

**Worshiping a Turtle.**

At a place called Kotron on the French Ivory Coast, the natives believe that to eat or destroy a turtle would mean death to the guilty one or sickness among the family. The fetich men, of which there are plenty, declare that years ago a man went to sea fishing. In the night his canoe was thrown upon the beach empty. Three days afterward a turtle came ashore at the same place with the man on its back alive and well. Since that time they have never eaten or destroyed one of that species, although they enjoy other species.

If one happens now to be washed ashore there is a great commotion in the town. First, the women sit down and start singing and beating sticks; next a small piece of white cloth (color must be white) is placed on the turtle's back. Food is then prepared and placed on the cloth, generally plantains, rice and palm oil. Then, amid a lot more singing, dancing and antics of the fetich people, it is carried back into the sea and goes on its way rejoicing.

**Inexhaustible Rome.**

"Rome is wonderful," said a man familiar with the historic city. "Rome is inexhaustible. There is a story that describes Rome well."

"The pope was giving audience. He said to a lady in black:

"How long have you been in Rome?"

"Three weeks," the lady answered.

"Ah," said the pope, "then you have seen Rome!"

"And he turned to an American merchant and asked:

"And you, sir, how long have you been in Rome?"

"Three months," the American replied.

"You, then, have begun to see Rome," said the pope. And he next accosted an elegant woman with gray hair.

"How long, madam," he asked, "have you been here?"

"Three years," the woman answered.

"The pope smiled faintly.

"You," he said, "have not yet begun to see Rome!"

**True Moles.**

In this country there are five recognized groups of true moles, two of which are confined to the Pacific coast and the other three are distributed over the section east of the one hundredth meridian extending from Canada to the gulf of Mexico. In the latter districts and in the greater part of Pennsylvania, New York and New England the common mole occurs with the star nosed mole and Brewer's mole. The mole is so seldom seen even by those who are familiar with its work that it is often confused with other small creatures, particularly the shrew, the mole or meadow mouse and the pocket gopher. However, it can be readily distinguished by its stout, short front limbs ending in broad, rounded hands with palms turned outward. It has a rather elongated body, close, plumpish fur, a pointed snout and a short tail. Neither eyes nor ears are in evidence. It is a creature of strictly subterranean habits.

**Wisdom of Father.**

Brown, who lived in the suburbs, returned home late one evening with a package which he deposited on the dining room table. His wife, naturally curious, lost no time in starting to investigate.

"What have you been buying, Jimmy?" she asked, taking up the package and untying the string.

"A cornet," answered Jimmy. "I have been thinking for some time."

"A cornet?" was the wondering interjection of the wife. "I thought you knew better than to buy a cornet! You know very well that the man next door worries you almost to death with his."

"Yes, I know," was the smiling response. "That is the one I bought."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**Origin of Life.**

The scientific world is not in possession of even one fact as to the origin of life nor of the origin of anything whatever. All animals now start from very minute bodies called cells. Each kind of animal has its own fixed kind of cell. One kind of cell never changes into another. But the origin of the cell for each kind of animal is totally unknown.—New York American.

**A Boomerang.**

"She broke him of smoking so that he could save money."

**And did he save money?**

"Yes. He got so interested in saving money that he broke off their engagement so that he could save still more."—Houston Post.

**The Banyan Tree.**

A regiment of 1,000 men could readily find shelter under a single banyan tree. In India there is one of these trees which has 400 main trunks and over 8,000 smaller ones.

**Not a Bone Picker.**

"I say, I've a bone to pick with you."

"Pardon me, sir; that's quite impossible, for I'm a strict vegetarian."—London Punch.

**Not Like Father.**

"Do you think Mr. Skinnum's baby will take after its father?"

"Not at all. The other day they persuaded it to cough up a nickel it had swallowed."

**Ungallant Suggestion.**

"What makes you think it should be Mother instead of Father Time?"

"Well, you know, time will tell."—Buffalo Express.

**Story of a Picture.**

A picture which attracts everybody's attention at the Tate gallery by its position, its size and its striking beauty is that of a lady riding on a white horse through an archway into a courtyard. She is dressed in a green velvet riding habit of the time of Charles II, with a long red feather in her gray hat. On her left stands a page in an old gold velvet suit, with a dog by his side. This picture has a remarkable history, as well as numerous titles. The catalogue calls it "Equestrian Portrait," but it is also known as "Neil Gwynne," the name given it by Millais, and also sometimes as "Diana Vernon." The fact is that Sir Edwin Landseer left this picture unfinished. He painted the horse and its trappings, intending it for an equestrian portrait of Queen Victoria. But he died and left the picture unfinished. It was sent to Sir John Millais, who painted his own daughter in this old riding costume, together with the page, the dog and the background. The picture was begun in 1870 and finished twelve years later.—London Citizen.

**Habits of the Cuckoo.**

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the cuckoo neglects her egg after she has deposited it in the nest of another bird, declared Oliver G. Pike, in a lecture at the Camera club. The cuckoo kept a watchful eye upon her treasure and should any accident befall it she laid another egg in another nest. Mr. Pike said he believed, although it was impossible to prove it, that the cuckoo laid its eggs in the nest of a bird of the same species as that by which it had itself been reared. Thus a cuckoo reared by a sedge warbler laid its egg in turn in sedge warbler's nest. So wonderful was the spell which the young cuckoo exercised over other birds that he had seen birds other than its foster parents pause in their flight to feed it, giving it the food which was intended for their own young, and once he saw a young cuckoo fed by birds of five different species in succession.—London Spectator.

**King Grasshoppers.**

The champion aeronaut is the king grasshopper, which has the ability to jump 100 times its length. It can also sail for 1,000 miles before the wind. These grasshoppers sometimes go in such numbers that they make a cloud 2,000 miles in extent. Its great front lip hides a pair of jaws as effective as a bay chopper, and it has an appetite as voracious as that of a hippopotamus. A young chick finds itself shut inside the eggshell and must work its way out alone, but the young grasshoppers find themselves—the whole nestful—shut in a hardened case in the ground made by their mother, and it takes a half dozen of them working together to dislodge the lid which shuts them in.—National Geographical Society Bulletin.

**Judging Distance.**

Most people are unaware that the apparent distance of an object depends upon the use of both eyes. This fact, however, can be strikingly shown. Place a pencil so that two or three inches project over the edge of a table. Then stand alongside the table, close one eye and attempt to knock the pencil off by quickly hitting the projecting end with the tip of the forefinger. Almost invariably the person making the attempt underestimates the distance by an inch or more and, much to his surprise, misses the pencil entirely. One eyed people, accustomed to estimating distances with only one eye, of course have no trouble in hitting the pencil at the first trial.—St. Nicholas.

**Straight Talk a Virtue.**

Everybody respects the man who talks without circumlocution and who means what he says, whose tongue is not twisted and who goes right to the mark, never seeking to mislead or to misrepresent. Straight talk is a virtue that is practiced all too little. Imagine what a different world this would be if there were no other kind in business, in domestic affairs, in society, in diplomacy—between employers and workers, politicians and people, government and governed and in the professional and the business world! How large a part of many men's occupations would be gone if there was never anything but perfectly straight talk between man and man!—Christian Herald.

**Funeral Festivals.**

The Greeks and the Romans never prescribed chilling silence at funerals. On the contrary, they regarded them as festivals and entertainments and chose these occurrences for the productions of their great plays. Every comedy of Plautus was first produced at a funeral celebration.

**Making Up.**

"Going to the dances tonight, Clarice?"

**I haven't made up my mind yet.**

"For the love of Pete! Aren't you satisfied with what you do to your face?"—Cornell Widow.

**Stationary.**

Pessimist—Board going up, room rent going up, fee going up. Is there anything in this blooming university that isn't going up? Optimist—Sure, my grades!—Wisconsin Sphinx.

**Very Particular.**

"You should launch out on the ocean of matrimony, my boy."

"I might if I were sure of its being a pacific ocean."—Boston Transcript.

The fool wanders; the wise travel.—Spanish Proverb.

**Getting Rid of Bot Flies.**

The United States department of agriculture has thoroughly tested a very unusual cure for the disease of horse called bots. Bots are the larvae of the horse fly and live in the stomachs of horses. They interfere with digestive processes to such an extent as to cause loss of flesh, general poor condition and often death. Dislodging them is extremely difficult.

In the treatment tested the horse was fed a little hay and oats in the morning and allowed to go without food the rest of the day. In the evening a purgative was given. Next morning the horse was given three drams of carbon bisulphide in a gelatin capsule three times at intervals of an hour. When the capsule reached the horse's stomach it dissolved, and the carbon bisulphide, a liquid that is extremely volatile at the temperature of a horse's body, evaporated rapidly. The gas suffocated the bots and other parasites in the horse's stomach without injuring the horse in the least. The remedy was tried with complete success on a large number of affected animals.—Minneapolis Journal.

**Power of the Opium Habit.**

In the American Magazine a former newspaper man, who became a victim of the opium habit and is now a convict in a penitentiary, writes a dramatic account of his experiences with the drug. He gives as follows his idea of the power of the habit:

"I do not believe that any man with an opium or morphine habit of years standing can deny himself the drug if it is within reach."

"I do not believe that any man, no matter what his previous character may have been, can use opium continuously and not have the impulse to be crooked. He may not be crooked, he may lack the nerve or the necessity to steal, but the impulse will be there and if it ever becomes a question of theft or a 'habit' he will thieve. This is the history of every opium smoker I have ever known."

**The Invention of the Panorama.**

The panorama was invented by a Scotchman named Robert Barker, who obtained a license in London in 1787 and erected a rotunda on Leicester square. He was associated with Robert Fulton, the practical inventor of the steamboat, who introduced panoramas into Paris in 1796, but resigned in favor of Thayer perhaps in order to give his attention to the application of steam to boats. Thayer raised a rotunda on the Boulevard Montmartre, whence comes the name of the Passage des Panoramas. Bonaparte caused plans to be drawn up for eight panoramas, in which his conquests were to be shown to the Parisians, whom he always tried to impress with the magnitude of the achievements in order to keep them faithful to his star. But these projects were never realized.

**Forgetmenot.**

"Ah, yes, there are still true and loyal souls in this sad world," murmured the solemn individual in the tortoise-shell glasses. "I used to know a dear girl—it was ten long years ago—and not a year has passed since that she hasn't written me a birthday letter. Always what she writes is about the same: 'Dear Alfred, I can't ever forget, not if I live to be a hundred, this day of all the days in the year. Let me once again wish you long life and happiness with all my heart.' etc."

"Very sweet of the girl," said the stout young man with the amazing waistcoat, "very sweet of her indeed."

"Very," replied the solemn individual, "only, you see, she writes that dashed letter to me on a different day every year."

**The Stone Houses of Easter Island.**

The remarkable stone houses of Easter Island are built against a terrace of earth or rock, which in some cases forms the back wall of the dwelling. They are built of small slabs of stratified basaltic rock piled together without cement. No regularity of plan is shown in the construction of a majority of them. The average measurement is as follows: Height from floor to ceiling, 4 feet 6 inches; thickness of walls, 4 feet to 10 inches; width of rooms, 4 feet 6 inches; length of rooms, 12 feet 9 inches; average size of doorways—height, 20 inches; width, 19 inches.

**He Had a Reason.**

"I notice you are very cautious in what you say about people."

**"Yes."**

"Why is this?"

"Well, I ain't prominent enough to claim I was misquoted."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Helpful Child.**

Caller—My, what a big girl you are getting to be! You'll soon be able to help your mother about the house. Ethel—Oh, I do that already. Whenever she says "For goodness' sake, get out of my way!" I do it.—Philadelphia Press.

**His Definition.**

Teacher—Wilfred, a bee is something we get wax from. Now, tell me, what is a bee? Wilfred—Our teacher is a bee because he's something we get whacks from.—London Telegraph.

**A Criticism.**

"He said this skirt of mine was a perfect symphony."

"Maybe, but it's not well conducted."

"What do you mean?"

"It drags."

**It Depends.**

Wigwag (trying to think of insomnia)—When you haven't been able to sleep for about a week what do you call it? Youngpop—What is it, a boy or girl?

Philadelphia Record.

**THE PRICEVILLE FAIR**

The Priceville Fair on Friday was quite a success. The weather was fine, and the attendance up to the average, though a little smaller than last year.

The exhibits in the hall were good, as usual, the roots, fruits, dairy products and cooking were highly creditable to the exhibitors. The stock was excellent, and the horses, in particular, made a good showing.

The Owen Sound Pipe Band was in attendance and delighted the crowd with a generous supply of excellent music.

Secretary Ferguson was a busy man, and Gatekeeper McIntyre admitted the visitors with his usual courtesy. The refreshment booths were busy and did a booming business.

Apart from a solitary Standard cream separator, with Mr. C. M. Orr as demonstrator, there was no agricultural or domestic machinery.

The home-made bread, preserved fruit, and butter, were there in abundance, and the many designs in fancy work showed more than ordinary skill.

The concert in the evening was patronized to the full capacity of the hall, and Miss Walker, as an elocutionist and vocalist, gave evidence of good ability. Mr. Clark ventriloquist, of Toronto, was highly appreciated in the services he rendered. Miss Rita Irwin accompanied the entertainers on the piano and contributed a couple of instrumentals which were evidently enjoyed by the large audience.

The following is the prize list:

**HORSES****REGISTERED DRAUGHT**

Span—Rob Kinnell, John Spicer. Brood mare—H J Milliner, Kinnell. 2 yr colt—Kinnell, Milliner. Sp colt—Milliner, Kinnell.

**DRAUGHT HORSES**

Span—Alex McGillivray, W G Baker, Milliner. Brood mare—John Burnett, John Spicer. 2 yr colt—Neil McLeod, W G Baker. 1 yr colt—Neil McLeod. Spring colt—Baker, John Spicer. 2 yr colt—Frook special—Don McMillan.

**AGRICULTURAL**

Span—Herb Kinney, Henry Love. Brood mare—Don McMillan, A McGillivray, Milliner. 2 year old—E J McMillan, E J McRobb, J M McRobb 1 year old—D McMillan, Wm Mather E J McRobb. Spring colt—D McMillan, A McGillivray, Milliner.

**GENERAL PURPOSE**

Span—Wm Swanston, Milliner, J McRobb. Brood mare—E J McRobb, A McMillan, A McMillan. 2 year colt—Alfred Thistlewhite. 1 year colt—E J McRobb 1 & 2, Spring colt—E J McRobb 1 & 2, Alex McMillan.

**ROADSTERS**