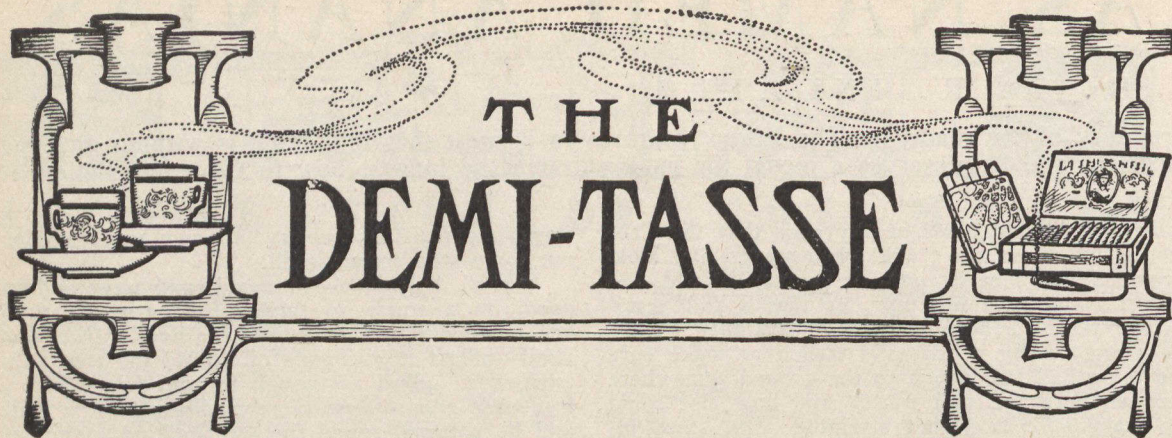




## A LOYAL SUPPORTER.

AN old Kingstonian was telling some "Sir John" stories the other day and happened to mention old Mary McG—, who kept a small hotel, which was famed for its good fare and who won many a vote for Sir John, whom she declared to be the "foinest gintleman that ever stepped." Mary was something of an athlete and it was on record that she had once expelled by force a guest who had spoken unadvisedly regarding her political idol.

At a meeting held some years after Sir John's death, one of the speakers waxed eloquent over the virtues of the Liberal party, casting aspersions on the late Conservative Chieftain. The Kingston raconteur found Mary afterwards in bitter tears and said consolingly:

"Never mind, my dear woman. It's only politics."

"Politics!" she echoed scornfully. "It's wicked lies. Sir John was more a saint than a politician!"

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## A DIPLOMATIC YOUTH.

A YOUNG man who had become disgusted with a fair creature's refusal of candies and theatre parties during Lent recently resolved on a stern course. He remained away from the paternal residence for a week and when he finally met the demure lady by chance he assumed an air of lofty indifference. She tried various feminine devices for discovering what was the matter before she said with hesitation:

"We thought you might be ill. It's quite a while since we saw you." The plural pronoun was carefully used, but the young man's face brightened.

"Well, you see, I've decided to keep Lent, too."

"I thought you were only a Presbyterian," said the bewildered little Anglican.

"I'm coming to see that there's a lot in Lent. You see it means giving up something you really enjoy."

"Oh!" said the girl thoughtfully. The next afternoon when he telephoned and asked if she would go to a lecture on "The Earthquake in Sicily" she said "Yes" without a moment's hesitation and made no protest that evening when he laid a pink-ribboned box on the table in the hall.

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## THE WORM TURNS.

"Women," said Mr. Nagsby solemnly, "have no sense of humour."

"That's where you're mistaken," said his wife in a rare fit of repartee, "you'd be surprised if you knew how often we feel like laughing at you men."

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"Get back there can't you?" "Garn, I've got shares in the Company, can't I see my own place burn?"—Punch

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## HIS EXPLANATION.

A CERTAIN Toronto man is telling a story about a prominent Canadian actor which exhibits the latter in a peculiar and impecunious light. The

prominent actor has a comparatively common name—Tom Jones, for instance—and on a visit to Toronto a few years ago, he was staying at a hotel where there was a "permanent" guest of the same name. One morning the latter found among his mail a tailor's account, with a note making a few pointed remarks regarding the actor's delinquency in settling these trifling bills and drawing attention to the fact that the account was of two years' standing. The "permanent" guest returned the note to the office, saying that it was not for him and, as the flap of the envelope had not been securely sealed, the epistle bore no traces of having been opened by mistake.

About half an hour afterwards, he had the pleasure of seeing the actor open the note and crush the merchant tailor's elegant and non-committal stationery into his pocket.

"Bad news, Tom?" asked one of the members of the group in which he had been standing.

"Not at all," was the light reply. "Only these silly women do make me so tired with their crush notes. If you were in my profession, you'd simply hate the sight of a woman's hand-writing."

The other Thomas Jones held his breath and, at last accounts, the tailor's little bill for the matinee idol's garments was yet unpaid.

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## PLEASANT PERSONALITIES.

"I do miss Mrs. Jones. She told me all the news of the parish."

"Oh, that was only gossip—no truth in it."

"Well, there, I liked to 'ear it. Truth or lies, 'twas all news to me."—Punch.

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## HER HAPPY RETORTS.

"I REMEMBER," says Mrs. Cornwallis West (Lady Randolph Churchill), in her recently published memoirs, "having an amusing passage-at-arms with my host (Sir William Harcourt), Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain. My three Radical friends, having been told of my artistic efforts, chaffingly implored me to hand them down to posterity by painting their portraits. 'Why refuse to paint us? Where can you find more attractive or noble models? Come, here is a chance to immortalise yourself and us.' 'Impossible,' I cried. 'I should fail; I could never paint you black enough.'"

This was the reply sent to Lady Randolph by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whom she had asked to lunch. It came in the form of a telegram:

"Certainly not. What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?"

To which Lady Randolph replied:

"Know nothing of your habits. Hope they are not as bad as your manners."—The Wasp.

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## AT LAST.

DIogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store. "Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."—Christian Advocate.

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## THE SINGER OF THE SONG.

IN one of his "Breakfast Table" papers Oliver Wendell Holmes says that birds show all the airs, graces and mannerisms of human singers. However, the feathered bipeds can hardly be accused of indulging in the concert-hall twang and throaty quavers affected by some of the unfeathered.

Signor Caruso, the great opera singer, tells of a lady's maid's artless criticism of an amateur singer whose methods were of this strained order. The maid was brushing her mistress' hair when she mentioned that she had heard Miss Evans sing in the parlour the night before.

"And how did you like it?" asked the mistress.

"Oh, mum!" answered the maid, "it wuz beautiful! She sung just as if she wuz gargling!"

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## AN UNHAPPY QUOTATION.

JUDGE HOAR and General Butler were opponents, says the *Argonaut*, in a case of a new trial. General Butler quoted: "Eye for eye, skin for skin, tooth for tooth, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life."

To which the Judge replied: "Yes, the devil quoted that once before in a motion for a new trial."

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## SHE.

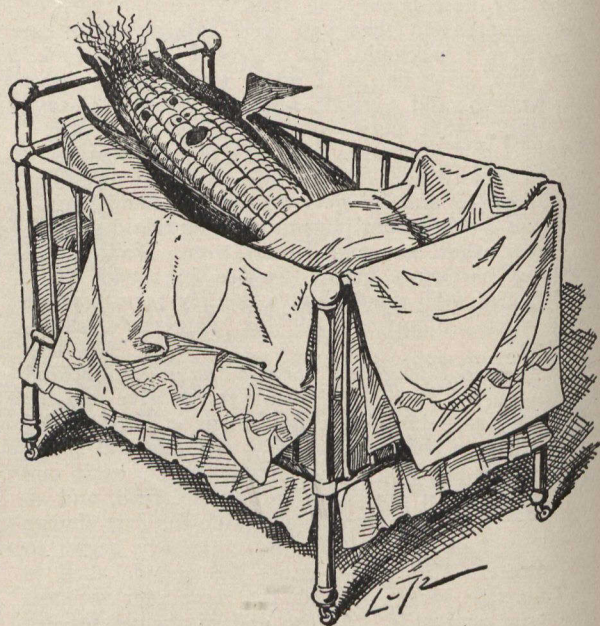
She broke our big platter—she dropped it—to-day  
And she should have been fired for that;  
She tells our affairs to the folks o'er the way,  
And she ought to be fired for that.  
But if she should go what on earth could we do?  
We've company here and we must see it through;  
She stays out at night until all hours, too;  
And she ought to be fired for that.

She scorches the steak till it's brittle and black,  
And she ought to be fired for that;  
She cooks like a person deprived of the knack,  
And she ought to be fired for that.  
Last week we declared we would keep her no more;  
But illness occurred—it has happened before—  
Then she—well, she charged things to us, at the store,  
And she should have been fired for that.

She takes her day off when she can't well be spared,  
And she ought to be fired for that;  
The rooms in this place are improperly aired,  
And she ought to be fired for that.  
A month since we vowed that she'd have to get out,  
But there was some cleaning—that left it in doubt;  
She took some loose change that was lying about,  
And she should have been fired for that.

—New York Sun.

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A Corn Crib—Life.

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## BIBLICAL MATTERS.

THE doubt of a University of Chicago professor whether King Solomon, as the husband of seven hundred wives, is the best authority for the world of to-day upon such domestic matters as the treatment of children, reminds one of a story told so often by that great English prelate, Archbishop Magee. A Gloucestershire lady was reading the Old Testament to an aged woman who lived at the home for old people, and chanced upon the passage concerning Solomon's household.

"Had Solomon really seven hundred wives?" inquired the old woman, after reflection.

"Oh, yes, Mary! It is so stated in the Bible."

"Lor, mum!" was the comment. "What privileges them early Christians had!"—Judge.

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## NOT RESPONSIBLE.

Two London cabbies were glaring at each other. "Aw, wot's the matter with you?" demanded one. "Nothink's the matter with me, you bloomin' idiot."

"You gave me a narsty look," persisted the first. "Me? Why, you certainly 'ave a narsty look, but I didn't give it to you, so 'elp me."