

## A MILITIA VERSE.

AT the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, Mr. Hallen Mostyn, who was taking the part of "The Rajah of Bhong" last week sang the following local hit as an encore. The audience, needless to say, applauded the clever skit loudly.

Just three centuries ago, as a school-boy would know

This land saw the birth of a nation.  
We all understood that the Government would  
Mark the date with a grand celebration.  
Now to save a few cents, they have cut the expense  
And won't march all the soldiers before us;  
They will have a review made up of a few,  
Spread out like an opera chorus.  
Peace! Peace! Oh, for some peace!

The Prince will think things have gone wrong.  
He will see a parade looking like a brigade  
From some small backwoods village of Bhong.  
Peace! Peace!

But here's the chief point—we'll look like a cheap joint

In the beautiful valley of Bhong.

\* \* \*

## WHAT IT WILL LOOK LIKE.

Several representative Canadians were recently discussing the Tercentenary at Quebec.

"Wonder if it will turn out well," said a prominent broker.

"I tell you what, so far as military display is concerned, it will look like a Thirtierycentenary," said a disgusted militia officer.

\* \* \*

## HIS FUTURE.

A YOUNG man was complaining to an old lady about the length of the pastor's sermons.

"I don't care for these drawn-out discourses. Give me a fifteen-minute sermon."

"Eh, but my lad you must remember that those who believe in a sermonette may get nothing but a Heavenette." This direful warning is passed on to that distinguished Ontario politician who is the greatest living sermonettist.

\* \* \*

## RACE-WEEK RHYMES.

It was two feet long and three feet wide,  
With bunches of roses, tucked in at the side,  
And plumes that floated in graceful pride—  
The hat Mollie wore to the races.

It was flabby and mournful and painfully thin,  
It was token of horses that never could win,  
It certainly didn't contain any tin—  
The purse Teddy brought from the races.

\* \* \*

## OUR KIND FRIENDS.

He—"What a tiresome girl that Miss Syruppy is! One gets so sick of her perpetual smile."

She—"Yes. The poor girl seems to be trying to lead the simpering life."

\* \* \*

## WHERE HE BELONGED.

AT a certain Canadian hotel, the talk recently turned upon the great influx of United Statesers into Western Canada when a stranger at the head of the table suddenly declared that there is no such thing. He continued:

"I was sitting in front of a hotel in Red Deer, talking to one of the farmers in that vicinity who explained that he was from Montana, had been in Alberta about a year and was continually pestered by letters from men across the border whom he had never even heard of. These were inquiries about the country, addressed to him, owing to a letter he had written to his Montana paper. He got up after a while and went for his mail, returning in a few minutes with four letters and a paper, one of

the former being from his wife. The others, he said, were some more of those blamed inquiries. Then he settled down to read his paper which, he said, was from 'home.' As it blew gently back and forth in the breeze, I noticed the heading, *Listowel Banner*, and of course immediately asked him if they had a town in Montana called Listowel. His answer, given with a flourish of his paper, as if it were his flag instead, was decided:

"No, we haven't. This paper is from Listowel, Canada. I left there thirty years ago and I always call that home." L. B. C.

\* \* \*

## REALLY NICE.

"She seems like a very nice girl."

"One whom it would be safe to marry?"

"Oh, no. No girl is safe enough for that. But she's nice enough to think about marrying, if you only know when to stop."—*Life*.

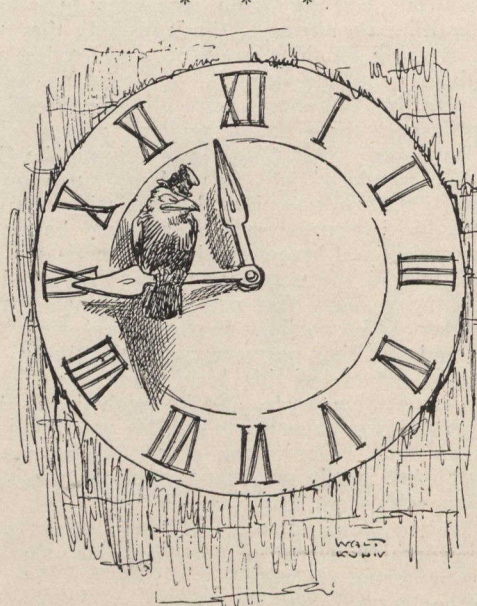
\* \* \*

## THE REASON.

Brown—"What's the matter with the sons of our prominent citizens? They don't seem to amount to anything. Yet look at their advantages."

Jones—"But they haven't had their fathers' early disadvantages."

\* \* \*



"When this thing drops me off it'll be time to go home."—*Life*.

\* \* \*

## RESERVED FOR A PURPOSE.

A CERTAIN Kentucky justice of the peace was called upon to marry a runaway couple who drove up to his house. When the final words were said, the bridegroom fumbled in his pockets, and finally fished out a silver dollar.

"Judge," said he, "this here's all the cash I've got in the world. If you wants it, you kin have it; but I don't mind tellin' you that I set it aside for the honeymoon expenses."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

\* \* \*

## A POLITICAL INTERLUDE.

MR. A. W. WRIGHT, Independent Conservative candidate for the Legislature in West Toronto, has many friends who wish to see him happily seated in the big brown buildings in Queen's Park. Recently Mr. Wright has caused somewhat of a sensation by reviving sad memories of a certain trip to Buffalo in the gorgeous springtime of 1903. Mr. Wright is evidently not content to let Buffalo be bygones and his bold action has caused a ripple in a deadly dull election.

Some time ago, when there was a bye-election in a county which shall be nameless, Mr. Wright exerted himself in behalf of the Conservative candidate. It was not long after a respected Reform paper

had waded into picturesque details in connection with a public man who was no worshipper of George Brown and the Conservatives in the bye-election community were not in friendly mood. Mr. Wright received from a would-be helper a document relating to the alleged bibulosity of a prominent Reformer and with the document was a note requesting that the information be used. Mr. Wright promptly replied saying that he would put the document to the "best possible use."

A crowd assembled on the following night, for the news had gone abroad that "revelations" were on the programme. The speeches were made and the audience hung on the utterances of the Conservative worker but at the very end there was a sigh of disappointment for it was all politics—not a single word about anyone's temperance principles. "You didn't keep your promise," said he of the document. "You said you'd make use of that information."

"I said I'd make the best possible use of it," was the reply, "and I did. I put it in the fire."

\* \* \*

## PARIS FRENCH IS NOT GOOD FRENCH IN THE CANADA WOODS.

"Where does Monsieur come from?" asked Jean.

"From New York."

"New York? Why, I did not know that French was spoken in New York."

"No," I explained, "but I learned my French in Paris."

"Paris? Where is that?"

I explained once more that Paris was a city in the great country of France.

"Oh! yes, France. I have heard of that. Well!" he said, "decidedly it is not good French, that Paris French!" Then, evidently with the kindly intent of softening the blow, he added, "However, I can understand you."—*Scribner's*.

\* \* \*

## AN HONOURABLE MAN.

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, who has created such a favourable impression during his recent visit to Canada, is said to have a keen sense of humour and a decided dislike for those who pretend to musical knowledge which they do not possess.

At a dinner of the Musicians' Company, one evening, Sir Frederick Bridge sat next to a gentleman who tried to impress the organist with his knowledge of music; but a chance remark convinced Sir Frederick that his dinner companion knew very little about the subject and he asked him point blank: "Why are you a member of this company?"

"Why shouldn't I be?" returned the other, in an offended tone.

"Well, you don't know much about music," remarked the Abbey organist.

"Don't I though," was the rejoinder.

"Come, now," said Sir Frederick, "tell me what are the four resolutions of the dominant seventh?"

"Tell you what are the four resolutions of the dominant seventh?" echoed the ignorant one. "I would not betray the secrets of our craft under any circumstances."

\* \* \*

## DISAPPOINTING.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S love of the orchid is well known, and at one of his political meetings some years ago his fondness for this flower was responsible for an amusing incident. In the midst of the proceedings an old man pushed his way through the crowd, and demanded of his nearest neighbour to be told which was Mr. Chamberlain. "That's 'im," was the answer, "that clean-shaven man with the eyeglass."

"Well, if that's Chamberlain, I think 'e's a reg'lar fraud," exclaimed the old fellow, in a disappointed tone; "they told me as 'ow 'e wore a little orchard in 'is button-'ole, an' it ain't nothin' more than a 'tater blossom, after all!"—*M. A. P.*

\* \* \*

## HE KNEW.

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman.

"No," answered the boy, "the pain's in me."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

\* \* \*

## A GOOD REASON.

A SMALL boy, aged four, came to his mother, not long ago, saying that he and some friends had found a dead cat, and asked permission to have a funeral. Leave was granted, and later in the day the small boy's mother asked how the affair went off.

"We didn't have the funeral, after all," said the child.

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, the cat was *too* dead."