

next customer, the second of the two women, who had chosen the ribbon she wanted and was holding it in her hand.

'I will have these two remnants,' said this buyer in a peculiarly quiet and gentle tone. 'Have you any more of this pink one?'

'No, I think not,' said the shop-girl, with her voice, unconsciously let down to a pleasanter key; 'but I'll look.' And she went off to see.

'Disagreeable thing!' said the first woman. 'How cross she is?'

'I was thinking,' said the second woman gently, 'poor thing, how tired she must be.'

And the shop-girl hunting for the bit of pink ribbon, felt the difference between the attitude of her two customers, without knowing what they said. 'I wouldn't mind waiting on that last lady all day,' she thought to herself; 'but my! that first one—catch me hunting for ribbons for her! I couldn't stand her five minutes, I'm that nervous and tired out!'

Sympathy or criticism—which shall we habitually use in our dealings with others? This little incident (which is only one out of many, many illustrations) seems to point an obvious moral as to which is the truer and more profitable method.

WHY HE DIDN'T ACCEPT

A Yorkshire (England) farmer was asked to the funeral of a neighbor's third wife, and as he had attended the funerals of the two others his own wife was rather surprised when he declined the invitation. On being pressed he gave his reason with some hesitation.

'Well, thee sees, lass, it makes a chap feel a bit awkward like to be allus accepting other folks' civilities when he never has novt o' t' socart of his awn to ax 'em back to.'

ODDS AND ENDS

Doctors and lawyers have at least one good trait in common. They never give advice before it is asked for.

Mistress: 'Did anyone call during my absence?'

Maid: 'Yes'm, a gentleman, Mr. Material.'

Mistress: 'Who?'

Maid: 'I asked him his name, and he said it was M. Material.'

Mrs. Smith: 'When one word has a similar meaning to another, and may be used instead of it, what do you call the term? I know it's some kind of spice.'

Mr. Smith: 'Nutmeg, perhaps.'

Mrs. Smith: 'Ah! I have it; cinnamon, of course.'

The justice of the peace looked at the miserable specimen of humanity in the dock and turned to the policeman 'Constable,' he said, 'what is the complaint?' 'Rheumatics, y'r worship,' spoke up the accused answering for himself.

FAMILY FUN

When is a pie like a poet?—When it is Browning.

Why is a pig's tail like the letter K?—Because it is the end of pork.

Why is the letter Y like a young spendthrift?—Because it makes pa pay.

Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C?—Because she forms lasses into classes.

Why is your shadow like a false friend?—Because it only follows you in sunshine.

Why is a banker's clerk necessarily well informed?—Because he is continually taking notes.

What is the difference between the North and South Poles?—All the difference in the world.

Which is easier to spell—fiddle-de-dee or fiddle-dum?—The former, because it is spelt with more e's.

Son: 'Pa, why does he say his head is as clear as a bell?' Pa: 'Because there is nothing in it but his tongue.'

Why are the complaints of married people like the waves upon the shore?—Because they are the murmurs of the tied (tide).

Why are photographers the most uncivil of all tradesmen?—Because when you ask for a photograph they begin with a negative.

All Sorts

A silver coin is usually in currency for 27 years.

In the Franco-German war every third German soldier had a map of the country through which he was travelling.

A full grown eagle can consume two young lambs at a meal.

It is said that two out of every three who begin to learn shorthand fail to acquire it.

The Japanese host never entrusts the making of tea to his servants on high occasions; that office he fulfils himself.

Eagles and their allies live to a great age—100 years, or even more. The youth of the golden eagle lasts ten years.

The Roman catacombs are 580 miles in extent, and it is estimated that something like 15,000,000 dead are there interred.

The geese, by their loud cackling, had saved Rome. 'That'll do,' said the old gander, irritably. 'You've done all that anybody has a right to expect from you. Stop your noise now and let me go to sleep!' For the geese of ancient Rome, like unto many a biped of a later period, when once starting to cackling, didn't know when to quit.

Walter Savage Landor did not share his countrymen's taste for field sports. In his youth he had shot a partridge one winter afternoon, and found the bird alive the next morning, after a night of exceptional bitterness. 'What that bird must have suffered!' he exclaimed. 'I often think of its look.' And Walter Savage Landor never took gun in hand again.

'Why do you keep your daughter practising so incessantly on that one piece?'

'I want to be sure she can play something when our friends ask to hear her.'

'But suppose they want to hear her play something more?'

'Oh, there's no danger of that.'

The teacher was explaining to Tommy the difference between the words 'foreign' and 'domestic.'

'Now, when anything is foreign it cannot be domestic,' she said.

'Yes, it can, ma'am,' spoke up Tommy.

'Impossible! If you think so, Tommy, give us an example.'

Tommy thought a moment and then said:

'Our cook is foreign, but she is also a domestic.'

She was young and had not travelled much. She had left Dunedin on the night excursion train for Christchurch. It was a tiresome journey, and just before reaching Ashburton she had dozed for a minute or two. Waking up, and turning to an old gentleman in the seat behind her, she said: 'Will you please tell me if we are on this side of Ashburton or the other side?' 'We are on this side,' he said. She seemed satisfied at this answer, although what she meant by her question, and he by his answer, is perhaps still a conjecture.

Little Wilbur was eating luncheon with his mother. Presently she noticed that he was eating his jelly with his spoon.

'Wilbur, dear,' she said to him, 'you must not eat your jelly with your spoon.'

'I have to, mother,' he replied.

'No, dear, you don't have to. Put your jelly on your bread.'

'I did put it on my bread, mother,' said Wilbur, 'but it would not stay there; it's too nervous.'

In mentioning the case in Dublin of a mother (ninety-five) and child receiving Old Age Pensions simultaneously, the London *Lancet* gives, without comment, the mother's statement: 'I have never been sick in all my long life, and never took an ounce of medicine.' Dublin is famous for its distinguished nonogenarians. Hon. Thomas Le-froy, who was Lord Chief Justice of Ireland when in his ninety-first year, and lived all his life in Dublin, survived till ninety-three. Lord Chancellor Plunket lived to be ninety. Three years ago there were three nonogenarian Dublin physicians—Sir John Banks, Dr. Tweedy, and Dr. Ellis—of whom the last died recently in his one hundredth year.

For Chronic Chest Complaints,
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, 1/6 and 2/6