



## NOT THE RIGHT DELEGATE.

TWO Canadian politicians were recently discussing the appointment of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King as one of the British delegates to the International Opium Conference at Shanghai, China, next February.

"They ought not to send a bright young chap like that," said one of the critics.

"He'll make a good delegate all right," was the warm response.

"Too good by half! Now, at a sleepy old conference at Shanghai, there would be nothing like a Senator. He is used to a soporific atmosphere and would be right at home with the subject."

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## RE-INCARNATION.

There once lived the bold Ananias,  
Whose statements could not be called pious.

And now it is found  
That in fair Owen Sound  
There is many a man of that bias.

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## FOREWARNED.

"Good-bye," said Tompkins, cheerfully, "I'll try to be home at six, but of course these are pretty busy times."

"You needn't explain," said Mrs Tompkins, calmly. "I found a note to me in your coat pocket, dated this afternoon, saying you would be kept late down town and you were very sorry." Tompkins caught the car.

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## THE SECOND'S ADVICE.

Gaston burst like a whirlwind in upon his friend, Alphonse.

"Will you be my witness?" he cried.

"Going to fight?"

"No, going to get married."

Alphonse, after a pause, inquired: "Can't you apologise?"

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"Where they sat side by side."—Life.

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## NEWSLETS.

COBALT shipped more than 600 tons of ore last week and the paid subscription list of the *Haileyburian* is looking up.

The Nobel peace prizes have been awarded to

M. P. Arnoldson, of Sweden and M. F. Bajer, of Denmark. Colonel Sam Hughes and Mr. Henri Bourassa are so disappointed. Better luck next time!

Dr. Sheard and Coroner Johnston have declared the new morgue in Toronto ready for the reception of guests. Hamilton papers kindly copy.

Mrs. Nation (Christian name Caroline), recently paid a visit to Glasgow and found the second city in the British Empire entirely too peaceful for her taste. When last heard from, the Enemy of the Bar was having the time of her happy life in Dublin, where shillalahs are always trump.

President Falconer introduced Dr. Adam Shortt at the latest meeting of the Toronto Women's Canadian Club. President Falconer acted the part of a perfect lady and exhibited no signs of nervousness. He wore an afternoon costume of *recherche* style and *chic* cut.

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## A PAINFUL DEATH.

GOVERNOR HUGHES of New York seldom betrays a fondness for the anecdotal side of public addresses in the fashion commonly attributed to his countrymen. On a recent visit to a rural fair, however, he told of an occasion when he was inspecting the school in a small town. After visiting the gymnasium, swimming pool and auditorium, he entered the history class-room. An oral examination was evidently in progress.

"Thomas," said the teacher, "did Martin Luther die a natural death?"

"No ma'am," was the prompt reply, "he was excommunicated by a bull."

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## ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN.

IN a small Canadian town, where the begging tramp is still tolerated, a gentleman of the "Voluntarily Unemployed" class recently approached the house of the Methodist minister and asked pleasantly: "Is His Rivirence in?"

The minister's wife, who had opened the door, smiled at his designation for her husband, and replied: "Yes, he's in, but very busy. What is the message?"

"Tell him that I'm a Scotchman and a Presbyterian an' I'd like a little assistance."

"You have come to the wrong place," said the minister's wife, with a twinkle in her eye, as she recognised the accent of the Emerald Isle. "My husband is Irish and a Methodist."

"Glory be!" ejaculated the unabashed Irishman. "Sure, my mother was Irish an' her father was a Methodist. That's where I get a bit of the brógue, an' as for me Methodist grandfather, he was a great hand for attendin' mass in that church."

Pat got a quarter on the strength of his adjustability.

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## THE IMPECUNIOUS ARTIST.

IN "The Life of James McNeill Whistler," by E. R. and J. Pennell, Mr. Luke Ionides tells of an afternoon visit he made on the artist.

"Jimmy was busy putting things straight—he asked me if I had any money. I told him I had twelve shillings. He said that was enough. We went out together, and he bought three chairs at two and sixpence each, and three bottles of claret at eighteenpence each, and three sticks of sealing wax of different colours at twopence each. On our return he sealed the top of each bottle with a different coloured wax. He then told me he expected a possible buyer to dinner, and two other friends. When we had taken our seats at the table, he very solemnly told the maid to go down and bring up a bottle of wine, one of those with the red seal. The maid could hardly suppress a grin, but I alone saw it. Then, after the meat, he told her to fetch a

bottle with the blue seal; and with dessert the one with the yellow seal was brought, and all were drunk in perfect innocence and delight. He sold his picture, and he said he was sure the sealing wax had done it."

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## HIS WHOLE DUTY.

THE late Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand and Melansia was well known during his university days as a devotee of the noble art of self-defense. He incurred a great deal of animosity from a certain section of New Zealand owing to his sympathy with the Maoris during the war. One day he was asked by a rough, in one of the back streets of Auckland, if he was the "bishop who backed up the Maoris." Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the rough, with a "Take that, then," struck his lordship in the face.

"My friend," said the bishop, "my Bible teaches me that if a man smite thee on one cheek, turn him the other," and he turned his head slightly the other way. His assailant, slightly bewildered, struck him again. "Now," said his lordship, "having done my duty to God, I will do my duty to man," and taking off his coat and hat, he gave the anti-Maori champion a most scientific thrashing.—The Argonaut.

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"I ain't insultin' of yer—I tell yer I'm simply callin' of yer a liar, an' yer ARE one!"—Punch.

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## MOSES, CASTIGATOR.

"Now, Mabel," said the Sunday School teacher to a small student, "can you tell me why the Lord gave Moses a rod?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Mabel, with evident satisfaction at being able to furnish the desired information; "so he could make the children of Israel mind him."—Chicago News.

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## TWO REASONS.

"You mustn't play with Mr. Borum's hat, Bobby," said a young lady who was entertaining a caller to her small brother.

"Why mustn't I?" asked the youngster.

"Because you might break it," replied his sister, "and, besides, he will want it shortly."—Democratic Telegram.

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## NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

THE elderly lady who was looking through the shop of a dealer in knick-knacks picked up a small handbag.

"Are you sure," she inquired, "that this is a real crocodile skin?"

"Absolutely certain, madam," replied the dealer. "I shot that crocodile myself."

"It looks rather soiled," observed his customer.

"Naturally, madam," explained the salesman. "That is where it struck the ground when it tumbled off the tree."—Philadelphia Ledger.