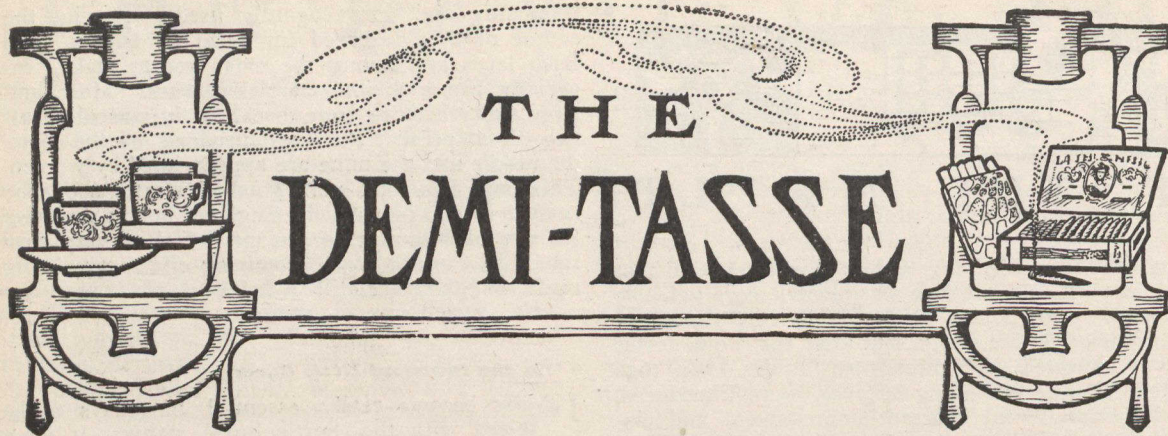




THE NEW MEMBER.

DURING his first session every new member of parliament or legislature must undergo a certain amount of "initiation." This takes various forms. In Toronto, when a new member goes up into the gallery to talk to his lady friends who are there on invitation, he is sure to get a note signed by the premier, or some cabinet minister, forged by some old wag, asking to see him at once. He rushes down, works his way up to the premier's desk and says, "You wanted to see me, sir?" The premier looks puzzled for a moment and then says to the new member: "Perhaps you had better see Dr. Preston, or Howard Ferguson, or Herb. Lennox. They may be able to explain." It then gradually dawns upon the new legislator that he has been buncoed.

A good story is told about Dr. Forbes Godfrey who had two private bills on the order paper which were to come up in the House during the rush of the last few days. The Premier, who was making a new Canadian record for the despatch of business, had warned all his followers that if they were not present when their bills were called, these documents would be "thrown out." On the morning that Dr. Godfrey's two bills were on the order paper, he was late, and the bills were duly put through by attentive friends. When he arrived, however, they began to sympathise with him about missing his opportunity—the last for the session. One of them suggested that the only course of action was to go to the Premier and apologise and say that he had an important patient whom he couldn't leave, or some such excuse, and that possibly the Premier would have the bills re-instated. He did so. When he began to explain, the Premier thought that he was complaining about the bills being passed in his absence, because he (Dr. Godfrey) had really intended to have them defeated. Sir James began to bluster and fume as is his custom, and to use strong language about fool members who brought in bills which they didn't want passed. Then it dawned on Dr. Godfrey that he was the victim of a practical joke. He got out of the difficulty with the busy Premier as best he could and started out to get even with his friends.

THE RISING HOPE.

THERE is a certain member of the Ontario Legislature who is both convivial and witty. One night as he strolled into the Queen's Hotel at an unusual hour, he stumbled over a scrub-woman and

injured her feelings very much. After she got through telling him in strong language what she thought of him, he handed her some sweet words and a five-dollar bill. She thanked him profusely and was deeply grateful.

"And who shall I pray for, sir?" she asked him, apparently anxious to know who the kindly gentleman was.

"Pray for Mr. Whitney, but thank the Rising Hope of the Conservative Party." And the member, in select circles, still bears the title which he gave himself that evening.

VERY CARELESS.

A BRIGHT little five-year-old while driving one day with her father in the Park, came upon the Zoo. Her curiosity and interest were at once aroused, and one question tumbled out after another regarding the creatures that they saw.

"Father," she asked, "what is that black animal over in the corner?"

"That, Miss Inquisitiveness, is what is known as the Buffalo."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, regretfully. "Why didn't they call it a New York; it's so big."



Visitor: How old are you Waldo?

Waldo Emmerson Bostonbeans: Does the subject really interest you, madam, or do you introduce it merely as a theme for polite conversation?—*Life*.

A MATTER OF COLOUR.

TWO sons of the Emerald Isle were tramping along a country road. Suddenly Pat pointed to a thicket by the wayside.

"Can you tell me, Moike, what the name of them berries would be?"

"I can indade," says Mike. "Them are blackberries, me lad."

"Gad," says Pat, "I don't see how they can be blackberries when they're red."

"The more fool you. Sure any idiot would know that blackberries are always red when they're grane."

SPRING REVERIES.

"It's great to sit and think and fish,
And fish and sit and think,
And think and fish and sit and wish
That you could get a drink."

REDUCED.

A LADY in making a purchase at a pawn-shop one evening, dropped a five-dollar gold piece into a crack in the floor. The next morning the lady called for her money. Taking her to the back of the store, the pawn-broker asked, in a confidential

whisper, if she was sure that it was five dollars she had lost.

"Yes, a five-dollar gold piece."

"Vell, it iss very strange, but I gif you my vord of honour, lady, ve only found t'ree dollars and sigsty-five cents."

SHE DREW THE LINE.

"O H, I have no use for those silly slum plays!" exclaimed the fashionable young person, speaking of the Fiske presentation of "Salvation Nell." "I can stand for them wearing all their old clothes in the first and second act, but when it comes to the third—well, in the third, I certainly do like to see them come out in something swell."

SING A SONG OF BRIDGE.

SING a song of bridge clubs,

A bag full of gold,

Four-and-twenty women,

Naughty cards they hold.

When the game is open

They all begin to play,

Oh, what wild excitement,

Who is going to pay?

One makes it "no trump,"

Every time they're shuffled.

Another losing heavily

Feeling rather ruffled.

When the game is over

She pays what she owes,

One week of hubby's salary,

Then coolly home she goes.

ELLEN MACKIE.

THE PRIVILEGES OF THE DAY.

Little James had just been initiated into the mysteries of the first of April and had amused himself hugely the livelong day playing pranks on all the family. Bedtime came, and finally he had sobered down enough to say his evening prayer, beginning with the usual petition, "Bless father an' mother, gran'ma an' Uncle Joe," with the customary list of playmates.

"An'—an'—" he went on, "bless James, an' make him a good little girl." Then came a pause, followed by the triumphant shout, "April Fool, Lord!"

—*Woman's Home Companion*.

SELF-DISGRACED.

IN Boston, as everyone knows, the Symphony concerts are viewed in the light of sacred ceremonies. In this connection the story is told of two little girls of a certain family who returned from the Music Hall "in a state of mind." One of them carried an expression of deep scorn; the other an air of great dejection.

"What is the matter, girls?" asked some member of the household. "Was the concert fine?"

"The concert was all right," responded Eleanor. "The trouble was with Mary. She disgraced herself."

"Disgraced herself?"

"Yes, she sneezed in the middle of the symphony."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

WASN'T THAT SLICK?

THE usual crowd of small boys was gathered about the entrance of a circus tent in a small town one day, pushing and trying to get a glimpse of the interior. A man standing near watched them for a few moments, then walking up to the ticket-taker he said with an air of authority:

"Let all these boys in, and count them as they pass."

The gateman did as requested, and when the last one had gone he turned and said: "Twenty-eight, sir."

"Good," said the man, smiling as he walked away, "I thought I guessed right."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

A LITTLE SLIP.

THE REV. MR. SPICER had for three days enjoyed the telephone which had been his last gift from an admiring parishioner. He had been using it immediately before going to church.

When the time came for him to announce the first hymn, he rose, and with his usual impressive manner read the words. Then in a crisp, firm tone he said, "Let us all unite in hymn six double o, sing three."—*Youth's Companion*.

Master—John! Servant—Yes, sir. Master—Be sure you tell me when it is four o'clock. Servant—Yes, sir. Master—Don't forget it. I promised to meet my wife at 2.30, and she'll be provoked if I'm not there when she arrives.—*Answers*.



Will it Come to This?—*Leslie's Weekly*.