



WHERE SHE WENT.

THERE was a breach of promise case before the court in a town of Ontario and the usual interest was aroused in the letters written by the gentleman before he transferred his affections. The plaintiff in the case was a spinster of severe aspect, of whose charms her fiancé had wearied after he met a fascinating widow who added dollars unto her graces. However, the faithless one was obliged to listen with what fortitude he might summon to the letters in which he called the forsaken lady by all manner of endearing terms. The counsel for the plaintiff waxed properly eloquent over the cruelty of a man who could write such epistles and then prove false to the beloved creature to whom they were addressed. However, the letter written by the defendant when he was informed by the forlorn lady that she would go to law, took an entirely different tone.

"In this letter," said the legal gentleman solemnly, "the lover who had once written the fond letters you have just heard actually becomes brutal to the woman who had given him her trusting heart. In fact, he uses language such as no woman should ever be compelled to hear or read. He tells her to—to go to—the Devil. After that callous reply to her appeal what was there left for her to do but—to come to me?"

There was unbecoming applause in the court.

IN NEED OF A REST.

DR. G. M. MILLIGAN, pastor of Old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, has recently been quite ill and his recovery is hailed with profound satisfaction by the people to whom he has ministered so long and among whom he is regarded with personal affection.

"He's getting along fine," said a prominent member of the congregation last week. "All he wants to do is to have a good rest and let Higher Criticism alone. It's fooling with the Book of Genesis and the Minor Prophets that sends the ministers to the sanitarium. I say, let Jonah and Jeremiah alone and just preach against the Woodbine."

NOT THE CORRECT TITLE.

TACT, which is supposed to be the sixth sense, is not always in evidence even in the circles of polite society. At the Woodbine, one day last week, a man who is noted for saying the wrong thing to the wrong person, happened to meet an acquaintance whose husband was knighted not so very long ago.

"Ah!" said the blundering one, "I haven't seen you for ages, Mrs. Brown. Oh, I do beg your pardon, dear Lady Brown. I always forget that you are a lady."

The wife of the recent knight glared at the offender, who made matters worse by saying in blushing confusion: "Of course, I only mean that it is so much more natural to think of you as plain Mrs. Brown."

A NEW ONE.

THERE is a literary magnate in Ottawa whose views on religious matters are somewhat variable and, therefore, he has "moved" from church to church until Anglicans, Presbyterians and Methodists feel doubtful of his ultimate creed. Finally, the gentleman decided to call his convictions by a name new to the general public and the members of his family were duly informed of the latest doctrine. A census expert happened to call at the house a short time after the latest change of heart, and, as the father was at the office and the mother was making afternoon calls, the children were interrogated as to certain facts in connection with the family history.

"What church do you go to?" asked he of the blue documents.

"We used to have a pew in St. Andrew's," said a small boy cheerfully, "and before that we went

to the English church. But now we are—oh, what's the name of it, Susie?"

Susie looked up rebukingly and said to the census man:

"We're Gnostics and we don't need to go to church any more."

"Gnostics!" gasped the weary statistics expert, "that's where I get off. That's a new one on me, all right. I've had Christadelphians and New Jerusalem people, but I've never been up against a Gnostic before."

And he left the literary atmosphere, musing, as he went, upon the vagaries of the artistic temperament.

ENCOURAGING.

MARK TWAIN at a dinner at the Authors' Club the other day said: "Speaking of fresh eggs, I am reminded of the town of Squash. In my early lecturing days I went to Squash to lecture in Temperance Hall, arriving in the afternoon. The town seemed very poorly billed. I thought I'd find out if the people knew anything at all about what was in store for them. So I turned in at the general store. 'Good afternoon, friend,' I said to the general storekeeper. 'Any entertainment here to-night to help a stranger while away his evening?' The general storekeeper, who was sorting mackerel, straightened up, wiped his briny hands on his apron and said: 'I expect there's goin' to be a lecture. I been sellin' eggs all day.'—*The Argonaut*."

HE WAS JUSTIFIED.

"YOU are charged with having violently assaulted the plaintiff while in a public resort. What have you to say?"

"Judge, the orchestra was rendering the 'Sextette' from 'Lucia,' and that fellow sat right behind me and persisted in whistling it through his teeth."

"The prisoner is discharged. The plaintiff is fined eleven dollars for action calculated to provoke an assault."—*The Commoner*."

SPEED.

M. R. NEWCAR (about to start on his first trip in his recently-purchased motor-car, to his new chauffeur): "Now, William, I want it thor-

oughly understood I will *not* have fast driving. Always keep well under the legal limit—not as close to it as you can. Ten miles an hour is enough for me. What I want is comfort—not excitement. Do you understand?"

Three days later: "Er—William, I *must* be back home at seven o'clock. This road seems very straight and wide. Don't you think you might go just a little faster without danger?"

Two days later: "William, this dust is very unpleasant. If you could pass that car ahead, now—it seems to be going rather slowly."

Next day: "Put on a little more pace, William. There's no use being a crank. This road's too good to lose the chance."

A week later: "Open her up, Bill! There are no police within five miles, I'll bet; and, if there are, who cares? I'm out for fun! Let her rip, my boy—let her rip! This isn't a steam-roller! Let's have some speed!"—*Answers*.

UNCERTAIN OF THE RANK.

LITTLE JEAN'S parents were enthusiastic bridge players, and Jean was more or less familiar with the sight of cards. At Sunday School one day the teacher had been giving a talk on David. Finally, she held up a little coloured print of David dressed in royal robes, and asked: "What child can tell me who this is?"

Out of the silence piped little Jean's voice: "I think it's a King, but it may be a Jack."—*Saturday Sunset*.

HAREM-SCAREM.

QUAKING with suppressed amusement, the Grand Vizier Pasha Bey Pasha approached the Sultan's throne.

"Contemptuous cur of the Dog Star," roared out the greatest Turk in Turkey, "do you dare to bubble with unseemly mirth in my radiant presence?"

"Most Enlightened of all Lights," cringed the Grand Vizier, salaaming, "I crave indulgence. But I have a most excellent joke. I informed the ladies of the harem that you were going to behead them, and they were all most humorously scared."

Long and loud laughed the Sultan, but at length, recovering his dignity, he ordered that the Grand Vizier should be executed.

"By Yildiz and Kiosk," he murmured, "'twas a good jest! But I am growing sick and weary of these harem-scarem fellows!"—*Answers*.

EVER HEAR IT BEFORE?

BEING pursued by a farmer and his three sons after being caught in the chicken yard, a young coloured person had just made up his mind that he was not eluding his followers as quickly as might be, when a long-eared jack rabbit jumped up from the roadside and started down the road ahead of him. The would-be chicken thief had run a few hundred feet farther when the farmer and his boys were astonished to hear the negro shout, in a voice that quavered with fright, though unrestrained: "Say, for de Lord sake, you rabbit, get out ob de way and let some one run who can run."



PEACE AND STABILITY

He: The Captain says we're hard and fast on a rock.
She (very sick): Thank Heaven!—*Life*.