MIDLAND COUNTIES HERALD.

The Bobcaygeon Independent

MINDEN AND HALIBURTON REPORTER

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Bobcaygeon Independent,
—AND—
MIDLAND COUNTIES' HERALD
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POETRY.

Honey

Sweetes' of all lovin' words,
Honey, Honey.
Got the soun' of matin' birds—
Honey, Honey,
Othah words don' seem to'spress
What's a-th'obbin in yo' breas',
Don't try nuffin' mor' nor less
Deu Honey, Honey.

W'en he calls me by dat name,
Honey, Honey,
Den my hea't gits in a flame—
Honey, Honey.
My han' hol's his han' so tight.
All de worl' seems gittin' bright,
From dat sof' name of delight,
Honey, Honey.

Sweetes' name in all de lan'
Honey, Honey;
Darlin' one, ain't ha'f so gran'
Honey, Honey;
Oh, my hea't hit fills and swells,
I don' want my lovin' Nelse
Fu' to call me nuffin' else
'Cept Honey, Honey!

A Swift One

An army officer sends the "Youth's Companion" an account of an experience he had when he was on duty along the Rio Grande. He put up one night at a small town in Camer on County at a time when a session of the court had filled the town with strangers. Some of the visitors were sitting on the piazza of the boarding-house after supper, and conversation turned upon the fertility of soils. A stranger from Starr County, which is near Cameron, waited his turn and said:

"Well, I reckon the most fertile piece o' ground in Texas is up on Ed Jones's ranch in old Starr. The first time Ed plants potatoes they grows like young trees. Ed calculates on how there is a sight o' vegetable energy going to waste. So he sends off fer some tomato plants and grafts 'em on to the potato stocks, and grows the finest lot 'o tomatoes above and potatoes below you ever see."

The Starr County man had thrown down the gauntlet, and a Cameron man took it up.

"Well," he said, "that reminds me o' Bill Dury's ranch down on the arroyo. Bill is looking his ground over one day, when the idea comes to him that it is just the spot to raise watermelons. So he gets some of the very best seed from the Agricultural Department, and fertilizes all round permiscuous.

He plants five or six seeds to each mound. When they come up he pulls up all but the healthiest one in each mound. When this one puts out runners he cuts off all but the likeliest. Did any o' you gents ever hear o watermelons getting a better start than that. The vines kep' growing bigger 'n'bigger. The young stalks was the size o' yer wrist an' kep' growing. But, gentlemen, Bill never got any melons off them vines. The trouble was this: he hadn't figured on the natural fertility of the old Cameron County. His fertilizing caused the trouble.

"The vines got to growing so fast and powerful they kep' a-dragging the young melon over the ground an' wore 'em out, plumb wore 'em to a frazzle. The vines dragged some o' the melons against stumps and cracked 'em, an' one night some o' the likeliest ones was busted by the vines a-climin' a fence an' dropping the melon kerplunk on the other side, Then Bill gave up."

The rollicking story of the six shooter from his hip pocket over to the teller of the second story handed him the 'gun' in token of surrender, and said, "And so do I."

Remedy for Truancy.

The true and only effectual corrective of truancy is to make school so attractive that no boy will desire to remain away from it. The public school should be, and in the higher state of civilization will be, next to the ideal home, the sunniest spot in which a child can spend his earlier years, and to which he or she can look back with most pleasure in his or her later ones. In order that it may become so, provision should be made for the training of the pupils' bodies as well as their minds. The program should furnish time and opportunity for the exercise of physical as well as mental activity, and for the rational and harmless flow of the emotional tide that is always surging through the youthful heart, with its burden of easily interchangeable pleasure and pain.

Parson won out.

A clergyman passing through a village street saw a number of boys surrounding a dog. Thinking that some cruel deed was in progress, the clergyman hastened toward the boys and asked what they were doing. One of the lads replied that they were telling lies, and the boy who told the biggest lie would get the dog. The parson was shocked at such depravity, and began to lecture them on the sin of lying, and concluded his remarks by saying: "Why, when I was a little boy I never told lies." The boys were silent for a second, when one of them said sadly: "Hand him the dog."

A Scotch Sermon

The new English semi-teetotal society for abolishing drinking between meals does not embody any new idea. It was strongly urged upon his congregation by a well-known Highland minister whose parishioners were too speedy with their drinks. After an eloquent exhortation, the reverend gentleman concluded: "And noo, ma freends, this tram-tramming and trink-trinking must cease; it must and shall not conteenue. Not that I object to a sma' gless of a mornin' to keep aff the chills before breakfast, or in the forenoon when an acquaintance looks in upon you or you veesit a neebor's house. An, pefore the good meat that Providence provides, an 'appetiser' is no amiss, but this is no the constant tram-tramin' that has to pe stoppit. An' if in the sanctity of the home, ye hev a guest in the eventide, bring forth your bottle and join him in all thankfulness, for this is no the accursed tram-trinkin' but a cheerful partaking in the good things of this world in all sobriety and good fellowship. Finally, ma brethren, as far as in you can, avoid the whiskey—especially pad whiskey."

Good Uns

An Irishman, who, much to his wife's sorrow, had got into the company of men who managed cock-fights, determined to raise some game roosters for himself. So he got some prize eggs and put them under the old hen in the back yard. In order to teach him a lesson and discourage his growing vice, his wife removed the prize eggs from under the unsuspecting hen, and put in their place some ducks eggs. Some weeks later the wife heard a commotion in the wood-shed. She rushed out, and their stood Pat, watching with delight the first efforts of a newly-hatched duck to waddle. "Bridget, Bridget, will ye luk at the fut on him? Sure, a birrd twice his size couldn't thrip him!"

Major Brigges

Here is a story told of King Edward. One time the King, in a crowd, was deferentially saluted by an elderly gentleman whose face seemed familiar. With his customary upbanity his Majesty said:

"I believe I have met you before, but for the moment your name escapes me.

The little old gentleman made an old fashioned bow.

"Made your breeches, sire," he replied in confusion.

"Ah, of course," said the King, how dye do, Major Brigges."

She Feared

Atkins Lawrence, in recalling his appearances with Mary Anderson when she was a youthful aspirant for stellar honors in the East, says: "I was getting a little stout in those days, even though I was a young fellow, and as Claude Melnotte, I had a vest that I had supplied with three powerful buckles in the back. These I would draw as tightly as possible to make my self slim. One night I had just finished my description of my palace, and knelt down to say: Likest thou the picture Pauline? when suddenly all three of the buckles gave way with a snap that set the people in the orchestra tittering What's the matter, Atkins? Mary Anderson said, in a stage whisper. My vest buckles have broken, I answered. That's all right, she replied, I was afraid it was your suspenders."

Worth of Kindness

A year ago I had the pleasure of a conversation with the late Dean Farrar. His chief characteristics were gentleness, quiet firmness, lucidity of expression and impressive appearance. On that occasion he said he considered the progressive toward temperance in the colonies was the most inspiring feature of the movement. He expressed himself in pessimistic terms concerning the future of the English race owing to their heavy drinking. The late Dear Farrar was a low churchman, A few years ago an agitation was carried on by the ritualists urging his removal from the deanery because he delivered an address in a Methodist church, in the course of which he said, "One kind deed is worth a million orthodox creeds."

A Progressive Conundrum

They were asking conundrums in the commercial room the other evening when a previously silent young man put in his spoke.

"I've got one," he said.

"What is it?" asked the crowd.

"Why is heaven like a baby?"

They wrestled with it for ten minutes and gave it up.

"Because heaven is home, home is where the heart is, where the heart is is the chest, a chest is a box, a box is a small tree, a small tree is a bush, a bush is a growing plant, a growing plant is a beautiful thing, a beautiful thing is the primrose, the primrose is a pronounced yeller, and a pronounced yeller is a baby."

After which he once more relapsed into silence,

That Gold-lined Pig

The Ottawa Citizen struck a humorous vein the other day and said: "the story of the gold nugget found in the interior of a Madoc porker was rather on the hog. At least the animal seems to have been considerably cut up when its wealth was discovered. Yet it demonstrates that there is money in live stock in that section. Still the sad fate of this particular animal would suggest to others the propriety of coughing up or they should not squeal when they get stuck for their wealth. In future this will be one of the perils before swine. But, seriously, the question of how that nugget got there should be considered by the Baconian theorists. It may account for the richness of Madoc pork as an article of diet. Little did that porker know when it rooted it up that it was the root of all evil. But not being able to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear it did the next best thing and made a savings bank out of its tummy. Perhaps it had ambitions [illegible] guinea pig, and now, [illegible] put its ore in [illegible] it is getting roasted. To be sure, it will pan out better than expected. The owner of the hog regards the nugget as internal revenue.

Too Exacting

'Miss Isabel,' began the youth nervously, 'can you play mandolin?'

'No,' replied the maiden I never tried to learn it'

'Ping-pong?'

'I detest ping-pong.'

'Can—can you do needlework?'

'Not a bit. Fancy needlework is a trade.'

'Are you a stamp collector?'

'I have no fads, Mr. Spoonamore.'

'You—pardon me—can you cook?'

'Oh, yes. I can do almost any kind of cooking.'

'Bread for instance?'

'My bread has taken the prize at more than one exhibition.'

'Can you—can you darn stockings?

'I can.'

'Sew on buttons?'

'To be sure.'

'Miss Isabel,' said the young man, 'will you marry me?'

'I will not, Mr. Spoonamore, I am afraid I would not suit you. I can't chop wood or dig up a garden. Our kitchen-maid Betty, though, would make an admirable wife for you. Shall I go and send her in?'

For Young Men

Remember, son, that the world is older than you are by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one man in ten millions went to the funeral, Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do. Remember the reply of Dr. Wayland, to the student of Brown University, who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote. 'Make a few,' tersely replied the old man. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young man fitted for [illegible] clothes fit you better than your father's fits him; they cost more money, and they are more stylish; your mustache is neater; the cut of your hair is better. But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggset salary, and his homely. scrambling signature on the business end of a cheque will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of the paper and a copper plate signature in six months.

Milk Cans

"As the season progresses, arrangements for caring for the summer's milk supply are being made. In this connection we are reminded of a milk can that got into pretty general use in many parts of the country, Outwardly it appeard like any other serviceable milk can, but the inside exposed one great defect, the bottum came toward you when you looked into the can. The fact of the bottom coming toward one might be a harmless enough thing in itself, but it is always associated with a deep groove around the edge at the junction of the bottom and the sides, where dirt and germs meet on one common ground, and with one common aim, namely, to contaminate the milk as soon as it is strained into the can. Therefore, if any of our readers find it necesssry to buy a new can, be sure that the bottom draws away from you when you take the lid off. Otherwise, you shall have several 'quiet interviews with the gentleman who is trying to make first-class cheese at your factory and who employs the services of a factory instructor to assist him in the commendable work.'

An Appeal to Honor

Treat a man as if he were a gentleman, and he will rarely disappoint you. In illustration of this truth Mr Crosse, author of "Round about the Carpathians" tells a good story of a robber chief in Hungary. A few years ago the Carpathian mountains were infested with organized bands of robbers, and neither life nor property was safe. At this time a lady of great wealth, the Countess Z. who lived not far from the main highway between Budapest and Vienna, received a polite note one morning, informing her that twelve gentlemen would dine with her at midnight. She understood what it meant.

It was impossible to summon help, and well she knew that every approach to the castle would be guarded, to prevent communication. In this dilemma she made ready for her uninvited guests.

At midnight up rode an armed band twelve men in all. Immediately the gate of the outer court and the entrance door were thrown wide, as if for the most honored and welcome guests. The [illegible] receive them, richly dressed. She bade the chief and his men a gracious welcome, gave orders that their horses be cared for, and then taking the arm of her guest, led the way to the dining hall. Here a goodly feast was spread and all the gold and silver plate of the castle was lavishly displayed.

The leader of the robber band started back in surprise; but recovering his self-possession, he seated himself beside his charming hostess, who engaged him in merry talk of the gay world at Vienna, with which they were both familiar. At length, when the feast was nearly ended, the chief took out his watch and said;

Countess, the happiest moments of my life have always been the shortest, I have another engagement this night. Bad as I am, none ever appealed to my honor in vain. You have received me as a gentleman, and I shall take my departure as one. As for you my men, he said, looking sternly round with hand on his pistol, I charge you to take nothing from this house. He who disobeys me dies that instant.

The chief then asked for pen and paper, and wrote some words upon a sheet, which he handed to his hostess This, madam, will serve to protect you in future. You have but to show it, and it will save you from any molestation or loss. Then gallantly raising the lady's hand to his lips, he withdrew with his men.

The name of the robber chief was afterward known. He was an impoverished cadet of one of the noblest families in Hungary. His fate was sad enough; he was captured a few months after the incident related here, and though the Countess secretly provided the best counsel for his defence, he ended his life at the hands of the common hangman.

More to the Point

The Parson; I intend to pray that you may forgive Casey for having thrown that brick at you.

The Patient; Mebbe yer Riv'rence 'ud be saving toime if ye'd just wait till oi get well, an' then pray fer Casey.

PORK

Hogs are now realizing good prices, and it is probable that for some time they will be profitable stock to raise. It is when hogs or any other farm animal is enjoying this distinction of being profitable that the greatest leaks in the feeding operations are likely to occur. When live hogs were selling for four cents per pound at the car, farmers were careful that every pound of grain should be made in a short time and at the least outlay of food, and by so doing were able to realize a profit on feeding. Since hogs have gone up, however, we have become more liberal, and have often fed longer and heavier than we could have afforded had the price of pork been lower. It was when the price of the finished hog was away down that we learned our most valuable lesson in feeding. Necessity compelled us to feed economically, and we learned how to do it, We learned how, by feeding clover, roots and other green foods, to make a profit on four-cent pork, and the proper way to take the fullest advantage of the improved times is to feed our six cent hogs just as economically as we did when pork was much lower. By so doing, an increase is selling price means an increase in profit, and not simply an increase in amount received. In this connection clover, rape and roots play an important part. In laying out the plans for the season's crops, we cannot urge too strongly the importance of setting apart good-sized plots for these crops, and also a plot for alfalfa. The time for feeding hogs exclusively on grain is past; intensive farming, which means the maximum of production at the minimum of cost, is now the order of the day, and there is plenty of room for its development in the hog raising industry.

SMILETS.

Pleasant old gentleman—Have you lived here all your life, my little man? Arthur (aged six)—Not yet.

He has started publishing a paper for barbers you know. Ah! I suppose it's very appropriately illustrated with cuts.

Madge—She says her husband never agrees with her. Marjorie—What else could she expect? She married a lobster.

Granddaughter—Oh Grandma, when you were young you must have been a lovely girl. Grandma—What do you want this time, dear?

Now doth the nobby Easter hat
Look flatter than before;
It sheds its beauty everywhere,
Nor can be flattered more.

Scribbler—I blowed the editor off to six cocktails and he took my poem. Spacer—Yes; his motto is Anything to fill up.

[illegible]—What is a d[illegible] entendre? Professor—It a[illegible] tendre is an excuse to say anything in a half proper way.

Grace—Do you not admit that a woman is the best judge of another woman's character? Gwendolyn—Yes a good judge, but a better executioner.

In the spring time, gentle reader,
The wisest thing to do
Is to stick close to your flannels.
Until they stick to you.

An Easter Incident.—He (opening the street door)—Anna, here is the girl with the vegetables. She—Don't be silly. It's my new hat.

Misunderstood.—Mr. Roy (giving directions)—Are you sure you have it all down Pat? New Groom—Me name's Barney, sor.

May I print a kiss on your lips? I said
And she nodded her sweet permission
So we went to press, and I rather guess
We printed a full edition.

Mistress—So you want me to read this love letter to you? Maid—If ye plaze, ma'm. And I've brought ye some cotton-wool ye can stuff in yer ears while ye read it!

Boys don't you know it's wicked to fight? Now, if I were you, I'd kiss and make up. Say, wot do yous tink dis is—a woman's club?

In a Montana hotel there is a notice which reads: "Boarders taken by the day, week, or month. Those who do not pay promptly will be taken by the neck."

Jack—Miss Shapeleigh made her debut as a burlesque queen last night. Tom—Did she come out with honor? Jack—Well, she didn't come out with any too much on her.

The festive goat is dining
On the tin can in the lane;
And the organ-grinder's grinding
Once more his tuneless strain.
One day we wear an ulster thick
And the next day a duster thin—
All of which denotes that spring
Is beginning to begin.

She (estatically)—How kind of nature to bestow upon the blind the faculty of distinguishing colors by the sense of touch! He (philosophically) Yes; but it's not altogether confined to the sightless. A fellow needn't be blind to feel blue.

"Try this whiskey, Colonel," said the Ohio man. "I've had it in the house for more than fifteen years." "Excuse me," rejoined the gentleman from Kentucky, "but I'll have to pass it up. It must be something fierce if you couldn't get rid of it in that length of time!"

FOR PITY'S SAKE

He kissed me when he called last week
Said Miss Ann Teek, as o'er her cheek
The crimson blushes started,
That's so like Ned, Miss Peppery said.
He always was kind-hearted.

Squally Weather.—"I am afraid," said the commodore's small son, as he saw his mother approaching with a frown and a slipper, "that those clouds on mis's face indicate a spanking breeze." Thereupon he scuttled himself.

Tess—He tried to kiss me, and he declared the more I struggled and screamed the more he'd kiss me. He's no gentleman. Jess—But my dear, gentlemen sometimes do that sort of thing. Tess—But when I screamed he ran away. A gentleman would keep his word.

She pressed her ruby lips to his
In one ecstatic kiss;
They seemed at peace with all the world
Enrapt in holy bliss.
But, with the osculation o'er,
It was not hard to find
That, though she took her lips away,
The ruby stayed behind!

A man once owned a balky mule
That blandishments resisted,
And, losing patience, he grabbed hold
Upon his tail and twisted.
Whereupon the mule looked back at him
In mild, reproving sorrow.
And if the sad remains come down,
The funeral's to-morrow.

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