



ANOTHER JAPANESE TORPEDO ATTACK, AND HOW IT WAS REPULSED  
—(The Sketch.)

to where it blows red hot chinooks for all eternity."

"Had an experience myself with one of these chinooks," said a man from the States who farms a section or two of fine Dominion land. "Was out hunting chickens one day about a dozen miles from the ranch house.

"Had driven out in a runabout behind that speedy pacer of mine and was having great sport when I saw a black chinook coming. It meant rain and lots of it.

"I chucked my dog into the box behind the seat, locked the lid so he could not jump out and put the whip to the pacer.

"She was just fast enough at her top speed to keep ahead of that storm. I could hear the rain falling in tremendous splashes all behind me. It even crawled up so close that it fell in torrents in the back of the buggy, but the pacer kept her gait and not a drop touched me. The front wheels tossed dust like a desert storm and the hind ones slung mud like the politicians down at Ottawa.

"To make a long story short, I drove under the shed at the ranch dry as a whistle. I turned around for the dog to find the poor beast crowned. He was the best hunting dog on the

range, too. May heaven deliver us from more liquid chinooks!"

They adjourned then to the veranda and the warm breath of the first chinook of 1904 fanned their faces. Already the snow blanket was shrinking and little streams of melted snow water were cutting their way to Lake Louise. "Winter is over," was the word the chinook brought.

**"WAVING AN ANCHOR."**

Henry Galbraith Ward, who is conducting the disbarment proceedings of the Bar Association against George Alfred Lamb because of the latter's connection with the Peter Power litigation, was telling at the hearing before the referee last week of peculiar stenographers' errors. "I was in a case where a witness testified to standing on a wharf and waving a handkerchief," said Mr. Ward. "When the minutes came to me next day they had this witness say: 'I stood on the wharf, and was waving an anchor.'"

**WHO IT WAS.**

A well known New-York clergyman was telling his Bible class the story of the Prodigal Son at a recent session, and, wishing to emphasize



**A REPROBATE.**

TEACHER—WELL, TOM, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?  
TOM—PLEASE, 'M, I'M GOING TO THE BAND OF 'OPERS.  
TEACHER—AND IS LITTLE WILLIE GOING, TOO? OR IS HE TOO YOUNG TO BELONG TO THE BAND OF HOPE?  
TOM—NO, 'M, IT'S NOT THAT; BUT HE AIN'T A TEETOTALLER!—(Punch.)



**THE FIRST OF APRIL.**

OLD GENTLEMAN—EXCUSE ME, SIR—TOTAL STRANGER—ER—SURE YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW IT—FACT IS, SIR, YOUR HAT'S SMASHED IN.  
YOUNG GENTLEMAN (one of the cute ones)—DON'T YOU THINK YOU ARE RATHER ELDERLY TO INDULGE IN THIS SORT OF THING?—(The Bystander.)

the disagreeable attitude of the elder brother on that occasion, he laid especial stress on this phase of the parable. After describing the rejoicing of the household over the return of the wayward son, he spoke of one who, in the midst of the festivities, failed to share in the jubilant spirit of the occasion.

"Can anybody in the class," he asked, "tell me who this was?"

A small boy, who had been listening sympathetically to the story, put up his hand.

"I know," he said, beamingly; "it was the fatted calf."—(Harper's Weekly.)

**A TROUBLE IN GENDER.**

The grammar class was discussing the gender of the words "sun" and "moon." The teacher had spoken of how the masculine form is applied to objects of strength and power, and the feminine form to weaker things.

"But," objected one boy, "the fireman and en-



MISS FLIRTY—YOUR HUSBAND TRIED TO KISS ME LAST NIGHT!  
MRS. DASH—AH! WELL, HE'S NOT PARTICULAR WHEN HE'S BEEN DRINKING.—(Illustrated)