

SOCIETY NOTES.

On the afternoon of June 5th, the Y. W. C. A. and the Ten Times one clubs were addressed by Prof. Chas. H. Allen, formerly principal of the Normal School.

The speaker's excellent and pathetic remarks afforded to travelers on the journey of life, comfort and advice. His hearers were reminded of the responsibilities they were about to assume, and of the necessity of training themselves well.

Especial attention should be paid to the choice of associates, or more plainly expressed, the thoughts. No one is responsible for those that knock, but all are accountable for those that enter. The importance of accepting proper thoughts is not realized. Their impress is made upon the countenance. Not a beautiful face, or a brilliant eye but character attracts and influences. Grief and responsibility may in one week, change the child's face to that of a woman.

Many young people endeavor to penetrate mysteries that older heads cannot solve. All will be revealed at the proper time.

Love to God, to the home circle and to the world, differ in kind and quality. The first is the outcome of the second and third. Members of the Ten Times One clubs should give their love to the world without a motive. Many favors are done for selfish ends. Lend a helping hand to the enemy as well as the friend, even if the donor's name is never know.

ALL SORTS.

What was the greatest surgical operation ever performed? Lansing Michigan.

"I say, my little son, where does the right road go?"
"Don't know sir, tain't been nowhere since we've lived here."

"Are you the mate of the ship?" asked an emigrant of an Irish cook.

"No, sir, I am the man who cooks the the mate."

A High Church man was once asked what made his library so thin. He reply was, "My books all keep Lent."

"Though there were not enough righteous men in Sodom to save the city, there was never-the-less a good Lot."

The Junior A Method class wonder if that enterprising young man will really bring a "kitty to school on his arm" to illustrate the work in number, when he teaches school.

THE TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

OUTSIDE ON THE PLAYGROUND.

"I like my reading teacher best;
You know the reason why?
He wears white buttons on his vest,
And a kind of nice neck tie."

"My readin' teacher's awful cross;
She says, 'Look off your book
And read it in your natural voice,
If you don't want to be shook.'"

"How does your spelling teacher act?
Mine's just too *Moses Meek*,
She lets us have a spelling match
'Bout five times every week."

"Yer bet yer life that mine dont, boys,
She's *nervous*; I suppose,
And when a feller's cutting up
Her *tongue*—my, how it goes!"

"Our writing teacher's awful queer,
He makes such funny n's;
And tells us fifty times a day
Just how to *wipe* our pens."

"Do you get sent out much?
'Oh yes! 'Bout twice a day.
Sometimes I ain't the boy at all,
But then what can I say?"

My reputation's bad;
That's what the teachers think,
And so they scold me every time
The girls are throwing ink!"

"I wonder if you ever had
The teacher we have now.
I'm pretty sure she likes our class;
We *feel* she does somehow."

She's got the sweetest kind of smile
And *wears* it when we've tried;
So when a fellow makes it come
He feels all good inside."

"But ain't they jolly cross
The first time that they change;
And if we're just as good as pie
They say our conduct's strange."

"Have you had caterpillars yet?"
"No, we are learnin' frogs,
The teacher said that *tadipoles*
Turned into polliwogs!"

"I've found a way to keep me still,
A mighty fine invention,
Just count the times the teacher says:
'Class give me your attention.'"

"My Drawing teacher's purty green;
For when us girls and boys
Scrape with our feet, and cough, and sneeze,
He *thinks* he hears a noise."

"You mean the one that wears a coat
With pockets in the side;
But by the time he gets to us
He won't let such things slide."