

The "Waiting" Room.

Mr. Ross: "Ah! You've called about that Prohibition Bill, I presume. Please be seated; I am engaged for the present upon an er-unforseen matter."

## Their Rival Claims.

The Grit Nominating Convention for the County of Squigglechunk had just opened with a full attendance of delegates, principally self-nominated. There was a keen contest for the honor (and incidentally the emoluments) of representing the riding between Ananias Limberjaw, K.C., and Dr. Pigsnuffle.

An enthusiastic supporter of the former was the first to obtain the floor.

"Mr. Chairman," said he, "I beg to nominate Mr. Limberjaw as a fit and proper person to represent this constituency. I feel sure you will all agree with me when I say that, in addition to his brilliant intellectual qualifications and standing in the community, he has a confirmed habit of treating (applause), which will enable him to extend generous hospitality to the electors during the campaign without endangering his seat, should he be returned."

Then Pigsnuffle's heeler got the floor and put his leader in nomination. "Without at all attempting to depreciate the undoubted qualifications of Mr. Limberjaw," he went on to say, "I think I may fairly claim that those of the gentleman I have the honor to nominate are superior. He has a confirmed habit of joking. He is recognized as the greatest jollier in two counties. Why, he can promise every elector an office or anything else he wants, and then if there's any protest on the ground of corruption, pass it off as a joke (applause); and then think, too, how useful he will be to the Government when he is elected."

### A Rare Book.

Lady: "Have you the book of Enoch in English?"

Bookseller: "Enoch? Never heard of it, ma'am. Are you sure that's the name? What kind of a book is it?"

Lady: "Why, it's a religious book. Our minister was preachin' last Sunday about the translation of Enoch, an' I made up my mind to have it."

# Getting Too Popular.

Peawick: "Now, here's a little book that renders the principles of theosophy so intelligible that the most ordinary intellect can understand them." Kulchard: "Does it? That's

Kulchard: "Does it? That's too bad. I shall leave the society if it's to be vulgarized in that fashion."

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## He Could Spare Them.

Dun: "I am a collector of accounts, sir, and I have called—"

Ardup: "Delighted to meet you, I'm sure. So you collect accounts? Well, I've' quite a number I can let you have, as I've no use for them."