

## GRAVE AND GAY.

### PARSON AND PARROT.

Parrot stories are always good so long as they are true. And, of course, none but true parrot stories ever find their way into print. Here is one for poker players only.

This particular parrot is the property of a Hamilton household, the head of which is inordinately fond of a quiet game of poker. For years it has been his custom to get three or four of his friends together at least twice a week in the snug library of his house, and while away four or five hours of an evening by means of five-cent ante with a quarter limit. The parrot's cage hangs in the same library, except on state occasions, when it is taken into the dining-room.

The man's wife is as devoted to her church as he is to his favorite game. She never misses a meeting, and as often as the good man will come has her pastor to her home for Sunday dinner.

He was there two or three weeks ago. So were a number of other friends of the family. The master of the household presided over the dinner and the conversation was as lively and vivacious as the sanctity of the day would admit.

The clergyman was, and is, one of the liberal-minded up-to-date class of men who are bringing religion in closer touch with the masses, and the masses in closer touch with religion than it has, perhaps, ever been before. His utterances when out of the pulpit are frequently punctuated with every-day expressions, the use of which by a preacher would have been thought strange a decade ago. He also goes so far as to attend the theatre occasionally.

It was he who was talking at the table, and all the others were interested listeners. The subject was the morning service at his church, the attendance upon which had been very large.

"Yes," he said, "I couldn't help remarking to myself as I entered the pulpit, 'well, this is one time I've got a full house.'"

"That's pretty d— good," quickly came in all-too-distinct tones from the parrot's cage. "Take the money, Dick!"

The presence of the preacher, the par-

rot's profanity, and the fact that "Dick" is her husband's name, sent the mistress of the house into a fit of hysterics which nearly broke up the dinner.

As it was, only the particular aptness of the bird's sally saved the day.

### PARLEZ VOUS.

"Oh dear! mamma," cried the maiden fair, "Oh dear, what shall I do?"

I want to go to Ottawa, but I can't parlez vous!

And what will become of poor old dad?

Pray tell us that, mamma, He'll never get a Government 'sit,' for he can't parlez pas.

I cannot flirt at a government ball, nor enjoy a moonlight walk

With a government clerk or a new M.P. parceque je can't pas talk.

The young men shrug their shoulders when I speak and say 'Ma foi,

Veel you varee kindly parlez, miss, in de lower Canuck patois?'

So I'll go back to school, mamma, for 'parlez vous,' they say,

Can only be learned en Canada bas, dans l'ecole Laurier.

—*Montreal Star.*

SIGMA.

Johnnie—Paw, the Chinese invented gunpowder, didn't they?

Paw—Yes, Johnnie; but it never really amounted to much for killing purposes until Christians took hold of it.

It is said that during one of Mr. Moody's meetings a worker approached a young man with the question: "Are you a Christian?" The young man looked up, smiling good-naturedly as he replied, "Oh, no, sir; I'm in the business; I am one of the Choir."

A little Brooklyn girl returned from Sunday School in a much agitated state of mind because she had heard that Jesus was a Jew, and straightway appealed to her mother. "Yes, my dear, Jesus was a Jew," said her mother. "Well, mamma, he was the son of God, wasn't he?" "Yes, my dear." "Well," said the little one, "I don't see how Jesus came to be a Jew when God himself is a Presbyterian."