

A WONDERFUL SEA TALE.

A lad was found begging in Plymouth, England, some years ago, who told a most wonderful tale of woe. According to his statement, given with a straight face and an apparently clear conscience, he had been a cabin-boy upon an American steamship. For some misbehavior, as a temporary punishment he was headed up in an empty water-cask, and left to reflect upon his wickedness, with only the bung-hole of the cask to breathe through. On the following night a terrible storm came up, and the vessel went down with all on board, excepting himself, the cask having rolled over into the sea at the first lurch of the sinking ship.

Fortunately for its unhappy occupant, the cask floated with the bung-hole free from the water, and in the course of a day or so was cast upon the coast, where the lad, after making numerous vain attempts to release himself, settled back to die. Some cows, however, he said, came strolling along the beach, and one of them, while switching his tail about, accidentally let the end of it into the bung-hole of the cask. The boy immediately seized upon it; the cow, electrified, jumped, stood still, and jumped again, and then rushed belching down the beach, the boy hanging on like grim death, and the cask, consequently bumping the hind legs of the frightened bovine as she fled. Finally, as the boy had hoped,

the hoops of the cask were loosened, and striking upon a rock, the whole thing was shattered, and the boy, letting go of the cow's tail, found himself free once more. After wandering about for several days he hailed a vessel, and was carried to Plymouth, where his wonderful experience first became common talk.

AN IRISHMAN'S PATIENCE.

In a neat little white painted house up in Maine, a baby's gold ring hangs upon the wall tied with a bit of ribbon. The owner, an Irishman, a humorous scion of his race, when interrogated about it, told the following story:—

While fishing one day in an adjacent lake, he accidentally dropped the ring out of his pocket, and slipping off the edge of the boat, it sank down through the clear water. As he watched it disappearing, a large fish darted through the water, and opening his mouth gulped it down. The Irishman sadly lamented his loss of the ring as it belonged to his little baby. He resolved to fish that lake until he found the rascally thief, and day after day he hauled in the shiny, struggling members of the finny tribe, and cut them open in search of his ring. Weeks went by, and grew into months, until the cold water arrived, but with a fisherman's

less as a soldier. It disgusted him somewhat, but his curiosity was aroused, and he asked, "Did you come here to get out of the way of the bullets?" "Yes, massa; where de generals am is de safest place on de field."

THE SPOTTED DOG.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is very fond of telling humorous short stories, and the following one that he relates is a good specimen:—

"When I was quite a young lad, about fourteen years old, my father lived on an old farm up at Poughkeepsie. One day I went to town to see the circus, and while there I saw for the first time one of those spotted catch dogs. I bargained for it with the owner, and trotted home happy with my new possession. When my father saw it his good old Puritan face fell, and he said, sadly,

"Why, Chauncey, we don't want any spotted dog on the farm! It would drive the cattle crazy!"

"I succeeded in obtaining permission to keep him, however. The next day it was raining, and I took the dog out in the woods to try him on a

A PLUCKY YOUNG TENDERFOOT.

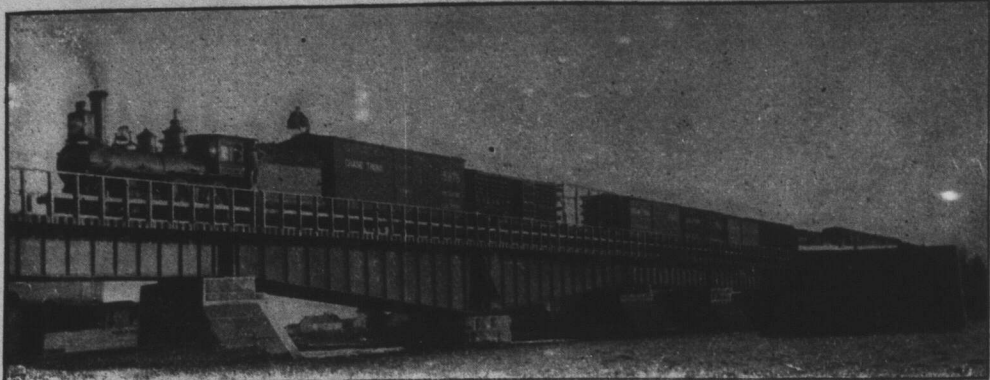
Harry Brown had the cowboy fever, and this is the way that the disease originated. During the early spring Harry's uncle had been a guest with

had placed at school in Chicago the winter, and for whom he intended to call when on his way back to Wyoming.

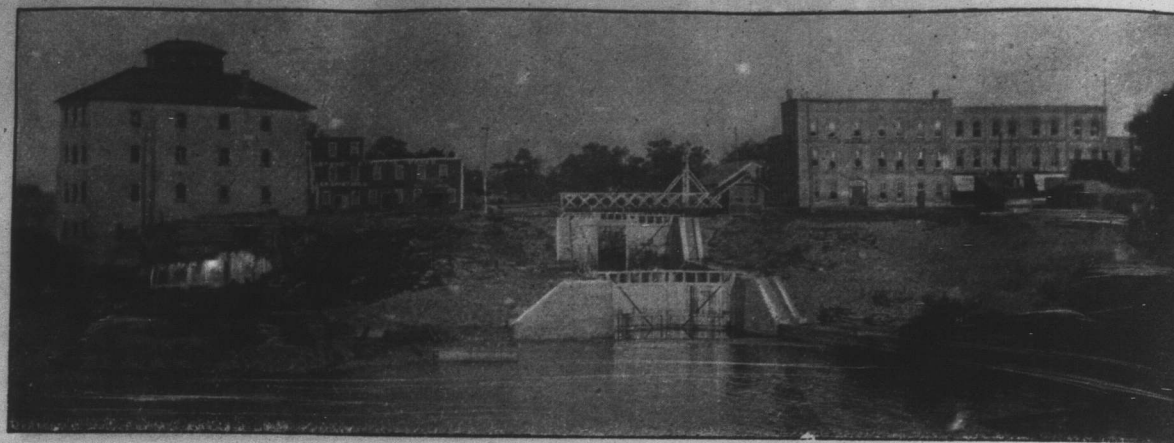
After considerable pleading and argument, Harry's mother at length allowed herself to be almost persuaded that if he went he would not be converted into a long-haired, swaggering pistol-shooting citizen, and that his tile bands of redskins were not the habit of lying in ambush around the ranch for the purpose of scalping its inmates several times a day; at last she hesitatingly added her consent to that of her husband's.

During the remaining week of Uncle Joel's stay in New York the poor man was subjected by the anxious mother to such a running fire of cross-questioning, and so made to feel the awful responsibility that he was incurring by taking Harry away from his comfortable home, where he was tenderly cared for, to place him among strangers and savage beasts and wild and uncouth cowboys, as well as blood-thirsty Indians, that he would have gladly gone back on his contract, even if it was calculated to cost him a dozen of his best steers.

The time set for the departure



SWING BRIDGE, FENELON FALLS, NORTH VICTORIA



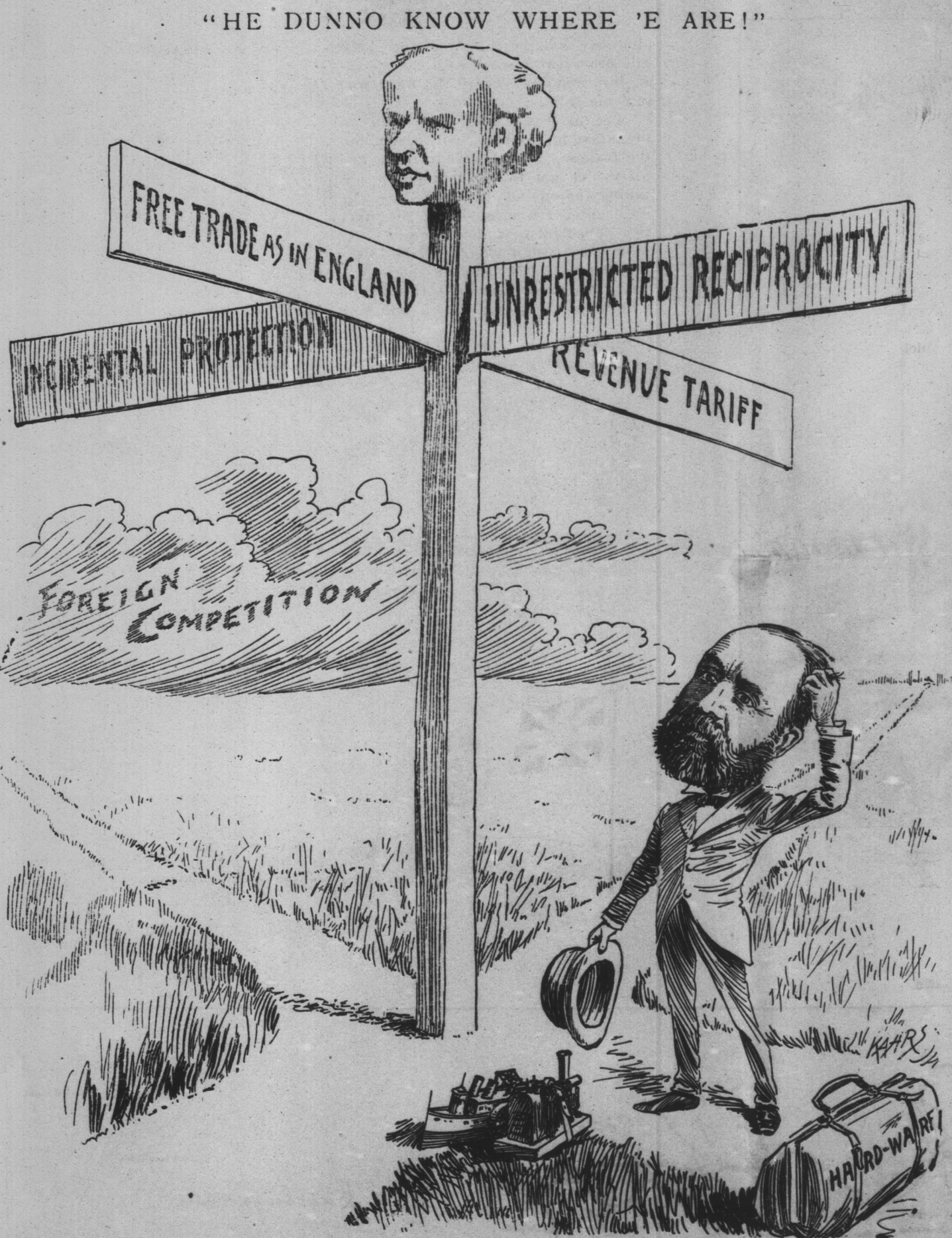
LOCKS AT FENELON FALLS, TRENT CANAL, NORTH VICTORIA



THE BIG EDDY, GUN RIVER, MINDEN, NORTH VICTORIA



BALSAM LAKE, NEAR COBOCONK, NORTH VICTORIA



GEORGE BERTRAM:—"Now I wonder which way I'm to go? I should like to be under shelter somewhere if that ominous cloud comes this way."

"Mr. George H. Bertram, a devoted and apparently alarmed member of the Reform party in this city, has found himself so mixed and muddled by Mr. Laurier's speeches on the tariff question that he has written to the honorable gentleman, asking him what he means, and telling him what, in this part of the country, at least, he ought to say."—THE MAIL AND EMPIRE, June 4th.



NARROWS ENTERING BOSKUNG LAKE, STANHOPE, NORTH VICTORIA

patience he continued in his task even to cutting holes in the ice to fish through. One day after a severe and long protracted struggle, he hauled in a fine fish, and some intuitive instinct told him he had at last caught the thief, which, on cutting him open,

THE SAFEST PLACE.

General Lee used to tell a story about a dorky that served in the war. It seems during the heat of the battle the General and his attendants were pestered on a small knoll watching the course of the action. The dorky, a coloured soldier racing toward them, leaping over obstacles in his path, his face blanched with fear. He rushed up, and fell headlong on the ground in front of Lee, crying, "Oh, massa General, let me stay here."

Lee saw at once that the man was almost frightened to death, and use-



MR. WM. DENNON
Partner with Mr. Oudevdonk, Trent Canal
Kirkfield, Ont.

con. The rain was too much for the spots, and when we returned home they had disappeared. I hastened to town and hunted up the man who sold him to me.

"Look at the dog," said I; "his spots have all washed off." "Great guns, boy!" exclaimed the dealer, "there was an umbrella went with that dog. Didn't you get an umbrella?"

suggested a panorama of prairie-land, cowboys, a whole menagerie of savage animals, and an endless procession of gayly-bedecked and hideously painted Indians galloping furiously across the plains.

Uncle Joel had taken a great fancy to his sister's child, and having a boy of his own about the same age, he proposed to the somewhat startled parents to carry the lad away with him for the summer, and give him an outing on his ranch, where he would have the companionship of his sixteen-year-old cousin Frank, whom he

rived, and, being a Saturday, Harry was escorted to the depot by a large delegation of his school-mates, who gazed enviously at their companion striding along at the side of his rich cowboy uncle, who had been elevated into a hero in their minds by reason of the startling tales of Indian adventure in which, according to his nephew's account, he had been a most prominent actor. It is safe to say that Harry's imagination was responsible for the gaudy colouring of some of the stories, and that the rate at which his uncle was reputed to have

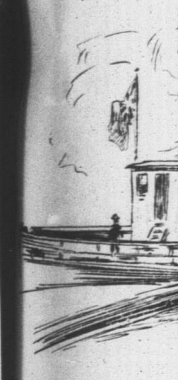


FENELON RIVER, NEAR FENELON FALLS, NORTH VICTORIA



HON. M. Minister of R.

cleaned out the surprising took ph that the say chick in Wyoming



LARGE PASTURE

with one another they were wise warpath very territory would of its natives After two Harry stepped to greet a lad the platform and whose res permitted no d ship. Frank h days previous



COLLING Chief Engi

son that had the summer, meet his cou himself to a up and see out of."

For a mon introduced th ly way, the