



MISTAKEN NATIONALITY.

IT was at the Quinquennial Congress that a Toronto woman of good and kindly intentions met an attendant on the meetings whom she took for a visitor from Holland. The Toronto woman talked volubly, putting in stray bits of French and German which might possibly appeal to the delegate from Queen Wilhelmina's domains. The alleged foreigner remained comparatively unmoved when the Toronto person dwelt on the benefits of the Quinquennial and the charms of Toronto, merely assenting in wearied monosyllables.

"Your English is very good," said the Toronto woman kindly. "You must have had excellent instruction."

"Not so bad," said the young person, looking up demurely from the shade of a poke-bonnet, "I have always lived on Bloor Street in Toronto."

The kindly inquirer gasped and retired in undignified haste.

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NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

MORE than a year ago, a book of short stories or sketches of Manitoba life, entitled "Sowing Seeds in Danny" was published by a Toronto firm and the author, Mrs. R. W. McClung, found that her chronicles of exceedingly human people had made many friends. An admirer of the book was telling recently of how he had met in Manitoba a farmer who utterly refused to share his views on the subject.

"That book!" exclaimed the honest farmer in scorn. "Why, it's nothing but a bunch of short stories. I sent for it, thinking I'd get the latest advice about grain and that 'Danny' was the name of a good agricultural district. But I give you my word, it was just a story book and I'm too busy a man to waste time on yarns like those."

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NEWSLETS.

MR. MACKENZIE KING is once more the choice of Berlin and North Waterloo and the *Mail and Empire* simply cannot understand how the good people of this province are misled, while Hon. G. E. Foster is really amazed that the University of Glasgow should make Celtic Macdonald of the *Globe* a Doctor of Laws.

Those "overseas" journalists are having a perfectly lovely party, over in the British Isles. Garden parties, rose luncheons and dinners form such a whirl of gayety that they're going to wait for the last boat and really haven't time to send picture post-cards to Mayor Oliver.

The bold bad *Star* said that there was a difference of opinion over the International Council of Women elections, and Lady Aberdeen has been obliged to state that turtle doves are a noisy crowd in comparison with the women who have been talking in Queen's Park on two hundred and five separate subjects. But the *Star* just had to say something, since the *News* is the official organ and simply blossomed out in "scoops" every evening. But not one perfect lady spoiled a ballot and the wicked reporter merely dreamed about the fuss.

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THE LITTLE WOMAN IN GREY.

MR. BROWN has a cheerful little way of telling his wife about other women's excellent qualities, especially their economy, in such a fashion as to make Mrs. Brown appear foolish and extravagant in comparison. Some time ago they were spending a few days at a hotel where Mrs. Brown took great pleasure in displaying a series of gowns, while Brown grunted over the expense of feminine raiment. He pointed out a quiet little woman who had appeared for two days in the same simple gown. "Look at the little woman in grey," said Brown, "she looks better than any of you in that plain suit."

But on the third day, Mrs. Brown's turn came

and she triumphed greatly. The trunk belonging to the little woman had gone astray but it suddenly made its appearance in the hotel corridor, with the result that the little woman in grey bloomed in four different costumes in fourteen hours.

"Oh, you're all alike," was Brown's disgusted comment, as he retired behind the evening paper.

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STRETCHING A POINT.

RIGGS and Briggs are two Montreal citizens, more or less interested in municipal affairs. They differ on several burning questions but unite in a strong dislike for O'Flaherty (which is not the gentleman's name). The same O'Flaherty has a positive gift for manipulating votes and is capable of looking after a larger band of the "faithful" than any other Montreal politician.

"It's men like O'Flaherty who give this city a bad name," said Riggs warmly. "He's got no principles at all. In fact, he doesn't think of anything but getting his man in."

"That's so," responded Briggs. "If I had a conscience as elastic as O'Flaherty's, I'd make it into a rubber trust."

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UNDUE HASTE.

NO doubt Dennis appreciated to the full the excellent qualities of Celia, his wife, but he occasionally indulged in a sigh for the liberty of his years of single blessedness. "Yis, 'tis a good wife she makes me," he said to a returned traveller, during whose absence the wedding had occurred. "And we was coorting seventeen years. Aileen an' all o' the rest said 'twas time I married, or Terry Leahy would be getting the prize away from me."

"Well, man, you've no regrets, I hope?" said the friend, who had just enjoyed a delicious supper at the hands of Celia. "She's a fine woman."

"Didn't I tell you that?" said Dennis, impatiently. "The only thought I ever have is wance in a while when it comes over me that I might 've waited another year, and still have got her; for Terry was not near so high in her estimation, after all, as them women made out t' me."

"A man in love is always hurrying, hurrying, ye mind."—*Youth's Companion*.

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A NEVER FAILING SUPPLY.

THE fond husband was seeing his wife off with the children for their vacation in the country. As she got into the train, she said, "But, my dear, won't you take some fiction to read?"

"Oh, no," she responded sweetly, "I shall depend upon your letters from home."—*London Tatler*.

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HE WANTED TO MAKE SURE OF IT.

TO the leader of a band in Omaha, jocularly spoken of in that locality as "the worst in seven different states," there once came a man with a request that the band play at a cousin's funeral. "Is it a military funeral?" asked the leader. "Not at all," was the reply. "My cousin was no military man—in fact, he was never even interested in military matters. Nevertheless, it was his express wish that your band should play at his funeral." The leader was surprised and flattered. "Is that so?" he asked. "Yes," responded the other. "He said he wanted everybody in Omaha to be sorry that he died."

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A NEEDED SHOWER.

"I SN'T that a lovely shower!" exclaimed Mrs. Randall to her friend in the parlour as they gazed out on the sudden downpour.

"Yes, we need it so badly."

"Need it? I should say we did. It's a God-send! Why, our goldenglows, hyacinths and roses out in the back yard are shrinking for the want of

rain. The sprinkler can't take the place of rain, you know."

"Indeed not."

"Oh, I tell you this is just lovely! See how it pours! And to think that just when everything threatens to dry up and every one is praying for rain nature answers these appeals and sends us beautiful—Good heavens!"

"What's the matter?"

"I've left the baby out in the yard!"—*The Circle*.

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YOUTHFUL OPINION.

WELL poised and calmly critical always of the large things in life, the *Delineator* is occasionally frivolous in its treatment of minor details. This is a recent paragraph from its household department: Helen, aged six, was telling Mary, aged seven, of her plans for the future. "I'm going to be married," she announced, "and have eighteen children." "Oh," gasped Mary, her eyes wide with amazement, "you mercenary wretch!"—*Argonaut*.

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MIND READING.

Charlie Loveday: 'Um—ah—er—er! He—he—

Jeweller (to his assistant): Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Henry.—*Tit-Bits*.

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Voluble lady: Do you want to see me again, doctor?

The Doctor: I don't want to, but it's business.—*Life*.

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ARE YOU A SPECIALIST?

AN applicant for a job who says he can "do anything" is generally requested to go and do it—somewhere else. There is no such thing to-day as an all-round man.

When the Pan-American Exposition was about to open its gates to the public, the walls of the beautiful Hall of Music, where the most famous musicians in the world were engaged to exercise their arts, were found to reflect a decided echo. Telegrams flew over the country at a rapid rate, and followed a small, insignificant-looking gentleman from Chicago to Seattle. Finally they caught him, and a week later he inspected the Hall of Music.

"What is the composition of this wall?" he asked the contractor. "What kind of wood is that in the sounding-board?" he inquired of the architect.

He asked a hundred questions, and then called for two pieces of steel wire, 18 feet long. These he stretched between two posts at one side of the hall.

"Now," he said, "you will have no more trouble. Make me out a cheque for a thousand dollars."

That man had studied acoustics all his life. He could not have earned £2 a week in an office; but he knew more about acoustics than anyone else, and was paid proportionately for his skill.

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"George, dearest, we really must be moving; we're going to have a storm in a minute."