

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

WITH NEVER A CHANCE TO YELL
 "What was the saddest sight you ever saw?"
 "A baldheaded man, whose only hobby was baseball, escorting his wife to a lecture on psychopanny chism."

The Father—Did mamma punish you today, Tommie?
 The Boy—Yes, sir.
 "What did she do?"
 "Made me stay in the house while she was taking her singing lesson."

"Mrs. De Spinster has a dozen new chantecler hats."
 "Well, if she put on the whole dozen at once they wouldn't make her look like a spring chicken."

"Doctor, I met a medical practitioner of a new kind the other day, and I can't classify him. He diagnoses all diseases by looking at the finger nails of his patients. What would you call him?"
 "I should call him a humbug."

Lady Vere De Vere—I must rest a little I feel so tired. I'm getting quite danced out.

Giles Junior (gallantly)—Oh, not darned stout, m'lady; only pleasantly so!

THE FARMER'S JOY RIDE

An Indiana farmer took a 450 pound hog to market in an automobile and at the price he got for the porker he doubtless counted it a joy ride.

"There are no martyrs these days"
 "Oh, I wouldn't say that."

"Do you think there are any people today who would suffer torture for their beliefs?"

"My wife believes that an 18-inch waise looks better than a 22, and I think she suffers a lot of genuine torture because of that belief."

"Then you don't believe I practice what I preach eh?" quired the minister in talking with one of his deacons at a meeting.

"No, sir, I don't," replied the deacon subject of resignation for two years on. "You've been preachin' on the and ye haven't resigned yet."

"When I asked the mayor to give me a job I told him that I had been walking the streets for two weeks."

"And what did he say?"

"Told me to keep on walking."

"Then he turned you down?"

"No. Gave me a job as a policeman."

SHORTHORN BREEDERS IN PRAIRIE PROVINCES

Farmers in the Prairie Provinces evince a keen interest in Dairy Shorthorns. Whether these cattle are called dual-purpose or Shorthorns of milking strain makes little difference to the man who wants a big, strong cow that will give a reasonable flow of milk and produce a calf that develops into one that can be fed to advantage.

Discussing prize-list changes, as proposed at Brandon recently, whereby there would be two distinct classes of Shorthorns at fairs, Stephen Benson, of Neepawa, expressed the opinion that there should be distinct prizes for beef and dairy types. "Show-ring breeding," said Mr. Benson, "is gradually transforming the Shorthorn to a beef type. At present, many Shorthorn herds in Canada and elsewhere stand low as milk producers—in fact they cannot feed their own progeny."

"There is no satisfaction in trying to improve the milking qualities if the calves are allowed to stay with their dams. We must plan to feed skim milk. I have found it best to have heifers drop the first calf before they are two years old, and continue to milk for ten months or a year. Eighteen months should elapse before the second calf is dropped. This gives the young cow a chance to develop. With this treatment it takes longer to mature than if she were not bred so young, but the frame is large and she is a most satisfactory dual-purpose animal."

"Those that do not give good promise at the end of the first milking period are sold. It is not difficult to discern those that tend to flesh from those that produce well at the pail. When married hired men are kept and cottages provided, it is not difficult to make arrangements with the women to care for the calves, and also give special attention to young cows."

"Our calves are fed skim milk until they are six or seven months old. In fact we work along the same lines as do breeders of dairy cattle. For the first year or two the calves get good care. It is difficult to get too much flesh on when the heifers are bred to freshen at about two years of age."

"Our experience indicates that it is not hard to have Shorthorns that do well as milk producers, and also produce a crop of calves that suit well for stable feeding."

The bluff old sea-dog in the seastory raised his battered trumpet to his lips.

"Look alive, mum," he shouted over the roar of the gale.

But the beautiful girl only shook her head.

"How can I?" she asked with touching pathos. "If the book were not illustrated I might; but as the case stands, alas! I can only look as the artist makes me."

And walking to the taffrail, she gazed woodenly out over the yeasty deep

"Don't you know that little boys who swear won't go to heaven?"

"That's all right mister. I'd rather be with pa, anyhow."

"Better take a hardwood table, ma'am; they are the fashionable thing," the dealer said.

"No," said the young woman; "baby will soon be old enough to hammer, and he never could drive a nail into hardwood. I'll take a plain pine table."

"Yes," said Tom Poorman, "I've been invited to her wedding, but I'm not going."

"But," argued his friend, "do you think you can afford to have your absence noticed—"

"Better than I can afford to have my presents noticed. That's the trouble."

Mourner (to widower)—You seem to be enjoying the walk.

Widower—Certainly. When one is in business it's mighty hard to get away for a day.

"You had the nerve to ask Miss Oldur her age?"

"Well, I tried to do it diplomatically. I asked her when she was born."

"And what did she say?"

"On a Friday afternoon at about half past four."

"I proposed to open an exclusive hotel; no room less than \$20 a day."
 "Don't be too exclusive. You'll find that the richer guests like to have a few poor people around to snub."

"What a beautiful sight it is, Mrs. Bates, to see you two little boys always together," the summer boarder exclaimed in an ecstasy, on the approach of Bobby and Tommy Bates, hand in hand. "Such brotherly love is as rare as it is exquisite."
 Mrs. Bates nodded in pleasant assent.

"I tell Ezry," she said, "that they are as inseparable as a pair o' pants"

SHEARING SHEEP EARLY

Most breeders who prepare sheep for show purposes make it a rule to shear that portion of the flock in April, if not earlier, and many shear all their yearlings at the same time finding that the sheep thrive better in the warm days of spring, devoid of their coats. There is very little risk in shearing on favorable days in March or April, provided the sheep are kept in a fairly warm building for a few days after the operation. If the sheep are infested with ticks, there is economy in early shearing, as otherwise they are apt to rub off some of their wool in scratching against fences, and they cannot thrive when so afflicted. There is less loss from the difference in the market prices for washed and unwashed wool than is generally supposed when the greater weight of unwashed fleece is taken into account. And profit from the more rapid growth of the new wool after shearing is reaped in the following crop. Besides this, sheep to be sold in the fall make a much better appearance with well-grown fleece, and bring better prices. There is profit, too, in dipping the sheep soon after shearing in a solution of one of the proprietary dips for the destruction of ticks and lice, and the cleansing of the skin. If a dipping tank is not on hand, the solution may be poured or rubbed on the animals, but, for a flock of any considerable size, a dipping tank should be provided, as it comes useful for washing sheep for show or sale, and for other purposes, and soon pays for its cost in the improved condition of the sheep.

It is not considered advisable to shear early sheep that are in very thin condition, unless they are kept in a very warm place, as they are more susceptible to the cold than are those in good condition. Neither is it advised to shear at this season ewes that have lambed, or are due to lamb early, as they are liable to udder troubles, from exposure to cold winds and dampness. But, as a rule, the whole flock may safely be shorn unwashed much earlier than they can be safely washed in a river. There is always more or less danger to the health of the sheep and the washers in the river washing, but, if that system is practiced, the timid animals should be quietly and carefully handled in taking them into and out of the water as well as when in the water.

Calf's liver is expensive, but pig's liver is not. Buying equal quantities of each and cooking them together is found an economical device. Served with bacon they are equally tasty.

DOUBLE MURDER IN PONTIAC COUNTY, P. Q.

Two Gypsies, Man and Wife, are Under Arrest—Killing Resulted from Quarrel in Gypsy Camp.

Hull, Quebec, April 21.—As a result of trouble between gypsies and the young men of Shawville, Pontiac county, two men are dead, and a gypsy named Mike Murphy and his wife are under arrest, held to account for the killing. The two young men who were killed are Harry Howes, aged 22, and William Dale, aged 30, both members of respectable families of the village. Early last evening seven or eight young men visited the gypsy encampment and are said to have been annoying them, which made Murphy angry with the result that he ordered them out of the locality. At the same time he caught up his rifle and ran after them. At a distance of about 100 yards from camp, he discharged his firearm, instantly killing Howes and Dale.

INTERESTING BUDGET MISCELLANEOUS GOSSIP

FIDDLE PLAYS HORN.

One Instrument Played by Another.

An ingenious device by which a performer may play a stringed and a wind instrument, such as a violin and a French horn, at the same time, has recently been invented in England. It would perhaps be more exact to say that the performer plays only the violin, which in its turn, controls the tones of the horn, the wind for the latter being produced by a current of compressed air. Another way to put it is that the tones of the violin are automatically reinforced by those of the horn. The effect is most striking.

For several days, despite the watchfulness of the foreman in charge of the work of decorating the dome of the \$1,500,000 courthouse at Youngstown, O. sheets of gold leaf were mysteriously disappearing. A detective, who had been put on guard, soon became interested in the movements of an English sparrow that flew regularly in and out of the window. The bird was seen to pick up the gold sheets being used by the workmen and fly across the street to a church tower. The missing sheets of gold leaf were found later in the sparrow's nest where they were being used as a lining.

Miss Ty Leung who has been appointed assistant to the matron in charge of the new immigration station on Angel island, San Francisco, is the first Chinese woman to receive a federal appointment. Hundreds of Chinese are detained at this station pending their admission to the United States, and it was decided that a Chinese woman would be of great assistance to the matron. Miss Leung speaks both English and Chinese fluently.

In order to keep his wife from collapsing under the effect of an excessive dose of morphine, G. G. Gallagher, of Des Moines, persuaded her to engage with him in a two hour game of whist, thus saving her life. After the laudanum had been taken from the woman's stomach by physicians they prescribed this method of keeping her from going to sleep. She has always been fond of whist, and was immediately interested in the game. It was a game against death and the husband played with heads of nervous perspiration standing on his forehead.

Samuel Bull, aged thirteen, a small delicate-looking boy, was found wandering at Long Ditton, G. B., recently, and was lodged in Kingston Workhouse and left with two other boys. For a wager Bull, with apparent ease, swallowed a watch belonging to one of them and also a halfpenny and a stone about the size of an egg. When recovered the watch showed that it had registered the time for two hours after being swallowed. Bull, it was stated at the police court, had travelled on the step of a motor mail van the greater part of the way from Portsmouth, and it was decided to send him back.

The extraordinary age of 45 years and 9 months was attained by a horse owned by Col. Heath which has just died at the Col's. farm, Apollo Bay, Victoria, Australia. Col. Heath states that there can be no possible doubt as to the animal's age, as he still has the diary containing the entry showing when it was foaled. It is in all probability the greatest record known. The horse was ridden by the Colonel as a charger in its youth and several times carried him from Melbourne to Shepperton—100 miles—in two days. It was aired by a famous racehorse named King Alfred, its mother being an Australian Arab bred mare.

The water in Lake Van, in Asiatic Turkey which is about 60 miles long by from 20 to 30 wide, is so strongly impregnated with potash that the residents along its shores use it to wash clothing without the use of soap.

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TIAMELY SERMON ON LIFE OF MAN

Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of microbes. He hoppeth out of bed in the morning and his feet are pierced with the tack of disappointment. He walketh through the streets of the city in the pride and glory of his manhood, and slippeth on the banana peel of misfortune and unjogeth his neck. He smoketh the cigar of contentment, and behold—it explodeth with a loud noise, for it was loaded. He slideth down the banister of life and encounters many splinters of torture. He lieth down to sleep at night and is stung by the mosquitoes of annoyance and his frame is gnawed by the bed bugs of adversity. Sorrow and travail follow him all the days of his life. In his infancy he is afflicted with worms and colic, and in his old age he is tortured with rheumatism and ingrowing toe nails.

Behold, he runneth for office and the dead beat pulleth his leg, ever and anon, and then voteth for the other man. He exalteth himself among his people, and swelleth with pride, but when the votes are counted, he findeth his name is mud. He boasteth of his strength in Isreal, but is beaten by a red-headed man from Tallow Neck. He goeth forth to breathe the fresh air and meditate upon the vanity of all earthy things, and is accosted by a bank cashier, with a sight draft for \$250.

What is man but a pimple on the face of politics? He trusteth in a man who claimeth to be filled with righteousness and standeth up high in the synagogue, and getteth done up; for, behold, his pious friend is full of guile and runneth over with deception. From the cradle to the grave man giveth his cheek to him that smiteth him. Verily man is nothing but a wart on the nose of nature; a bunion on the toe of time; a freckle on the face of the universe.

"Aren't you making a great deal of noise?" said the irritable neighbor.

"Can't help it," replied the patient father. "One of us had to be heard and I'd be perfectly willing to give you your choice. If I stop singing the baby cries."

GOULD SAYS DIVORCE LAWS ARE WRONG

Speaking at Portland, Me., a day or two ago, Ex-Governor Guild of Massachusetts, is reported as follows: "The nationalization of law that Abraham Lincoln inaugurated has not yet been carried to its full conclusion. We have national law regulating the distilling of intoxicants. We have national law regulating all banks of issue. We have national law partly regulating the operation of so-called trusts. We have national law regulating the settlement of bankrupts. We have national law insufficient and too feebly enforced we of Massachusetts think, that is supposed to secure pure food."

"Why should not the development of community of law be carried farther in all matters of national moment?"

"The law of South Carolina prohibits divorce on any ground. The new law of Massachusetts prohibits divorce by collusion and permits it only on grounds where it would be inhuman to refuse it. What security has the American home if any one state may permit by its loose laws men and woman to live together and part at will, and if that law can be made available to any Americans by the mere crossing of a state line?"

"It is indeed that the safe-guarding of common morality in all the states can today be broken down by a state law in any state."

"We have little reason to boast of our national morality till a national divorce law if it does provide that the decent of either sex need not be chained forever to a human brute, shall also provide that in no state shall be a mere temporary mating from time to time."

THE WHOLE DAMM FAMILY

(Walkerton Times).

Walkerton is the home of a family whose name a few years ago was much noted in song. We refer to Mr. Damm, who, with his wife and five children, moved here from Chesley last week. He is the new proprietor of the moving picture show, and we welcome so great a namesake to our midst.

THE DISADVANTAGE OF LATE HOURS

(New York Tribune.)

A man who keeps late hours had a queer adventure a few nights ago, in telling which he says: "The joke might have been a tragedy." He lives in a house which is one of a number exactly alike in appearance, and when he unlocked the front door at 1 a. m. he had no idea that he was entering the home of his next door neighbor. The hall was dark—an unusual occurrence, as he remembered later—and "my hat fell on the floor," he said, "because there was no hook where I thought there was one. I left it there and started upstairs. On the first landing I heard a baby cry, and, as there never was a baby in our family I came to and started back. I was in such a hurry that I left my hat on the floor where it had fallen and where next day it was evidence against me. How many more houses I can get into with that key I don't know, but I do know that the lock on my door was changed before noon the next day."

HIS THREAT TO A CONDUCTOR.

Some time ago a man at Ypsilanti, Mich., became crazed on the subject of hypnotism, and was sent on a Michigan Central train to an asylum. When the conductor asked for tickets the crazy man began telling him of his hypnotic powers.

"I'll hypnotize you," he said. "Fire away," replied the conductor. The man made several passes before the conductor's face.

"Now you are hypnotized," he said. The conductor looked the part as best he could.

"You're a conductor," the hypnotist said.

"That's right," replied his victim. "You're a good conductor," went on the hypnotist.

"Right again," said the conductor. "You don't smoke, drink, or swear at passengers. You are honest. You turn in all tickets and money you collect from passengers. In fact, you do not steal a cent."

"That's right," asserted the conductor.

The hypnotist eyed him a moment, then said,

"What an awful fix you'd be in if I left you in this condition."

DREAM OF THE RABBIT FIEND BY SILAS

1. I WONDER WHY SHE DOESN'T COME! I'LL WAIT.

2. A WHILE LONGER! SHE SAID SHE'D BE HERE AT TWO.

3. WHAT TIME IS IT? I HOPE SHE IS NOT GOING TO HOLD ME UP!

4. HERE IT IS FIVE MINUTES TO ONE AND SHE ISN'T HERE YET PSHAW!

5. WELL! I'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT, I SUPPOSE UNTIL TWO.

6. IF SHE DOESN'T SHOW UP BY TWO O'CLOCK THERE WILL BE...

7. TROUBLE! SHE HAS ALWAYS BEEN ON TIME HERE-TO-FORE UM!

8. WELL, I'LL NOT WAIT ANY LONGER.

9. WELL! I'M HERE ON TIME AM I NOT?

10. OH! UM! I FELT A SLEEP WAITING FOR YOU HUH! THAT IS FUNNY I WAS DREAMING.

SILAS