



A Loyal Canadian

An Englishman and a Canadian were disputing about the natural beauty of their respective countries. Finally the Canadian admitted that English scenery had more romantic charms than that of his own land. "But," he added, "we're away ahead of you when it comes to size. Just look at your Thames! It wouldn't make a respectable gargle for the Mouth of St. Lawrence."

Pies of the Past

The poets sing of glories past
And rhyme of roses dead;
Of childhood's smile and girlhood's
wile
And joys forever fled.
But in our hearts a memory clings
Whose sweetness ne'er can die,
And we recall the tender thrall
Of Mother's pumpkin pie.

Let Swinburne sing in splendid verse
The snows of yester year,
The home-made bread of days now fled
Is to our hearts more dear.
I care not for the violets
Which dry and withered lie;
I merely wish an old-time dish—
My Mother's pumpkin pie.

The crust was crisp to flakiness,
The rest of it was brown;
And Father said with nodding head:
"It is the best in town." @
I'd give the richest modern fare
Carnegie's purse can buy,
For just a taste of melting paste
Of Mother's pumpkin pie. J. G.

Theft

In the golden summertime
Molly stole my heart from me;
Now she glories in the crime—
Calls it petty larceny.

When Bridget Disapproves

"Bridget, I am going out to-night."
"And lave the house alone!"—Life.

Very Likely

"You seemed to size that man up pretty well," remarked the talkative patron.

"Sure," replied the waiter, "It's easy for us waiters to take a man's measure."

"Yes? I suppose you measure him from tip to tip."—Philadelphia Press.

In Search of the Joke

A play founded on Mrs. Wharton's novel, "The House of Mirth" was presented in Canada this autumn. A man who was feeling rather blue went to see the play, thinking that the title promised amusement. But as the sombre story of Lily Bart was unfolded, he became more and more bewildered and depressed. Finally

when it came to the suicide scene he turned in disgust to a friend and remarked audibly: "I'll be hanged if I can see the joke in this blamed show."

Dives A Teetotler

The Temperance Orator—And remember that when the rich man was in Hades he didn't call for beer—or wine—or spirits, my friends. He called for water. Now, what does that show?

Voice from the Crowd—Shows where you bloomin' teetotalers go to! —Pick-Me-Up.

A Late Supper

Ambrosia and nectar, nothing more,
The gods who dwelt on high Olympus
had
Wherewith to brace themselves and
keep them glad
Throughout the dull and dreary days
of yore.

Simple their needs and scant the
Superior to fashion and to fad;
clothes they wore,
To think upon them makes a man feel
bad;
What deprivations these immortals
bore!

Gone are the gods, save when the
poets sing;
Their ancient menu sounds a trifle
strange;
But there is left to us one toothsome
thing,—
I hear it grilling now upon the range.
Waiter,—A Lobster. With it also
bring
Some Scotch and Seltzer—You can
keep the change.
—Metropolitan Magazine.



A Matter of Business

Daughter—"He said he'd die if I refused him."

Father—"Let him die, then."

Daughter—"But, Papa, he's insured in your company!"—Smith's Magazine.



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