



TIMELY RHYMES.

There once was a province out west,
Which was used as political test,
Sir Wilfrid, with smiles
And beneficent wiles,
Said: "I guess we may now do the rest."

The Londoners with awe descry
A noble knight with aspect high.
They say with glee
"Tis plain to see
Ontario's 'Sir James' is nigh."

Now do the country cousins
Anticipate the "Fair"
And to Toronto housewives
Their happiness declare:
"For just a little visit
(To do the Fair up brown)
We'll be so glad to see you
We're coming to the town."

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SAFE.

Prison Keeper: "That convict is what we call a trusty. We can put him at anything and be sure he won't try to escape."

Visitor: "How remarkable!"

Prison Keeper: "Oh, I don't know. He's in for bigamy."

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A NEW BOOK OF TRAVEL.

It is rumoured that Lord Roberts is writing another book as a companion to *Forty-One Years in India*. It is entitled, *In Hottest America, or A Fort-night in Tropical Canada*.

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THE LATEST INVENTIONS.

PROFESSOR LANCASTER, the distinguished scientist, in addressing his classes one day, said that, while he would like to believe that all scientists were impeccable, he was forced by a dream he had experienced to doubt their universal goodness.

In this dream the professor had been carried to the gate of the lower regions, which, he was surprised to find, was made of highly-polished marble. Everything within reminded him of a well-appointed club, even to the refreshment which might be obtained at small tables in cosy corners. He resorted to one of these and was promptly served by a dusky attendant who inquired softly: "Ice, sir?"

"Where in the nether world do you get the ice?" said the professor.

"There are many scientific gentlemen here, sir," was the reply.

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A DEFEATED CANDIDATE.

A CANADIAN politician who came last in a four-candidate election was highly mortified over his defeat and exerted himself to appear jovial and indifferent.

"Ah, well," he said pensively, reviving an old joke. "I was like Lazarus—licked by the dogs."

"No," said a friend of the opposite party. "You were like Lazarus because you came fo(u)rth."

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THEIR ASPECT.

"There are many sides to politics," said the Man from Hamilton.

"There are only two," said the Man from Ottawa, "the outside and the inside."

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INFORMATION FOR FOOLS.

Tilly Gruel: "Will you please print in your delightful column directions for making a daisy chain. I have a young man friend. He is fourteen but I am seventeen. Would you let him call on me? He also desires to use my first name, being short and cute."

Thanks for the slush about the column—so glad

it has helped you to lead a nobler life and to see more green in the grass and more blue in the sky, etc. It must be very exciting to have a young man friend aged fourteen. By all means, let him call. You might play marbles in the back yard or teach him ping pong but be sure to send him home at nine o'clock, for a growing boy needs lots of sleep. Yes, let him call you Tilly. It rhymes with "silly," you know. I really don't know a thing about a daisy chain, but if you'll write to the sporting editor of the *Christian Guardian* he'll tell you all about it.

Mabel: "What colour should I wear to the wedding of my second cousin, Gladys Irene? It is going to be a quiet but pretty wedding and the bride is to be married in a going-away gown of smoke-coloured velvet. What would you advise me to send as present? I don't care a button for Gladys Irene but she is marrying a man who has piles of money and an automobile and they are to live just two blocks away from us on their return from the bridal tour."

Green voile over purple calico would be a lovely thing to wear to a quiet wedding. It might be trimmed with fawn applique and touches of sunset gold velvet. I should certainly sent a present that will look every cent that it is worth. Don't send a book or a picture. A cut-glass lemonade jug looks large and imposing but do not send lemons with the gift. Some people are so sensitive about these little things.

Pearl: "I have lately become engaged to a young theological student. Can you advise me as to the kind of wedding-gown that is proper for a minister's bride? What refreshments should be offered at the wedding? We are not to be married for two years but I think it is right to know about these details beforehand. Do you think a minister's wife should make her own gowns?"

I do not think I should worry much about the wedding as it is two years off. Theological students are gay deceivers ever and the youth to whom you refer will probably be engaged early and often during the next two years. If he remains constant you had better be married in a serviceable grey alpaca, of which the village congregation will approve. The refreshments should be ham sandwiches with raspberry vinegar. Of course you should make your own

gowns and give the dressmaker money to the little heathen.

ANNABELLE.

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THE GREATEST BLESSING.

There was a good deal of sound human nature in the unexpected reply of the dying old woman to her minister's leading question: "Here at the end of a long life, which of the Lord's mercies are you most thankful for?"

Her eyes brightened as she answered: "My victuals."

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HIS ALTERNATIVE.

IT is best to keep one's personal dignity at whatever cost. A befitting sense of what is due one never comes amiss, even within prison precincts. This truth was appreciated by an Irishman whose expression of it is quoted by Michael MacDonagh, in "Irish Life and Character." The prisoner, refractory and obstinate, flatly refused to work in the treadmill.

The man was brought before the governor of the prison for disobedience. The governor asked him what reason he could give for not following out his orders.

"Me go on the treadmill!" exclaimed the prisoner drawing himself up to his full height of offended dignity. "Never, sir! I'd rather lave the jail first!"

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SCOTCH, PLEASE.

A DISTINGUISHED Indian officer, Scotch to the core, never lost an opportunity of advertising his countrymen.

One evening at mess he had a large number of guests, and had a magnificent specimen of a Highland piper on duty.

To draw attention to the man's splendid appearance he turned to him and said:

"What pairt o' Scotland do you come from, my man?"

With a punctilious salute the reply came:

"Tipperary, yer honour!"—Answers.

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HE WAS AN ENGLISHMAN.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has long since declared against the "Little Englishmen"; there is nothing insular about him. Nevertheless there remains a good deal that is English—in more senses than one. Not long ago this was made evident when, at a London club, he encountered one of those unfortunate beings who give their leisure moments to a study of the Baconian cipher.

This person engaged Mr. Kipling in talk; at any rate he engaged the novelist in listening. For fully fifteen minutes he poured forth his arguments, and, in the end, wound up with:

"Now, sir, I think even you cannot doubt that it was Bacon who wrote the plays of Shakespeare."

"Indeed?" replied Kipling with an unaffected yawn. "That may be, but really, what difference does it make so long as it was an Englishman?"—*Saturday Evening Post*.



Lady of Uncertain years. "Ah, Major, we're none of us as young as we were."
Major (absent-minded, but vaguely aware that a gallant answer is indicated). "My dear lady, I'm sure you don't look it."—Punch.