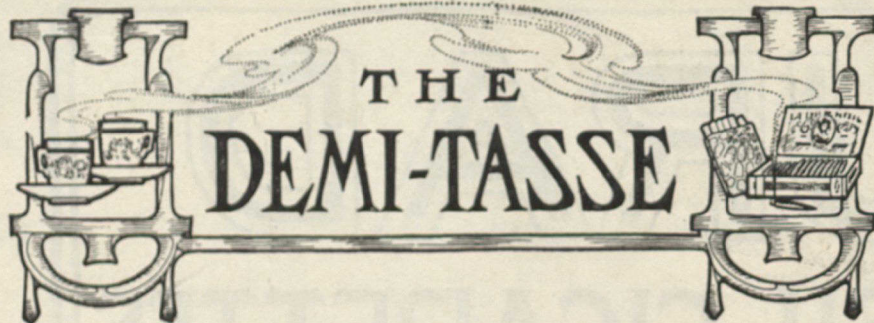




AN OPEN QUESTION.

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN is noted for his financial genius and his fine taste in Fragonards—also for a certain reticence which is in marked contrast to the volubility of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Hence when Mr. Morgan offers a word of advice or warning, every syllable of that word has a golden value. Some time ago, a disgruntled magnate went to Mr. Morgan to complain that in a certain shuffling of boards and directors, the complainant had found himself discarded.

"I might as well be frank, George," said Mr. Morgan in a rare burst of candour. "You are too much of a sport for conservative business men. You play the races and gamble in the open in a way that scares a solid business man. You really aren't eligible for that board."

"Suppose I do," roared the injured and indignant George, "those men do the very same things that they're kicking about. There's just this difference. I do them in the limelight and they do them behind the door."

"George," said the wisest man on the Rialto, in a tone of bland and kindly interrogation, "what's a door for?"

RAISING AN OBJECTION.

Recently the towns of Guelph and Goderich held a jubilation over their close railway connection, on which occasion prominent citizens of the Royal Burg went to the Huron town to celebrate. Before they departed from Guelph it was suggested that, as there would be dining and wining in Goderich, it might be as well for the visitors to take their dress suits with them.

"No," emphatically declared a Teutonic gentleman, well known throughout Ontario, "we'd be fine guys wearing our dress suits all day."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

The Toronto "Globe" says that the present political tour of Mr. R. L. Borden is like a piece of Greek tragedy, while the "Mail and Empire" thinks that it strongly resembles a Roman triumph, with Hon. A. G. Mackay chained to the chariot wheels. It is really hard to tell what kind of time the Honourable Leader of the Opposition is having, but it is a comfort to know that our leading papers have sufficient dignity to resort to ancient history for comparisons. If it were a paper in Idaho or any other of those States where the citizens show their glorious independence by blowing up the governor or stabbing the sheriff, Mr. Borden's tour might be called either thirty cents or a gorgeous scene of popular enthusiasm which made the welkin reverberate.

AUTUMN ATTRACTIONS.

Just now the Vancouver theatrical authorities are arranging for a series of entertainments which will be sure to mean battle, murder and sudden cablegrams. "San Toy" will be given as a Saturday matinee early in October and Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" will be recited between the acts by the editor of the "Saturday Sunset." Then there is to be a whole week of that dear little Jap opera, "Madame Butterfly," with reserved orchestra chairs for the latest immigrants from Honolulu, in native costume with chrysanthemum boutonnières. The cheerful and winsome

"Mikado," under the ban of the English censor, will gladden the Anglo-Saxon once more.

AN ERRING REPORTER.

Cardinal Gibbons, the venerable head of the Catholic Church in the United States, is one of the most democratic men in the country. He also enjoys a good joke, even when told at his own expense. He once related how a Baltimore newspaper man who may have been more zealous in journalism than in religion, called at the cardinal's house one day to ask His Eminence for information concerning some church matter.

"The cardinal is out of the city," said Father Fletcher, who received the caller.

"Then may I see Mrs. Gibbons?" was the startling request that followed.—Lippincott's Magazine.



Very Amateur Yachtsman (who is lost in a fog, without foghorn, and has nearly run into a barge): "Ahoy, barge! can you tell me where we shall get to, if we keep on this tack?"
Barge: "No, I can't, I'm not a clergyman!"
—Windsor Magazine.

A WELL-INFORMED OFFICIAL.

The post-master in a rural district would have a dreary time if there were no picture post cards to break the monotony of His Majesty's Service. During last August, several Toronto families were spending the holidays at a Lake Simcoe resort and a visit to the post-office became the most exciting event of the day.

One afternoon a lady said with unusual emphasis, "I do hope there's a letter from my husband to-day."

"Well, I'm sorry, Mrs. H—," said the local postmaster with genuine sympathy, "There's nothing but a post card from your mother."

No wonder the minimum salary has gone up.

MARRIED?

Judge Blank, a justice of the peace in Oklahoma, was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony for a young couple of Guthrie.

The Judge, who until a short time before had gained his legal knowledge in a neigh-

bouring state, where ministers usually officiate on such occasions, was at a loss to know how to proceed. However, he arose to the occasion. Commanding the couple to stand up, he directed that they be sworn in the following terms:

"Do you solemnly swear that you will obey the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the Territory of Oklahoma, and perform the duties of your office to the best of your ability, so help you God?"

The couple nodded assent. Then, continued the Judge, "By the power in me vested by the strong arm of the law I pronounce you man and wife, now, henceforth and forever, and you will stand committed until the fines and costs are paid, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls!" —Philadelphia Ledger.

ANOTHER EASTERN PERIL.

Mrs. Dashaway: "Yes, while we were in Egypt we visited the pyramids. They were literally covered with hieroglyphics."

Mrs. Newrich: "Ugh! Wasn't you afraid some of 'em would get on you?"—Philadelphia Record.

AS IT USED TO BE.

Mrs. Johnston (over the tub): "Doan' Ah mek yo' a good livin', Henry Clay Johnston?"

Mr. Johnston: "Tol'ble, chile—tol'ble. But yo' sh'd have seen de way mah mothah suppohted mah fathah!"—Puck.

A RESPECTABLE ESSAY.

A Spokane school-girl was required to write an essay of 250 words about an automobile. She submitted the following:

"My uncle bought an automobile. He was out in the country when it busted going up a long hill. I guess this is about fifty words. The other two hundred are what my uncle said while he was walking back to town, but they are not fit for publication."

AGGRAVATED.

Doctor: "How is that patient with the D. T.'s?"

Nurse: "Worse; this morning he thought he saw a Sunday supplement."—Life.

SURE OF HIS MAN.

On a Southern train some time ago the conductor appeared in the doorway of one of the cars though he had already taken up the tickets.

"Does there happen to be anybody here," he called out, "who hails from Kentucky?"

Far up the car a man with a vivid complexion held up his hand. The conductor noticed him. "From Kentucky?" he asked, to make sure.

"That's where," was the answer. "A gentleman in the smoker," said the conductor, "has just lost a bet. He wants a corkscrew."

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

The Trade and Travel Magazine, published at Montreal, has the following in its September edition under the head, "Scene in Police Court, St. John, N.B."

Mr. Hen Peck: "Say, Judge, my wife is gadding about every night and blowing in my hard earned shekels on bridge."

Judge R.: "Well, my good man, I'm very sorry for you, but what can I do about it?"

Mr. H. P.: "I want to get some good advice from you. You know the game is bridge, cant-i-lever?"

Judge R.: "I'll fine you for contempt of court ten dollars and costs, or six months in the Provincial Hospital, with hard labour. If, however, you will promise not to repeat such another diabolical pun in this court room I will let you off under 'suspended' sentence; under a suspension-bridge sentence, as it were."

Mr. H. P.: "Police! Police!!"—St. John Globe.