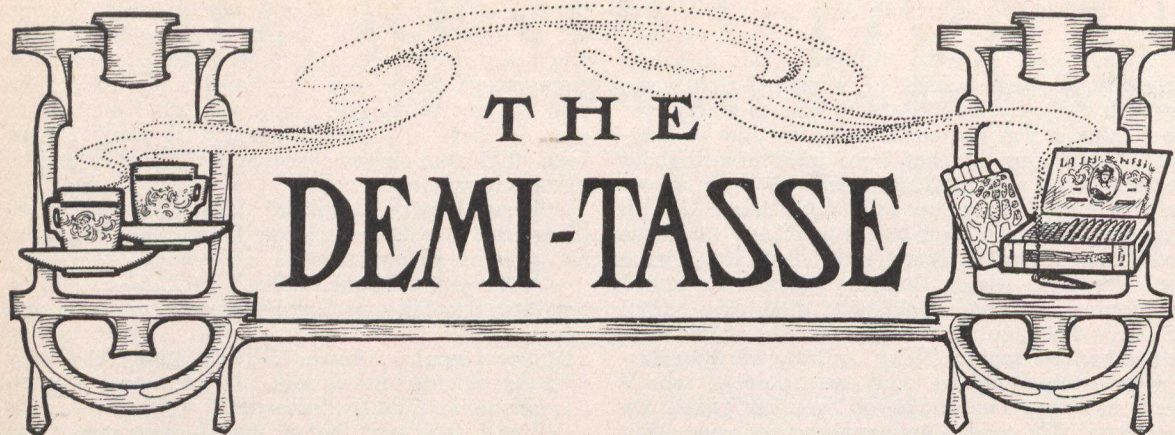




RHYMES OF THE WEEK.

There once was a summer election,
Which gave little room for selection;
And those who got in
Are wearing a grin,
While the others are clothed in dejection.

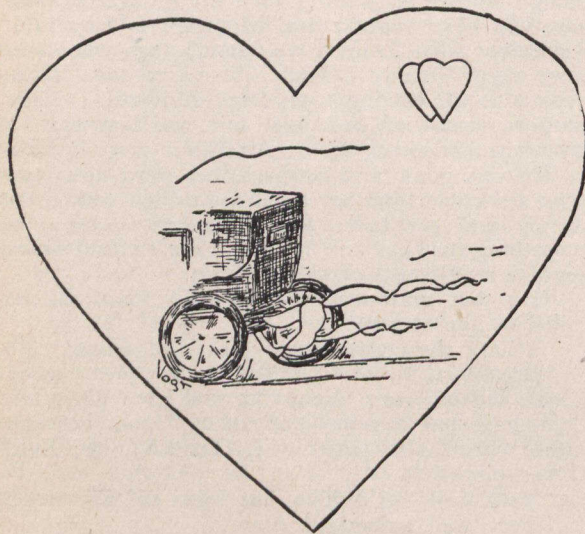
Seven merry Socialists
Talking in the Ward
Set Toronto "bobbies"
Muchly on their guard;
So they snatched the orators,
Marched them off to gaol;
Now those seven martyrs
Turn the landscape pale.

From the attic is wafted the odour of paint,
The state of the cellar would worry a saint;
And we earnestly pray to the fast-sinking sun:
"Send the hour when the house-cleaning season is done."

A SIDE-LIGHT ON HISTORY.

"Who were the Fenians, Johnny?" asked a Toronto teacher.

"They were a lot of heathens who came over from Buffalo and wanted to be Mayor of Toronto," was the startling reply.



A Leaf from the Cabbies' Calendar.—Life.

MORE WINSOMENESS FROM WINSTON.

RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL has been saying nice things about Wolfe and Montcalm at Oxford and has declared that Canada has a potentiality for expansion (like Winston's head) and also possesses a great range of hope. Since he was elected in that marmalade town in the north, Mr. Churchill has indulged in sweet and sticky remarks concerning "this here country." But Canada has a long memory and the vast insolence of Winston the Guest will go far to neutralise the efforts of Winston the Advance Agent, who is really fond of Montcalm because the latter is a dead Canadian.

NEWSLETS.

HON. W. J. HANNA says that his lucky number is a fraction—three-fifths.

The name of the new premier of Persia is much worse than anything Mr. Whitney ever called Hon. G. W. Ross.

It is reported that the County Constabulary of York County are going to present Mr. John A. Ayearst with a loving cup, in token of their appreciation of the latter's remarks regarding the "most mortified ever."

The sheath skirt will not be the fashion in Canada. This is disappointing to several young

ministers who had intended to preach on the subject, and who find a dearth of denunciatory topics at this season of the year.

The Chateau Frontenac at Quebec almost had a fire last week. Think how happy the guests would be if there would only be a fire the last week of July in that noble hostelry and destroy all the hotel bills for the Tercentenary season!

It is said that there will be a great rush of students to the Chateau for the summer, as the palms of the happy waiters will hold vaster tips than have been.

Earl Grey refuses to tell Dr. Chown just how much he dropped at the Woodbine but it is rumoured that His Excellency is not going to the seaside this summer.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

CANADIAN candidates for political honours are not yet required to commit themselves on the subject of woman suffrage, but in the United States, Secretary Taft has been recently asked for his views on the subject. He believes in it but cautiously adds that the time is not ripe for it yet.

"But is he for ripening it?" demanded a persistent lady.

CONSIDERABLY CUT DOWN.

THE ship upon clearing the harbour ran into a half-pitching, half-rolling sea, that became particularly noticeable about the time the twenty-five passengers at the captain's table sat down to dinner. "I hope that all twenty-five of you will have a pleasant trip," the captain told them as the soup appeared, "and that this little assemblage of twenty-four will reach port much benefitted by the voyage. I look upon these twenty-two smiling faces much as a father does upon his family, for I am responsible for the safety of this group of seventeen. I hope that all the thirteen of you will join me later in drinking to a merry trip. I believe that we seven fellow-passengers are most congenial and I applaud the judgment which chose from the passenger list these three persons for my table. You and I, my dear sir, are—Here, steward! Bring on the fish and clear away these dishes."—*The Argonaut*.

LOST HIS LUGGAGE.

WAITING for a train at the depot in Paisley, Scotland, one day, a traveller noticed an old Scotchman in workingman's attire, with a most crestfallen countenance.

Having some time to wait, he approached the old man and said: "Have you met with some misfortune, my friend?"

"Aye, I've met wi' a great misfoortune."

"Well, tell me what has happened, and I'll endeavour to assist you."

"Na, na, ye canna assist me. There's nae use daein' onything about it. I've loast ma luggage."

"Why, that's not so very bad. I'll telegraph on to the next station for it. It will certainly be recovered for you."

"Tut, maun, what are ye haiverin awa aboot? There's nae poower on airth can recover it for me."

"Why, how did you lose it?"

"Weel, I dinna ken vera weel hoo it happened, but I wis comin' down by yon street, and some way or ither the cork cam' oot."

WHAT HE WANTED.

NOT long ago there entered the office of the superintendent of a trolley line in Detroit an angry citizen, demanding "justice" in no uncertain terms. In response to the official's gentle inquiry touching the cause of the demand, the angry citizen explained that on the day previous as his wife was boarding one of the company's cars the conductor thereof had stepped on his spouse's dress, tearing from it more than a yard of material. "I can't see that we are

to blame for that," protested the superintendent. "What do you expect us to do, get her a new dress?"

"No, sir, I do not," rejoined the angry citizen, brandishing a piece of cloth. "What I propose is that you people shall match this material."

"OH, DRY THOSE TEARS."

NEAR a French cemetery there stands a wineshop with an attractive and thoughtful advertisement. The public-house calls itself "At the Sign of the Return from the Funeral." The board underneath bears this considerate announcement: "Private rooms for persons desirous of weeping alone." Still lower are the consoling words, "Wines and spirits of the best quality."—*Montreal Star*.

OPTIMISTIC TO THE END.

SOME time ago there was a flood in western Pennsylvania. An old fellow who had lost nearly everything he possessed was sitting on the roof of the house as it floated along when a boat approached.

"Hello, John."

"Hello, Dave."

"Are your fowls all washed away, John?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man.

"Apple trees gone?"

"Well, they said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the flood's away above your window."

"That's all right, Dave. Them winders needed washin', anyhow."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE MUMMY AND THE YORKSHIREMAN.

LADY DUFF-GORDON was describing, at a dinner in New York, the visit that she paid to Chinatown under the able guidance of Chuck Connors.

"It was a most interesting visit," Lady Duff-Gordon said, "but I could not understand the English of my guide, nor could I understand the intricacies of the opium smoking, the Chinese acting and the other strange and novel things I saw."

"Altogether, I must have appeared very ignorant—as ignorant as the Yorkshireman who came to London to see our famous British Museum."

"Unfortunately, the Yorkshireman chose a close day for his visit, and the policeman at the gate, when he presented himself there, waved him away."

"But I must come in," said the Yorkshireman. "I've a holiday on purpose."

"No matter," said the guardian. "This is a close day, and the museum is shut."

"What! Ain't this public property?"

"Yes," admitted the policeman; "but," he cried, excitedly, "one of the mummies died on Tuesday, and do you begrudge us one day to bury him in?"

"Oh, excuse me," said the Yorkshireman, in a hushed voice. "In that case I won't intrude."—*Washington Star*.



TERRITORIAL TROUBLES

Recruit: "Please, Sergeant, I've got a splinter in my 'and." Sergeant-Instructor: "Wot yer been doin'?" Strokin' yer 'ead?"—Punch.