

## DONKEY'S TAIL PAINTED PICTURE

Paris Salon Taken in by Practical Joker Who Sent in Picture Named Algerian Sunset.

Paris, April 4.—All Paris is laughing over the practical joke perpetrated on the impressionist artists now exhibiting their works in the Salon des Independants. This salon gives a yearly exhibition or paintings by the younger artists—and, indeed, by some of the older ones—who delight in purple grass, crimson skies and human figures such as never existed on this footstool.

Many Americans are in this impressionist movement and several are showing their works. But a picture signed "J. R. Boronale" has achieved fame surpassing all others.

This picture was "painted" by a donkey—and the word is not used figuratively—as has been solemnly sworn to before a notary who himself saw the work created. The name signed "Boronale" is a transposition of the letters in a French slang word which means "donkey's tail."

The practical jokers secretly led a donkey into a studio. There in the notary's presence, a brush was tied to the end of the donkey's tail and the patient beast was backed up to a canvas. The brush was dipped in lurid paint. Then the joker tickled the donkey's ribs until it switched its tail across the canvas. Thus, one glowing color after another was applied until the masterpiece was finished.

Under the name "Sunset in Algeria" the picture was sent to the Salon des Independants and duly hung there. Some critics pronounced it to be of the ultra-impressionist school and it elicited some praise and much wonder.

Certain art students are so exhilarated by the success of their joke that they will give a dinner at which the donkey will be the guest of honor and small figures of a donkey, by well-known sculptors will be the souvenirs. Meantime the committee in charge of the salon are declaring that their rules did not permit them to reject the "Sunset in Algeria."

### RELIEF A WEEK FROM TUESDAY

"Doctor, I'm all run down and extremely nervous. Can you save me?"

"Surely, my friend, surely. Yours is a common ailment now. You are simply reading more baseball news than you can assimilate."

## AMERICAN'S VIEW OF ASIATIC CUSTOM

Mother's Position in India, Japan and China—She is Most Important Social Factor.

This America of ours is the land of the young girl, who here enjoys extraordinary liberties denied to her elsewhere on the globe, or only beginning to be conceded in imitation of ourselves. It has often been said that in marrying the American girl ends her period of full freedom, resigning herself to restrictions and limitations she has not hitherto known; while the Frenchwoman, in contrast, not only gains greater freedom through marriage, but sometimes marries solely in order to have greater freedom.

While America is the kingdom of the girl, Europe is the married woman's paradise, the empire of the wife. But venerable and most mysterious Asia is the realm of the mother, the old woman's kingdom.

### THE MOTHER HONORED.

This is as true in India as it is in Japan or China. The mother of grown sons enjoys extraordinary dignity and honor. She is a family goddess, a divine oracle. The belief in her almost inspired wisdom is implicit, sincere and final; and she is held to come by this wisdom through a kind of intuition, running ahead of the mind and its experience; a kind of absolute faculty, well-nigh supernatural. It was Kwang-Su's filial reverence for the dowager-empress of China which put that great realm in her power for a generation, and, like charity, covered a multitude of sins.

It is the same reverence for millions of far worthier women, the mothers of all Asia, which is the determining factor in many a drama social, political and even dynastic. When we were at Murchidabad, the good old nawab held the esteem and decided liking of the whole English colony. He was the head of an immense semi-royal settlement, the young folks of his family even having a college to themselves, so numerous were they. He had a body of soldiers to keep guard at his palace, and unnumbered retainers, gorgeously colored as Arabian Knights.

### ALWAYS ASKED ADVICE.

Yet this great and good man would never venture on any important act without consulting his aged grandmother, a queenly old lady,

## SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN WESTERN CANADA

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway have just issued a new and interesting publication, entitled "Farming Ranching and Social Conditions in Western Canada." This publication contains a series of articles written by practical men on subjects of interest to those looking to better their present condition.

The authors of the articles appearing in this book are such men as Mr. Chauncey P. Reynolds, editor of "The Prairie Farmer" Chicago and Fellow of Michigan Agricultural College, Professor Thomas Shaw, Member of the Faculty of the Minnesota Experimental Station and Agricultural College, Mr. Phillip Eastman editor of the Capper publications, comprising a number of Kansas farming papers, Mr. E. S. Bayard, editor of the "National Stockman and Farmer" Pittsburg, Pa., and authority on beef and dairy cattle, Mr. Herbert Quick, editor of "Farm and Fireside" Springfield, Ohio, and well known as an author and lecturer. Professor E. E. Eaville, formerly professor Agricultural Department, Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.

These articles are written in an unbiased vein and from personal experience and are most interesting to those who are desirous of learning more of Western Canada.

Copies may be secured on application to the General Advertising Department, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Montreal.

### SHOULD BE POORER.

"Is he rich?"

"He used to be."

"Well, isn't he now?"

"I don't know; he has been engaged to be married to a chorus girl for nearly a year."

who had been the wife of a nawab with far larger dominions and kow-ers. He had for her the deepest and most unfeigned veneration; and the words of this white-haired old lady, who had never seen the outer world and whose views were all bleated behind the veil in the seclusion of household in India, whether Hindu or Mussulman. The father may reign, but the mother or the grandmother rules; rules, be it said, in virtue of her life-long abnegation and obedience, through a purely spiritual quality of poise and stillness.

## EXIT THE FAMILY DOCTOR

Where's the good old family doctor, with his microscopic bills, With his bag of plaster, powders and those evil-tasting pills? How our troubles used to lighten and our aches and pains abate When his shabby horse and buggy tied up at the old front gate

Now it's Doctor This for measles and it's Doctor That for mumps And it's Doctor What-You-Call-Him when it's just a case of dums; If it's only common colic, just as plain as plain can be, To a hospital you're hustled for some surgery.

Comes the twentieth century doctor in a spotless limousine, Sealed hermetically in it—clothed "germ-proof" to microbes keen Or, more truly, this great doctor will not come at all to you In an office he's receiving—"Office hours from one to two."

And it's Doctor This for left eye and it's Doctor That for right And it's Doctor What-You-Call-Him if you're crosswise in your sight When you need some fancy glasses just to see more than you ought, To Berlin you're shipped instanter to that famous Doctor Whaught

He can amputate bad tempers, he can make good folks bad, He'll immunize you from diseases that you never could have had. Yes, time's come when it's expected, just to keep you "middling fair," You must know the specialist docs of all the kinds there are.

Oh, it's Doctor This for "eetises," and it's Doctor That for "ites," And it's Doctor What-You-Call-Him when you're seeing things o' nights.

Each will treat one "error" only, will these modern unionists, Then divide your woes with twenty other waiting specialists.

Restaurants were unknown in the United States before 1830. The first one in America was established at Park Row, New York City, by Edward Windust. In the early part of the 19th century, this restaurant was frequented by many of the famous persons who resided in that city.

A hen setting on 13 eggs was shipped over the Reading railroad from Chester to Bloomsburg, Penn.

Because of the increasing size of the hats of girl pupils the lockers of the Englewood high school in Chicago have been enlarged. The Chicago school board has also ordered that cinders be substituted for bricks in the schoolyard, so the boys may play marbles.

## HUMOUR OF THE HOUR

### HIS ADVANCE AGENT.

Low Comedian—You're the fresh chap in our company, aren't you? What's your role?  
The Other—I'm the advance agent.  
Low Comedian—Ah, just the chap! Could you advance me a fiver?

### MUCH LESS TROUBLE.

Enraged Creditor—I've had enough of mounting all these stairs every day to collect a bill.  
Debtor—Well, I can tell you a piece of news that will please you. After tomorrow I'm going to live in the basement.

### THE REST CURE.

"Why do you make the patient wait three hours every day in your ante-room?"  
"He needs rest," explained the doctor, "and that is the only way I can compel him to take it."

### THE DOCTOR'S AIM.

Sufferer—Doctor, don't you think that a change to a warmer climate would do me good?  
Specialist—Good gracious, man! That's just what I'm trying to save you from!

### WHY, WHY, WHY!

"Why do women wear such extravagant headgear?" asked the Chicago man.

"To be frank with you," replied his wife, "it is to attract the admiring gaze of the men."

"Then why do you proceed to put out the men's eyes with hat pins?"

### WHAT HE IS DOING WITH IT.

"My earning capacity has been doubled since I married."

"What are you doing with all your money?"

"With my money? I merely said my earning capacity had been doubled."

### UP TO THE CAT.

"John, did you leave out any food for the cat before you started?" asked a lady whose husband had just joined her on a holiday.

"Yes," replied John, who disliked the animal, "I left a tin of condensed milk on the table, with an opener beside it."

Politician—Our side will sweep the city at the next election.

Voter—I'll vote for you, then. The city certainly needs sweeping.

### NOTES WERE BUM.

"Yes, sir," said a man who was shabbily dressed, "that land is now worth twenty dollars a foot, and only a year ago I could have bought it for a mere song."

"But you couldn't sing, eh?" asked his companion.

"I could sing, but I couldn't get the right notes," was the answer.

### HE DREW THE LINE.

During a meeting in the North of England, a Radical heckler asked the Unionist speaker,

"Are you in favor of the Lords' teeth being drawn?"

"Oh, yes, if they suffer from toothache," was the reply, "but I am not in favor of State payment of dentists."

### TIME TO WASTE.

Some people have so much time and energy to waste that they continue to call it "the la grippe."

### ALWAYS FIRST.

New York is the "ugliest city in the world," according to an architectural authority. Criticism couched in these terms will only add to New York's self-esteem. If he had called it the second ugliest city in the world its feelings would have been hurt.

### THINGS IN ONE TOWN.

A liar, a sponger, a smart Aleck, a blatherskite, some pretty girls, a girl who giggles, a weather prophet, a neighborhood feud, half a dozen lunatics, a woman who tattles, more loafers than it needs, men who see every dog-fight, a stock law that is not enforced, a widower that is too gay for his age, a preacher who thinks he ought to run the town, a few who know how to run the affairs of the country.

### A NEW PUNISHMENT.

There are numerous ways of punishing a man. Sometimes he is sent to the penitentiary; sometimes he is hanged. Why not order him to attend a dance, remain until 3 o'clock in the morning and then force him to arise at the usual time next morning and perform his usual work all day? That would be something new and exquisite in punishment.

He—Would you rather be beautiful or clever.

She—Beautiful, I think. You see, there are lots of stupid men, but only a few blind ones.

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