

things of Parliament Hill more vitally than any other man in Ottawa; but he has the patriot's pride in the glory of the place.

ALAS—THE HIGH PRICES.

By *Pendulum.*

"Speaking of the cost of living," began Bender.

"But I wasn't speaking of it," interrupted Mender.

"No, I know you weren't—but you would have been speaking of it in a minute or two," said Bender. "It's 1910 human nature and you couldn't have kept off the subject much longer. As I was about to say, the cost of living has got me groggy."

"Groggy!" repeated Mender. "Why in the last three or four months I've been hanging onto the ropes when I haven't been clinching. It's something fierce."

"I should say it is," declared Bender, "I sold my automobile two months ago."

"Sold it!" exclaimed Mender.

"Yes, sold it. Had to give it up. It was too expensive."

"That's hard luck," said Bender, consolingly. "How on earth do you get around?"

"Oh, I have to use the taxicabs, and I've

got to cut down there. My bill last week was \$84.

"You might as well have kept your car."

"Not a great deal of difference, that's true. The only way it pays me is that I don't have to feed a chauffeur."

"We've been cutting things right and left at our house," said Bender. "We've cut right down to the bone, but still it keeps me broke and I don't see how we can reduce another cent. That 150 foot yacht of mine cost me so much last season that I traded it in the middle of the summer for one only 75 feet long. It needed a few repairs—not many, but a few—and they cost me over \$5,000."

"You ought to do like Smithers did last summer. It cost his family so much to live at home that he put 'em on an Atlantic liner in June and sent 'em on a three months' cruise to Norway and Sweden."

"That was a stroke of genius. Well, my family has been spending the winters in Florida for the last ten years and this year they had to be satisfied with the Mediterranean. They put up an awful roar but they had to do that or stay home."

"My wife had her heart set on a diamond pendant for a Christmas gift, costing \$5,000, but I couldn't afford it and the best I could do was to give her a \$2,500 pin. Christmas was a sad day in our house."

"Same here. Never spent such a miserable day. I couldn't help thinking of the bills. I'll bet it cost me \$10,000 if it cost a cent."

"What do you suppose makes things so high? An overcoat that would have cost \$125 six years ago cost me \$175 last week. I've had to get along with only six coats this winter."

"Search me. They say it's the big production of gold."

"I can't see it. Same fellows that used to have the gold are the fellows getting it now, aren't they?"

"It looks that way. I haven't been getting any of it."

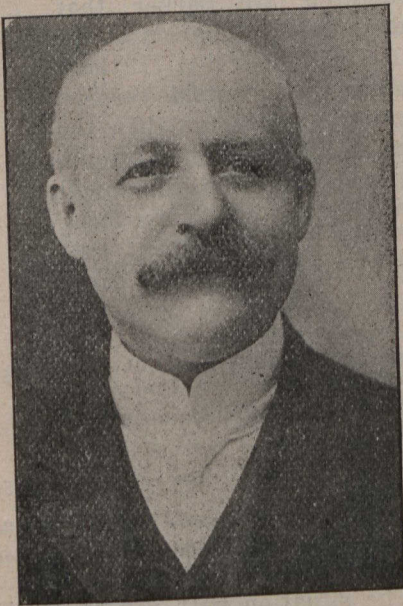
"Neither have I."

"What was your grocery bill last month?"

"Search me. I don't look over that. My housekeeper always pays it. What was yours?"

"Haven't the least idea. But it beats me the way things have gone up. We'll be starving next."

"Next? Next? Did you say 'Next'? Why, I'm starving now."



DR. J. A. SMITH,
President C. S. Federation of Canada
Whose recovery from a recent severe
illness is matter of congratula-
tion to his many friends.

Very Likely.—The case concerned a will, and an Irishman was a witness. "Was the deceased," asked the lawyer, "in the habit of talking to himself when alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Come, come, you don't know, and yet you pretend that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"The fact is," said Pat, "I never happened to be with him when he was alone."