



## SHE GOT THEM—NEARLY ALL.

VAST as are the possessions of the British Empire, they hardly compare with the small Canadian's conception of them, who, coming in from school exclaimed:—

"Thank goodness, our geography examinations are over!"

"How did you get along?" she was asked.

"Pretty well. I answered all the questions. The only one I wasn't very sure of was 'Name the British possessions,' and I answered, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, New Zealand and the Islands of the Seas, so I guess I got them nearly all."

## NEWSLETS.

LORD MINTO has cabled congratulations to Col. Hendrie. It is now up to the gallant colonel to send a few lines of felicitation to King Edward on the latter's pleasant little winning of the Derby Stakes. Evidently the Irish member who referred to King Edward as "the pace-maker" was not so far wrong, as the brogue would imply.

Hon. Philippe Roy says he is tired of life. One would think he had been a steady attendant at the Woodbine.

After Hon. J. S. Hendrie and Hon. Adam Beck have had such a joyous Saturday on King's Plate day, Hon. W. J. Hanna has decided that it would be lucky to be a cabinet minister—"without portfolio."

It is remarkable how quickly these new northern towns become civilised. An editor in Elk Lake has a libel suit on his hands.

Gipsy Smith is to visit Montreal, at the special request of the City Council.

Hon. William Pugsley will not be asked to spend the vacation at the summer house of Mr. Crothers of West Elgin.

The candidates at the arithmetic examination for entrance to High Schools will wrestle with the problem: "If it takes the City of Toronto seventeen years to discuss a pure water supply, how long will it take the City of Montreal to get pure politics?"

## A GENIAL GENTLEMAN.

THIS is the season when the shower bouquet which the bride carried and the "chiffon over silk" of the bridesmaid make glad the columns of



Harold (after prolonged inspection). "He isn't vewy intwestin', is he, Mabs."—Punch.

society in the daily papers. The bridegroom is always painfully inconspicuous at these affairs and seems to crave no notice from the curious throng. At a wedding in Toronto, the bridegroom became so nervous and distressed, as he started on the procession down the aisle with the fair bride on his arm, that he actually bowed and smiled at a grinning acquaintance in a side pew, and exclaimed in loud but faltering tones:—

"It's—it's a very nice day!"

## A CHEERFUL LOSER.

WHEN Sir Charles Tupper returned to Ottawa, after the dark defeat of 1896, he was greeted by old friends who wore long faces and were much surprised to find the former leader in the best of spirits.

As he walked along Sparks Street, the day before the House was to assemble under the Laurier rule, Sir Charles was accosted by a Liberal from Nova Scotia.

"Well, I don't suppose you've enjoyed the summer," was the latter's cheerful remark.

"On the contrary," was Sir Charles' bland reply, "I have enjoyed a most delightful outing."

## THE OTHER SIDE.

JONES, who is a vegetarian and of an argumentative turn of mind was recently urging Jackson, who is fond of roast beef and pork chops, to join the ranks of those who shun meat.

"You'll feel ever so much better if you give up all that flesh diet," he said complacently. "It's coarsening to the nature, too. Wasn't it some wise old German who said that a man becomes like what he eats? Think of what you may look like if you keep on eating pork!"

"Humph!" snorted the unconvinced Jackson, "I'd just as soon look like a jolly, comfortable pig as like a bunch of asparagus. Why, old man, you're the chap who should look out. You may become a cabbage head."

## HARD ON HEAVEN.

A CERTAIN Presbyterian minister living in a West Ontario town had been extremely ill and, on his recovery, was visited by a Methodist brother who expressed his satisfaction that the other pastor had been "spared."

"Yes," said the invalid, "I've had a very serious siege of it. At one time it looked as if I would be taken from my friends."

"Let us be thankful," came the comforting reply, "that the Lord heard the prayers of your family. But for Divine mercy, you might now be in a better world."

## LIKE A MENTAL MOVING PICTURE.

BAKER: People who have been near drowning say that in an instant all the events of their past lives are presented to their mental vision.

Barker: I don't believe it.

Baker: Why not?

Barker: If it were true they wouldn't allow themselves to be rescued.—Life.

## A DELICATE HINT.

SANDY and his lass had been sitting together about half an hour in silence.

"Maggie," he said, at length, "wasna I here on the Sawbath nicht?"

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"An' wasna I here on Monday nicht?"

"Aye, so ye were."

"An' I was here on Tuesday nicht, an' Wednesday nicht, an' Thursday nicht, an' Friday nicht?"

"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."

"An' this is Saturday nicht, an' I'm here again?"

"Well, what for, no? I'm sure ye're very welcome."

Sandy (desperately): Maggie, woman! D'e no begin to smell a rat!—Success Magazine.

\* \* \*

## PUTTING EXPRESSION INTO IT.

THE teacher of elocution was nearly discouraged, says a writer in the Boston Transcript. He urged his pupils, in some excitement, to put more expression into their recitations.

"Too flat!" he exclaimed, "Too colourless! You can do better than that. Try again. Now! Open your mouth and throw yourself into it!"

\* \* \*

## CLAP YOUR HANDS.

AN amusing incident occurred at Tremont Temple, Boston, a while ago, during a Sunday School convention. The musical talent was good, and the appreciative audience applauded each number of the programme, until Dr. Lorimer, feeling that the demonstration was out of place, stepped to the front of the platform and said that he was glad those present were enjoying the concert, but he must request them not to clap their hands, considering that they were in the house of the Lord.

The next number following his comment was a vocal duet. The singers had not anticipated Dr. Lorimer's request, and the audience was somewhat startled when their clear voices rang out with "O clap your hands, all ye people."

Even Dr. Lorimer joined in the smile which spontaneously spread over the entire audience.

\* \* \*



"The Missing Link."—Life.

\* \* \*

## THE RIGHT PARTY.

A MATRON of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country paper, who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics. "May I see Mr—?" she asked of a stern-looking woman who opened the door at one house. "No, you can't," answered the matron, decisively. "But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl. The woman drew up her tall figure. "Well, take a good look at me," she said, "I'm the party he belongs to!"—Argonaut.

\* \* \*

## WHEN LANGUAGE FAILED.

THE new minister soon learned that a certain man had the reputation of being the most profane person in the neighbourhood. He was therefore looking for an opportunity to talk with him about his bad habit. One day, the man was going to the market town with a load of potatoes, and the minister joined him. On the way up a steep hill, the tail-board of the waggon came loose, and the load of potatoes rolled down the hill. In great silence, they proceeded to collect the vegetables. The parson drove, and the farmer collected the potatoes. When they were nearly through, the minister was led to express his surprise that the man took the misfortune so quietly. "Parson," said he, "it is not out of respect to you that I have kept quiet. If you have any language adequate to this situation, kindly let it out."