



INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

Rev. J. A. M——

Dear Sir,
You're Another.

R. P. R.

Rev. J. A. M——

Dear Sir,—Kindly accept this loving cup as a token of my affection and esteem. Hoping you may be spared many years, to enjoy this gift and that you will devote all your energies to feathering Crow's Nest, I am,

Yours devotedly,

W. J. H.

A DOMESTIC DIALOGUE.

JONES is fond of politics and rejoices in reading to his wife such items regarding the candidates as afford him entertainment. The dialogue, however, is apt to be disturbing.

"Mary," he said solemnly, "Roblin's voice has given out."

"Poor dear man! Won't Laurier be sorry?"

"What's Laurier got to do with it?"

"Isn't he that man from Nova Scotia who just sweeps everything for the Reformers?"

"Great Scott! You're thinking of Fielding."

"Well, isn't Roblin a Reformer?"

"For goodness' sake, Mary, have some sense."

"I'm sure you needn't get so excited about it. Besides, what difference does it make who runs the country? It doesn't seem to affect the price of butter and I'm certain that dressmakers' prices are something scandalous. Now I was asking Miss Martin to-day what she would charge to make one of those princess gowns and—"

"I won't have my wife wearing one of those sheath gowns."

"It isn't a sheath gown," retorted Mary with noble scorn, "and I'll wear what I please." There was silence for a few seconds and then an amiable voice continued. "Go on reading about the elections, Robert. I just love to hear about politics. I think Borden is such a good-looking man and Sir Wilfrid has a lovely manner. What's the matter? Going down town to talk to someone who has common-sense? Well—really!"

THE ORIGINAL REASON.

"Why," said Adam, sternly, regarding the bitten fruit with disdain, "do you want me to eat the rest of this thing? I don't believe it will agree with me. Why should I eat the stuff?"

"Well, I think it would be more sociable of you," said Eve coyly, "and—anyway—I want you to—just because."

NOTHING DOING.

RIP VAN WINKLE returned from his long sleep looking fresh as a daisy, and made his way to a Toronto barber shop, not only because he needed a hair-cut and shave, but also because he wished to catch up on the news.

"Let's see," said he to the barber, after he was safely tucked in the chair, "I've been asleep twenty years, haven't I?"

"Guess so," replied the tonsorialist.

"Have I missed much?"

"Guess not. Things are pretty much the same."

"Is the Lennox account for the City Hall settled yet?"

"Not a bit."

"Is Yonge Street bridge built?"

"Not a sign of it."

"Is MacKay premier?"

"Nowhere near it."

"Is James L. Hughes Inspector?"

"Well rather—got a crowd of teachers touring in Europe this summer."

"Is 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' at the Majestic?"

"Coming next week."

"Is Robinette member for Centre Toronto?"

"Not yet a while."

"Well, say," said Rip, rising in his chair, "never mind shaving the other side of my face. I'm going back to sleep again."—Adapted from Success.

THE JEALOUS BRIDE.

The October bride was weeping bitterly as she put down a Canadian newspaper.

"What's the matter, darling?" said the young husband in trembling anxiety.

"O George!" she exclaimed between plaintive sobs, "it says that the ice-breaker, *Montcalm*, was equipped with table silver, cut glass and cutlery to the amount of \$2,758, and that the soup tureen and ladle cost \$25.25. It makes our wedding presents look like thirty cents."

"Perhaps it isn't true," said George hopefully, "and, anyway, you oughtn't to read the papers just now. You can't believe anything till after the elections."

HONOUR FOR AUNTIE.

AN old lady passed away at Carlsbad where she had gone for her health. Her nearest relation, a nephew, ordered her body to be sent home for burial—as was her last wish—in the quiet little

country churchyard. His surprise can be imagined when on the arrival of the coffin he opened it for a last look at the remains, and found instead of the placid features of his aunt Mary, the majestic form of an English general in full regimentals, whom he remembered had chanced to die at the same time and place as his aunt.

At once he cabled to the general's heirs, explaining the situation and requesting instructions.

They came back as follows:

"Give the general a quiet funeral. Aunt Mary interred to-day with full military honours, six brass bands, saluting guns."—Tit-Bits.

A PETITION WHICH ANTICIPATED.

IT was at the funeral of a man who had left his young and attractive helpmeet a widow for the third time. At the time of his death their clergyman was away on a European trip, and in this emergency the Rev. Dr. Blank was called upon. When, however, he came to mention the widow in his prayer, it was evident that his data in regard to her had become a trifle confused. He said: "And now we commend to Thy care this widowed handmaid, who has been bereaved again and again and again." Then hesitating an instant, he added, "And perhaps again."

CAMPAIGN EXPENSES.

Successful candidate: "Jerry, what did you spend during the campaign?"

Jerry: "I'll leave that to yer own judgment, yer honour."—Life.

IN BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.

A ganger on one of our large lines of railway has a keen Gaelic wit. One warm afternoon, while walking along the line, he found one of his men placidly sleeping on the embankment. The "boss" looked disgustedly at the delinquent for a full minute and then remarked:

"Slape on, ye lazy spalpeen, slape on, fur as long as you slape you've got a job, but when you wake up you ain't got none."—Tit-Bits.



Miss Canada: "I hope my election, coming so close to yours, won't disturb you."

Miss Columbia: "Why, are you having an election, dear? How perfectly cute!"

DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN COURIER.