



### "CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES."

MAN-AFRAID-TO-TALK-BACK-TO-HIS-MOTHER-IN-LAW (*flourishing knife*)—"Wah, me had Injun; take pale face scalp."

MR. MAN-OUT-WEST—"Don't trouble yourself, my friend; allow me to hand it to you."—*Life*.

### WHY NOT IN ONTARIO?

AS MR. GRIP sat in his *sanctum* the other day, providing the next ensuing supply for the fun-loving public, the dingy room was suddenly illumined by an unwonted—but by no means unwanted—ray of what seemed to be sunshine. "It can't be the sun," soliloquised MR. GRIP, "for this room is on the shady side of the house; nor can it be the electric light, for that illuminator has not yet been turned on; then it must be the countenance of——" "John Boyd, Sinitor, av Saint John, New Brunswick," put in a cherry voice, and, quickly rising and turning, MR. GRIP found that distinguished gentleman bowing in the door way. "Come right in and take the softest seat, Senator," said MR. GRIP, heartily. "A visit from you at any time is better than a medicinal tonic. And now that you're here I insist upon your explaining to me the why and wherefore of the internal satisfaction, peace, comfort and joy, which make your countenance perpetually to shine like that of the prophet we read of in the good book. In his case it was inward grace——"

"An' in moine" interjected the Senator, "it's not outward grase,—but to come to the p'int at wance, it's the New Brunswick schools, sor!"

"The New Brunswick schools?" said MR. GRIP, rather puzzled. "That very same;" and the visitor's face fairly glistened with jubilation. "I had a hand years ago in bringin' about the prisint happy shtate av affairs wid reference to schools in the Province beyant, an' iver since I've been filled to the oyes wid comfort an' pleasure."

"Here," said MR. GRIP, "sit down and help yourself to a glass of city water, and tell me all about it," and he settled himself back in his *sanctum* chair to listen to the story. "Thank ye kindly," said the Senator, "but ye'll excuse me drinkin' the wather. Iv'e hard about it. Well, the shtory's not long. Listen to me now:

"Twenty years ago, the New Brunswick Governmint passed a school-law. It raised a howly ruction wid the Catholic part av the people, an' the row wint on like Donnybrook for foive long years. They howled it down

for bein' 'Godless,' an' wint to Ottaway, an' to the Imperial Parliamint to get it repaled, but cuddn't get it. Thin the Bishop av St. John, a dacent ould gentleman, sint for me to come an' talk to him an' see if we cuddn't patch up the unpleasantness—me bein' Chairman av the School Board, dy'e moind. Well, I wint, I saw, an' begorra, I conquered—or rather common sense did bechuxt us. This is how we settled it. Now listen to this, for be the same token, I see no raison why yez shouldn't have the same here in Ontario. We agreed to lave the Catholic school houses standin', av course, the same to be rinted be the School Board from the Church durin' the school hours on foive days av the week; the brothers and nuns to be left to tayche, av they wud pass examinations loike other taychers befoor the regular examiners an' get certificates, dy'e see? Thin, durin' school hours, thim foive days, sorra a book to be used but the same as all the public schools had, an' no imblims av the Church to be in the Catholic schools forby a picture av the scene on Calvary that any Christian, Protestant or Catholic, wuddn't object to. 'Whin school is out,' sez I to the Bishop, 'yez can tache the Catechism an' Saint's days to yer heart's content, but whin school is in, nothing but the regular school books. Av coorse,' sez I, 'yez can rade a chapter av the Douay Bible, an' the Lord's Prayer from the same, to open an' close wid, as we do in the Public Schools.' 'All right,' sez the Bishop. 'I belave the arrangement is a splendid wan.' An' so it was done, an' be the hokey pokey, av the grand ould man didn't give me his blessin' be name, from the Cathedral pulpit, an' call me a Christian gentleman! Well, sor, what's been the consequence? For fifteen years we have enjied peace an' good fellowship bechuxt Protestants an' Catholics, an' the Catholic byes and girls are now gettin' as good a shtart in loife as their Protestant play mates, which they don't in Taranto, I'll be bound. It's glorious, sir, an' its no wondher me face beams wid deloight, as yez say. I was the manes of doin' a blessed days work for me city an' Province, an' I thank God ivery day that He allowed me to do it. Nothing wud persuade our Catholics to go back to the ould arrangement. Now, tell me, fwhat's the raisin that yez couldn't settlè the question the same way here in this Province? I can't pause for a reply, howsomiver, MISTHER GRIP, as I have an important engagement to meet Archbishop Walsh an' talk it over wid him. But think about it, an' stir up the public to think about it. Good day, sor!"

And the genial Irishman was off in a jiffy.

### AT MRS. CROWDEM'S MUSICALE.

MRS. SMITH (*to country cousin*)—"Don't you consider that Miss Banger plays the piano with a great deal of soul?"

C. C. (*apparently relieved*)—"Oh! She does use her feet then! I was wondering how she could make such a n ise as all that with only her hands!"

### AS GOOD AS A SUMMER RESORT.

MRS. PARDIGGLE—"Are you going to the country this summer, Mrs. Borrowdale?"

MRS. BORROWDALE—"Oh, no! You know we've moved out into the suburbs. The neighborhood is pleasant, but the rooms are inconveniently small and very hot and stuffy, the mosquitoes torment us all evening, and the bedbugs keep us awake all night. Haven't we all the comforts of a summer hotel