

ROCKEFELLER AND THE GOAT.

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Rise Immediately after Waking. Get up immediately after waking, says a physician. Do not stay in bed, falling into a half unconscious state.

Just His Luck. The lady bather had got into a hole, and she couldn't swim. Nor could the young man on the end of the pier; but when she came up for the first time and he caught sight of her face he shrieked: "Help!"

MASTERING A LION.

What trainers have to do to gain Control.

In illustration of the lengths to which owners of wild beasts will go in order to retain control of them, Frank C. Boston, the famous animal trainer, tells the following story: "Some years ago, when I was at the Hippodrome in Paris, I decided, as a special attraction, to go into the arena with Wallace, a huge African lion that all our trainers had despaired of. The house was crowded. We placed the lion in a cage sixteen feet square, and this was put inside a twenty-foot ring. Two assistants were stationed in the outer ring in case of accident. I had scarcely got it bit right through my left hand, and with one blow ripped the flesh off my back."

"Clear out!" I shouted to the two men in the outer ring. "I'm going to open the doors and let him into the big arena."

"I was as furious as the lion. My pride as a trainer was wounded deeper than my back. I swung open the doors and the lion sprang out. The blood was pouring from my wounds, but in the excitement of the moment I felt no pain - only a mad desire to master. I picked up a 'prober' chair, and when the beast came again I struck it full across the muzzle; then, seizing my whip, I actually became the aggressor and drove him back to the cage."

"The audience was in something like a panic, and loud cries of 'Enough! Enough!' were raised. I had not finished. In ten minutes I had subjugated Wallace to such an extent that he covered like a dog. I got out of the cage and just faded away. From that day to this one has attempted to teach Wallace."

Native Polo at Gurais.

Polo is played at Gurais (three miles from the Great Road) in Kashmir regularly once a week during the summer months, when the ground is free from snow.

Each villager rides his own pony (about 12 hands any distance up to 15) and if on 4 p.m., and then rides back to his home. When there is a bet of a sheep they have six or eight players, but by the time it finishes it is no uncommon sight to see twenty players taking part at the same time, and needless to say the game is fast and furious all the time.

The local telegraph master is the only European who plays, except for occasional visitors and sportsmen on their way through. To our ideas the game is primitive, but it finds great favor in the eyes of all the natives in this part of the world, and one has only to watch the game for a few minutes to realize how keen they all are, and absolutely devoid of nerves.

The greatest tragedy that can befall a keen player on polo day is to have no pony. Sometimes it happens, however, that the animal is hired out and not returned in time. Then the player calmly takes his place in goal - on foot.

Yet He Meant Well. He was a likable little man, genial and hearty and sincere, but his experience in public-speaking had never carried him beyond the very temperate waters of school commencement or charity bazaars.

LORDS AS MUSICIANS.

Many Peers can make a living by Singing.

The recent announcement that Lord Wolverhampton has achieved considerable distinction in the musical world by composing several successful songs, although he has never studied music and plays only by ear, reminds one of the accomplishments of Lord Kinnoull, who plays both organ and piano beautifully, and who composed the hymn that was sung by the choir on the occasion of his marriage in 1903.

"I was an expert pianist. Then there are Lord Tollemache, who is a good cellist, and Lord Shaftesbury, who possesses a magnificent tenor voice which is often heard in church, and which once led an enterprising American impresario to offer him a lordship \$150,000 to go on a concert tour through the United States."

Tit for Tat. The following funny incident happened in one of the largest Edinburgh auction-rooms. A big, stout lady, apparently of the broker class, had ensconced herself comfortably in an arm-chair, and in due course he ran bidding man for a table, on which a tired-looking man, for want of something to sit upon, affectionately leaned. Competition was brisk, but in the end the table was knocked down to the stout lady, who no sooner recognized that it was now her property than, stretching out her arm, she sharply rapped her knuckles on it, exclaiming: "Hey, man!"

But the tired-looking man paid no attention, so she next poked him with her umbrella, and said, with greater asperity than ever: "Learn of that table, will you? It's my property, and you're soaping it!" The leaner regarded her fixedly for a moment or two, and then requested a scrap of paper from his pocket, he put it under the lady's nose with the quiet remark: "D'ye see that? And next I'm dedicating a corresponding number on the arm-chair she was seated on. 'Well, then,' he continued, when she had acquiesced, with a wondering nod and a head 'git off; it's my chair and I want to sit down.' And off she had to get."

A Division of Labor.

Bobby had been unusually quiet for several hours, so quiet, indeed, that his mother began to worry over the great quantities of stillness that came from the room in which he was sitting. Finally, unable to stand the strain any longer, she rose up from her work and went into the nursery.

"What are you doing, Bobby?" she said, as she discovered the little chap curled up in a chair with a very solemn expression on his face. "Thinkin' and wishin'," replied Bobby. "What about, dear?" asked his mother. "I was thinkin' how nice it would be if I was twins," he answered.

"Then, the other one could do the studyin' at school and I could stay home and play; and then, when I did something naughty, why you could spank him. When I was sick he could take the castor oil, and -" "And when you had some candy, when then?" asked his mother. "Oh, I'd eat it," said Bobby. "It wouldn't do for me to let him get sick."

Antique Things and Antique Minds.

Antique things are for antique minds. The mind that is capable of being attracted to objects ought to be steam-cleaned, overhauled, tar-papered, and laid away in moth balls in a dusty attic, filled with love letters, and family skeletons. There it should be left until the family moves, when it should be thrown into a pile of other truck, from whence it goes to form the substratum of some how real-estate agent's recently reclaimed from pulsing tides or stagnant swamps.

An antique mind should not be put in an insane asylum. Such an environment would be altogether too rational. On the other hand, there is some hope for the mind that is satisfied with modern things made in imitation of the antique. That is to say, any mind that doesn't look beyond the label is a material assistance to business. If you must lean toward antiquity, do not be too particular about the age of the articles offered.

THE VEILED PROPHET.

He Was the Most Noted Impostor of the Middle Ages.

The celebrated "Veiled Prophet" of history was a Moslem fanatic whose real name was Haken Ibn Hashem. He was born about the middle of the eighth century and became the most noted impostor of the middle ages. He pretended that he was an embodiment of the spirit of the "Living God" and, being very proficient in jugglery (which the ignorant mistook for the power to work miracles), soon drew an immense number of followers around him. He always wore a gold mask, claiming that he did so to protect the mortals of this earth, who, he said, could not look upon his face and live.

At last, after thousands had quitted the city and even left the employ of the Caliph al Mohdi to join the fanatical movement, an army was sent against the "Veiled Prophet," forcing him to flee for safety to the castle at Keh, north of the Oxus. Finally, when ultimate defeat was certain, the prophet killed and burned his whole family and then threw himself into the flames, being entirely consumed, except his hair, which was kept in a musket at Bagdad until the time of the crusades. He promised his faithful followers that he would reappear to them in the future dressed in white and riding a white horse.

WANTED HIS PAY.

The Husky Jamaican Didn't Care to Work For Nothing.

An English naval officer tells of being on a war vessel which took provisions to St. Kitts, one of the British West India Islands. A hurricane had left many of the inhabitants in a destitute or even starving condition. Hungry crowds gathered at the wharf but refused to help unload the food that was to be given to them unless paid for their work.

A similar story sheds light on the Jamaican negro. Some years ago a large relief sum was raised, much of it in England and the United States, the committee having charge of this fund sent a wagon load of lumber to a husky black man whose house had been scattered over the parish. He and his family were living in a rude shack, made out of odds and ends.

"What's that for?" he asked of the men who were unloading the material in front of his patch of ground. "That's for your new house," was the reply. "It's from the relief fund and won't cost you anything." "Who's goin' to build mah house?" "You are, if anybody does." "Who's goin' to pay me fur mah work?" - Waynesboro Record.

An Old Garret on a Stormy Day.

I know no nobler forage ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy than the garret of an old family mansion on a day of storm. It is a perfect field of chivalry. The heavy rafters and dashing rain, the piles of spare mattresses to crouch upon, the bed trunks to hide in, the old white coats and hats hanging in obscure corners like ghosts, are great! And it is so far away from the old lady who keeps rule in the nursery, that there is no possible risk of a scolding for twisting off the fringe of a rug. There is no baby in the garret to wake up, there is no "company" in the garret to be disturbed by the noise. There is no crochety old uncle or grandma, with their everlasting "Boys, boys!" and then a look of horror. - Donald G. Mitchell.

Jack Sheppard as a Text.

Jack Sheppard had a great hold upon the imagination of the people of his time. The fact that 200,000 people witnessed his execution at Tyburn on Nov. 13, 1724, "upon the tree that bears twelve times a year" is some witness to his grim popularity. But one of the strangest tributes ever paid him was the sermon preached upon him in a London church.

"Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!" began the preacher, to the stupefaction of his congregation. He went on to draw a parallel between things of the flesh and those of the soul and to point out that the genius shown in house-breaking might have been bestowed upon "picking the locks of the heart with the nail of repentance." - London Standard.

Sure on One Point.

"Do you believe that great wealth has a tendency to keep a man out of heaven?" queried the party who was addicted to the conundrum habit. "I am not prepared to express an opinion on that subject," answered the student of human nature, "but I know that great wealth has kept many a man out of the penitentiary." - Chicago News.

Stuttered Out the Child's Name.

Flannery - It seems his full name is Dinns K. K. Casey. What's all this K's for? Flannegan - "Nothin'." 'Twas the fault of his godfather stutterin' when he tried to say "Dinns Casey." - Philadelphia Ledger.

Also It Uses Up Gold.

"Did you ever notice how a ring is like the marriage obligation?" "No. How do you mean?" "A ring is more easily put on than it is taken off." - Boston Transcript.

Musical Note.

A newspaper says of a recent operatic performance, "The ladies, the baritone and the bass were good, and so were the tenor's intentions!"

SHACKLETON'S EMPHATIC STYLE.

The greatest explorer not always choicer in his words.

When Sir Ernest Shackleton was in the depths of the Antarctic regions, on his trip toward the South Pole, he kept a diary describing the adventures of his party, garden variety of goat. On one occasion, when he was walking along one of the country roads just outside of Augusta, Georgia, where he spends every spring, he overtook a little girl who was driving a goat hitched to a cart.

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BOSTON VS MONTREAL.

A Montreal Journal Investigates Farmers' Prices.

A newspaper of Montreal compiled a table of comparative prices in that city and Boston the week the reciprocity agreement was made.

This statement was prepared with the assistance of prominent produce dealers and food experts.

Here is what it showed: Cheese, eggs, live poultry, carrots, celery, lettuce, onions, squash, tomatoes, beans and cranberries all commanded higher prices in Montreal than in Boston. Hay and oats were considerably higher in Boston.

The best creamery butter was then a cent and a half per pound higher in Boston than in Montreal, while storage creamery butter was one cent higher in Boston.

Since then butter prices have declined in most of the markets of the United States.

Not long ago a leading produce dealer of Montreal received a telegram from Chicago offering him 300 tubs of September creamery butter, sold stored, at 18 cents, Chicago. At the time this telegram was received the market kind of butter was worth 24 cents in Montreal.

Mr. Gage, president of the Toronto Board of Trade, recently prepared a table of prices in Toronto and New York, comparing the Toronto market reports with the New York market reports given in the New York Commercial Bulletin. The table follows: Toronto, York.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Prime chickens, Prim turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Bacon, Hams.

Waterways of Canada.

Canada has 6,000 miles of waterways from the St. Lawrence to the Mackenzie, with only 150 miles of a hard break. The Mackenzie is with its tributaries, 2,500 miles long, equal in distance from Liverpool to Halifax, draining a region three times as large as France. The Saskatchewan is 1,600 miles long; the Columbia, 1,400; and the Red River each 650 miles. The Saskatchewan basin is as large as that of the St. Lawrence.

Laws.

Laws are what some chap, or collection of chaps, wrote in a book in an attempt either to approximate or side-step public opinion. This is true of all laws except unwritten laws, in which case you are entitled to as many guesses as you wish, and the best guess is right.

All laws, both written and unwritten, may be viewed according either to the letter or the spirit. The legal profession supports the letter and is in turn supported by the clergy. That is why a poor man seldom gets a box seat where he can see the speaker's side. In spite of the excess of legal verbiage, the letter of the law is supposed to be plain, so a poor man is supposed to know all about it without bothering the judge with extenuating circumstances.

Last Call.

Professor Leacock tells the following story about a young man who sometimes drank more whiskey than was good for him: He had been making a night of it, but had forsaken his companions. He was acquainted with an undertaker named George, and got the early notification at three o'clock in the morning that he must see this particular man. Accordingly, he found George's undertaking establishment, over which George had his sleeping apartments.

FIRST OF ALL.

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Canada and Great Britain.

Mr. Richard Grigg, His Majesty's Trade Commissioner to the Dominion of Canada, has some interesting things to say about the development of commercial relations of the Dominion and the Mother Country.

The promotion of closer trade between Canada and Great Britain depends solely on the efforts of the British producer. It is obvious that a certain responsibility rests also upon the merchants and the community at large in the Dominion. If British trade with Canada is to increase until it occupies the position which a true conception of imperial interests seems to demand, it is necessary that from the Canadian side every opportunity should be afforded which equitable legislation and a sympathetic public opinion can offer.

It is therefore incorrect to speak as if the problem before us were one which the unaided efforts of the British trader could solve. It must be remembered, especially in Canada where there is a tendency to complain of the conservative methods of the British producer, that at the present time very strenuous efforts are being made in financial and industrial circles in the United States to control and indeed to dominate, not only the trade, but the whole commercial life of the Dominion. If these efforts are to be combated it cannot be done merely by arousing the British merchant to greater efforts, but it must depend to some extent on the amount of co-operation afforded him by the importers and consumers of the Dominion.

Prestige and Irishmen.

A well known Railroad president, in his study of all classes of men who are under him, entertains a great admiration for the Irish foreman of a gang of laborers who went to any lengths to show his men that he was the real boss. One morning the foreman found that his gang had put a head car on the track without his orders.

"Who put that car-r-r on the track?" he asked. "We did," said one of the men answered respectfully. "Well," he said shortly, "take it off again!"

The laborers did so with some difficulty. "Now," said the foreman, "put in on again!"

Monuments in Queer Places.

There are monuments in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, but one that is really unique is that erected in a river, New South Wales, the Parramatta River. It stands in the Parramatta, known the world over for the rowing events that have taken place upon it. This monument, which is in memory of the world-famed rower, Searle, is also unique from the fact that it has been used as the winning-post of the race for the world's clumpiness, and is still used as such for local events.

The Emperor Gorges Himself.

The "Hoei Pan" says that an American doctor recently visited the palace at Peking to examine the baby emperor, who, it was found, had gorged himself with a meal of swallows' nests (a sort of glutinous material), and thus provoked a raging colic. The indisposition yielded easily to the doctor's treatment. The Emperor sleeps in a gigantic bed, big enough for six people! He rises at six, at once has a meal of rice-cakes or rice, and then goes to pay his respects to the Dowager Lung-yu.

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AN ABSENT-MINDED LAWYER.

Two Good Stories of an Irishman.

Prominent among the members of the Irish Bar in its early years was Peter Burrows. Although successful in his profession, he seems to have been subject to absence of mind in an unusual degree. A brother-lawyer who went to call upon him early one morning found Burrows watching over a saucerpan in which his waiting eyes were anxiously directed to an egg in his left hand.

On another occasion he was counsel for the prosecution at an important trial for murder. Burrows had a severe cold, and opened his speech with a box of cough-lozenges in one hand, and in the other the small pistol-bullet by which the man had met his death. Between a pause of his address he kept supplying himself with lozenges. But at last, in the very midst of a sentence, he stopped. His chest heaved, his eyes seemed staring from their sockets, and in an agonized voice he shouted: "Oh-h-h, gentlemen, gentlemen, I've swallowed the bullet!"

Two Ribs Broken.

Several people saw him slip on a wet step and fall. Partly extricating himself from his umbrella he set up such a wall of distress that every one in hearing ran to his assistance regardless of the drenching rain.

"Are you hurt?" asked a chorus of voices. "Anything broken?" demanded another. "Only two ribs," he muttered in tones of deep anguish as he wiped his bleared face on his sleeve. "Helping him up, a kind man dragged him into a drug store. One thoughtful person suggested a glass of brandy; another, more generous, said there were two ribs broken, and a second glass followed the first.

"That'll make you feel better, old man. Ribs hurt you now?" "What ribs?" he puzzled, smacking his lips. "The ones you said were broken?" "Oh," he replied, getting on his feet and moving toward the door. "Day was do ribs in me umbrella."

Sparks from Mars.

Old Sport Saturn is getting very giddy these warm nights. Came home last week with two rings on crooked. Must be warm times on our queer White Milk Way.

Our astronomers make some queer blunders. The smoky spot on the earth that was long thought to be an active volcano turns out to be a habitation of earthlings, called Montreal. These immense fields of curious-looking objects are not gigantic mountains blown by the wind, but the hats of the earthling ladies. Thus hats are five and learn.

Come, spend your summer on Mars. No mosquitoes. High altitudes. Take a gondola ride on the canal. Come and send a souvenir postal card to your friends on the earth.

Her Confidence.

She had stopped, panting, by the road to rest. It was the shell road at Toronto Beach, and she was black. Beside her was a heavy market basket filled to overflowing. A passerby stopped at her with sympathetic friendliness and she responded with full and free confidence.

Don't Lie Discouraged.

A very large proportion of the suffering that afflicts mankind proceeds from the simple feeling of discouragement. Besides the misery which it exerts on all human effort. As long as hope reigns in the heart, no exertion seems too great; it is when hope sinks away and despondency takes its place that labour of head or hand languishes.

Women Formed for Love.

Women are formed for attachment. Their gratitude is unimpeded. Their love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once attained it, and knows how to deserve it. But that very keenness of sensibility which, if well cultivated, would prove the source of a man's highest enjoyment, may grow to bitterness and wormwood if he fails to attend to it or abuses it.

A Little Economy.

A Northern lady with philanthropic symptoms was trying to install a little economy into her husband's colored tenants. One of them, Mary Kinney, an anti-race-soldier, kept a colored girl as nurse to her group of ten growing American citizens. "Mary," remarked the lady, "do you think a woman in your circumstances can afford a nurse?" "I dunno 'n, as I kin, but I don't pay her but twenty-five cents a month, an' I pays dar in ole cloes, an' - with a wide smile - "she don't git dem!"

Nothing Like Politeness.

It is much easier to be polite and neighbourly than to fly into a passion when things do not suit you. Take this note as an instance, addressed by a lady to a neighbour next door: "Dear Madam - Your children, who are numerous, and appear to be disorderly, no doubt deserve the frequent floggings you give them; but, as my nerves are weak, I write this to ask if you can't do something to deaden the sound!"

Some people... have such admirable command over their feelings that one is tempted to believe they have no feelings to command.