. People will hardly have the same respect for him; they decline to associate with a man who has become so undignified as to allow a bull to shoot him through space. Literally, it is, but truthfully, it is not a bully thing to be elevated on the horns of a masculine cow.

✽ The world has seen some very respectable cows. The one that reached the highest distinction was the cow that jumped over the moon, presumably to see the man therein; that man could not have been a butcher. We cannot tell if that cow was ever afterwards milked on earth. History does not say. Some people will pay as high as thirty thousand dollars for a cow; and yet such a cow has got but one head, four legs and a tail, the same as any other cow. But I suppose that the man who pays thirty thousand dollars for a cow enjoys great satisfaction in seeing his money invested in cowhide. One thing is certain, his money is safer there than in many a bank, for they don't keep defaulting cashiers to attend to the milking, etc., of a cow. "Every man to his own taste," as the man said when he kissed his cow. (He was no moral coward). It is far better to invest thirty thousand dollars in a cow than in a soda water fountain.

It is a good thing that cows are not horses, for then we would be without butter. It is far better that cows are cows.

WINNIPEG BUGS.

There was a Yankee bed bug  
Who dined on dainty fare,  
He journeyed up to Winnipeg  
To see his cousins there.

They met him at the station,  
The little Yankee cuss,  
And they drove him round the city  
In a little buggy buss.

They showed him all the houses  
Where bugs were boarded free,  
And when he saw their crannies  
He smacked his lips with glee.

They showed him cracks in bed-posts,  
Where they so long had staid,  
Without the first misfortune  
From house or chambermaid.

This little Yankee bed bug  
Was mighty pleased to see  
How well his friends were treated  
In this new coun-t-iree.

He called for pen and paper,  
And for a little light,  
And to his blood relations  
He thus began to write—

"This is a charming city,  
And how my bosom swells  
To see such boarding houses!  
Such bedsteads, such hotels!

"They live in peace and comfort,  
With food for all their needs;  
They bleed the fresh arrivals,  
And swarm among the breeds,

"Then come to Manitoba,  
A land for bed bugs, prime,  
Come and see the El Dorado,  
Come and have a heavenly time."

Stonewall, Man.

—BADGER.

FULL TRANSLATION OF THE PRAYER

COMMENDED TO THE CLERGY OF HIS DIOCESE  
FOR THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS ENGAGED IN  
THE WAR IN EGYPT.

By the Archbishop of Cant.

COPY OF THE PRAYER IN ECCLESIASTICAL VERNACULAR.

"O Almighty God, whose power no creature is able to resist, keep, we beseech Thee, our soldiers and sailors who have now gone forth to war, that they, being armed with Thy defence, may be preserved ever more from all perils, to glorify Thee, Who art the only giver of all victory, through the merits of Thy only Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

TRANSLATION IN EVERYDAY ENGLISH.

"O Thou omnipotent One, whose power no creature is able to resist, exercise it, we beseech Thee, on behalf of our soldiers and sailors whom we have sent into the midst of all the perils of a great war. Let no cannon of the enemy shatter their ships, nor destroy the men. Let no bullet directed against them hurt anybody. In all hand-to-hand encounters, as well as in the carnage of the battle field, let the enemy's sword fall flat and may his bayonets and spears be pointless, so that our men may return to us unscathed, bringing news of victorious slaughter of the foe, and ever more glorify Thee whose might endured their swords with sharpness, their projectiles with terrific force, and gave precision to the bullets of the rifles with which they did so great execution on the enemy."

Reflection for worshippers in the diocese of Canterbury, and elsewhere, that the appointed prayer is used:—

"If, as is more than probable, half our men are left on the field of conflict, are wounded, maimed, and otherwise injured, even though we get the victory, it will be a proof either that the men were bad, and consequently undeserving of the protection from peril we ask for in this prayer, or else that such prayer has no meaning in the ear of the Almighty, which is quite probable, too, as it is really quite oracular to us."