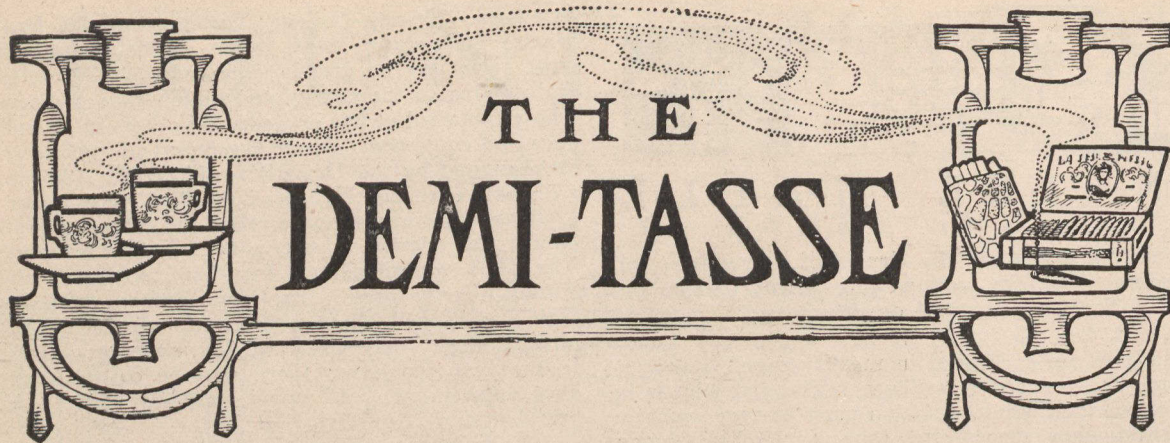




A SUDDEN LULL.

There was a ruler bold,
Who had never been controlled,
And his tongue was so unruly, that it
Wagged, wagged, wagged.

But Von Buelow came along
And said, "Oh, this is wrong!"
So he had the kingly Kaiser safely
Gagged, gagged, gagged.

FROM DURHAM COUNTY

THE County of Durham, Ontario, is second to none in its pride in the "Old Boys," who have accomplished things in the course of their careers. A few years ago, at a gathering of the Durhamites in Toronto, a somewhat cynical speaker remarked: "It is wonderful how we Durham people have provided for the vicissitudes which may befall the stranger in Toronto. A boy goes to school and is educated under the system inspected by James L. Hughes, the liveliest lad ever brought up in Durham. The youth may get into trouble with the city police and then he comes into contact with Deputy-Chief Stark, another boy from the old county. Finally, if he perseveres in a criminal career, he finds himself at the Central Prison, under the firm and kindly guardianship of Warden Gilmour, whose youthful days in Durham were a joy to the village schoolmaster. It is a great system which places the Old Boys of Durham in positions of trust. They find it so convenient to look after their friends."

TAKING NO CHANCES.

MARK HAMBOURG and "Tommy" Burns, says the *Australasian*, once stayed at the same hotel when travelling in the Land of the Kangaroo. One Sunday the pugilist spoke to the musician. "Say," he remarked. "We're two celebrities here. Guess we'll get photographed together." Mark Hambourg stammered, hesitated, said he would see Mr. Burns next day. Meantime he consulted his manager.

"I'll get you out of it," said that astute person. "Tell him that I refuse and that I have exclusive rights to your photographs."

"But why," the manager asked Mark Hambourg afterwards, "couldn't you refuse on your own account?"

"How did I know he might not pounce on me?" the musician demanded.

A FOWL INTERROGATION.

SHE is such a nice little girl with innocent blue eyes and golden curls and she is called Gladys—in fact, she is the very light of a simple Canadian home. The other evening her mother was entertaining Miss Maginty when Gladys took occasion to stroke the visitor's cheek lovingly and remark:

"Daddy's all wrong about what he said, isn't he?"

"And what did he say, dearie?" asked Miss Maginty, while the mother of Gladys turned cold.

"He said you was an old hen, but your cheeks aren't a bit feathery," was the cherub's reply.

PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

ONE of the mottoes which, though good, are rarely applied, is "a place for everything and everything in its place." A London cab driver seemed to think that affairs were ordered after this pattern, says the *Dundee Advertiser*. As he swung down the Strand, an American sitting beside him, asked him to point out the spots of interest.

"Right you are, sir!" agreed the driver, touching his hat. "There's Luggit 'ill, where they 'ang 'em."

A little later. "There's Parliament 'ouses, where they made the laws wot does it, across the way. An' there's Westminster Habbey, where they buried the good 'uns wot didn't get 'anged."

NOT EXACTLY.

AT a recent dinner in Washington, says the *Argonaut*, a lady who was taken in by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page remarked to him effusively: "Oh, Mr. Page, I am reading one of your delightful books and was so interested in it this afternoon that my maid had to call me three times to remind me that it was time to dress for dinner."

"Indeed," replied Mr. Page affably. "Which one of my books was it?"

"Well, er—really, it is very stupid of me, but I can't recall the title," responded the lady.

"Perhaps," suggested the man of letters, smiling, "it was 'Henry Esmond.'"

The lady puckered her brow in the effort to recollect, then observed sweetly: "It may have been that one, Mr. Page, although the name you mention doesn't sound exactly like it."

HIS WISH FULFILLED.

A GERMAN peddler rapped timidly at the kitchen entrance. Mrs. Kelly, angry at being interrupted in her washing, flung open the door and glowered at him.

"Did yez wish to see me?" she demanded in threatening tones.

The peddler backed off a few steps.

"Vell, if I did," he assured her, with an apologetic grin, "I got my vish; thank you."—*Everybody's*.

AN ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR.

DR. JENKINS is a scientist, and therefore a deep thinker, and, consequently, often preoccupied and absent-minded. His most recent adventure attributable to his absent-minded propensities is at present furnishing much amusement for his friends.

He was reading one evening after dinner when his wife approached and touching him on the shoulder, remarked softly: "Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Branner are coming over this evening, so just go upstairs and put on your other coat."

The quiet little professor complied without a murmur. An hour later, when the visitors had been in the house some time, the hostess excused herself for a moment and slipped upstairs to see

what detained Dr. Jenkins. She found him in bed, calmly sleeping.

"Oh, to be sure, the Branners," he said, when she awakened him. "I'll be right down. I guess I was a little absent-minded. I must have forgotten what I came for when I removed my coat, for I kept on undressing and went to bed."—*Sunshine*.

RANDOM SHOTS.

I shot an arrow into the air, it fell in the distance, I knew not where, till a neighbour said that it killed his calf, and I had to pay him six and a half (\$6.50). I bought some poison to slay some rats, and a neighbour swore that it killed his cats; and, rather than argue across the fence, I paid him four dollars and fifty cents (\$4.50). One night I set sailing a toy balloon, and hoped it would soar till it reached the moon; but the candle fell out on a farmer's straw, and he said I must settle or go to law. And that is the way with the random shot; it never hits in the proper spot; and the joke you spring, that you think so smart, may leave a wound in some fellow's heart.—*Emporia Gazette*.

ON THE SAME TERMS.

Diner (who has run up a heavy bill)—"You are manager here, eh? Well, six months ago I dined here, and unfortunately, being unable to pay my bill—er—you kicked me downstairs."

The Manager—"Very sorry, indeed, sir, but business you know—er—I had to—er—"

Diner—"Oh, that's all right, old chap—but—might I trouble you again?"—*London Weekly Telegram*.

INNOCENCE DOWN HOME.

Mrs. Ryetop—"It just goes to show how youngsters of this generation neglect opportunities."

Mr. Ryetop—"What now, Mandy?"

Mrs. Ryetop—"Why, when Zeke was home I used to try to make him take the mop and bucket and scrub up the halls. He wouldn't pay no heed, and now he writes that he is on a scrub team up at college, and I bet he doesn't know a thing about scrubbing."—*Chicago News*.

A "ROAST" ALL AROUND.

THE minister had just finished a little opening talk to the children, preparatory to the morning service, when Mrs. Berkeley suddenly realised with all the agony of a careful housewife, that she had forgotten to turn the gas off from the oven in which she had left a nicely-cooked roast, ready for the final re-heating. Visions of a ruined dinner and a smoky kitchen roused her to immediate effort, and, borrowing a pencil from the young man in front, she scribbled a note. Just then her husband, an usher in the church, passed her pew. With a murmured "Hurry!" she thrust the note into his hand, and he, with an understanding nod, turned, passed up the aisle, and handed the note to the minister. Mrs. Berkeley saw the act in speechless horror, and shuddered as she saw the minister smilingly open the note and begin to read. But her expression of dismay was fully equalled by the look of amazement and wrath on the good man's face as he read the words: "Go home and turn off the gas!"



"A Woman's Work is Never Done."—Life.