

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE MEMBER.

Now does the busy candidate
Improve the shining hour
By gathering promises from all
Which time may bring to flower.

You must admire his sprightly gait,
As up and down he goes,
Through highways and through hedges thick,
Saluting friends and foes.

The farmer with the horny hand
He loves as dearest friend,
He talks to him of price of crops
And how the times must mend.

He talks unto the minister
Of how he would reform
The practices in politics,
And evil strongholds storm.

Unto the women of the place
He gives the gladdest hand,
And talks of silent influence
Which moulds the happy land.

He beams upon the smallest boy
And infants does he kiss,
And says in tones ecstatic—
"A wondrous child is this!"

He paints a future golden fair
Of what the place will be
When he the people represents
And guards their liberty.

In short, the glad Millennium seems
A poor and faded thing,
Compared with all the glorious bliss
The candidate will bring.

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THE UNMOVED MOON.

A CERTAIN well-known judge was once violently attacked by a young and very imprudent counsel. To the surprise of everyone the judge heard him throughout and made no reply.

After the adjournment for the day, when all were assembled at the hotel where the judge and many of the court folk had their refreshment, someone asked the judge why he did not rebuke the impertinent fellow.

"Permit me," said the judge, loud enough to attract the attention of the whole company, among whom was the barrister in question—"permit me to tell you a little story. My father, when he lived in the country, had a dog—a mere puppy, I may say. Well, this puppy would go out every moonlight night and bark at the moon for hours together."

The judge paused as if he had finished.

"Well, what of that?" exclaimed half a dozen of the audience at once.

"Oh, nothing—nothing; but the moon kept on shining just as if nothing had happened."

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THE EGOTIST IN THE GARDEN

"Confound you, Sir! Just look at my cucumber frame!"—Punch.

WELL-MEANING.

Some years ago, a delegate from France to the Free Church of Scotland Assembly who had not acquired the English language very perfectly, observing that a bare country was called a barren one in England, remarked, on rising to deliver an address, as he looked round on the great number of bald heads and venerable men before him, that he felt "much embarrassed in speaking before so many barren heads."

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THE WRONG WORD.

THE absent-minded clergyman is not infrequently found and many are the tales told of certain parsons whose heads were so filled with eternal matters that the practical things of everyday were almost forgotten. The late Bishop Baldwin of London, Ontario, was one of Canada's best-loved clergymen and probably the most absent-minded. It is told of him that he once left home to attend confirmation services in Strathroy. He forgot to buy a ticket and when the conductor appeared on the scene, the Bishop was in a quandary, for he had actually forgotten where he was to go. The railroad official knew the Bishop well and suggested that when the train reached Komoka he should telegraph to his London home in the hope of discovering his appointment. In the meantime, however, the Bishop rummaged through his pockets, finally discovering a letter which showed that he should be in Strathroy on the following day—whereupon peace was restored to the troubled ecclesiastic.

A story of a somewhat different nature is being told about an absent-minded Methodist brother who was preaching about the lack of filial piety in modern days, reminding the young men in the congregation of their obligation to those at home. He proceeded to relate how he had recently met, when on a visit to a distant town, the mother of a young man in his congregation, who had begged of him to look after her son's welfare. He spoke of her intense earnestness and the impression it had made on him.

"My friends," he said in faltering tones, "I can still hear her tearful voice—can still feel the pressure of her lips." Of course, the preacher had intended to say "hand," but, in a moment of absent-mindedness, had mislaid the correct word.

The congregation smiled sweetly and the clergyman's wife took the situation calmly. But he has been busy explaining ever since what he really meant to say.

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A GOOD REASON.

Judge: "Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you?"

Prisoner: "I am a member of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment."

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EARLY MEASURES.

Host: "Why did you strike that dog. He only sniffed at you."

Visitor: "Well, you don't expect me to wait till he's tasted me, do you?"

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A POETIC REPARTEE.

NOW that election talk is once more rife and the ninth commandment is being shattered into a thousand fragments every day of the campaign, stories of former days are being told for the forty-eleventh time. One of these is now wafted from Belleville, relating to the days when the only Sir John was in the seat of the mighty. There had been allegations of doings of more-than-usual irregularity on the part of the Government and Sir John found himself confronted on the platform by a young orator of the opposite side who dwelt with much impassioned eloquence upon the wickedness of the men in power and the sad state of the afflicted

Dominion. The speaker was fluent and effective of voice but diminutive of person. However, his earnestness made a visible impression on the audience and when he sat down exhausted, to wipe his beaded brow, there was applause which was properly described as "prolonged" by the local Liberal paper.

Sir John arose slowly and beamed on his supporters and "e'en upon the ranks of Tuscany" with that impartial geniality which went a long way towards keeping him at the head of national affairs. Turning courteously towards the small and ardent youth who had made such terrible charges of corruption, he gazed at him from head to foot and finally turning to the audience, said slowly and emphatically:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder *who* you are."

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A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

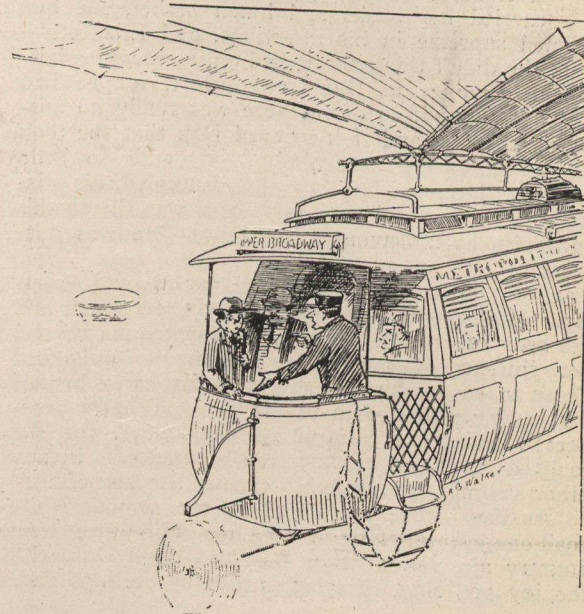
AS the R. and O. steamer, *Kingston*, was preparing to leave the Toronto dock one bright summer day, the passengers on deck observed the *Corona* approaching the Niagara Navigation Company's dock. A tall, thin United Stateser of venerable appearance noticed the British flag at the stern of the Niagara boat and addressed a small group in reflective tones.

"How much time d'you reckon it will take to change that flag to the *Stars and Stripes*?"

"Time!" echoed a Toronto citizen of the Colonel Denison type of imperial architecture, "you may bet on its taking Eternity."

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THE PASSENGERS ON THE AIRSHIP



"Pay your fare or I'll put you off. That's all.—Life."

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A NECESSARY STEP.

"Yes," said Mr. Tambo, "I passed around the hat to-day."

"And why?" inquired Mr. Bones.

"I had to. It was a merry widow."—*Washington Herald*.

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COOL.

A tramp who asked for breakfast at a farmhouse and was refused a single crust exclaimed, with an injured air: "Alas, how deceptive is human nature! For two nights I have slept in your barn, eaten of your apples and drunk your cider; and now you treat me as a stranger who has no claim upon your friendship."

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A BOOMERANG.

"Any old thing appeals to you if it's cheap!" cried the angry husband.

His bargain-hunting wife grimly smiled:

"Don't forget," she sarcastically remarked, "that you yourself are one of my characteristic investments."

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A DOUBTFUL DEBTOR.

Professor Stone: "To the geologist a thousand years or so do not count as any time at all."

Man in the audience: "Great Scott! And to think I made a temporary loan of ten dollars to a man who holds such views!"—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.