



## THE ORIENTAL.

The Japs and Chinese in B. C.  
Are as anxious to stay as can be;  
But their ways are not nice,  
As we've said once or twice,  
And we wish they'd go back o'er the sea  
J. G.

## WE NEVER MENTION IT.

This is told as a true story. A man from Montreal was talking to an enthusiastic Toronto group, consisting mainly of Exhibition directors, and the Montrealeer cheerfully admitted that the show was worth the trip.

"It's been a great success," said one man; "attendance larger, receipts increased — everything has gone up beautifully."  
"How about that airship, Knaben—" asked the man from Montreal.  
"Shoo!" interrupted Dr. Orr in haste.

## A PLEASANT PETITION.

There is a certain village church where a good member, known as Brother Kirby, is always stirring up strife and causing sorrow. At a prayer-meeting, one of the brethren who had suffered from Brother Kirby's meddling methods, offered up a petition in this fashion:

"O Lord, we pray that Brother Kirby may die." There was a stir of consternation among the kneeling members. But the prayer continued:

"O Lord, we pray that Brother Kirby may die and go to Hell." In horror, the pastor raised his head to remonstrate when the petition concluded:

"Because, O Lord, Thou knowest that he will break up that institution in a week."

## HE GOT IN.

A well-known comedian says that many years ago when he was a member of a company playing "She Stoops to Conquer," a man without any money, wishing to see the show, stepped up to the box-office in a small town and said:

"Pass me in, please."

The box-office man gave a loud, harsh laugh.

"Pass you in? What for?" he asked.

The applicant drew himself up and answered haughtily:

"What for? Why, because I am Oliver Goldsmith, author of the play."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," replied the box-office man, as he hurriedly wrote out an order for a box.

## HEAVENWARDS.

"Is Mike Clancy here?" asked the visitor at the quarry, just after the premature explosion.

"No, sor," replied Costigan; "he's gone."

"For good?"

"Well, sor, he wint in that direction."

## NO PARADISE FOR THEM.

"British workmen are highly amused at Canada's being described as 'The Workers' Paradise,' in view of the fact that in that country work is found for everyone." Such is the reflection of "Punch," which recognises the fact that some British workmen have a mere courtesy title and prefer "lager" to labour.

## INEFFECTIVE.

A young man, finding himself in the train without matches or cigars, cast about

for some way of wheedling both out of a fellow-traveller. He therefore leaned across and asked politely: "Excuse me, sir, but have you a match?"

The other took out his match-box, carefully extracted the required article and handed it to the young man, who laid it on the seat beside him, and then took out his cigar-case, regarded it with well-affected surprise, and said: "Hang it! I have no cigar, either!"

"Then you won't want the match, will you?" said the other, carefully picking it up and restoring it to his pocket.

## UP AND DOING.

Chicago professors are always getting in the paper. They are as restless and advertisement-loving as a Teddy Bear. Now a strenuous professor from the "Oil Academy" of Chicago has unearthed in Egypt a sun temple and a city that have been lost for 3300 years. Why couldn't he let them have a little rest? These Westerners are so energetic.



"Policeman, that ruffian took my wife's arm!"

"All right, Sir. We'll search him at the station."  
—Punch.

## WHAT SHE WANTED TO SAY.

"John, the cook has left—"

"Now, Gwendolyn, is it right to meet me with such news when I return home late from the office all tired out and hungry?"

"But, John, dear, I merely want to say the cook has left!"

"Yes, I know you 'merely want to say.'"

And I merely want to say that it's a great shame that this household is eternally disorganised. Other women manage to keep their servants. Why can't you? Why?"

"John Smith, I tell you that the cook knew you would be late, so she left a cold chicken, a custard pudding and a pint of claret on the dining-room table for you."

"Well, Gwendolyn, why in the name of common intelligence didn't you say that at first?" —Tit-Bits.

## A NEW ORDER.

Mr. James L. Hughes, the famous Toronto School Inspector, who is never so happy as when he is introducing a new society, has suggested the formation of a Courtesy League among the school-children of the city. There is no doubt that Toronto needs such an association and Hamilton will cheerfully second the motion to have the inhabitants of the capital of Ontario taught a little politeness. Mr. Henry O'Brien, K.C., of Toronto, will act as honorary president.

## A NEEDED REFORM.

King Edward left a cafe chantant in Marienbad when he disapproved of the

songs on the programme. It is rumoured that Dr. Chown has sent for His Majesty to come to Toronto and place the ban of his disapproval on a certain local theatre which is said to be in need of a censor.

## HUSH MONEY.

Hansoms and four-wheelers would be cheap in London, England, if one only paid the legal fare for them, but he who tries to pay the legal fare doesn't try it more than once. One day an old lady stopped a hansom, looked up at the driver, and said timidly:

"Driver, I want to go to Ludgate Circus. I see by the book that the legal fare is two shillings. If I give you three, will you promise not to swear at me afterwards?"

## NO COMFORT.

"Cheer up! There is a silver lining to every cloud!"

"Well, what good is that? I haven't got an airship." —Pick-Me-Up.

## CRUEL.

He (wildly)—"But don't you remember me? Why, you kissed me last July."

The Summer Girl (coldly)—"I always had a poor memory for faces."

## AN EXPLANATION.

"I gave up Jonah" said the Whale,

Who lately came to town,

"Because I knew I couldn't keep

A Good Man D

O

W

N."

—Life.

## THE FEATHERLESS FROG.

An Irishman who wasn't much of a hunter went out to hunt one day, and the first thing he saw to shoot at was a blue-jay sitting saucily on the top of a fence. He blazed away at the bird and then walked over to pick it up. What he happened to find there was a dead frog, which he raised carefully at arm's length, looking at it with a puzzled air. Finally he remarked: "Well, begobs, but ye was a divil of a foine-looking burd befur Oi blew ther fithers off o' ye!" —Judge's Library.

## UNDER ARREST.

A forlorn-looking man was brought before a magistrate for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. When asked what he had to say for himself, he gazed pensively at the judge, smoothed down a remnant of gray hair, and said:

"Your Honour, 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.' I'm not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, or as debauched as—"

"That will do," thundered the magistrate.

"Thirty days! And, officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're as bad a lot as he is." —Lippincott's Magazine.

## WHEN HE WOULD NEED IT.

"I hear he refused to take chloroform when he was operated on."

"Yes; he said he'd rather take it when he paid his bill." —The Storyteller.

## HOBSON'S CHOICE.

Suburban Host (to unexpected supper guest)—"Now, then, Miss Hobson, will you have a little of this rabbit pie or—er—or (looking round and discovering there is no other dish)—or not?" —The Tatler.



"Come on in Ma, the water's fine." —Life.