

"THERE'S HARDLY ANY MEN."

The moonlight silvers lake and pine,
The wind is whispering low;
The waves a gentle memory sing
Of days of long ago.
The stars regard with pitying gleam
Verandahs full of girls,
In fluffy gowns of pink and white
And hair in puffs and curls.

They gaze into each other's eyes
With pensive glance and sad,
They care not for the merry waltz—
The floor is quite too bad.
They paddle 'neath the silver moon
And talk of many things—
Of gowns and hats and matinees
And of engagement rings.

The boat comes in each summer night
With loads of hopeful girls,
Who scan the new hotel, from which
A bright, new flag unfurls.
From every bluff that's crowned with pines,
From every lonely fen,
From every island comes the cry—
"There's hardly any men."

* * *

A MATTER OF TASTE.

AN English girl had been visiting some Canadian cousins whose misuse of the mother tongue was occasionally painful. One day a Canadian cousin, referring to a talented artist, said that he was a "brainy cuss."

"My dear girl!" exclaimed the horrified girl from the Old Country, "you really shouldn't talk like that. It's beastly bad form. If I were you, I'd chuck that bally rot."

* * *

CHRONIC.

Sapleigh: "A bwick fell from a building two yeahs ago and knocked me senseless."

Miss Caustique: "Indeed! And does your physician think you will ever get over it?"—*Chicago News.*

* * *



The fishing season opens.—Life.

A CRUEL REQUEST.

"You know," said the young man at the summer hotel, as he eloquently discoursed on his own characteristics, "I'm passionately fond of music. I'm simply a different being when the orchestra is playing."

"Then won't you ask the orchestra to start up right soon," softly remarked a Merry Widow from Tennessee.

* * *

NEWSLETS.

Mayor Stewart of Hamilton has decided not to go fishing with Colonel J. M. Gibson. The latter has no belief in the proverb: "It's money that makes the Mayor go."

Lady Violet Elliot has milked a cow. The cow is awfully proud and the Pure Milk League of Toronto has telegraphed its congratulations. But Ottawa air has always been in favour of the simple life.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn threatens to visit Canada this year. An asbestos edition of her works is to be published—not by the Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

Lord Roberts did enjoy the address from Toronto citizens so much, as he perused it in the cool seclusion of Rideau Hall gardens. He said it made excellent hammock reading.

* * *

IN RURAL ONTARIO.

Tory Farmer: "Well, Maria, I see they've made Premier Whitney a Knight Bachelor."

Maria: "Dear me! I always thought Mr. Whitney was a married man."

* * *

HOW HE WAS TRAINED.

THERE are two literary Canadians, now residing in the United States, who are of such height as to suggest the scriptural reference to the sons of Anak. One of these is Bliss Carman, the other, Arthur Stringer. The *Sunday Magazine* tells a good story about the former.

James Whitcomb Riley and Bliss Carman, though comrades of long standing in art, did not meet until comparatively recently. It was in Washington and the Canadian poet, whose head is fully six feet four inches above ground, was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue with a friend.

Observing Riley approach, and knowing that the two poets had never met, the Washingtonian took occasion to introduce them.

Struggling with suppressed emotion, the laureate of childhood dropped his eyes to the pavement, gradually permitting his glance to travel upward, as though analysing a new species of skyscraper, and with an expression of inimitable drollery, ejaculated:

"Well, by jimminy! Your parents must have trained you on a trellis!"

* * *

HIS SORT.

Two critical citizens were recently discussing a Canadian, who has lately "arrived" and whose success appears to have gone to his head.

"What I can't stand about B——" said one confidentially, "is his confoundedly patronising tone. If B—— were to visit Egypt, I tell you, he'd pat the pyramids on the back and chuck the Sphinx under the chin."

* * *

THE FEMININE INSTINCT.

MR. McNAMARA, a member of the British Parliament, tells of a school-teacher who was endeavouring to convey the idea of pity to the members of his class. He illustrated it. "Now, supposing," he said, "a man working on the river bank

suddenly fell in. He could not swim and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene, boys and girls. The man's sudden fall, the cry for help. His wife, knowing his peril and hearing his screams, rushed immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?"

After a pause a small voice piped forth: "Please, sir, to draw his insurance money."

* * *

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

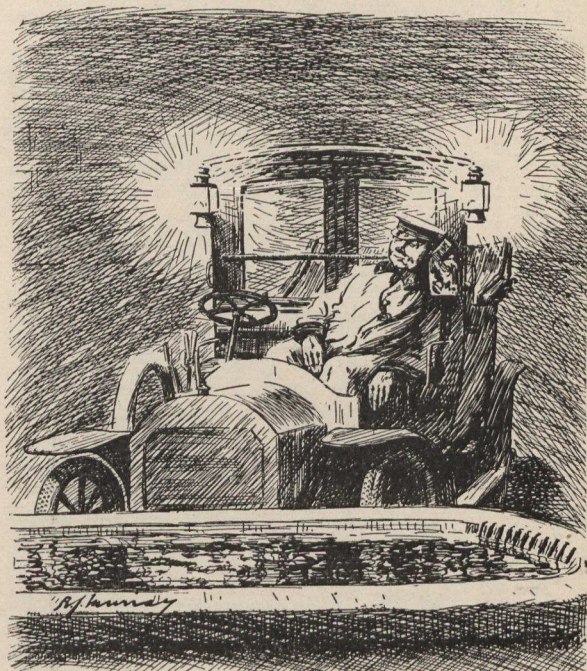
THE old truth that things are not always what they seem was established anew the other day. In this case the discrepancy between fiction and fact was so great as to be amusing. Says a writer in the *Philadelphia Ledger*:

It was noon when he entered the crowded restaurant. He stood fully six feet three inches in height, was built in proportion, and must have weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds. As he strode down between the rows of tables he looked as if he could eat up the house.

He took a seat beside a diminutive, fussy little man with a bald head and chop whiskers, who was successfully polishing off a sirloin steak with onions. The little fellow, with his napkin tightly wedged under his chin and his mouth full of dinner, looked up in wonder at the gigantic side partner and then down at the frail cane-bottomed chair, which creaked and groaned piteously under its immense weight. But the big fellow took no notice of the little one. When the waitress approached him he gave his order.

"Bring me," he said, in a falsetto voice, "a cup of weak tea and a doughnut."

* * *



Inebriated Chauffeur, (formerly a cab-driver) "Now then we must move along, old girl. You've had quite enough to drink!"—Punch.

* * *

A SLAVE TO "IF."

GROVER CLEVELAND once declared that he was an optimist, but not "an if-ist." "An if-ist," said Mr. Cleveland, "is a person who is a slave to the little word if, whereas an optimist hopes for the best in a sane manner. The if-ist is never quite sane. I once knew an if-ist who was lost in the Maine woods with a companion on a hunting expedition. As night came on they made camp, but, although they were hungry, they had shot no game, and had nothing to eat. With a perfectly serious face this fellow looked at his companion and said: 'If we only had some ham, we'd have ham and eggs, if we only had some eggs!'"

* * *

RETURNED WITH THANKS.

A YOUNG Canadian humorist went over to England, hoping to find London editors in receptive mood. He forwarded a contribution to *Punch* with the note:

"Dear Sir:—I arrived in London this morning and paid a visit to Westminster Abbey this afternoon. I found this call depressing, for a man naturally shrinks from inspecting the spot where he is to be buried."

The manuscript came back with a slightly discouraging note to the effect that Mr. B—— would do better work if he were not so sarcastic.