

SUNSHINE

Vol. IX
No. 10

MONTREAL

OCTOBER,
1904

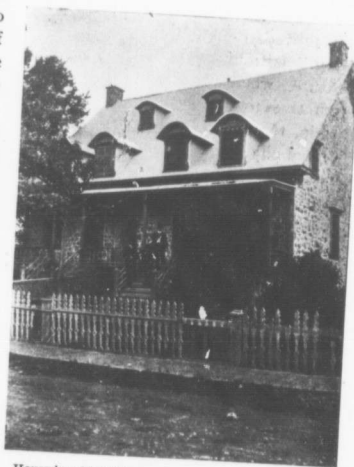
His Voice Failed.

Congressman Gibson, of Tennessee, as a voice which plays most inconvenient tricks on its owner at times, says the New York Tribune. In the middle of a really good oratorical flight or at a similarly inopportune time it will get clogged for some moments, much to the annoyance of the pudgy little man from the moonshine mountains. The other day he was sailing along in fine shape discussing the tariff. Said he: "Why, tariffs are like a pair of suspenders, sometimes tight and sometimes loose, but Uncle Sam needs them just the same to keep up his" — Right here the voice of Henry Richard Gibson struck a high treble note, flared and stopped short. His vocal chords failed to vibrate and produce sound. Those of the members who were not in agonies of silent laughter breathed hard, wondering whether the speaker meant to say "trousers," "pantaloons," "pants," or "overalls." Mr. Gibson finally recovered his voice,

and said "running expenses." The words which followed were drowned in a mighty roar, and Speaker Cannon, smiling grimly, made no effort to suppress it.

Challenge the Judge.

A counsel who was appointed to defend an Irishman challenged several of the jury, who his client said had a prejudice against him. "Are there any more of the jurymen to whom you object?" whispered the barrister. "No sor," was Pat's prompt reply; "the jury's awl roight; but I want you to challenge the judge. I've been convicted under him several times already, and loikely he's beginnin' to have a dislike to me."



House in which Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, lived, at St. Anne de Bellevue.

See Canadian boat song, page 155.

"How long has this affair been building?" asked the American tourist, as he looked at the Cologne Cathedral. "About five hundred years," answered the guide. "Five hundred years! Why, in Chicago we could put up a building like that and have it all to pieces all within five years.