

'Oh, he's so homely anyway that it doesn't matter what he does. He couldn't look any worse without a moustache than he does with it. But you're an unusually fine-looking man, Robert. I think it's wrong to meddle with anything that's perfect.'

Brainerd laughed indulgently, as he strolled off into the library. When he came back he had unearthed a lot of old photographs.

'Here's the idea, Emily,' he said. 'Look at this picture of me at eighteen. That's the way I'd look with a smooth face, you see.'

'Yes; that's just it,' answered Mrs. Brainerd, decidedly.

'What?' He turned on her sharply.

'Why, you'd look like somebody else. The baby wouldn't know you. I'm satisfied with you just as you are, dear.'

'What a girl!' Brainerd spoke with tender impatience.

But on Sunday morning he faced her, shaving-mug in hand and determination in his eyes. 'You'll have to come to it about this moustache, Emily,' he announced. 'Smooth face is the only thing. All the fellows are doing it.'

'Oh, Robert, please don't!' she cried.

'But why do you care so much?'

She hesitated, then braced herself. 'You're a handsome man, Robert—you know I think so. You're very handsome, but if there is one feature about your face that is any less handsome than another—it's your mouth!'

Brainerd set down his shaving-mug and stared blankly. 'Well,' he said at last. 'You are certainly the bluntest-spoken woman I ever saw, Emily. If you felt that you must tell me a disagreeable fact like that, couldn't you have gone about it with a little bit of tact?'—*Youth's Companion*.

ODDS AND ENDS

Attorney (for the defence): 'Now, what time was it when you were attacked?' Complainant: 'I don't know: ask your client—he took my watch.'

Lady: 'I'm looking for a governess for my children,' Manager of Intelligence Office: 'Did we not supply you with one last week?' 'Yes.' 'Well, madam, according to her report, you don't need a governess. You need a lion-tamer.'

'Where are you goin', ma?' asked the youngest of the five children.

'I'm going to a surprise party, my dear,' answered the mother.

'Are we all going, too?'

'No, dear. You weren't invited.'

After a few moments of deep thought:

'Say, ma, then don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you did take us all?'

FAMILY FUN

An English paper recently asked its readers for an answer to the following riddle:—

What does a man love more than life,
Hate more than death or mortal strife;
That which contented men desire,
The poor have, and the rich require;
A miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?

The answer was 'Nothing.'

The Force of the Breath:—This is an experiment well worth trying, and to the uninitiated seems something quite marvellous. When you tell your friend that you can overturn two dictionaries with your breath it will be nothing strange if he doubts your word. You can soon convince him of your ability by taking a long narrow bag made of tough paper, laying it flat on the table, placing a large book upon it on its edge, and balancing another book on the top of the first. Gather the end of the bag tightly in the hand and breathe into it as you do when you blow into a paper sack for the purpose of inflating it to burst it. The air must not be allowed to escape, and generally one or two forceful breaths will cause the overthrow of the books. In placing the books on the sack see that both the bottom and top of the bag are free. The experiment is performed more easily if the open end of the bag projects over the edge of the table.

All Sorts

Don't always be hunting for a bone to pick with your neighbor. Such a habit gives one a hideous, hungry look that is not at all inviting.

'Little girls should be seen and not heard, Ethel.'

'I know, mamma; but if I'm going to be a lady when I grow up, I've got to begin practising talking some time, you know.'

When one does a worthy deed there is no need to cry it from the housetops. That robs it of its value. Besides, it possesses the peculiar power of making itself known, thus enhancing the good opinion of the doer.

What a weary weight that individual carries who harbors a malicious design upon his neighbor. Think of the malediction he invokes on himself when he prays, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'

The cat's eye stone, now prized as an ornament, is a very different thing from the ancient cat's eye, or eye stone of India, an agate cut so as to show the so-called eye or eyes. It is supposed by some that this latter was used as money in some part of India four centuries ago, and specimens found to-day have an interest to numismatics.

By 'the high seas' referred to in international law is meant the open sea—that is, the waters outside the civil jurisdiction of any country whatever, which, according to the law of nations, is limited to one marine league, or three geographical miles, from the shore. Even the great lakes of America beyond the limit designated above are regarded as 'high seas.'

A certain Bishop was out driving one day, when a man on horseback stopped him, and, thinking to have a joke, asked:

'Excuse me, Bishop, but could you tell me the road to heaven?'

'Certainly, sir,' the Bishop answered; 'turn to the right and keep straight on.'

Archbishop Ryan once concluded a brilliant defence of the Irish cause when a listener shouted:

'But the Irish are guilty of treason.'

'Perhaps,' replied the Archbishop, 'but please remember that what is treason elsewhere becomes reason in Ireland because of the absentee (absent I).'

The assistants at a large linen draper's shop were preparing for the yearly sale.

'What shall I mark that lot of black silk?' asked the assistant of the employer.

'Mark the selling price 15s a yard,' was the answer.

'But it only cost 10s a yard,' said the astonished employee.

'I don't care what it cost. I am selling off regardless of cost,' retorted the shopowner.

Baalbec, or Baalbek, is the name given a ruined city lying in ancient Coele-Syria, forty-five miles north-west of Damascus. There is nothing particularly remarkable about a ruined city being found in the locality mentioned, but the size of the blocks of stone used by the ancient builders of this particular city is something that has puzzled the modern engineers since the day when Baalbec was first made the Mecca of the Oriental traveller.

The first sailing club was probably the Cork Harbor Water Club, now known as the Royal Cork Yacht Club, established in the year 1720. The vessels were small, and from that period until early in the nineteenth century yachting developed but slowly. In 1812 the Cowes Yacht Club was founded with some fifty-five yachtsmen. Since that date yachting associations have rapidly grown in numbers and strength all over Europe and America.

A Prague printer extricated himself from an unpleasant dilemma by the use of his native ingenuity. He was once called upon to print a report of the Board of Trade for his native city in the two languages of his country, German and Czech, and the representatives of either nationality strenuously desired that their tongue should occupy the first of the parallel columns on each page. The wary printer got out of his dilemma by turning one column upside down throughout the book, and arranging the titles accordingly, so that each language had a front column on every page.

COLDS LEAVE WEAK PLACES.
WEAK, COUGH-INJURED SPOTS INVITE CONSUMPTION
TAKE TUSSICURA, THE MARVELLOUS THROAT
AND LUNG TONIC.