

THE LATEST OCCUPATION.

They're moving resolutions
From Halifax to Vic.;
The way they're holding meetings
Is fit to make you sick.
One thing they've firmly settled—
No spots there shall be seen
On this, our next Election—
They've vowed it shall be clean.

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THE NATURE OF IT.

First citizen: "This financial panic has been a bad thing."

Second citizen: "A perfect fright."

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HARDLY HAPPY.

In the Edmonton *Saturday News* that good fellow, "The Lounger," goes on to say:

"I have before me an article from the *Vancouver World*. 'This day ten years ago,' it commences, 'New Westminster lay in ashes.' We are then told of the heroic efforts the people made to rebuild. But concluding the article is this sentence: 'Many happy returns of the day to the Royal City!' The Royal Cityites can hardly be blamed if they reply 'No doubt your intentions are good, but we must ask you to kindly excuse us.'"

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IN GOOD ONTARIO.

"Where's Jimmy Brown these days?"

"Oh, he's having the holiday of his life. His dad knows a Member and got Jimmy appointed a fire-ranger."

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TANGIBLE EVIDENCE.

A LITTLE girl was afraid to stay in her bed in the dark. Her mother left her with the usual reassurance that there was no need of fear—God was with her.

In answer to fretful pleadings the mother returned to the nursery and tucked a favourite doll in beside her little daughter for comfort. Scarcely had she reseated herself in the sitting-room when a little voice piped over the banisters:

"Mamma! Mamma! I don't want God and I don't want dolly. I want somebody with a skin face."

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The Latest Popular Air.—Life.

THE BEGINNING OF A COMMONPLACE.

Adam and Eve were packing up.
"Yes," they protested, "we had a perfectly charming time in the country."
Thus the vacation lie had its birth.—*Sun*.

NO BEAUTY.

A CHESTER lawyer, says the *Washington Star*, married a young woman of exquisite mind—a thin, big-headed girl in spectacles. A friend from the East was introduced to the lady one night, and later on the bridegroom said to him:

"George, what do you think of her?"

George puffed thoughtfully on his cigar.

"Well," he said, "to tell you the truth, she isn't much to look at, is she?"

The husband's face fell.

"Ah, but," he said eagerly, "what a mind she has! Externally, perhaps, she isn't all that could be desired, but within—ah! George, she has a beautiful mind."

George smiled.

"Then have her turned," he said.

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MAKING EVERYONE USEFUL.

AN Englishman who was out West in early days fell in with a long train of prairie schooners, the leader of which announced that he and his fellow-emigrants were going to found a town, having everything that was needful and nothing that was unnecessary. "We won't have any waste," he said; "there isn't a person in our party who won't do some important duty in the new town."

The Englishman pointed to an old and feeble man, with a bent back and a long, thin white beard.

"But that very old man there," he said; "he can't possibly be of any use to you, can he?"

"Oh, yes," said the leader; "we'll open our new cemetery with him."

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NOT ABUSED ENOUGH.

"THERE'S one thing that worries me," said a Toronto Tory in a burst of confidence; "all the Grits call Borden a perfect gentleman. Now, they were never done abusing the only Sir John. They're too hanged polite about Borden, to indicate that they're the least bit afraid of him. When I hear Billy Peters calling Borden all kinds of names, making out that he's got no sense of honour and wouldn't know the Ten Commandments if he saw them, then I'll believe that Nova Scotia's coming our way and that Alberta's going to give Laurier a black eye. When the *Globe* comes along with an outburst of righteous indignation, showing that R. L. Borden is no fit man to lead even a semi-respectable party, then there'll be electricity on the horizon and votes in the box. But they're too blamed pleasant about him—too complimentary by a long sight."

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AN AWKWARD QUESTION.

Politician: "Congratulate me, my dear, I've won the nomination."

His wife (in surprise): "Honestly?"

Politician: "Now what in thunder did you want to bring that point up for?"

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A THOROUGH BLOCK SYSTEM.

AFTER the train had made several sudden jerks and abrupt stops, the traveller became apprehensive, says a writer in the *Chicago News*. There had been numerous accidents on the line of late, and there was cause for fear. Calling the porter aside, he said:

"Sam, is this train safe?"

"Safe as any, sah," assured the porter.

"Well, is there a block system on this road?"

Sam's grin extended from ear to ear.

"Block system, boss? Why, we hab de greatest

block system in de world. Ten miles back we were blocked by a load of hay, six miles back we were blocked by a mule, just now we were blocked by a cow, and I reckon when we get further souf we'll be blocked by an alligator. Block system, boss? Well, Ah guess!"

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THE OUTCAST.

YOU ask me why I weep and moan, like some lost spirit in despair, and why I wander off alone, and paw the ground and tear my hair? You ask me why I pack this gun, all loaded up, prepared to shoot? Alas! my troubles have begun—the women folk are canning fruit! There is no place for me to eat, unless I eat upon the floor; and peelings get beneath my feet, and make me fall a block or more; the odours from the boiling jam all day assail my weary snoot; you find me, then, the wreck I am—the women folk are canning fruit! O, they have peaches on the chairs, and moldy apples on the floor, and wormy plums upon the stairs, and piles of pears outside the door; and they are boiling pulp and juice, and you may hear them yell and hoot; a man's existence is the deuce—the women folk are canning fruit.—*Emporia (Kansas) Gazette*.

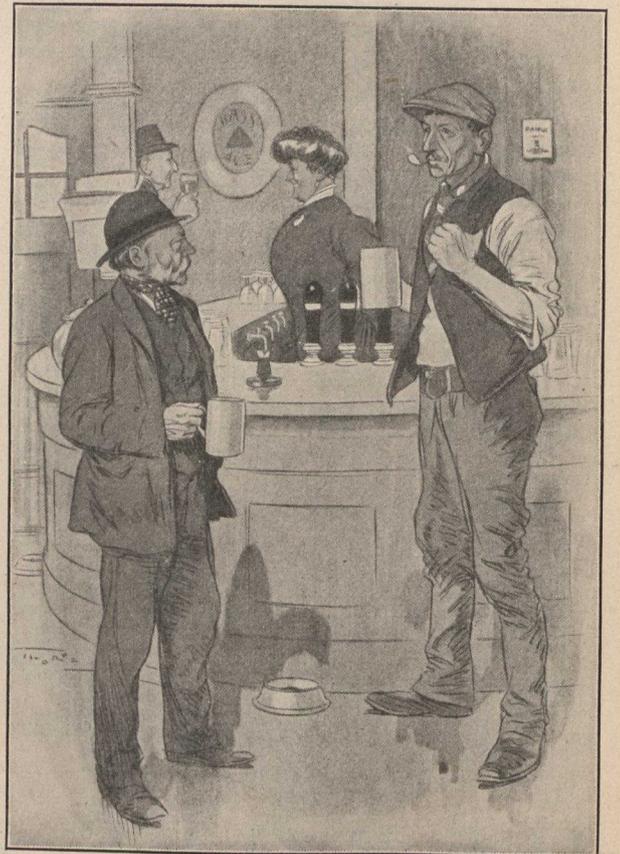
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EXPLAINED.

Mistress: "You seemed to be enjoying yourself last evening, Bridget. I heard loud laughter in the kitchen."

Bridget: "Yes, mum. Me policeman cousin was after droppin' in to tell me of me uncle's death."—*Harper's Bazar*.

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TOO BAD!

First Toiler: My doctor ordered me to drink beer for insomnyer.

Second Toiler: Can't you sleep, then?

First Toiler: Only at night.—*Windsor Magazine*.

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BEWILDERING ENGLISH.

A London editor tells of a French visitor who announced: "I call to see Monsieur Rollard."

Maid: "You can't see him, sir; he's not up yet."

French visitor: "Vat you tell? I com' yesterday and you say, can't see heem, because he is not down; now you say, can't see heem, because he not oop. Vat you mean by all dat? Ven vill he be in ze middle?"

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IN THE VERNACULAR.

THE girl had been three weeks in the employ of an artistic family; but her time had been by no means wasted. Her mistress was giving her instructions as to the dinner.

"Don't forget the potatoes," enjoined the lady.

"No, ma'am," was the reply; "will you 'ave 'em in their jackets or in the nood?"—*Democratic Telegram*.