WIT AND HUMOR

Next Thing to an Airship.

"I was always interested in airships and flying machines, so I bought a theatre."

"Why did you do that?"

"A theatre has wings and flies."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Golf Definition.

Dumley—Say, do you know anything about golf?

Peppery—Not much. Why?

Dumley—What's a "bunker," do you know?

Peppery—I suppose it's one of those cranks that simply live on the links.—Philadelphia Press.

Strides of Surgery.

"You say one of the nurses at the hospital has your heart?"

"She has, indeed."

"And the doctor has your appendix! Surgery is making wonderful strides."—Houston Post.

Up-to-Date.

"Mrs. Bounder shows so much address in her gowns."

"In what way?"

"She had adopted the Directory style, and you know her husband canvasses for one."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Good Plan Gone Awry.

Grouch—The Rev. Mr. Smiley's scheme to pass around the cigars and let the men smoke during services has proved a failure.

Blink—What was the trouble?

Grouch—His wife bought the cigars—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Lawyer's Own Fault.

"Well," said the lawyer for the defense to his client, "I was certainly surprised at your conviction."

"I wasn't; it was all your fault."

"All my fault? I put up a magnificent fight for you!"

"Yes, an' you kep' yelling at the jury that you demanded justice for me till they went an' give it to me."—Houston Post.

Teddy Knew.

"Paw," said little Teddie, reading a vaudeville poster, "what are slapsticks?"

"Wel my son," said paw to gain time, "what do you think a slapstick is?"

"Teacher's ruler," said Teddie, unconsciously rubbing the palm of his hand."—New York Times.

The Practical First.

"Maggie, I want you to incinerate the refuse."

"All right, ma'am; I'll come and do it as soon as I finish burning the white."—Baltimore American.

Points of View.

The Sentimentalist—A love letter has been found in Assyria that is 4,000 years old. Doesn't that appeal to you? Why, the very dust of the hand that penned it and the heart that inspired it has been scattered to heaven's four winds.

The Cynic—I suppose it's full of the usual nauseating slush?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Candelabored Pun.

"These electric light bills are driving me positively crazy," said the man who worries.

"It's not so bad as that," answered the merry wag. "It's probably a mere case of chandelierium."—Washington Star.

Refuted.

Former Honk (musingly)—They say Deacon Klutchpenny's wife was a paragon before he married her, and—

Mrs. Honk (briskly)—Nothing of the kind. She was a Smith. I knew the whole family.—Puck.

Appropriate Proverb.

Briggs—I have made a will leaving my brain to the hospital, and got an acknowledge from the authorities.

Griggs—Were they pleased?

Briggs—They wrote that every little helps.—Illustrated Bits.

Not Fair.

"Look here, Abraham," said the judge, "it seems proved right here in court that instead of doing something to help support your wife and children, you spend your whole time hunting 'possum!"

The old negro hung his head.

"Now, Abe, you love your wife, don't you?"

"Ah suttinly does!"

"And your children?"

"Yas, sah!"

"And you love them both better——"

"Better ev'ry day, jedge!" Abe broke in.

"——better than a thousand 'possum?"

"Look hyah, jedge," exclaimed Abe, with widening eyes, "dat's takin' a coon at a pow'ful disadvantage!"—From the Bohemian Magazine, for July.

According to the Point of View.

One evening when Teddie was sitting up later than usual he yawned, and his mamma said:

"Ah, Teddy, you are sleepy; you had better go to bed now."

"Why, I'm not a bit sleepy, replied Teddie. "I'm only airing my mouth, mamma."—The Circle.

Would Wait and See.

Caller—What's your name, little girl?

Little Girl—Dorothy.

Caller—But what's your last name?

Little Girl—I don't know what it will be. I'm not married yet.—London Globe.

Justifiable Desire.

"Johnny," said his mother, "you have outgrown your shoes."

"What I'd like to hear you say mamma," replied Johnny, "is that I have outgrown your slippers." — Chicago News.

Why?

Donald was greatly interested in the law of gravitation which his older brother was trying to explain to him.

"Well, I don't see," he argued, "why gravitation doesn't pull the angels down from heaven."—The Circle.

Sister Won.

"Well B'oby, how is your sister?" asked the parson.

"Oh she's sick in bed; hurt herself fearfully," replied the youth.

"I sorry to hear that. How did it happen?"

"We were playin' who could lean the farthest out of the window—and she won."—Lippincott's.

She Didn't Understand.

"Yes, I am going abroad."

"And how are you going to arrange your itinerary?"

"Oh, pompadour, I think that will be most suitable for traveling."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Climate Discouragement.

"Do you think there is any reliable way of foretelling the weather?"

"Yep," answered Farmer Corntossel. "Jes' think of the kind you don't want and then prophesy it."—Washington Star.

COW TESTING ASSOCIATIONS.

Dominion Department of Agriculture Branch of the Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner.

Eden Bank, B. C., Association for May had the record for 241 cows of an average production of 917 lbs. milk, 3.7 test, 34.1 lbs. fat. In each of the twenty herds some individual cows gave over 1,000 lbs. milk, while the three best single yields were 1,630 lbs., testing 3.2, 1,750 lbs. testing 3.5, and 1,780 lbs. milk in the 30 days. The best herd average was from a lot of 20 cows yielding 1,284 lbs. milk, 3.4 test, 44 lbs. fat. Such animals must be a pleasure to handle, a source of pride and satisfaction, as well as of good cash profit.

A good Ontario record for the same period is at the Central Smith Association, where a herd of 20 cows averaged 1,096 milk, 3.2 test, 35 lbs. fat. The best cow in that herd gave 1,465 lbs. milk, testing 4.0, and the lowest yield in the same herd was 400 lbs. milk, testing 3.2.

A contrast to the above is at St. Antoine, Que., for the same period, where 60 cows averaged only 654 lbs. milk, 3.3 test, 21.9 lbs. fat. The 60 cows gave a total yield of 39,244 lbs. milk, 1,317 lbs. fat. If they had milked as well as the cows at Eden Bank, B. C., they would have given an additional weight of actually sixteen thousand pounds of milk and over seven hundred pounds of butter fat during the one month!

Are there not some more places where there are still some poor cows left? The poor cows are quickest detected by systematic weighing and testing.

C. F. W.

Ottawa, June 26, 1908.

MODEL PLAYGROUNDS.

Chicago in the Lead, With One Park That is Almost Utopian.

The critics along the Atlantic coast are engaged in a strenuous rivalry in developing the idea of playgrounds for children and recreation centres for the pleasure and instruction of the masses of the people. The public school children are being enrolled in athletic leagues and the general public are contributing generously toward the equipment of school playgrounds and public parks, with gymnasium apparatus and paraphernalia for games and outdoor sports of all kinds.

Chicago has taken the lead among Western cities in pushing the playgrounds propaganda; in fact, it is doubtful if any Eastern city equals Chicago in this respect, says the Kansas City Journal. Sherman Park playground is considered a model, the highest and latest development in the world of the public recreation place for the people. It combines the scenic beauty of a miniature park with fields large and small for gymnastic and athletic purposes.

It also contains a series of buildings of solid construction and classically chaste design. Within these buildings are public assembly halls, small clubrooms, gymnasiums, shower baths, restaurant, reading rooms, and everything that the minds of the builders could devise for physical, mental and social culture. Sociologists have pronounced Sherman Park and its playgrounds system to be "well nigh perfection, almost utopian."

This little earthly paradise was formerly as bleak and unattractive a spot as any that could be found in the ironbound tenement district of a large city. It has been converted into an ideal resort for tired, careworn people at a cost of $150,000. The big ball field—in the fall a football gridiron—is flooded in winter and in a single night is converted into a skating pond. There are separate playfields, besides, for senior and junior boys, and another for women and children.

There is an immense swimming pool in the open air; around it is a border of white sand. Before a bather enters this pool he passes under a shower bath. Near by is another large pool for women and children. In short, Sherman Park is thoroughly equipped for the pleasure and uplift of the people in winter as well as in summer.

MARRIAGE AMONG FLOWERS.

Some Are Known as Deceivers and Others Are Coy and Shy.

Plant and flower life, strange though it seems, have various marriage customs. The wild arum has been described by botanists as a deceiver and murderer and the tulip as a coy lover. Flowers entice insects into their service, marry them as it were, and thus propagate their species.

A flower has a human way of first attracting insects. There is secreted somewhere in the flower a tiny or large store of honey, as the case may be, to which the midge, the butterfly, the bee, the bluebottle, and other insects are attracted. Insects bear the pollen powder from one flower to another, the introduction of the pollen making the fertilization of the seeds possible.

All plants and flowers are so arranged, says the New York Tribune, that, while the insects they attract are drinking the sweet nectar, the pollen is either being scattered over their bodies to be taken to another plant or flower or the pollen already scattered on the insect is being swept off by the stigmas of the seed boxes. Plants and flowers which are white in color and highly scented attract moths and night flying insects.

Flowers close their petals on dull days and jealously guard the pollen from rain. The pollen grains of the pine tree, which are spread by the wind, have small balloons attached to them.

The wild arum described as a murderer secretes a honey that makes insects drunk. Botanists describe it as a wicked plant, declaring that it commits murder in its love-making. Not content with this demoralization, it develops poisonous berries which the birds, having eaten, die and fall to the earth and decay. It is said that the decaying flesh of the birds forms the best possible fertilizer for the growth of the wild arum seed remaining undigested in the bird's body.

MENELIK'S HEIR.

Youth Named to Sit on Throne of the "King of Kings."

The news from Addis Abeba that Menelik has nominated an heir to the throne of "the King of Kings of Ethiopia, Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah," is of interest not only from the personal point of view, but also from the political standpoint.

For many long years the death of the Negus Negusti has been followed by a period of civil war and anarchy in Abyssinia, and since 1841 no sovereign of the old royal line has occupied the throne. Theodore, John and Menelik himself all won the throne by the sword. Unlike Theodore and John, Menelik, however, is of royal lineage. His ancestors have been Kings of Shoa since that country was reconquered from the Moslems at the close of the seventeenth century; moreover, he claims kinship with the old Emperor, traditionally descended from the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

Be that as it may, it is of much importance to the European powers whose territories surround Abyssinia that a stable Government should be established in that empire, and to no power more so than to Great Britain, though her interests in the Sudan. Menelik is now 64; he has been a ruler of Abyssinia nineteen years; he has greatly consolidated his power, and doubtless felt that the time had come when the uncertainty as to his successor should be put at rest. His only son has been dead several years, his nephew and supposed heir, Ras (Prince) Makonnen, who represented the Emperor at the coronation of Edward VII., died in 1905. Menelik has now chosen as his successor his young grandson, Lig Eyassu or Yasu (that is, Jesus), the son of his younger daughter, a lad now about twelve years old. His father is Ras Michael, a powerful Prince and the Governor of the Provinces of Wollo, Borons and Aussa. Youths mature early in Abyssinia, and Lig (more properly Lij, a title equivalent to esquire) Yasu has apparently shown such qualities as justify his selection as the future ruler of the turbulent Abyssinians.

Menelik has presumably been encouraged to take the step he has taken by the recent settlement of the international rivalries concerning his empire and the solemn undertaking given by Great Britain, Italy and France to respect the territorial integrity of Abyssinia. Of the three native States in Africa which are independent, Morocco, Nadai and Abyssinia, the last named is the most powerful. Its people are Christians, even if rudimentary in their beliefs, and it should be a matter for satisfaction as well as of interest to the nations of Europe to see it develop in the paths of civilization and peace.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Complex Origin of the Japs.

The Japanese are not as mixed a race as the modern "Britons," but they have a very complex origin. It is certainly not correct to regard them as originally Chinamen, for, while they do possess Chinese blood, there is certainly a Korean strain in them, as well as one derived from the Malayans and another from the Ainos or aboriginal inhabitants of the islands—the "savages" of Japanese historians. There has consequently been none of that disastrous "inbreeding" which is fatal to animals, nations or aristocracies; and latterly there is evidence that the Jap is growing taller. London Chronicle.

INNOCENCE.

She—Did you do much fighting during the war?

He—I did my share.

She—Did you make the enemy run?

He—You're right. I did.

She—Did they catch you.

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women or received so many genuine testimonials as has **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

In every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every one you meet has either been benefited by it, or has friends who have.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., any **woman** any day may see the files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, and here are the letters in which they openly state over their own signatures that they were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made from roots and herbs, without drugs, and is wholesome and harmless.

The reason why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the feminine organism, restoring it to a healthy normal condition.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 8, Windsor, Ont.

Remarkable Natural Fortress.

There is in the northern part of Madagascar the most remarkable natural fortress in the world. It is occupied by a wild tribe who call themselves the People of the Rocks. The fortress is a precipitous rock, 1,000 feet high and eight square miles in area. Its sides are so steep that it cannot be climbed without artificial means. Within it is hollow and the only entrance is by a subterranean passage.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Tit for Tat.

It is satisfying to the soul occasionally to return a favor in the same coin. In the following incident, told by Mr. Putnam in his "History of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment," such an exchange took place, the Yankee's "guessing" getting the better of the southerner's "reckoning."

Private Anderson was a tall Yankee recruit. On one occasion he was taken prisoner in a thick fog. It was his habit to carry a small hatchet in his belt, and one of the first things his captors said to him was:

"Well, Yank, I reckon we'll take that hatchet."

"I suppose you will, Johnny," said Anderson, giving up his weapon.

As Anderson was being marched off in order to join the captors' company he noticed that they had completely lost their way in the fog.

"Look here, Johnnies," he remarked, coolly. "I was over this ground this very morning; I know where we are and where you men are. I'll show you. Come on!" and he led off.

The Confederates followed, and in less than two minutes Anderson had led them into the hands of the Federals. They saw the joke, but did not enjoy it.

"Now, Johnny," said Anderson, "I guess I'll take the hatchet."

For sixteen years the name "Salada" has stood for the maximum of quality, purity and flavor in blended Ceylon Teas, so that the only thing you need to look out for is the "Salada" label on every package of tea you buy.

WAITING FOR A FORTUNE.

Mr. Blinkey Not Worrying Over It, Not Least Bit, but All Ready for It.

Like many another man, Mr. Blinkey is always hoping that something will turn up. He's an intelligent man and he knows perfectly well that there isn't one chance in seven hundred and eighteen thousand million billion that he'll ever get a dollar that he doesn't work for and earn; and still he's always hoping and thinking that something might happen.

And so when he gets to the office in the morning, he looks in the letter box there, not really with the expectation of finding a fortune, but nevertheless thinking that there might be something; not disappointed if there isn't, but wishing that he might find there a cheque for a million dollars from somebody or somewhere, or notice of some fortune that had been left to him that he was now to come and claim.

It's just the same when he goes home at night. He's been away all day, time enough for forty things to happen, for forty fortunes to come in, and he knows there hasn't any come, and still it is not an absolutely impossible thing, and so he's always kind o' hoping that he'll hear some good news when he goes home.

He never does, he finds everything going along there placidly; there hasn't been any fortune sent in or brought in by Uncle Sam, and he knows they'd speak of it if there had been; but sometimes he says to Mrs. Blinkey jokingly:

"Anybody leave us two million dollars to-day?"

"No," says Mrs. Blinkley smilingly.

"One million?"

"No."

"Half a million, maybe," says Mr. Blinkey.

"No, nor half a million," says Mrs. B.

"Perhaps it was a hundred thousand dollars? We could do with that."

"No nor a hundred thousand."

"Not a dollar?" says Mr. Blinkey.

"No, not even a dollar," says Mrs. Blinkey.

"Well, then," says Mr. Blinkey, "I guess I'll smoke my pipe," and he does this right cheerfully. But he's always hoping.

Henry Elliott, Esq., of Sherbrooke, N. S., Inspector and Superintendent of Bridge Construction for Nova Scotia, says:

"A bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured me of a very severe sprain of my leg, caused by a fall while building a bridge at Doherty Creek, Cumberland Co."

Lord Randolph at the Bank Door.

Sir Edward Hamilton, who retired from the Treasury on Saturday, speaking of the Chancellors of the Exchequer under whom he has served, said that Lord Randolph Churchill "was often very nervous while at his treasury work—felt himself, I think, a little out of his depth. I remember his standing in front of the Bank of England's door and saying to me, 'I'm too nervous to go in.' It took me quite a quarter of an hour to get him in. He was going to see the directors, and I think he was afraid of saying something which would reveal his ignorance."—London Chronicle.

PRICES UP AT BAYREUTH.

Once again theatre ticket speculators are driving hard bargains in Bayreuth festival tickets. At Bayreuth itself huge bills are posted announcing that all the twenty performances, from July 22nd to August 20th, are sold out.

Professional ticket dealers watch for this announcement to start on their campaign. It is the American public that they look for custom, and is on record that a $5 seat for a "Parsifal" performance will sometimes sell for $50 or more.

The Festspiel management tries to stop the traffic, but although stricter control over the sale of tickets is exercised this year than before, it has availed little. The tickets are bought up by private persons acting for dealers, and so it comes about that the German papers just now are full of advertisements offering seats at Bayreuth, while officially they are announced to be unobtainable.

A Dream.

I dreamed I went into the Zoo,
And stole a Polar bear;
But I couldn't do a thing with him,
Or hide him anywhere.

So I sneaked him softly to my home,
And then, before I knew,
He grabbed me tight around the neck,
And down the street we flew.

I screamed for help and loudly cried,
But no one seemed to care
The people didn't even stop
To help me or to stare.

I grabbed at things as on we fled
In hopes of getting stopped—
But everything I touched at all
Fell over on my head.

At last, when I was almost dead,
He stopped and with a shake
He threw me down upon the ground,
And then I was awake.

At first I didn't dare to think
That I was still alive,
And then into my pillow
I made a happy dive.

And now I never seem to care,
When I go to the Zoo,
To see the Polar bears at all—
Does that seem strange to you?

Maud Weatherly.

Dr. Jackson, former Health Officer of New York City, says in his report to Governor Hughes, that house flies are the cause of five thousand deaths annually in that city from typhoid fever and other intestinal diseases. Wilson's Fly Pads kill all the flies and the disease germs too.

Bigger Ships in Suez Canal.

Notice has recently been given by the Suez Canal Commissioners that vessels drawing 28 feet of water are now permitted to pass through the canal. Hitherto the limited draught has been 27 feet; the minimum depth in the canal is now between 30 and 31 feet, as compared with 26 feet 3 inches, when the canal was first opened. The canal has been successively deepened from 1884 to the present time. In 1898 it was 28 feet and in 1902 29 feet 6 inches; work is now in progress to obtain a minimum depth throughout of 34 feet 6 inches, but it is not expected that this depth will be realized before the end of 1912. The progress may be summed up as follows: Prior to 1884 the maximum draught for ships permitted in the canal was 24 feet 6 inches; in 1901, 25 feet 7 inches; in 1906, 27 feet; it is now 28 feet, and probably next year the limit will be increased to 30 feet.

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

Breaking It Gently.

"I understand, sir, that you are the possessor of a swollen fortune."

"Well," gruffly answered the beautiful girl's father, "what is that to you?"

"I merely thought that I would give you due notice of my intention to help take the swelling out of it. Myrtle and I are going to be married."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

IMPORTANCE OF THE SUN.

Our Knowledge of it the Key in Astronomical Study.

In an article on "The Nature of an Astronomer's Work," in the North American Review, William W. Campbell, Director of Lick Observatory, says:

"If we would learn the nature of the stars, whether they are solid, liquid or gaseous, whether they are new or comparatively old, whether their temperatures are high or comparatively low, we should begin by making a study of our own star—our sun. It is the only star near enough to present a disk, and therefore to let us study it in some detail. All other stars remain as points of light even when the powerful telescopes magnify them three-thousandfold. There are observatories established for the sole purpose of investigating the sun, and many astronomers are constantly employed in studying the structure of all its visible portions, the laws followed by the heat and light radiated from all parts of its surface, and the conditions indicated by the spectrum of each part. It is not to much to say that our physical knowledge of the stars would to-day be almost a blank if we had been unable to approach them through the study of our sun. Several of the most interesting portions of our sun are invisible, except at times of solar eclipse. Our knowledge of the sun will be incomplete until these portions are thoroughly understood; and this is the reason why eclipse expeditions are despatched, at great expense of time and money, to occupy stations within the narrow shadow belts in whatever corners of the earth these events occur."

Impoliteness.

A 'normous dog came in one day,
And he and I commenced to play;
And we had fun, and nice fun, too,
Long as he 'haved as a dog should do,
But when he got so awful rough
I hollered that I'd had enough,
But 'stead of stopping as he should,
As anybody's think he would,
He knocked me down and tried to see
If he could sit on all of me.

—From "Our Baby Book," by Fanny Y. Cory.

Get acquainted with **Black Watch** the big black plug chewing tobacco. A tremendous favorite everywhere, because of its richness and pleasing flavor. 2268

A Woman's Revenge.

One of our young society women has a very goodlooking husband, of whom she is most proud. Having noticed that this gentleman was paying marked attention to a lady in her own set, she kept a careful watch, and was fortunate enough to discover among her husband's papers a quantity of letters written by the said lady. She then reflected as to what course she should pursue. She thought long, and at last hit upon a strange plan. From among the beforementioned correspondence the lady, according to "Aphrodite" in the Gentlewoman, selected four letters, pasted them on the back of her fan, and then accompanied her husband to a dinner, where she knew she would meet her rival. It was not long before the fan attracted the attention of the guests, who asked to be allowed to look at it. The fan then passed from hand to hand, and when it reached the rival she turned crimson, and under the pretext of a sudden indisposition withdrew hastily.

Your druggist, grocer, or general storekeeper will supply you with Wilson's Fly Pads, and you cannot afford to be without them. Avoid unsatisfactory substitutes.

Fatal Questioning.

Judge—Have you been arrested before?

Prisoner—So, Sir.

Judge—Have you been in this court before?

Prisoner—No, sir.

Judge—Are you certain?

Prisoner—I am, sir.

Judge—Your face looks decidedly familiar. Where have I seen it before?

Prisoner—I'm the bartender in the saloon across the way, sir.—Harper's Weekly.

Take no substitutes for Wilson's Fly Pads. No other fly killer compares with them.

A Relief.

"Hello, old man," exclaimed Bull, at the Literary Club reception. "I tell you its' a delightful surprise to see you here."

"So good of you to say so," replied Brown.

"Yes. You see, I was afraid I wouldn't find anybody but bright and cultured people here."—Philadelphia Press.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The Funeral Came Too Late.

Billy Martin, aged 4, came to his mother and in great ecstasy exclaimed: "Oh, mother! Louise and Carberry found such a nice dead cat, and they are going to have a funeral, and can I go?" Permission was given, and when Billy returned he was questioned as to the outcome of the funeral.

"They did not have it at all."

"And why not?"

"Mother, was the answer, "the cat was too dead."—Success Magazine.

The Invaluable Cuckoo.

The fact that there is a national danger in the disappearance of the birds is coming to be more and more widely recognized. A writer in Suburban Life tells of the work of the cuckoo as an insect-destroyer. "To watch either the black-billed or the yellow-billed cuckoo flourish his long bill dexterously among the fruit trees or bushes affords much pleasure, as we know that he is doing his best to store away all the insects he can find, either in his own little stomach or those of his fledglings. Twelve or more caterpillars—big, fat ones—seem only a light lunch for him, and, when at last his appetite is appeased, he will kill the destructive insects, apparently for the fun of it, killing, tasting and indifferently throwing them away without turning on his perch."

NIGERIA FISHING TACKLE.

Natives of Nigeria are remarkably skilful anglers, and their manner of catching fish recommends itself alike for simplicity and success.

The fisherman grasps a small line weighted at the other end with a small stone, and at regular distances along the line he attaches a number of hooks made of animals' bones in the form of a narrow V, while to the angle of each V is fastened a short line made of sinews and baited with a kind of snail; the fish, swallowing the bait and line, swallows also the hook, which is so acted upon by the tension of the line as to expand its two prongs and fasten them firmly in the throat.

The victim struggles and whirls about the line, thus attracting its family and neighbors to swallow the same snare.—London Standard.

FITS CURED

Sufferers from Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Troubles or Falling Sickness should write the LIEBIG CO., 179 King street, Toronto, for a trial bottle of their Fit Cure and Treatise. Enclose 10c for postage and packing.

Dining Late and Long.

In Sir Algernon West's early days society often dined late and long, and the late Lord Clanwilliam once told him of one occasion when he dined at a friend's villa near Putney and the meal did not begin until 8 o'clock.

When they at last rose from the table and went to their rooms, Lord Clanwilliam flung open his window and saw the haymakers coming into the field. "I wonder," he thought, "what hour they begin work," and on consulting his watch he found it was 8.30. The haymakers were returning to work from their breakfast.—Tit-Bits.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Little Margie's father had a bald spot. While kissing him at bedtime one evening she said: "Stoop down, papa; I want to kiss you on the head where the lining shows."

Little 6-year-old Lulu was looking at the numerous stars one night. After a time she exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, how grand and beautiful Heaven is! And, just think, we can only see the wrong side of it!"

"What do you mean by smoking my pipe, young man?" queried the stern father of a precocious 5-year-old.

"Mamma said if I teased the cat again she'd make me smoke for it," exclaimed the little fellow, "and I teased her again."

Ten cents' worth of Wilson Fly Pads will kill more house flies than three hundred sheets of sticky paper.

Literature to Order.

"I want you," said the publisher, "to write a novel to be called 'The Lilies.'"

"But," inquired the author, "wherefore?"

"I have just bought at auction a job lot of paper lilies which can be used for window displays all over the broad land."—Kansas City Journal.

Wilson's Fly Pads kill them all.

Pointed Paragraphs.

(Chicago News.)

If it wasn't for Sunday school picnics, ants and bugs wouldn't have much fun.

There are always a lot of people trying to dodge the man who thinks he can tell a funny story.

When three or four women get together the silence becomes so thick that it can not be heard.

If the average man could be born again and had his way about it, he would select a different set of relatives.

Nine men out of ten who come up and shake you by the hand either want to borrow money or hand you a piece of advice.

The Part He Took.

She—Will you take part in our theatricals?

He—Really, I should like to. What shall I take?

She—Tickets.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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