



### CHRISTIAN UNION.

FAIR PARISHIONER—"The prospects of Christian Union seem to be getting brighter, don't you think so, Dr. Rambler?"

REV. DR. RAMBLER—"Decidedly so. There is now a substantial union amongst the Evangelical denominations on many doctrines, and an absolute agreement among the ministers on at least one important point—the necessity and duty of going to Europe for a summer holiday."

### ANECDOTES OF THE NEW PREMIER.

HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT, the Premier *pro tem*, is comparatively unknown to the people of Ontario. In order to invest him with the individuality which so prominent a personage ought to possess, GRIP last week detailed his special anecdotist to get up a few strictly original and exclusive anecdotes concerning him. He brought us in the following gist of reminiscences which considering that he had to depend wholly on his imagination, are fair to middling.

When Premier Abbott was a boy he was of a remarkably reflective turn of mind and fond of reading. With the shrewdness which has characterized his later years he always preferred borrowing books to buying them and saved his money for the circus. His studious habits excited the attention of the neighbors, who predicted a great future for him. One day the village pastor happened in and, struck with the readiness with which he answered the question of "Who were our first parents?" and "Who was Noah?" laid his aged hand upon the boy's golden curls and remarked impressively, "I foresee that this boy will some day be premier of our glorious Dominion." The fact that there wasn't any Dominion at the time nor till about forty years later obviously makes the prediction all the more remarkable.

As a young man Abbott was by no means a fluent or ready speaker. Anxious to perfect himself in facility of expression he joined a debating club and undertook to lead the affirmative on the occasion of a public debate on the question "Resolved that the pleasures of anticipation are greater than those of participation." After a few incoherent remarks of an apologetic nature, to the effect that he had not had sufficient time for preparation, he sat down in confusion and an armchair. Here again the individuality of his character asserted itself. He did not remark, "I sit down now but the time *will* come when," etc., which is the regular thing for embryo statesmen to say under similar circumstances.

An instance of his quickness of repartee which deserves

to be remembered occurred while he was struggling to acquire a footing at the bar. One day he indulged in a new checked suit. Being very hard up he was obliged to resort to a pawnshop to procure sufficient to appease the demands of his landlady. "Whither bound?" said a friend who met him on his way to the pawnbroker. "I must raise some money and am trying to get my checks cashed," wittily replied the future Premier.

A prominent feature of Mr. Abbott's character is his *bonhomie*—which bears traces of careful and assiduous cultivation. It is an article that no politician can afford to dispense with. He is accessible to the humblest with whom he has accustomed himself to converse with comparative ease and *insouciance*. Meeting a *habitan* one day on the road the latter remarked, "*Bon jour, monsieur.*" "*Oui,*" returned Mr. Abbott without a moment's hesitation. "*Ici on parle Francais n'est ce pas? C'est le fin de siecle. Va-t-en vaurien!*" And in this style he continued the conversation for some minutes. This incident may seem trifling to some, but it is little things like these that shed a light upon the true character of public men and make us ordinary folks feel our inferiority to premiers and knights and such.

Talking of knights it is an open secret that Hon. Mr. Abbott was once offered the boon of knighthood and refused it—on the ground that it was getting altogether too cheap and common. His *mot* on the occasion gained extensive currency in the clubs. "I might have accepted a baronetcy," he remarked with an air of deliberation as of one trying to remember a sentence carefully thought out beforehand. "Yes, I would not so much mind being a baronet, but I will not be a barren knight." And then he ordered up a round of drinks. It is necessary to do this sometimes when you have a character for *bonhomie* to sustain.

### CRYING OUT TOO SOON.

SHE—"John, did you order wood to-day?"

HE—"No, Susan. I declare I clean forgot all about it. I'll attend to it to-morrow or next day."

SHE—"Just like you. You know we've hardly any left. Not more than a dozen sticks. I never saw such a man! etc."

HE—"Well my dear, remember the old proverb—'Don't holler till your out of the wood.'"

### ON GARRISON COMMON.

MISS QUEENIE O'RYFELS—"And why do they wave that red flag near the target so often? Do you know, Grenna?"

MISS GRENNA D'ERE—"Well, really Queenie, I'm not quite sure!" (*With sudden inspiration*). "Perhaps it's to distract the attention of the bulls eye!"

MISS Q. O. R.—"Oh, you clever darling! Of course that must be it! I don't know how it is you always seem to know everything!"

### JUSTIFICATION.

EXASPERATED MOTHER—"Maudie, what in the world possessed you to be such a naughty little girl as to tell Professor Reddemall that I said he was a nasty little worm?"

MAUDIE (*justifying herself*)—"Well mamma, so you did! You know you told Mrs. Cawler yesterday that the Proff was a regular book-worm. Scolding me when I never did a thing?"