

will take that wart off your finger inside of a week, I've got it here. It's good for corns, bunions, the toothache, earache, sprains—

'Clear out from here!' screamed the duped agent, with a heightened color, 'or there will be a chance for the coroner in this place immediately.'

He cleared off.

YOUNG SHAFTER'S LESSON

An American exchange gives the recipe by which General Shafter learned self-reliance. The story is told in the officer's own words:—

'Once, when I was a boy at school, our teacher called up the class in mental arithmetic and began putting questions, beginning with the pupil at the head. I stood somewhere near the middle, and next below me was a boy who was three years older and considerably ahead of me in our various studies.'

'How much are thirteen and nine and eight?' asked the teacher.

'One after another the boys and girls guessed and failed. Meantime I thought it out. The question had just got to me when I heard the big boy who stood next whispering apparently to himself: "Twenty-nine, twenty-nine, twenty-nine."

'Well, Willie,' said the teacher, 'let us see if you know. Come, now, be prompt.'

'I cocked my head on one side and said triumphantly: "Twenty-nine."

'Next! How many are thirteen and nine and eight?'

'Thirty,' said the big boy below.

'That was just what I had figured it to be myself, and I made up my mind then and there to depend on my own judgment for the future. Ever since when I have had anything to do and have figured out what I thought to be the best way of doing it, I have gone ahead, remembering when people criticised or tried to throw me off the track how that big boy made a fool of me in the mental arithmetic class.'

THE ART OF STORY-TELLING

The teacher in a Philadelphia school had called upon Freddy to tell the class a story in fifty words. Accordingly Freddy rose and began as follows:—'I have a little sister. Her name is May. May likes pussies and dollies. One day May saw a pussy in our garden, and she said: "Here, pussy, pussy, pussy." Here, pussy, pussy, pussy! Here, pussy, pussy, pussy!'

And Freddy sat down with much satisfaction. There was a moment's pause, and then a voice, evidently that of the class mathematician, called out from a near corner in the room, 'That's only thirty-eight words.'

Up stood Freddy again, unperturbed, and continued: 'Here, pussy, pussy, pussy! Here, pussy, pussy, pussy! Here, pussy, pussy, pussy! Here, pussy, pussy, pussy! Then he sat down.'

MISUNDERSTOOD

She glided into the office and approached the publisher's desk.

'I have written a poem,' she began.

'Well?' queried the publisher, with a look intended to annihilate.

'I have written a poem,' she calmly repeated, 'on "My Father's Barn," and—'

'Oh!' interrupted the publisher. 'You don't know how greatly I am relieved! A poem written on your father's barn? I was afraid it was written on paper, and that you wanted me to publish it. If I ever happen to drive by your father's barn, I'll stop and read it.'

FAMILY FUN

Why is an orange like a church steeple?—Because we have peels from both.

What kind of cat lives in a library?—A catalogue.

What sea would a seasick person like to be on?—Adriatic (a dry attic).

What grows the less tired the longer it works?—An auto wheel.

When has wit a father?—When a pun becomes apparent (a parent).

Why should an architect make a good actor?—Because he is excellent at drawing houses.

Why are spiders good correspondents?—Because they drop a line by every post at every house.

What does a girl become when she ceases to be pensive?—Expensive.

What is a sure sign of an early spring?—A cat watching a bird on a tree.

A lady asked a gentleman how old he was. He answered, 'My age is what you do in everything.' How old was he?—XL (excel).

What beneficent word is a combination of a chair and a table?—Charitable.

What is the most difficult lock to pick?—One from the bald head.

All Sorts

The estimated population of Canada a year ago last March was 7,185,000.

Rain falls more frequently between 3 a.m. and 8 a.m. than at any other time.

Attempts at aviation that met with some degree of success were made by an Italian priest in 1751.

The Franciscan has the largest number of Bishops of any of the Orders in the Church. At present it numbers forty, two of whom are Cardinals.

The first company organised for the illumination of streets by artificial light made from coal was that at Preston, Lancashire, England, in 1794, and the discovery of the process is due to the Jesuits of Stonyhurst.

Mother: 'Jimmy, there were three apples in the cupboard, and now there is only one. How is that?'

Jimmy: 'I don't know, ma, unless I overlooked it.'

'Have you anything in oil, suitable for the dining room?' asked the lady shopper in a department store.

'Certainly, madam,' replied the floorwalker. 'Which would you like—floor oil, salad oil, oil paintings, or sardines?'

'I like your choir,' said the visitor. 'Indeed!' said the gratified President of the Musical Society. 'Yes; they have grit. They think for themselves. They do not allow their efforts to be diverted by the mere mechanical accuracy of the organ.'

A school teacher in one of the lower grades once asked, 'What is wind?'

After a thoughtful pause, a small hand was raised.

'Well, Robert, what is your answer?'

'Why—er, the wind is the air when it gets in a hurry,' answered Robert.

'Happiness,' declaimed the philosopher, 'is in the pursuit of something, not in the catching of it.'

'Have you ever,' interrupted the plain citizen, 'chased the last car on a rainy night?'

Smith threw down his newspaper in disgust. 'It's shameful,' he exclaimed, 'the way these 'ere colleges waste money on furniture! 'Ere's an account of somebody giving Harvard forty thousand dollars for a new chair.'

Hubby (with irritation): 'Why is it that you women insist upon having the last word?'

Wife (calmly): 'We don't. The only reason we get it is because we always have a dozen arguments left when you stupid men are all run out.'

The rocking stone of Tandil is a natural curiosity in the Argentine Republic, perhaps the largest in the world—three miles from Tandil, a small village, which may be reached by railway 250 miles south of Buenos Aires. The giant, mushroom-shaped quartz boulder stands upon the summit of some picturesque hills, perhaps a thousand feet in height. It weighs over 700 tons, and it rocks in the wind and may be made to crack a walnut. Yet this boulder is so firm that one of the old dictators, Rosas by name, once harnessed a thousand horses to it and was unable to displace it. There are several rocking stones scattered about the world, though none nearly so large.

The famous musician Joseph Haydn was the son of a poor wheelwright at Rohrau, in Lower Austria. His father played on the harp, to the music of which his mother would often add that of her charming voice. This it was which first awoke the musical talents of the great composer. One day, when he was in company with several other distinguished musicians, the question arose as to the best way of refreshing the mind when one is wearied with mental labor. 'For my part,' said one, 'I find nothing so effective as a glass of good wine.' Another remarked: 'When my ideas begin to flag, I quit my work and go into company.' 'And how is it with you, Haydn?' asked one of his companions. 'I take to my Rosary, which I always carry about me,' he answered, modestly. 'After a few decades I am sure to feel refreshed both in body and in mind.'

Salt-cellars may be said to have been in use in prehistoric times. Homer declared that salt was a gift of the gods. The Greeks and Romans gave the salt-cellar the place of honor at their banquets, and every effort of craftsmen was employed to make it an object of beauty. Salt-cellars were often heirlooms, handed down with great care from father to son. During the middle ages the salt-cellar was the finest and most conspicuous object on the table, and was placed in the centre—the members of the family and their guests occupying seats at one end, the servants and retainers sitting at the other. This is how the phrase 'to sit below the salt' came to mean 'to occupy an inferior position.' Wealthy people used salt-cellars made of gold and silver and designed by great artists. Many of these have been preserved to this day, and are treasured in museums. Poor people, however, were content with more humble receptacles for the useful condiment, and often used a piece of bread with a place hollowed out to serve as a salt-cellar.