

SEMPER PARATUS.

We love all sister nations,
We'd hate to go to war,
We wonder in perplexity
What all the tumult's for.
But "William's" building *Dreadnaughts*,
There's a speech from Balfour's lips—
Perhaps it might be handy
To have some extra ships.

HIS ALARM.

IT is a fact to which we do not point with pride that many of our legislators are not acquainted with the polite usages of the English language. It was a United States Senator who asked in bewilderment, "Where was I at?" but it is to be feared that there are several members of the Canadian Senate who would have been capable of the same blundering query.

A member of the Canadian House of Commons who has more muscular energy than grey matter, was recently discussing matters of national importance, when another member of the august body which makes our laws for a consideration, remarked adversely on the dual language system.

"Jew-al language!" echoed the other in scorn and doubt, "I don't believe in having it in the country. I ain't got no use for the Jews."

A SOOTHING SUGGESTION.

SPEAKING of Canadian legislative or deliberative assemblies, reminds one of a story about one of the youngest of the M. P. fraternity, who was showing a stranger from "home" the interesting sights of the buildings on Parliament Hill. The stately room in which the members of the Senate spend their peaceful hours was approached and the visitor asked its name and purpose.

"That," said the youthful M. P. with a light regard for those who have earned repose, "is the Chief Dormitory."

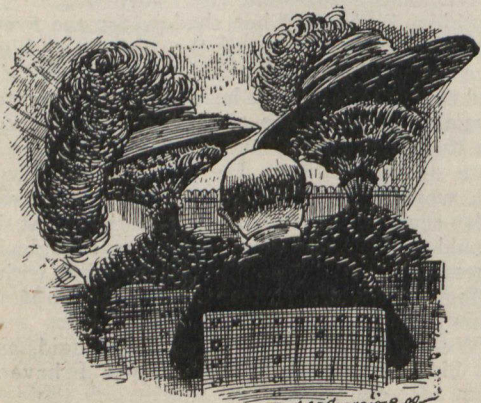
SWEET CHARITY.

CANADIAN women are quite as much given to charity as those of other civilised lands but their enthusiasm in the "cause" is not always regarded by their masculine relatives with the proper respect. That may be because the men pay the subscriptions which the women so cheerfully decide upon. Some time ago, a woman who considers it much more blessed to give than to receive was packing a box for a mission in the far North and made woollen stockings an important feature of the consignment.

"Say, Mary," said her husband who was watching operations with more curiosity than sympathy, "this seems to be a case where charity covers a multitude of shins."

THE RULING QUESTION.

A RAILWAY employee whose leg had been crushed in an accident at Oakville was brought to Toronto for treatment and was attended by Dr.



A Millinery Opening.—Life.

Riordan, to whom he spoke in lamentation of the useless cripple he might become.

"And, doctor," he added, "the trip to the city seemed a hundred miles long. I'll never forget it."

Dr. Riordan did his best to make the sufferer realise the compensations of the situation, when the latter looked up suddenly and said with animation—"Doctor, what's your theory about the Kinrade murder?"

GENESIS AND REVELATIONS.

THERE is a story being told in the journalistic circles of Toronto which is good enough to be "an over true tale." Most readers of the *Globe* will remember the communication from Dr. Carman which appeared on an unlucky Friday in the columns of that daily, to be followed on Saturday by an epistle from Rev. George Jackson and a "framed" communication from Mr. J. W. Flavell. In fact, so important were Saturday's letters that they divided interest with the Hamilton murder on the front page. Now, the Carman letter was considered a fortunate "scoop" for the leading Liberal organ and great was the rejoicing over this lively bit of un-Higher criticism. However, it is told that Dr. Carman sent a letter to the *Mail and Empire* to be used on the same Friday, but the stationery was unofficial, the signature was undecipherable, and the powers that print decided to hold it over for any old time. It is also asserted that there was gnashing of teeth in the sanctum at the corner of Bay and King streets when the *Globe* came out with the General Superintendent's letter in a prominent place, the warmest reading-matter in the space next to advertising. The careless signature took on a sudden importance, the criticism of Sherbourne Street theology became a burning question. But the *Globe* had the eternal advantage of the early edition and a "Chief" who knows all about theories of inspiration. Of course, the *Mail and Empire* may be slandered in this entertaining narrative, but there are newspaper men who say it is neither myth, legend nor fable, but a literal account of an editor's hard luck.

FORCE OF HABIT.

A CERTAIN Western Congressman's boundless affability and habitual absent-mindedness, says the *Bohemian Magazine*, have occasionally led him into absurd mistakes. One day during his last campaign as he stepped from the train at the station of his home town after a month of stumping and "glad handing," his little daughter rushed up to him and kissed him. The congressman beamed upon her with a proud and tender parental eye.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "if it isn't my little Bessie!" Then he added mechanically, "And how is your dear old father?"

A LOW PUN.

A FAMOUS doctor was once found by a friend with his feet swathed in flannels and extended upon a chair. Calling the next day and finding him in the like position, he said, "What is the matter?"

"I have the gout."
"You have the gout—such a temperance man as you!"
"Yes" was the reply. "My forefathers drank wine and I must foot the bills."

THE MISSING LINK.

A LAWYER having offices in a Philadelphia building wherein there are some hundreds of tenants recently lost a cuff-link, one of a pair that he greatly prized.

Being absolutely certain that he had dropped the link somewhere in the building, he caused a notice to be posted in the following terms:

"Lost. A gold cuff-link. The owner, William Ward, will deeply appreciate its immediate return."

That afternoon, on passing the door whereon this notice was posted, what were the feelings of

the lawyer to observe that appended thereto were these lines:

The finder of the missing cuff-link would deem it a great favour if the owner would kindly lose the other link."—*Harper's Weekly*.

NOTHING DOING.

The Minister (meeting little urchin carrying willow pole and a can of worms)—Do you know where little boys go who fish on Sundays?

Little Urchin—Well do you'se tink we was goin' to give away our snap to every lobster that comes erlong? Find yer own place!"

WORKED HARD, TOO.

A PERSISTENT lawyer who had been trying to establish a witness' suspicious connection with an offending railroad was at last elated by the witness' admission that he "had worked on the railroad."

"Ah!" said the attorney with a satisfied smile. "You said you have worked on the P. T. & X.?"

"Yes."
"For how long a period?"
"Off and on for seven years, or since I have lived at Peacedale, on their line."

"Ah! You say you were in the employ of the P. T. & X. for seven years, off and on?"

"No. I did not say that I was employed by the P. T. & X. I said that I had worked on the road, off and on, for that length of time."

"Do you wish to convey the impression that you have worked for the P. T. & X. for seven years without reward?" asked the attorney.

"Absolutely without reward," the witness answered calmly. "For seven years, off and on, I've tried to open the windows in the P. T. & X. cars, and never once have I succeeded."—*Youth's Companion*.



Patient's Wife: "Well, Doctor, I say it's influenza. What's your humble opinion?"—Punch.

A MISANTHROPE.

The Husband—Well, say what you will, my dear, you'll find worse men than me in the world.
The Wife—Oh, Tom, how can you be so bitter?

ALARMING!

Yorkshire Farmer (bursting into the village inn): "What do you think, Silas? The bones of a prehistoric man have been discovered on Jim White's farm."

Innkeeper: "Great goodness! I hope poor Jim'll be able to clear hisself at the coroner's inquest."—*Tit-Bits*.

SOLICITUDE.

Invalid Husband: "Did the doctor say I was to take all that medicine?"

Wife: "Yes, dear."
Invalid Husband: "Why, there's enough there to kill a donkey."

Wife (anxiously): "Then you'd better not take all of it, John."—*Tit-Bits*.