

Lucky Man

"Who wouldn't be Conductor Vogt?"
The envious small boy said;
"He waves a stick and makes them
sing
As if they'd raise the dead.

"And then he goes to old New York
His triumphs to repeat;
And when he comes back home again
They give him things to eat."

* *

In Search of the Sign

Some old graduates of Victoria University were recently talking over the halcyon days when the College was in Cobourg and life was something more than the "Humanities."

"I remember," said one white-haired member of the group, "when the faculty determined to put a stop to the Hallow E'en festivities which were a great annoyance to the local merchants. A handsome new sign had been stolen from a certain shop and the owner came up to the college, burning for revenge, as he had been informed that the 'boys' had taken it. The president of the college and other professors sympathized with his indignation and they set out to search the boys' rooms. Half a dozen of us were in John M—'s room, admiring the confiscated sign when we were warned that the committee of investigation was coming down the hall. We didn't know what to do at first, but John, who is now a bishop in the States, picked up the sign, crammed it into the stove and said, 'on your knees!' We hastily dropped to our knees and when the door was quietly opened, John was engaged in loud and fervent petition. The shop-keeper promptly said: 'Oh! It can't be here!' and went out softly, taking the somewhat bewildered professors with him. The true story was not known for many a day, but the last time John preached in Toronto I reminded him of it."

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Old Saws With Modern Teeth

It's a long worm that has no turning.

All's well that ends well.

Speech is silver but silence is radium.

It's a wise Commission that knows its own Fowler.

Where there's smoke, there's an investigation.

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The Wrong Fellow

At the Mendelssohn Choir concert in Massey Hall, Toronto, on February 25th, Mr. Herbert Witherspoon sang "King Witlaf's Drinking-Horn," one of Longfellow's spirited ballads which has been set to music by Dr. T. B. Richardson, a member of the famous Toronto choir. The audience

appreciated the rendering of the song and also the ability of the composer, to such an extent that both Mr. Witherspoon and Dr. Richardson were obliged to bow repeatedly in response to applause. When the latter arose in his place among the basses to acknowledge the public approval, a lady in the audience turned to a friend and asked:—

"Who is that bowing from the choir?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "unless it's Longfellow."

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The Modern Version

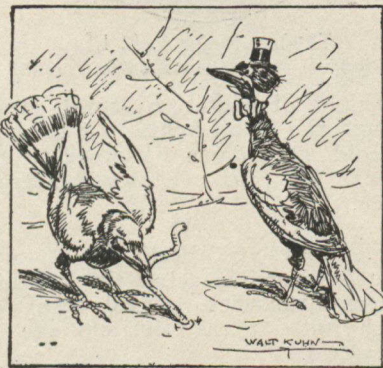
Little drops of water
Sprinkled o'er the stock
Make the foolish public
Buy it by the block.

* *

The Retort Convivial

Long ago, 'way back before 1896, while the Liberals in the Canadian Parliament were yet in Opposition and Sir Wilfrid was plain Mr. Laurier, Mr. William Paterson, now known as Hon. W. Paterson, Minister of Customs, was holding forth one stormy night on the subject of the tariff and was adding to the charm of the subject the thunderous music of his voice.

In the meantime, a Conservative member who represented a constitu-



"Come and share this worm with me."
"Why, William Bird! Don't you know it's Lent?"—N.Y. Life.

ency somewhere near Lake Superior, had betaken himself to the "ark," where he had tarried long and lovingly over Scotch and soda until he was in a fairly belligerent mood. He returned to the House, where he had listened with impressive scowl to the basso profundo periods of the Reform tariff-puncher. At length with a fierce dwelling on the consonants he ejaculated "R-r-o-t-t" in the midst of an effective sentence.

Mr. Paterson paused for a few seconds and then resumed his speech; but a second and a third explosion of the insulting monosyllable brought a sudden retort.

"Well, if it's rot," he said, gazing

severely at the befuddled enemy,
"why do you drink so much of it?"

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Murder a la Mode

Dreadful sobs,
Chiffon frills,
Prisoner groans,
Jury thrills!

Doctors talk
Very slick,
Lawyers frown,
Cameras click.

Headlines look
Rather raw.
Oh, we're sick of
Murderer Thaw!

* *

An Unfought Duel

It is said that once when the late Dr. Tanner, the Irish M.P. in the British Commons had asked in the House whether it were true that the Duke of Cambridge had resigned his position as Commander-in-Chief, a Major Jones of Penzance was so outraged that he challenged Dr. Tanner to a duel, and the following telegraphic correspondence took place:

"In reply to your despicable question about the Duke of Cambridge, I designate you a coward. Delighted to give you satisfaction across the water. Pistols!"

To this Dr. Tanner at once replied: "Wire received. Will meet you tomorrow in Constantinople, under the Tower of Galata, midnight. Being challenged, prefer torpedoes. Bring another ass.—Tanner."

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A Sad Condition

At a public dinner in an English city, the toast of "Army, Navy and Reserve Forces" was proposed in rather unusual terms. In submitting the toast, the Chairman said:

"This is a toast which requires very little comment from me, as the subject is one with which you are all familiar. The Army and Navy have been drunk for very many years, and the Reserve Forces have now been drunk for something over twenty years."

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Highly Ingenious

Mr. C. S. Rolls, the English aeronaut and motorist, who visited Canada this winter, has lately been in New York and the "Tribune" gives his views on the aeroplane.

"I think the Wrights will win," he said. "Santos-Dumont is ingenious, but the Wrights are more ingenious still. They are as ingenious as—as a betting friend of mine."

Mr. Rolls smiled, and resumed:

"My friend, Captain Bragge, bet an athlete that he could not hop up a certain long flight of steps two at a time. The athlete took the bet and made the trial. But there were forty-one steps to the flight, and therefore, after making twenty hops, the man found he had lost. He paid up, but accused Captain Bragge of sharp practice.

"Sharp practice!" said Bragge, indignantly. "Well, I'll make the same bet with you that I can do it."

"The other, expecting to win his money back, assented.

"Captain Bragge then hopped up forty steps in twenty hops, and, hopping back one, finished in the prescribed manner and won the bet."