



A SLOW TOWN.

STORIES about Ian Maclaren are being scattered in profusion just now. When he was last in Toronto, he told of how he was impressed with the American's fondness for his daily paper. On one occasion, a Chicago man was talking to him (Ian Maclaren) and the conversation turned to the subject of the Holy Land.

"I suppose the country's all right for those that like ruins and relics. But I must say that Jerusalem's the deadest town I ever struck. There wasn't a morning paper in the whole place," said the Chicago globe-trotter.

CHEERFUL DELEGATES.

Five years ago, in June, 1902, a Toronto man, who is not a church-goer, entered a certain Yonge street restaurant and proceeded to order luncheon. After a few minutes his attention was drawn to a group behind a screen, who were evidently enjoying some lively stories, if he could judge from the peals of laughter which set even the waiters grinning in sympathy.

"What party is that?" asked the envious and lonely customer.

"They're a lot of Methodist ministers, sir, from some convention," replied the waiter.

Just then a burst of merriment almost as hearty came from another bescreened corner. "And who are those chaps?"

"Presbyterian ministers, sir. There's an Assembly meeting in the city."

"By Jove!" said the enquirer. "They must have good yarns and elegant digestion. I haven't laughed that way for years. I believe I'll join the church."

AN ADVANCE PAYMENT.

Principal Grant, the late much-loved head of Queen's University, was a masterly solicitor for the needs of his college in the early days. One afternoon, Sir John Macdonald dropped in to see Sir David Macpherson and found him in conversation with Principal Grant.

"What do you think?" said Sir David in assumed despair. "Grant thinks I should give more money to Queen's; and the last time I gave him a cheque, he said it would do for all time."

"That may be," said Sir John quietly, "but hadn't you better give a little for eternity?"

The extra cheque was forthcoming and Principal Grant was furnished with an excellent text for other occasions when he presented the claims of higher education.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

Another historical tradition has been shattered. Governor Woodruff of Connecticut recently returned from a visit to the Jamestown Exposition and is grieving over the effect of prohibition on tradition in the South.

"I had just met all the Governors at the Exposition," he said, "and was talking to Governor Heyward of South Carolina when Governor Glenn of North Carolina came along. Noticing that they did not speak, I ventured to ask Governor Heyward if he had met Governor Glenn and he replied that he had not. So I introduced them and they shook hands with true southern cordiality. I was surprised and I guess I looked it. There was the Governor of North Carolina and the Governor of South Carolina, but where was the usual greeting?"

I coughed, fidgeted, and then said: 'I expected the usual salutation when the Governor—'

"To be sure," broke in Governor Glenn. "I should like to oblige you, but I am a Prohibitionist and a teetotaler."

"And I, too, would be deeply honoured to live up to the tradition," said Governor Heyward, bowing deeply, "but I also am a Prohibitionist and a teetotaler."

THE PROPER PUNISHMENT.

Minister (meeting a small boy on Sunday afternoon carrying a string of fish) — "Johnny, Johnny, do these belong to you?" "Johnny—" "Ye-es, sir. You see, that's what they got for chasing worms on a Sunday."—Inquirer.

FAREWELL TO SPRING.

You have brought us heavy frosts,
You have given us horrid chills,
All the influenza pangs
And pneumonia's fatal ills.
Really, May, you are a fraud,
And you leave us feeling sore;
Kindly say good-bye and go,
And—oh, won't you shut the door!



A Literary Digest.

Drawn for the Canadian Courier.

CANDID CROMER.

Lord Cromer, who recently ceased to be British Agent of Egypt, made himself hateful to all sorts of rascals in that country, but he worked wonders of reform there and left it in a more contented frame of mind than it had ever known previous to his arrival. While Lord Salisbury was British Premier, a member of the ministry complained that Lord Cromer had told him to go to the devil.

"Dear me," said Salisbury, "he tells me that every time he comes to London."

WHEN KIPLING WAS HUNGRY.

Had Mr. Kipling turned his attention to commerce instead of literature, there is not the slightest doubt that he would now be retained by Mr. Wanamaker, or some other merchant millionaire, as a writer of advertisements as a colossal salary. There is no man alive who can pen impromptu a more telling notice. After the siege of Kimberley he was staying with Mr. Rhodes at a charming little fruit-farm near that town. One morning it occurred to Mr. Rhodes to take a stroll round the orchards before breakfast. Mr. Kipling did not feel like strolling, so stayed behind. Time went on, and it occurred to the author that break-

fast would be desirable. But there was no sign of his host. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rhodes, in his usual way, had become so interested in the matter in hand that he had quite forgotten the passing hours. It was nearly ten before he bethought himself of his starving guest, and hurried homewards.

"What's this, sir?" said the manager, suddenly pausing before a tree.

Upon it was pinned a sheet of paper bearing in large black letters—"Famine!" The next tree was also decorated:—"We are starving; feed us." Nearer the house they came upon a larger sheet with these words in huge type:—"For the human race. Breakfast. Purifies the mind; invigorates the system. It has sustained thousands; it will sustain you. See that you get it." Finally, upon the front door was an enormous placard:—"Why Die When a Little Breakfast Prolongs Life?"

A DIFFICULT JOB.

Two men were coming into Denver from a nearby town on a local train the other day. The train stopped every five minutes it seemed, and one of the men became impatient. Finally, when the train halted for the engine to get up steam, the man's impatience overflowed.

"Now, what do you think of this train?" he said to the other.

"It isn't making much progress," replied his friend.

"Progress; I should say not," said the impatient man. "It would be a fierce job to take a moving picture of this train."

THE PRESENT-DAY ESTIMATE.

"How far are we from Chicago?" says the passenger, plucking at the sleeve of the conductor as that official passes him.

"Three wrecks, one misplaced switch, and a washout," answers the conductor, hastening on, lighting his red lantern as he goes.—N. Y. Life.

A GOOD BEGINNING.

Ian Maclaren was talking to a group of literary beginners in New York. "Begin your stories well," he said emphatically. "Indeed, it's half the battle. Always bear in mind the case of the young man who, desiring to marry, secured a favourable hearing from his sweetheart's irascible father by opening the interview with the words: 'I know a way, sir, whereby you can save money.'"

NOT EVEN ST. PATRICK.

Angry Scot: "Look here, Mr. O'Brien! I've the verra greatest respect for yer country, but ye mauna forget this: Ye can sit on a rose, and ye can sit on a shamrock, but, O man, ye canna sit on a thistle."—The Sketch.

THE CORRECT STYLE.

Some young women in England have begun to dress out and out like men. They wear a long coat cut hunting fashion, a cap, riding breeches and top boots. It is a handsome costume and it is not immodest, but undoubtedly it attracts a good deal of attention. They have been telling in London lately a story about a girl who adopted this riding rig. Pulling up her horse one afternoon she said to an artisan who was passing:

"Can you tell me if this is the way to Wareham?" The man looked her over carefully. Then he touched his cap in a respectful manner and replied:

"Yes, miss, yes—you seem to have got 'em on all right."

NOT HIS PRICE.

"Scoundrel!" hissed the head grafter to the man who had betrayed him. "You didn't stay bought."

"Excuse me," responded the other haughtily. "I was not bought. That deal with you was a mere lease. No man could buy me at that figure."—Philadelphia Ledger.