

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE.

Paragraphs from a Great Number of Places and about a Great Number of Subjects.

It is to the credit of the newspapers that they never form trusts or combinations...

It is true, he replied, that they never combine to put up the price of papers...

"Bobby" cautioned his mother, "the Bishop is to dine with us to-day, and you must be very quiet at the table..."

Happy man (to fair-widow): "And shall we have a rousing wedding, darling, a fine supper, dancing, music and all that sort of thing?"

Mr. Dampier makes a somewhat erratic entrance into his bedroom at 3 a. m.

Visitor (to whom Mrs. de Jenkyns is describing her European travels): "And I suppose you visited the Dardanelles?"

Mrs. Gayford: "You are a nice married man. But this time of night..."

Miss Prudely: "I heard that Mr. Aglio broke his limb recently. Pray, how did he do it?"

Mr. Quisley: "He was gathering blossoms, you know, and fell from the awl-leg of an apple-tree."

Mr. Tenderlove (placing her arms about his neck): "You are my prisoner for life, darling, it's capital punishment."

Delightful voyage, of course. "Ingenuo—Ah, De Rose, my wife is an angel of sweetness..."

"I could gaze at the moon for hours, Mr. Sampson," she said in a voice full of sweetness and pneumonia...

"Ah," he responded "would that I were the man in it!"

"Yes," she assented softly. "And why, Miss Clara?" he asked getting ready to take her hand.

"Because, Mr. Sampson," she said, shyly veiling her eyes with their long lashes, "you would be four million miles away."

No class of men are subjected to more rebuffs and insults, and none are made the butt of more funny paragraphs than the book-agents...

"I know a maiden fair to see, So do you, so do you, As pretty as a maid on me..."

"He had invited her around the corner for some oysters, to which the young lady did full justice, and on the way back to the house he laid bare the pliable condition of his heart..."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Sampson," she said, "but I am already engaged."

"I regret that you are so deeply moved," the girl said gently.

"Ah, yes," he responded, and his voice betrayed genuine grief. "I should have known of all this earlier in the evening."

"AN ACCOMPLISHMENT FOR AN ACTOR." "So you want to join my company?" said the manager of an unsubstantial theatrical company to a young man.

"Ever had any experience?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll test your capabilities. Just pick up that trunk over there and let me see how you would go about letting it out of the window..."

"Remove the Cause." To remedy an evil the cause must be removed. It is by opening the clogged avenues of the system and thus removing the impure poisonous and worn out matter...

FOR MUSICIANS.

Odd Items in the Musical Line From Different Parts of the Country.

A very pleasant concert was given in Berryman's Hall on Thursday evening by some of the generous hearted citizens of the city for the benefit of Miss Maggie Pierce...

Mr. J. P. Costin, an excellent pianist, assisted by a number of our best local talent gave a concert in St. Peter's Church, Portland, last night, to a very good audience...

Wednesday last being St. Mark's Day it was observed in St. Peter's Church by the holding of a High Mass, Rev. Fr. Krien officiating. The rendering of Stricklin's Mass in Bb by the choir was a very praiseworthy performance...

The congregation of St. Jude's Church, Carleton, held a very pleasant social on Tuesday evening. The programme embraced a chorus by the choir, song by little Miss McAndrews, duet by the Misses Bartlett, song by Miss Pidgeon...

The Portland Branch of St. David's Presbyterian Sunday School held a rather pleasant concert in the school room of the above church on Thursday evening.

The concert to be given for the benefit of Prof. Max Sterne during the early part of next month promises to be a rich musical treat, as some of our best local talent will participate. The Professor should have a bumper house.

The Artillery Band, who have moved into new quarters over the express office on Canterbury street, when they have completed operations, will probably have the finest band room in Canada. The walls have been calicoed, the ceilings whitened, the woodwork grained, and the room will be fitted up to correspond with the general finishing. The members of the Band deserve great praise for their efforts to make their practice room a pleasant place to enter.

By the way, what about the prices for Band music this summer? The members of all our bands seem discontented with the present small figures, and something should be done soon to have them raised.

Next week I will probably have something more to say about the singing in our public schools. Look out for it there is room for improvement, and I will continue to harp on the matter until something is done.

THE WHIRL OF TRADE.

ARRAHLON IVORY DISCUSSES SOME THINGS HE SAW THIS WEEK.

Unable to Finish His Story.

"I observe," remarked Mrs. Ivory, "that during the week the papers have given up considerable of their space to pictures."

I think our local papers have a habit of giving more space to some subjects than they merit—slugging matches, base ball and cricket—for example, but pictures are educators, hardly less efficient than books, and as they are such, I rejoice in the interest which is manifested by the public in our schools of art.

This was the substance of my reply to Mrs. Ivory who, before I had done speaking, readjusted her spectacles and resumed her reading. There are those among us who remember the illustrations that graced the pages of the "Shorter Catechism" and Webster's Spelling Book, forty years ago. What a world of expression there was in the cut that accompanied the couplet:

To Adam's fall We sinned all or in that which showed how "an old man found a rude boy in one of his trees stealing apples." These were looked upon in those old times as gems of art, but the eye of a child would-to-day dance at their oddity.

Nowadays nearly every book capable of illustration is illustrated, and the reader gathers, in some instances nearly as much information from the illustrations as from the text. Every one recognizes that without maps and charts our idea of the world's divisions would be extremely vague. So, without pictures our idea of men and places that we have never visited would go widely astray.

Good pictures they are like good books, full of instruction and entertainment. They introduce us to unknown faces, or reproduce the features of the distant and the dead. They transport us to the Ardennes, the heathery hills of Scotland, to the utmost bounds of the world. They make us acquainted with the old times and the wonderful works of Nature in the West. They talk to us as the woods and fields talk to us, as the great philosophers and poets of centuries ago talk to us through the mediumship of the type.

My meditations were interrupted by Mrs. Ivory, who read—"Christ Entering Jerusalem" is the subject of a large painting, 10x33 feet, which Mr. Matt Morgan, the artist, has just finished upon the order of Mr. J. M. Hill, the well known theatrical manager. It is the product of a year's arduous labor, and it is said by fine art critics to surpass in artistic merit any sacred picture of recent creation. There are 67 life-size figures and over 500 faces represented in the study, all of which were drawn from living models. It is Palm Sunday, and the road leading to the famous gates is strewn with the consecrated palms. By the way, in startling reality, are the sorrowing figures described in the sacred text—the accused in body—the halt and the blind, the maimed and distorted bodies tell the story of trusting faith and rending agony. The dead child is stretched out before him, that he may touch it and bring back life again. The hideous leper is waiting, with anguishing soul, the command that shall make him clean and sound of body once more. There is the forbidding Hebrew leading the tottering old blind man, whose spirit has told him if the Son of God will but touch his eyes vision shall be restored; the pined and helpless paralytic, and the other afflicted men and women to whom the Scriptures affirm Christ brought light and health and life. It is asserted that Mr. Morgan has brought a reverential spirit and rare artistic expression and genius to his task, with the result of producing a noble work of art. Critics who have seen the painting in private express the highest admiration of the artistic treatment of this episode in Christ's life, and exalt the value of the lesson and delight it must bring to Christian hearts.

She had but just reached the last paragraph when a fire alarm was sounded, and I hastened out into the night.

Arrahlon Ivory.

Quids spends much time at the Langham when she is in London. Not long since a young American girl, Miss Morgan, of New York, called upon her at the hotel, with a letter of introduction.

After waiting some time a strangely dressed figure rushed into the room. Every color of the rainbow appeared in her costume, and her head was decorated with a circle of many colored bright, flashing ribbons. This bizarre creature stalked up to our American girl, and in a very brusque manner said—"Do you want to see me?"

"I have a letter of introduction to you," "And I know you to be a circus rider from your outlandish costume, and so I wish you a good morning, and decline your acquaintance."

When a person is bilious he has a bitter taste, especially on waking.

Editor Agnes McLellan.

Since Agnes McLellan assumed editorial control of the Seward (Neb.) Democrat she has been the recipient of considerable notice from the press, no doubt largely because of her extreme youth. Miss Agnes was born at Darlington, Wis., on Jan. 5, 1873, and is now in her sixteenth year. On attaining her fifteenth birthday she was placed in charge of the local page of her father's paper. In the fall of 1886 her father was taken sick, and for weeks was unable to write even his name. The daughter gathered the news, ran the financial part of the institution and occupied the editorial chair, writing with charming grace and unusual ability. During the sickness of her father, her mother died, and then came a time when it was absolutely necessary that the young editress must needs care not only for the newspaper interest of her father, but attend his wants in the sick chamber, and manage all the household and office affairs. In all she has been successful, and has won an enviable reputation as a go-ahead, wide-awake, enterprising little business woman.

Miss McLellan is an unostentatious little person, deeply interested in her newspaper work, beloved by her friends and highly esteemed by her newspaper brethren everywhere.

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