

A GREAT DAY FOR IRELAND.

MR. "JOE" THOMPSON of Toronto, County Master for York in the Orange Order, played a masterly game when he went down to Denver some months ago, as representative to the gathering of the American Federation of Labour. "Joe," as a worthy son of Toronto, was desirous to arrange for the meeting of the convention for 1909 in the capital of Ontario and straightway took steps to make himself solid with Healey, Casey, Finnegan and other delightful Hibernians from New York, who appeared to be convinced of Toronto's superlative advantages as the scene of conventions.

However, there was a strong St. Louis opposition which made things look rosy for Missouri, especially when the supporters of that city came out with coats adorned with spectacular buttons bearing the St. Louis inscription and a picturesque river scene. The latter depicted a soldierly figure on a white horse, approaching the bank of a turbulent stream, on whose waters was a boat filled with eager patriots. The prospect looked dark for Toronto, when "Joe" summoned the septs of Ireland to a meeting, having formerly given Carey a command to be silent as to Joseph's Orange streak.

"Well, we're all Irish together," said "Joe" in the confidential time of his life, "and I'm not thinking of Toronto now in this thing at all. But what I do mind," he continued with deepening anger, "is the outrage offered to Ireland. Did you see the buttons the St. Louis boys are passing round? Yes, I see you're wearing them. But you'll throw them as far as the Rio Grande when I tell you that it's the historic device of King William crossing the Boyne that's on them."

"Ye don't tell me so!" cried Healey in a horror of incredulity. Then he tore the white-horsed hero from his coat, leaving a shattered lapel. The rest of the Celts followed the Healey example and hastened to the meeting with vengeance burning in their souls, with the result that the hopes of St. Louis faded like dew before the morning sun. Victory perched on the banner of Toronto and it was some hours after the vote was taken before the sons of Erin realised that the alleged King Billie approaching the Boyne was intended by the St. Louis patriots for Washington and the Delaware. While "Joe" was about a century astray in his warning, the button did excellent service and the County

Master of York wears a sad, sweet smile as he tells the tale in Toronto.

SOME ACCEPTABLE GIFTS.

Chancellor Von Buelow has ordered such a lovely enamelled pin-tray for the Kaiser, inscribed with the proverb in script: "Speech is silver, silence is radium."

Sir James Pliny Whitney has sent Mr. R. L. Borden a framed motto for his study, done in red letters on a grey background: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

The City of Glasgow is to present Mrs. Nation with the freedom of the Corporation and an elegant cut-glass decanter.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton has given President Roosevelt an illuminated edition of "Wild Animals I Have Known" and a subscription to *Everybody's Magazine*.

Mr. R. J. Fleming has given the editor of the *News* the daintiest silver sugar bowl, engraved "To a True Friend."

Mr. W. Sanford Evans has presented the *Winnipeg Saturday Post* with an autographed photograph.

"THE DEAR THINGS!"

IT is curious to note how the stray remarks of the lesser members of the Sheffield Choir, regarding their Canadian acquaintances, are being gravely reported in the British papers. The latest represents the interviewed Britisher as admitting: "Yes, the Canadians *do* have a bit of a twang but the dear things were very kind to us."

A Canadian commented on the above with indignation. "I don't mind being called names—good honest names with a 'd' to them. But I won't be called a dear thing by any blooming Sheffield chorister."

This all goes to show how hard it is not to be misunderstood! Even affection is to be administered with care, while comment is the most dangerous petard that ever "hoisted."

A HARD LANGUAGE.

"**L**EESTEN!" said the perplexed Frenchman. "When you give a sing, you cannot keep 'eem! So?"

"So," said the English instructor.

"But when a hones' man gives 'ees word, 'ee keep 'eem. So?"

"So," said the instructor.

"But when 'ee gives 'ees word, 'ow can 'ee keep 'eem? Does 'ee take 'eem back?"

"No," said the instructor.

"But if 'ee keeps 'ees word 'ee does not give 'eem!"

"Oh, yes! If he does not keep his word he is not an honest man."

"Ah, I beegreen to see! 'Aving given 'ees word and not taken 'eem back, 'ee keep 'eem all ze while?"

"That's it!"

"Oh, la, la, la! What a language ees ze Englishe!"—*Democratic Telegram*.

A SETTLED AFFAIR.

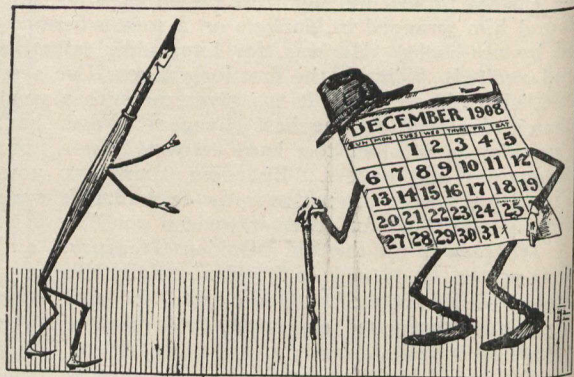
IN a Southern town a lady was approached by her coloured maid.

"Well, Jenny?" she asked, seeing that something was in the air.

"Please, Mis' Mary, might I have the aft'noon off three weeks from Wednesday?" Then, noticing an undecided look in her mistress's face, she added, hastily: "I want to go to my finance's funeral."

"Your fiance's funeral? Why, you don't know that he's even going to die, let alone the date of his funeral. That is something we can't any of us be sure about—when we are going to die."

"Yes'm," said the girl doubtfully; then, with a triumphant note in her voice: "I'se sure about him, Mis', 'cos he's goin' to be hung."



"What's the matter, old chap? You seem very unhappy."

"I am indeed! My days are numbered."—*Life*.

PRACTICAL.

"A young man has telegraphed me that he has just wedded my daughter."

"I hope he's a good practical man."

"I guess he is. He wired me collect."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

HUMAN EXTREMITY.

Some are born with cold feet, some achieve cold feet and some have cold feet thrust upon them.—*Exchange*.

HEREDITY.

"Whom does the baby resemble?"

"Its yell takes after its father's college."—*New York Sun*.

KNEW WHICH WAS WHICH.

JOHNNY'S mother gave him two five-cent pieces, one for candy, the other for the Sunday-School collection.

Light-hearted, he was tossing the coins in the air on his way to the church, when suddenly one eluded his grasp and disappeared through a cellar grating. Down on his knees he peered into the dark pit, only to realise his loss. Then, looking thoughtfully first into his hand, next at the cellar steps, he remarked: "Well, there goes the Lord's nickel!"—*Judge*.

A PROPHECY.

GEORGE ADE, according to *Lippincott's*, says that when a certain college president in Indiana, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year, he observed that it was "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that the year had opened with the largest freshman class in its history."

Then, without any pause, the good man turned to the lesson for the day, the third Psalm, and began to read in a voice of thunder:

"Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"



Voice (from upper regions). "Dearie, if you can't keep baby quiet, why not give him something to play with?"—*Punch*.