

A WOMAN'S WAY.

Dainty Mrs. Muffet
At the hour of eight o'clock
Paid a little carfare,
Riding many a dusty block.

Weary Mrs. Muffet
At the hour of ten rode back,
With her hat all shattered
And the roses streaked with black.

Yet her face was smiling,
From her eyes did triumph shine;
For a dollar shirt-waist
She had bought for sixty-nine.

A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.

ON the street of a Canadian city, O'Brien met Smyth. "Do you know, Smyth," said the former solemnly, "I met a chap in Ottawa last week who looked awfully like you. In fact he looked so much like you that he bowed to me."

This reminds us of the story regarding the English novelist, Mr. Hall Caine, who resembles the late Mr. Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon so closely that when the author of "The Deemster" first visited New York Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, author of "The Baconian Cipher," stepped briskly forward, saying, "Lord Bacon, I believe."

A PROFITABLE SUMMER.

"Did the Robinsons have a good time in the Adirondacks?"

"Perfectly splendid. They lost two of their trunks, but Gladys got engaged to a theological student and Irene has been invited to spend the winter with some perfectly swell people in New York."

WITH APOLOGIES.

In the Subway, oh, my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
And the evening hordes of people
Wildly come and wildly go—
In the Subway, oh, my darling—
Think not bitterly of me,
Though I slid into an end-seat,
Left you lonely—set you free.
For my hat was crushed and battered—
My cravat a sight to see;
It was best to leave you thus, dear—
Best for you and best for me.

—Laura Simmons in *Life*.



Bribery.—*Life*.

NOT THE FASHIONABLE DRINK.

AN Ontario citizen, of simple taste in the matter of beverages, recently visited the Lake St. John region in the Province of Quebec. At the dinner-table, he and some French-Canadian friends were waited on by a fair "leetle Canadienne," who asked them what they would have to drink. The Ontario guest promptly and proudly said: "*Du lait beurre*," not doubting that a pitcher of rich buttermilk would be forthcoming. But Marie Josephine, after repeating the question more than once, went into peals of laughter and informed the French-Canadian guests that this droll "monsieur" wanted buttermilk but alas! they had thrown it all to the pigs that morning. So, the Ontario citizen, who came from the city called Hogtown by its enemies, was forced to content himself with a harmless cup of tea. For many a day, said his Quebec friends, will the tale be told of the strange Englishman who asked for such extraordinary fare.

MUST HAVE BEEN A DOUK.

A MAN who frequently took a constitutional in his sleep went to bed all right at midnight, but when he awoke he found himself on the street in the grasp of a policeman.

"Hold on," he cried, "you mustn't arrest me. I'm a somnambulist."

To which the policeman replied: "I don't care what your religion is—yer can't walk the streets in yer nightshirt."

A HATASTROPHE.

Mary had a mammoth hat—
'Twas trimmed with flowers and fruit;
And when her husband sat on it,
She shrieked: "You horrid brute!"

NOT THE FASHION.

A YOUNG lady desirous of buying a silk gown in one of the new "shot" effects recently asked a dry-goods clerk to show her such silks. She did not see the colouring she wished and said to the clerk: "Will you show me something shot with red?"

The man looked somewhat disconcerted for a moment and then placidly replied: "They ain't shootin' them with red, this year, ma'am."

THE TALE OF A MOOSE.

MR. T. H. RACE, of Mitchell, who is in charge of the Canadian exhibit at the Edinburgh Exposition, now going on, tells this: A Scottish woman came into the building with her brood of youngsters and was examining with interest the stuffed figures of Canadian "big game." "Mither," said a Wee MacGregor of the party, "what's yon beastie?" "It's a moose—a Canadian moose." "A moose!" echoed the astonished youngster. "Losh! if yon's a moose whit would a rat be like?"

THE MERRY WIDOW.

A Chinaman, in a burst of enthusiasm, described the modern woman's huge headgear as one of those "he dead, she glad" hats.

NOT NECESSARY.

"Have you given the goldfish any fresh water this morning, Mary?"

"No, mum; they ain't drunk all I give 'em yesterday yet."—*Tatler*.

IN THE LEGAL OVEN.

IN the days when Joseph Hodges Choate was a lawyer—which, of course, implies the days before he became a Peace Commissioner—a certain New York reporter, who is now reporting no more unless they run some sort of celestial gazette in Heaven,

had to go to see him about a piece of news. It was a warm day in early June, but Mr. Choate had a big fire burning in the grate in his inner office.

As the interview was ending, the lawyer noticed his visitor's discomfort.

"Do you thing it is warm here?" he inquired in mild surprise.

"Warm?" echoed the reporter, who had got his news and could now afford to be truthful. "It's as hot as an oven!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Choate. "But then," he added, "it ought to be as hot as an oven, for, you see, I make my bread here."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

APT COMPARISON.

"When I see what Barlow accomplishes I am forced to admiration," said Bunting. "He has great physical endurance."

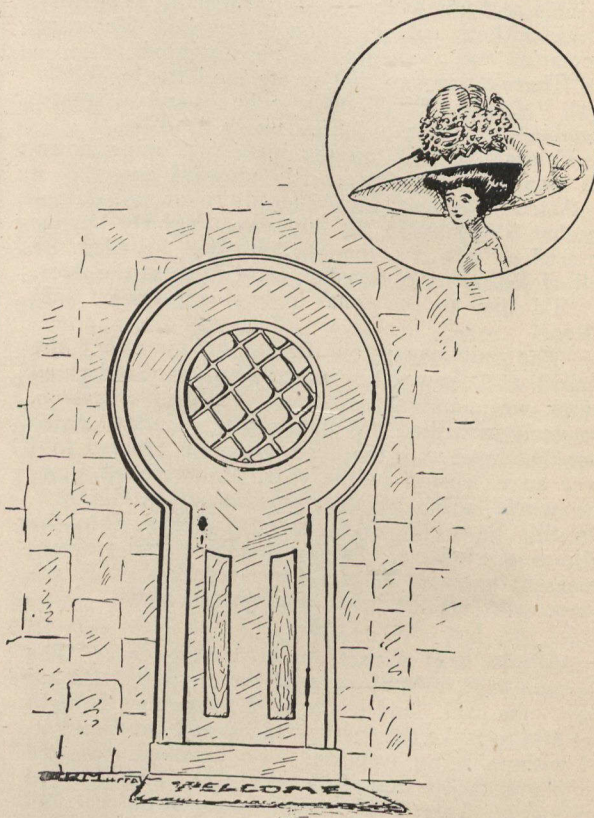
"Yes," replied Gargoyle. "That man has the constitution of a debutante."—*London Telegraph*.

HER LIBERALITY.

Mr. Hennypeck: "My wife has never denied me a wish since we were married."

Friend: "But—ah—h'm—I thought—"

"No, indeed! She lets me wish all I want to."—*Smart Set*.



A Door Designed for the Prevailing Style of Hat.
—*Bohemian Magazine*.

SAD!

Master: "I'm sorry to hear, Pat, that your wife is dead."

Patrick: "Faith an' 'tis a sad day for us all, sir! The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."—*Life*.

ORIGINAL SIN.

Eve: "What are you thinking about, Adam?"

Adam: "I was thinking that, no matter what kind of a record we make we can't charge much to heredity."—*The News*.

CURIOUS.

Mr. Cad: "Can I see that burglar who was arrested for breaking into my house last night?"

Inspector (hesitatingly): "Well, I don't know. What do you want to see him for?"

Mr. Cad: "Oh, there's nothing secret about it. I just wanted to find out how he managed to get into the house without waking my wife."—*Illustrated Bits*.

RATHER LONESOME.

HE following is reported to have been found on the wall of a deserted cabin in the heart of Nebraska:

"Fore miles from a naber; sixteen miles from a postoffice; twenty-five miles from a raleroad; forty-seven miles from a church; half a mile from water; God bless our home!"

"We're gone to British Columbia to get a fresh start."—*The News*.