



### CONTRADICTORY.

EFFIE—"I do like Mr. Smiler, don't you, Marie?"

MARIE—"Yes, he's so droll."

EFFIE—"He is funny, isn't he, especially when he's serious!"

contest, unless the police were always near. Now, no one ever said this before!

I have a lovely little joke: Why is the average M.P. a lawyer? Because, when he enters the House, he is called to the Bar. Do print this, please! I told the red-nosed member who gave it to me that I would get it put in type for him.

Later on I will try and find time to write up Parliament's proceedings. You'll not mind waiting, will you?

In conclusion, I send you the following memos of work cut out for next week at the suggestion of my friend Owen:—

- (1) Ask Mr. Langevin for a hair of his goatee.
  - (2) Enquire of Mr. McNeill if Jenny ever goes out riding now.
  - (3) See whether Mr. Clarke Wallace really believes that Orange Incorporation will make the fruit cheaper.
  - (4) Prevail on the Governor-General to get the editor of the *Globe* down to Rideau Hall on a visit of friendship—and observation.
  - (5) Tender Mr. McMullen Davy's advice.
  - (6) Get Jim Trow to let me see his whip.
  - (7) Offer to help the Finance Minister to tot up the figures in the increased Expenditure column.
  - (8) Sing for Mr. Blake, "Where did you get that hat?"
- Yours ever, ANNA NYAS.

### HEARD IN THE WARD.

MULHOOLY—"Say, Fogarty, do yez iver rade the *Impire*, I dunno?"

FOGARTY—"Yis, begobs, now an' agin."

MULHOOLY—"Fwhat's all the row they do be makin' over Ned Farrer? They say he's a traitor, d'ye mind?"

FOGARTY—"Och, batthershin! fwhat av it, anyway? Sure, ivery wan knows he's a traitor. I've seen him trate meself, many a time."

### HIS LAST VOTE.

OLD Podgers always cast his vote  
Upon election day,  
He braved the rain, or sleet, or snow,  
Whoever stayed away.

And though the man he voted for  
Was not the one who won,  
He always seemed contented with  
The sense of duty done.

But illness smote this good old man  
Full grievously and sore,  
And soon he feared he never would  
Deposit ballot more.

Yet when election day drew near,  
With many sighs and groans,  
He drove out in an easy rig,  
And cast a vote for Jones.

His family his zeal extolled,  
And bless his memory still,  
The proceeds of that ballot paid  
The undertaker's bill.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

### SCIENTIFIC ENQUIRY.

AN electric light employe was stringing some wire in a small northern town, where the plant was just being put in. A youth from the country, who ambled along, watched him for some time, and then said:

"Say, mister, how big of a hole is through that wire?"

"Hole!" was the astonished reply, "why, there is no hole at all."

"There hain't, eh? Then how in thunder does the electric oil get to the lamps?"

GAGLEY—"Jay Gould is a mighty rich man, but there are times when he doesn't know where he's going to get his next meal."

BAGLEY—"The deuce you say. What times are those?"

GAGLEY—"When he's travelling."



### A DOUBTING THOMAS.

"If any one around here is buried in the snow and wants assistance, I wish he'd be sensible enough to say so."