



THE UNDERSTANDING.

AN Ontario cabinet minister gazed pensively at an invitation to speak in his official capacity at a picnic on the first of July. Then he dictated an acceptance with the initials P. P. in parenthesis.

"What are the initials for?" asked a curious visitor.

"They mean either Province or Providence permitting," replied the philosophic politician.

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THE CADDIE'S LAMENT.

DURING a game of golf in Scotland, says M.A.P., Mr. Balfour once drove a ball into some long grass. Turning to his caddie, he asked him what he should do to get it out in one stroke. "Try an' drive to the farthest sky-line ye can see, sir," replied the lad. Mr. Balfour did as he was bid, and with a magnificent drive sent the ball fair and square on the putting-green. Amazed at his own cleverness, he looked at the caddie for approval. "Ah, sir," exclaimed that worthy, with a sorrowful shake of his head, "if Ah'd your strength, and ye'd ma brains, what a capital pair for a foursome we shud make."

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ELECTION REPORTEER.

SOME years ago, it was rumoured that the Duke of Leeds was to be Governor-General of Canada. but the report was quickly discredited. In 1887 the Duke of Leeds contested Brixton as the Marquis of Carmarthen, when his youthful appearance led to much heckling. At one meeting held the week before the poll, the candidate was interrupted by a member of the audience who shouted, "Does your mother know you're out?"

"Indeed she does," came the candidate's prompt reply; "and next week she'll know I'm in—for Brixton." He was elected in the following week by a majority of nearly a thousand votes.

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LUM'S VIEWS.

IN a certain Canadian city last January a municipal candidate approached the Mongolian gentleman who runs the laundry on the corner and asked him about his political leaning.

"Oh!" said Lum Lin with a cheerful smile, "me no vote! Me no glaft—only washee!"

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Retired Huntsman (who has taken to fishing). "I'll have to chuck it, Sam. I think they're all t'other side, where I can't reach 'em."

New Huntsman (passing with hounds). "Hold on a bit. I'll slip over the bridge, and turn 'em to you!"—Punch.

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ON THE RUN.

THE judge listened intently to the man's story, says a writer in the *Indianapolis News*. The man was the plaintiff, and had charged his wife with

cruel and abusive treatment. He was a small man, and his wife—well, it was at least evident that the charge rested on a basis of possibility.

After the plaintiff had finished his testimony the judge decided to ask a question.

"Mr. Frouble," said he, "where did you meet your wife, who has treated you this way?"

"Well, judge," returned the man, somewhat meekly, "you see it's this way. I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."

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THE WRONG WIDOW.

"RUDYARD KIPLING, when he dined with me," said a literary Chicagoan, "told me about Simla. It seems that Simla is up in the mountains—the hills, as they say in India—and the ladies go there in the hot weather to escape the heat of the low country.

"Well, Kipling said that one lovely cool morning at Simla, he was presented to a 'grass widow.' They call those ladies 'grass widows' whose husbands are detained by work in the hot cities of the plains.

"She was awfully pretty and charming, and as they talked together in the pleasant coolness, Kipling said:

"I suppose you can't help thinking of your poor husband, grilling down below?"

"The lady gave him a strange look, and he learnt afterwards that she was a real widow."

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THE SOUTH GOING DRY.

LAY the jest about the julep in the camphor balls at last,

For the miracle has happened and the olden days are past.

That which made Milwaukee famous doesn't foam in Tennessee,

And the lid in Alabama is as tight locked as can be; And the comic paper Colonel and his cronies well may sigh,

For the mint is waving gaily, and the South is going dry.

By the stillside on the hillside in Kentucky, all is still,

And the only damp refreshment must be dipped up from the rill.

North Carolina's stately Governor gives his soda glass a shove,

And discusses local option with the South Carolina Gov.

It is useless at the fountain to be winkful of the eye, For the cocktail glass is dusty and the South is going dry.

It is water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink,

We no longer hear the music of the mellow crystal clink

When the Colonel and the General and the Major and the Judge

Meet to have a little nip to give the appetite an edge—

For the egg nog now is nogless and the rye has gone awry,

And the punchbowl holds carnations and the South is going dry.

—The Voice.

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MIXED METAPHORS.

THE Manchester *Guardian* reports that Bishop Knox explained at a meeting at Halesowen that Mr. McKenna's sword was an overloaded pistol which, being hung up in a tight corner lest it should burst, pretended to be dead until it got up and trotted home on the friendly back of the Bishop of St. Asaph.

In the British House of Commons, several speakers have recently indulged in metaphors of serious entanglements. One declared that the floodgates of irreligion and intemperance are stalking through the

land arm in arm. Another asserts that a certain bill effects such a change "that the last leap in the dark was a mere flea-bite." A third is of the opinion that Mr. Balfour is a mere figure-head with his hand on the rudder—an insinuation that the Conservative leader is a contortionist indeed. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is credited with the remark that the present Government has sown a harvest which is coming home to roost.

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WHICH?

IT was a fashionable concert, and the audience was anticipating selections from Wagner. As was usual, the leading performers were met with enthusiastic applause, the climax being reached with the appearance of the conductor. A well-dressed woman, seated quite near the front, turned to the woman beside her and said in an audible voice: "Pardon me, but would you kindly tell me which is Wagner?"—*Windsor Magazine*.

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THE MODERN WAY.

"ADVERTISEMENTS on the scenery!" exclaimed the star. "That's carrying commercialism really too far."

"It isn't commercialism," exclaimed the manager. "We want the scene to look like a real meadow. don't we?"—*Tit-Bits*.

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Man: "Why don't you offer the Lady a seat?"
Boy: "Why don't you get up and let 'em both sit down?"

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BETTER WORTH KNOWING.

A GENTLEMAN in an address to a graduating class told the following story of the president of an ocean steamship company who was taking a journey across the water.

When the ship was in a dangerous channel he became engaged in conversation with the pilot, an elderly man, who had spent most of his life on the water. The president of the company remarked:

"I suppose you know all about the dangerous places in this channel?"

"Nope," replied the pilot.

"You don't!" exclaimed the president. "Then why are you in charge of that wheel?"

"Because I know where the bad places ain't."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

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HIS PART IN THE PLAY.

"WILLIE" COLLIER was once a member of a stock company in an Iowa town whose repertoire ranged from the heaviest tragedy to the lightest farce.

It was pretty hard work, says Collier, and the roles assigned him did not always meet his ideas of what he should have had.

One day the manager announced that the bill for the following week would be "Julius Caesar," and ran over the list of characters—Caesar, Antony, Brutus, Cassius—without mentioning the name of Collier.

The latter waxed wroth. "Look here," he exclaimed, "you're not going to cast me down for Casca, or something like that, are you? I'll be hanged if I do Casca!"

"Easy, my boy, easy," responded the manager, with a grim smile. "I ain't going to do anything of the sort. Your forte ain't tragedy, Collier. You're going to do the voices outside!"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

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CONFUSED.

Knicker—"Did Jones get excuses confused?"

Bocker—"Yes; told his boss that he had been detained at the office and his wife that he had been up with the baby."