

A COLONIAL MESSAGE.

BY HENRY TALCOTT MILLS.

A quaint old book, whose faded yellow pages turned over in the garret's sombre gloom...

THE DEAD HAND.

From the first day of my temporary sojourn at 14 Transome Terrace, Westville-by-Sea, I became aware that some one was ill next door.

ing that he should ask me. Would I, at any rate, see him and then decide? I was only too glad to be of use to people who appeared to be in great trouble...

adding some commonplace remark about hopes for his recovery—a compliment which he again acknowledged with one of his grave bows.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Correction Accepted—A Good Title—Didn't Want Water—Not Well Said—Correct, &c., &c.

A TRIFLE TOO GOOD.

Chappie—I wish to—aw—purchase an umbrella. Dealer—Umbrella, sir; yes, sir. Here is something just out, sir—ten dollars.

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

HINT TO MOTHERS.—If a child has swallowed anything that will not digest, particularly if it is sharp, let him eat immediately two or three pieces of dry bread.