



SOCIAL AGONIES (No. 4.)

When, in the midst of that dreamy waltz with the girl you want to win for your own, something "gives" — and you realize that the something is yours.

ingly upon the remnants of the parrot who went up in a gunpowder explosion. Personally, and from experience, I would prefer to be knocked off this mortal coil, so to speak, by an electric car, in preference to being chased into eternity by a wild and ramping cab horse driven by a whiskey-stained villain who fancies himself on the rolling prairie.

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'The boys' are looking forward to the winter season at Solmer Park. There is to be dancing and music and — and things and visions of Cremona Gardens are floating about.

But. (Large B please.)

One never does know—we are so exorcisingly respectable around these parts.

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Now there—there; pray sit down in front! I will explain. For true respectability I have every respect and doff my cap wherever I meet it, but I freeze at the smug and false respectability which strains at a gnat and swallows a camel and yet hath no charity, who

Condone for sins they are inclined to, By damning those they have no mind to.' You catch on?

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Reg Pardon?

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Well, they are talking about a new mayor. It's no use asking what's the

matter with Jimmy McShane, as is invariably done at all Montreal public gatherings. The Hon. James will be hard to beat—in Montreal, but, you see those French fellows are so restless and now they are aching to bestow the honor upon Alderman Rolland. At present it is not a safe question to bet on, but it's as safe as the championship match, and I am all accounts there was no end of money on that.

Imagine, by the way, the "People's Jimmy" consulting the oracle about that next mayor question, and imagine the oracle replying as thus. "Well James it depends a good deal on how public opinion will Rolland you Mayor you may not."

Then remember the words of that great writer who said that punning was the lowest form of wit.

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Facts are scarce this week.

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About that lacrosse match people are saying that the game will degenerate and the players become demoralized if it becomes such a money making "joke," that is, of course, as regards the tremendous sums of money invested in the issue.

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Have you noticed how the Gazette and Herald love each other in their editorials? American style.

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Society must have sensation. It is immaterial whether that sensation be in the shape of a distinguished lion, no matter how distinguished but he must have "done something," or a charming scandal. The latest shock to the upper 400 has come lately in the shape of shocking revelations of the drinking habit among London Society ladies, and now America "goes one better" with the chloral habit. It seems to me that the rottenness of so-called society is becoming somewhat chestnutty and is scarcely worth the chronicle.

Policeman No. 0007, stationed amid the classic shades of Sherbrooke street, is haunted by a mystery. It appears that in the wee' sma' hours of a day last week he noticed one of Montreal's gilded youths returning to the paternal roof after a "good time." Said youth was as full as the moon and lovely well loaded with the special brand known to the initiated as "Tanglefoot." As the jaded youth entered the majestic portals of his home, No. 0007 sighed as he reflected sadly on the uneven distribution of 'his world's "likker." This official eye was still fixed upon the aforesaid portal when he was surprised to see it again gently open, and more so to see an uncertain hand carefully deposit a pair of shoes on the step outside! Now, whether the youth had retired to rest on the mat and put his