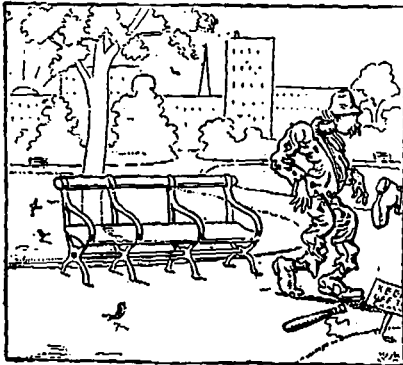
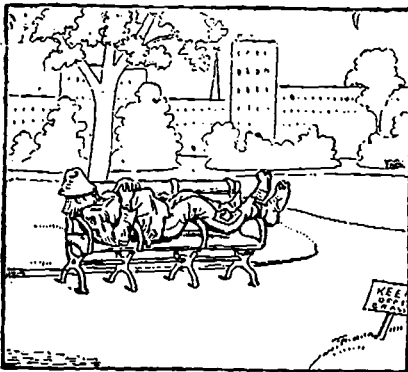
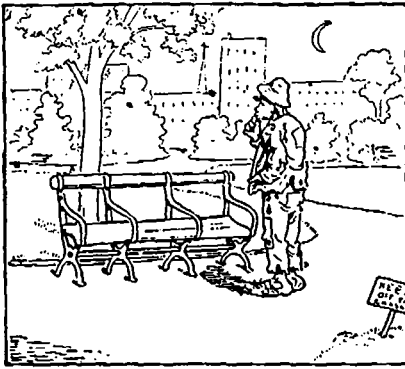


TURNING MISFORTUNE TO ACCOUNT.



Then we soon got into an easy flow of talk, and I would just like to tell you even half of the important matters which the Doctor knew all about. But as I promised to go out to tea this evening, you will please excuse me till I get back to Toronto.

But I really must tell you one interesting fact I learned. The Doctor's true name is Mont-a-guc—three syllables, with the accent on the "a." He states that his ancestors originally took their patronymic from living on a mountain where the ague prevailed. Now the name is accented on the first syllable, to be more euphonious and less suggestive of chill for a doctor, who will neither shake nor be shaken. I finally got so familiar with this gifted and graceful young statesman that I ventured this: "The reporters tell me you have a flowery style, Doctor."

"Aw—well," laughingly, "I suppose I must confess to a slight tendency towards—aw—florescence!"

"Then, Doctor, having a leaning towards flour, why do you not help the down-trodden millers in their crusade?"

At this very moment we had reached the milliner's, and I hastily took leave of the Member from Haldimand, before he could frame a reply to my sauce. But, GRIP, dear, you'll *never* leave out this joke, will you, now?

Ta-ta, dear. Your own—correspondent,

ANNA NYAS.

CRUMBS FROM THE ROUND TABLE.

BY F. MCARTHUR.

A QUAINT CONCEIT.

GAWAIN—"Dagonet the fool hath but now discoursed a merry jest to me about yon fat and rotund knight, Sir Baxteris, who once again hath armed him for a mission."

MODRED—"Dost thou remember it?"

GAWAIN—"Ay, marry, do I? His conceit was that the fat man's accoutrements did converse after this manner. The helmet said, 'I fear me that our idle days are past.' To it the gauntlet made reply, 'Thou speakest sooth, but let me give thee joy that thou shalt be once more atop of the heap.'"

THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

KING ARTHUR—"Where gottest thou this Christmas turkey, my Guinevere?"

GUINEVERE—"My sire Leodogran sent it me, my lord."

KING ARTHUR—"By my halidom. If there is truth in Pythagoras, the bird must have been inhabited by the sole of thy grandsire's shoe."

THERE WAS WOE IN CAMELOT.

MERLIN—"Ye of this table shall be much spoken of by poets in times to come."

SIR LAUNCELOT—"Ay, and I also prophecy that commentators on the works of these same rhyme mongers will speak of all references to us as dark and obscure passages."

MERLIN—"Why sayst thou so?"

SIR LAUNCELOT—"Marry, are we not k-nights?"

WALLS THAT WOULD NOT BAR MARAUDERS

MODRED—"Methinks it was a foolish work of Merlin to build our hall with music's spells."

PELLEAS—"What is thy reason?"

MODRED—"Being built with music, its battlements are not impassable. They may be scaled."