

THE LENTEN LADY.

In other days fair Ethel would
My humble gifts admire,
Devouring chocolates while we sat
Before a rosy fire.
But now upon my bon-bon box
Reproachful looks are bent;
"Oh, no, I couldn't touch them yet,
Because, you see, it's Lent."

Fond Phyllis has artistic moods,
And loves the daisies meek;
She thinks it is so sweet of me
To offer flowers each week.
But when to her bright daffodils
And mignonette I sent,
She said: "The violet's the flower
I care to have in Lent."

And Margaret is of romance fond,
She Weyman likes and Hope,
And can discourse of heroes bold
Who just escaped the rope;
But when last week a thrilling tale
All bound in red I sent,
She looked on me in pained surprise:
"I mayn't read *that* in Lent."

Sweet Helen brought me deepest woe,
And turned my skies to grey;
Since her I deem the best of all
And gave my heart away;
But when some sweetness from her lips
To steal I surely meant,
She sternly shook her golden head—
"Oh, no, Dear Boy. It's Lent."

J. G.

THE PRICE OF HIS PRINCIPLES.

THERE are certain Canadian editors whose loyalty is of the lip variety and who could not endure the strain of the regulations made last year regarding fairer postal rates to British periodicals. Some of these have clamoured so loudly that their petty views have been heard at Ottawa. Such a scribe went to the Capital some time ago in quest of Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, whom he desired to influence in behalf of those picayune paragraphers who were likely to lose a few dollars by the new postal rates. This Ontario editor is not lacking in

nerve and he actually button-holed the Minister on the steps of a parliamentary building. He presented his case with plaintive eloquence, stating that his own loss from the new rates was nine dollars a year, and hopefully awaited a reply.

"You are a Canadian by birth, Mr. H——?" asked the Postmaster-General, with piquant French accent.

"Certainly," replied Mr. H——, with expanding chest.

"And British?" inquired the Minister blandly.

"Of course I am," was the prompt response of Mr. H——.

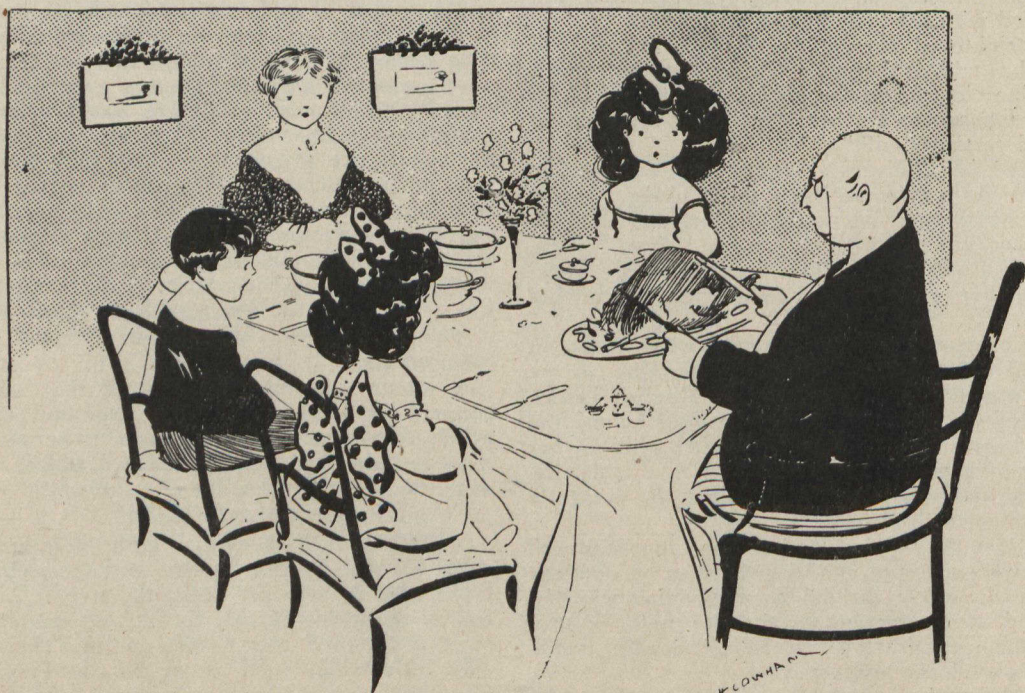
"Well," said the Honourable Gentleman with an eloquent shrug, "I am of French blood and of Canadian birth. But I would lose more than nine dollars a year in order to keep that flag waving above me." The Minister glanced towards the staff from which the Union Jack was unfurled and for the space of twenty seconds the Ontario editor felt almost as small as he really is.

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AN APOLOGY.

MR. JAMES CONMEE, member from the Rainy River district, is invariably a source of liveliness when given committee duties. Last week Mr. Henderson, of Halton, speaking on the Railway Committee, aroused Mr. Conmee's ire and the Halton man found himself described as a "coward and a liar." Mr. Conmee afterwards apologised for his impetuosity and all was smiling once more. In the days when Mr. Conmee had not yet aspired to Ottawa honours but was content with a seat in the Ontario Legislature, he and the late J. W. St. John used to make the meetings of the Public Accounts Committee of 1903 decidedly eventful for the chairman, now Hon. G. P. Graham. On one occasion, Mr. Conmee actually challenged the stalwart Member for West York to personal combat "outside" and brightened the morning session for weary committee members. But the physical argument was not practicable and the opposing members had to content themselves with throwing paper bullets. In the afternoon, following this stormy scene, Mr. St. John met Mr. Conmee at the head of the staircase and solemnly laid his hands on the Algoma man's broad shoulders.

"Conmee," he said impressively, "I want to apologise for threatening to fight you this morning."



What Did She Mean?

Pater (with a hail-fellow, good-cheer sort of spirit on him)—"I'm sure, my children, we ought to be very thankful for all these good things!" Mater (thoughtlessly)—"And such a goose I never saw at the head of the table in my young days!"—The Girl's Realm.

"Eh?" exclaimed the other, who could hardly believe his ears.

"Straight goods," continued the genial St. John, "you see, Conmee, I didn't know that you are over seventy years old." The disgust of the middle-aged member from the west then became unconcealed and vehement.

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INFORMATION.

ONE day a well-known politician was enjoying a chat with a friend at a London hotel, when a strange young man came up and said:

"Can I see you for a moment, Mr. Dash?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Dash, rising.

The young man led him across the room and seemed to have something important to say to him. Arrived in a corner, the stranger whispered in the politician's ear:

"I am on the staff of an evening paper and I should like you to tell me what you think of the situation in the East."

Mr. Dash looked a little puzzled at first, then he said:

"Follow me."

And leading the way, he walked through the reading-room down some steps into the drawing-room, through a long passage into the dining-room, and drawing his visitor into the corner behind the hatrack he whispered:

"I really don't know anything about it."—Christian Observer.

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QUITE CRUSHING.

NO other Canadian statesman has possessed quite so keen a sense of anecdotal fitness as Sir John Macdonald, whose memory nearly always produced a story to suit the occasion. During a summer in the eighties, a great Conservative picnic was held at Lucan and Sir John was secured as orator for the afternoon. The place of assembly was densely crowded and a part of the gallery gave way, with no serious results, however.

"Ah, my friends," said Sir John, beaming on the crowd, which was largely Roman Catholic in religious belief, "this slight accident reminds me of a friend of mine, an Orangeman, who was going along the road one day when he came upon a Catholic friend.

"Pat," said the first man, 'did ye hear that the bottom of Purgatory has fallen out and all your friends have dropped into Hell.'

"Faith, an' the Protestants will get a terrible crushing," was Pat's reply.

"The only man injured in the recent collapse," continued Sir John gravely, "was Mr. Henry B—— who is a confirmed Grit and has been voting against me for the last fifteen years."

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HER FORMER PASTOR.

THERE are certain ancient standards of judgment which are held stubbornly by conservative folk. An old lady of firm convictions living in a small Canadian town was asked how she liked her new pastor and replied slowly:

"Well, I'd not say but what he'll suit some people. But no one can ever take the place of Dr. Macdougall. My, how that man would perspire after one of his great sermons—and he had a fine way of flourishing his handkerchief before he'd bow his head in prayer. This one will never have the Doctor's power in the pulpit, though he may do well enough for the sinners and the sick."

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CONTINENTAL CRITICISM.

First Auto Fiend—"How was Europe?"

Second Auto Fiend—"Rather rough. But better than Asia."—Life.