

### Sanctified Politics.

Sir Frederick Bridge tells a good story at the expense of the committee which drew up the new Wesleyan hymn-book, the tunes for which he edited. Sir Frederick says it was an "artful committee." They submitted to him a tune which they declared was by Handel. It was so bad however that he sent it back, with the intimation that, if it were included in the book, every time it was rendered Handel would turn in his grave. The committee submitted it again, this time with the promise that if only he would include it is should be marked to be sung "pianissimo," so as not to disturb Handel.

**HIS SOLUTION**—A professor had given a very learned lecture. "Now, if there is any scientific question that any of my friends would like to ask, I beg them not to hesitate," he said at its conclusion. "I shall be only too happy to answer any inquiry in my power." An old lady in spectacles rose. "Why do wet tea-leaves kill cockroaches?" she asked. The scientist was not aware that wet tea-leaves had such death-dealing power, but had no desire to exhibit his ignorance. "Because, madam," he replied, "when a cockroach comes across a wet tea-leaf he says, 'Hallo, here's a blanket!' and wraps himself up in it, catches cold, and dies!"

**INNOCENT AS TO GEOGRAPHY.**—"And where is it ye are goin' this time, Will avick?" an old Irish woman asked of a bluejacket whose ship was ordered abroad. "The West Indies this time, grannie," said he. "Musha, the good fairies must have sent ye! Now, when ye git there will it be after taking a walk to the Aist Indies ye'll be, to oblige an ould woman? Sure, me dear son Michael's thXere, and Oi'd loike ye to take his mother's blessin'!"

**"FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS"**—Jones: "Where did you

get——" Robinson, hastily: "Beautiful day, isn't it?" Jones: "Yes; but now tell me, where did you get——" Robinson: "Been having any golfing lately?" Jones: "I should think so. Now tell me, where did you get that hat?" Robinson, much relieved: "Oh, at the corner of High street—ten-and-six! I was afraid you were going to ask me where I got that umbrella!"

**SMART SON OF A WORTHY SIRE.**—Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, the youngest son of Charles Dickens, is a member of Parliament in Australia. Not long ago, in the course of a speech, he was frequently interrupted by a snappish member named Willis. "Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Dickens, turning to the Chair, "it may be remembered by some present that my father coined an expression which attained some popularity, 'Barkis is willin'." The circumstances to-day are such that I am strongly tempted to reverse the phrase and say, 'Willis is barkin'!"

**The Exceptional Instance.**—A teacher was explaining to her class the meaning of the word "axiom." "An axiom," she said, "is a self-evident fact or proposition. That is, it is something which you know to be true—something which, in the very nature of things, cannot be otherwise than true. For example, it is a well-known axiom that the whole is greater than any of its parts—to state it in another form, the half of anything is less than the whole of it." "Teacher," exclaimed a little boy, "I know the half of something that's bigger than the whole of it." "You surprise me, child," said the teacher. "What is it?" "A semicolon," answered the lad. "It's bigger than a colon!"

Mistress, engaging cook: "We live very plain, you know." Cook: "Well, mum, if the way you live is as plain as the way you look, there'll be no trouble at all!"