



A CREDULOUS CITIZEN.

MR. ALEXANDER SAVINE is a vocalist of ability who came from Belgrade on the Danube, across the Atlantic and Eastern Canada, to Winnipeg, to add distinction to the growing musical circles of the Prairie Capital. Mr. Savine is acquiring a working knowledge of the King's English and has a picturesque gift of comparison. The other day his ears became frozen, and he afterwards remarked to a friend: "Next day my ear lak gramophone."

Talking with a Toronto citizen, who asked him how he liked Winnipeg, he said: "Fine town! Fine town! One-hundred-and-feefty-seven thousand people this town in."

"Nonsense!" cried the Toronto man, "about ninety-five thousand." The new Westerner was much disturbed.

"No, no! Meester Mayor Evans himself told me—one-hundred-and-feefty-seven thousand."

The listeners laughed heartily at this excellent authority, but Herr Savine could not see the joke. Then he added: "And Meester Roblan, the premier, he tell me also one-hundred-and-feefty-seven thousand." There was even a more boisterous shout of laughter at this additional testimony. But Herr Savine was utterly unable to understand why the Mayor and the Premier could not be considered ultimate and unprejudiced authorities. Great is the epidemic quality of Western belief in "our town!"

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A KINDLY COUNCIL.

THE Municipal Clerk in one of the fairest spots of Eastern Canada recently announced his intention to enter upon the holy estate of matrimony. Whereupon, the following entry was made in the municipal minutes.

"Whereas our Municipal Clerk has requested that he be granted two weeks holidays and whereas he has promised to attend the sessions of the Union of Municipalities, and whereas we have it on good authority that he has given a promise to attend another and more important union in which he will undoubtedly receive much of value and weight to bring back with him: *Therefore, Resolved:* That his request be granted on the understanding that



A Merry Widow Hat.—Life.

particulars of these events be given at the April Session. Passed."

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SLIGHTLY AT VARIANCE.

THE difficulties of theatrical censorship in Toronto might be considerable if one may judge from a few varied comments, such as the following on *Salvation Nell*:

"A fine play with profound moral teaching!"
"If that play had been at the Majestic, they'd all have been run in."

"One of the best dramas of the season—must do good."

"Perfectly disgusting—no excuse for it."

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WAS IT INTENTIONAL?

IN its issue of March 13th, the *Winnipeg Saturday Post* says: "Let these critics turn to the Kinrade murder and consider the failure of the Toronto police and law departments to find," etc. Talk about ignorance of Ontario geography! No writer in the *Effete East* could do much worse than this. To make Hamilton a suburb or a portion of Toronto is not only a geographical blunder, but it is distinctly bad business for the *Post*. Its Hamilton advertising will be cut off entirely. Nevermore will the Hamilton merchant consider the advantages of "space" in that Winnipeg weekly.

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TRUE CHIVALRY.

TWO young ladies boarded a crowded street car and were obliged to stand. One of them to steady herself took hold of what she supposed was her friend's hand. They had stood thus for some time, when on looking down she discovered that she was holding a man's hand. Greatly embarrassed, she exclaimed, "Oh, I've got the wrong hand."

Whereupon the man with a smile stretched forth his other hand, saying: "Here is the other one, madam!"

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TRUTHFUL.

THE commercial traveller had been summoned as a witness, and the K.C. for the defence was cross-examining him, and eliciting many interesting details as to "exes," etc.

"You travel for Jobson, Hobson, Slobson & Co., don't you?" said the K. C.

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been in their employ?"

"About ten years."

"And you have been travelling all that time, have you?"

"Well, no, sir," confessed the nothing-but-the-truthful witness, making a hasty mental calculation, "not actually travelling. I have put in about four years of that time waiting at railway stations."

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A CURIOUS MEASURE.

"What is this Daylight Saving Bill?" asked an honest Canadian citizen.

"It looks to me like getting up earlier than you think it is, for the sake of going to bed later than is good for you," was the kindly answer.

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NOT A SUCCESS.

THE manager of the subscription-book department was telling some of his experiences. "The funniest case I remember," he said, "was that of an applicant for a job at book canvassing from whom I expected great things. He made a careful study of the literature we supplied him with and was very enthusiastic. Judge of my surprise when the first morning he went out, back he came and handed in his resignation."

"But you should not be so easily discouraged," I told him. "Few make a success at the start, and you acknowledge that you went into only two places."

"Only two," he said lugubriously. "One was a real estate agent, who persuaded me to sign a con-

tract for two lots in Fizzlehurst, and the other was a tailor, who sold me a suit of clothes I didn't want," and, shaking his head mournfully, he mumbled 'Good-day,' and went out."—*Lippincott's*.

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THE MARRIAGE LAW.

The *Buffalo Express* says: Advocates of the marriage license law of this State who would like to know how that law is working are referred to this advertisement in a *Buffalo* paper:

"Get married in Canada and avoid publicity. Take the rummy to Bridgeburg and go to —'s store for a marriage license."

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THE ONLY WAY.

Sunday School Teacher—All the boys who want to go to heaven will please rise.

Willie Green—Why, teacher—excuse me—but that's the only way they can go to heaven. —*Bohemian*.

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TWO OF A KIND.

A DISTINGUISHED specialist in Washington was called upon a week or two ago by an eminent government official for treatment for a nervous ailment.

"The first thing you must do," said the physician after an examination, "is to give up both smoking and drinking."

Whereupon the eminent official became real peevish. "Look here, doctor," he burst out, "now you're talking just like my wife!"—*Lippincott's*.

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THE LIMIT.

"You never 'eard sich langwidge, and the names she called me! Well, even me own 'usband don't call me sich names."—*Windsor Magazine*.

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DRILLING FOR "THE SEVENTEENTH."

Drill Instructor Casey: Now, min, yez will take one stip to the rare, thin one to the front, thin one to the rare agin, an' yez'll be as yez were before yez were as yez are now!—*Life*.

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QUITE COOL.

SHORTLY after his rise to the bench, says the *Argonaut*, Judge Coleman had occasion to pronounce a life sentence upon a notorious offender. In the course of his remarks, the Judge spoke with so much feeling and eloquence that many of the listeners were deeply affected. The prisoner, on the other hand, seemed to be quite indifferent, looking at the ceiling and apparently giving no attention whatever to what was being said. After he had been remanded to gaol, one of the young lawyers had gone into the cell, curious to know how the criminal had felt when His Honour was passing sentence upon him.

"What do you mean?" asked the convicted one.

"I mean when the Judge was telling you that you must go to prison for life."

"You mean when he was talking to me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I never paid no attention to Dick Coleman; he ain't no public speaker nohow."