



SIR KNIGHT MOSES TILTETH AGAINST YE BUSINESS TAX.

RECENT SAYINGS OF NOTABILITIES.

"YES," said the Hon. Mr. Foster on his return from Washington, to an *Empire* reporter, "we hardly achieved the measure of success that we hoped for. It'll be all right in the end, I've no doubt, but between ourselves I may admit that our reception by Blaine was—well, not exactly cold, but a little chilly, as it were. So that, at present, reciprocity may be said to suffer—"

"From a chil-Blaine," briskly interjected Sir Tupper.

"Now that's mean, Tupper," replied the Finance Minister. "Didn't you see I was working up to that?"

"The division in the ranks of the Irish party," remarked Hon. Joseph Chamberlain in the smoking-room of the Imperial House of Commons, "are fatal to prospects of Home Rule."

"Yes; the knell of Ireland's hopes is Par-nell," rejoined Labouchere. And he withered with a glance of infinite scorn, the youthful member who melodiously attempted to flatter him by remarking that the joke was "weally good enough to pwint in *Punch*, don't yah know."

The census-taker found the Rev. Dr. Wild at home, and put him through the usual course of interrogations, ending with the query, "Sane or insane?" "Well, I

hardly know how to answer that," replied the doctor. "I'm not exactly insane, but I'm considered Wild. That's a little joke, you know, that I work off on my congregation about once a month," he added, explanatorily, as the census man looked startled.

"Canada is fortunately free from the cyclones which sometimes carry houses into the air in the Western States," said G. B. Smith to Gibson, of Huron, as the Legislature rose, "but, all the same, I notice this House rises at six o'clock every evening." "But ye maun alloo there's an unco deference," said the latter. "It's no the Hoose itself that rises, because that wadna be possible, and—" Mr. Smith sighed a deep drawn sigh and shook his head mournfully as he passed out into the lobby.

"Some people," said Ald. Hallam, "think that the exhibition of nude statuary has a demoralizing effect. It may be so in some instances, but not always. There's the Venus of Milo, for instance. She is perfectly 'armless." Mayor Clarke said he thought so, too.

Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright were recently discussing the situation. "Protection is a fraud," said the latter. "Everything is burdened with taxation. The vicious principle pervades our entire national life."

"Ah, oui, mon ami," replied Laurier. "*Meme la gloire est le sujet de ces impots epouvantable?*"

"What do you mean?" asked Cartwright.

"*Rappelez donc les mots de la Marseillaise. Le jour de gloire est arrive (est tarifé.)* Comprenez? Excuse me speaking French, but I had to do it to bring the joke in. It won't work in English."

WHY?

WHY didn't Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan, the clever young Canadian authoress, call her new and brilliant book "*A Canadian Girl in London*," instead of "*An American Girl*," etc. Was it because there are more *outré* points about a Yankee damsel, from the humoristic point of view, or—horrible thought!—because Miss Duncan felt that the word Canadian in the title would kill the book? Perhaps a little of both, eh?

A MAN of a peculiar turn of mind is not necessarily crooked.