



NOT THE RIGHT FAIR.

THERE is no one in the catalogue of bores and bromides more deadly tiresome than the man who knows everyone and who has a cheerful little anecdote to tell concerning his acquaintanceship with "General Anyoldthing" and "Admiral Boldboy." A Canadian woman who was visiting in the United States some time ago was so unfortunate as to meet a well-informed raconteur of this description at an evening reception. He was an old friend of Mr. Roosevelt, had played golf with President Taft, was chummy with every senator in the Union and was, in fact, the "warm personal friend" of nearly every magnate under the sun. Finally this much befriended gentleman condescended to take some interest in the lady who was calmly listening to his flow of soul:

"You're a Canadian, I believe," he said languidly.

"I am," replied the fair one with modest pride.

"Sir John Macdonald was one of your big men, wasn't he?"

"Yes—one of the best," said the lady warmly, for she was a Tory from Toronto.

"Well, you know he was a decidedly pleasant old chap. In the fall of 1893, at the Chicago World's Fair, he and I had a great time together. We went about for several days and I enjoyed his jokes immensely."

"The World's Fair?" said the Toronto interrogator, with her blue eyes wide open.

"Yes. He was over there, representing the Dominion. He was your Premier, don't you know?" informed the narrator in a pleasant, patronising way.

"I'm awfully glad you had a good time with him," said the Canadian demurely, "but I've always understood that dear old Sir John died in June, 1891."

"Aw—er—well, perhaps it wasn't the World's Fair."

"Perhaps it was the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876."

"Well, anyway, he was very good company," persisted the prevaricating gentleman, who made haste to be excused in order to see Senator Somebody who was just taking his departure and with whom the anecdotal gentleman had gone fishing last summer.

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NO EASY MARKS.

PRINCE Edward Island is a garden province, a veritable oriental gem of this Dominion, with roses and vines to gladden the eyes of the city-tired tourist. There is always a fly in the ointment, however, and it may as well be admitted that Prince Edward Island is no happy hunting-ground for the commercial traveller. The knights of the grip find that the inhabitants of this "isle of rest" are not given to spending their money recklessly and are content with conservative fashions, and goods that wear forever. Consequently, these worthy and en-

terprising commercial specialists take a good long breath before they buy tickets for Charlottetown.

Some time ago, an unusually disconsolate band of these gentlemen crossed from the island to Nova Scotia and spent their first quarter-of-an-hour in expressing their profound admiration for Prince Edward Island scenery. "Pastoral" and "picturesque" were overworked, in the effort to give voice to their appreciation of the natural charms of this idyllic spot. Finally, the question of "sales" was broached and gloom fell upon them all.

"Fine place, but not great on the buy," said a dry goods expositor.

"Lots of canny Scotch blood there," commented a second.

"I know now," said a third in undisguised disgust, "why it's called 'a right little, tight little island.'"

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OUR WORTHY GOVERNOR.

EARL GREY is a gentleman and a Governor-General. He has been having a good time in the West where the art of hospitality is practised as the finest of the accomplishments. But some foolish folks in Calgary objected because he happened to mention public questions, and Earl Grey in Winnipeg wittily referred to the necessity for confining himself to "platitudinous generalities."

Earl Grey was blue a moment,
The papers were unkind.
They won't allow a Governor
The least bit of a mind.

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NONE OF HIS FUNERAL.

EVERYONE has heard of Mark Twain's comment, "grossly exaggerated," when he was informed of the report of his death. Those who have read Mark's "Tom Sawyer" will recall how that immortal youth returns to the village church, just as his funeral sermon is being preached to a tearful audience. But few quiet-living Canadians have had the novel experience of Rev. William Teeple, a Methodist minister at Fonthill, who recently was advertised as a corpse in one of the St. Catharines papers, which also gave notice of the funeral. The friends who departed to attend the obsequies were somewhat startled by a hearty greeting from the gentleman who was supposed to be beyond this vale of tears and who was duly touched by this evidence of their interest in him. To say the least of it, this was a unique parlour social at the parsonage.

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A KNOCK INDEED!

THERE is a certain young lawyer, just entered into practice, whose heart was gladdened the other day by the appearance of a prospective client.

The client desired to bring suit against a railway company for damages alleged to have been done property of his on the river front.

"Your claim appears to be a good one," said the

youthful attorney, when the client's case had been outlined to him, "and I think we can secure a verdict without much trouble."

The man seemed pleased. "That's just what I told my wife," said he, "and yet she insisted at first that I engage a first-class lawyer."

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TIT FOR TAT.

MOST lawyers take a keen delight trying to confuse medical experts in the witness box in murder trials, and often they get paid back in their own coin. A case is recalled where the lawyer, after exercising all his tangling tactics without effect, looked quizzically at the doctor who was testifying, and said:

"You will admit that doctors sometimes make mistakes, won't you?"

"Oh, yes; the same as lawyers," was the cool reply.

"And doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under ground," was the lawyer's triumphant reply.

"Yes," he replied, "and lawyers' mistakes often swing in the air."

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"Well! Of all the Nerve!"—Life.

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WHY PAT DROPPED.

AN Irishman fell from a house and landed on a wire about twenty feet from the ground. After he had struggled a moment the man let go and fell to the ground. Some one asked his reason for letting go. "Faith," was the reply, "I was afraid the wire would break."

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QUITE EXCUSABLE.

THE following story is told in Washington. The Minister from Guatemala attended a White House reception recently. When he went to leave, he said to the negro attendant who calls the carriages: "Call the carriage for the Guatemalan minister."

"Yes, sir," responded the negro, and then he shouted in loud and proud accents, "De carriage ob de watah-melon ministah!"

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THE ORIGIN OF STRIKES.

THE big coal strike at Glace Bay has been a harvest for the Socialists; and nearly every one of the strikers use the old clap-trap argument that a man cannot be a millionaire and be honest. One day lately some of the Socialistic wing of the strikers met a prominent stipendiary magistrate and thinking to bait him into an argument, very politely asked him to decide a discussion that they had amongst themselves. The spokesman said: "Now, your honour, can a man be a millionaire and be honest?"

His Honour: "Yes, I have known of honest millionaires and I have known of dishonest ones also."

The Socialist: "Yes, and you know of honest workmen, too—they are not all dishonest."

His Honour: "Yes, there are honest and dishonest men in all callings. The Scripture mentions dishonest angels."

The Socialist (laughing): "They had a strike in Heaven once, didn't they?"

His Honour: "Yes; and you know where the strike leader and all the strikers are now."



"Yes, it always happen like this when your last cartridge is expended, doesn't it?"—Life.