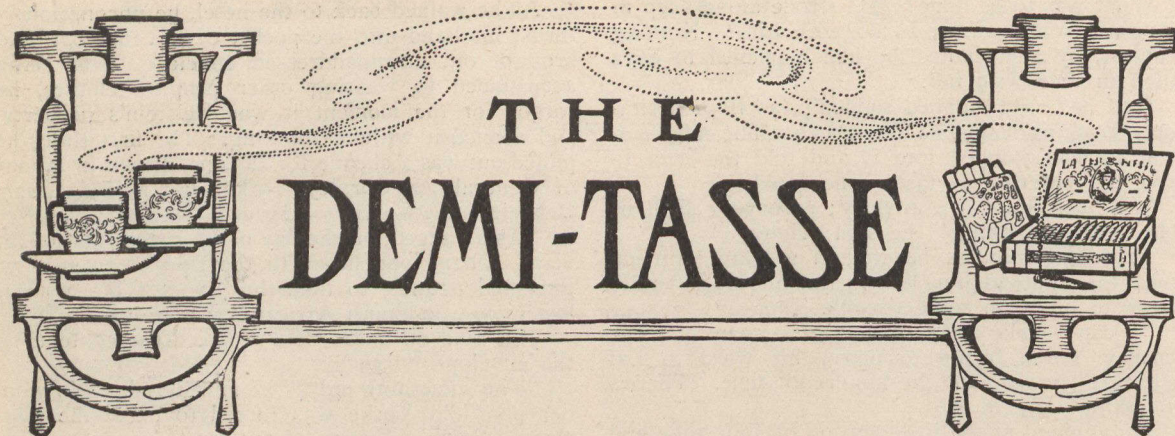




A DISCOURAGED CITIZEN.

A STORY comes from Nova Scotia about a fervent Tory who was greatly disappointed in the result of the recent Dominion Election and who went about, declaring that the country was going clear to the "bow-wows."

"Don't be so down-hearted, man," said the rector, who, though a follower of Fielding, was disposed to comfort the disconsolate brother, "the Lord will be with His people."

"That's what I've been hoping ever since 1896," said the pessimistic politician, "but sometimes it seems as if Laurier had scared every one else from the job of looking after Canada."

AN ANCIENT FEUD.

SEVERAL good men and true went down to the City of Brantford years ago and in the course of their visit at the leading hotel of Telephone Town, one of them, a Maclean and a Highlander, became intensely animated and then took occasion to mar somewhat the features of an innocent acquaintance. Friends interfered and the Maclean was reproached for his display of a war-like spirit. He refused to repent, however, and explained in fine historic fashion.

"Why shouldn't I attack him? He's nought but a Monteith and it was a Monteith that betrayed Wallace." Just a trifle of a few centuries but the enmity of the days of Edward I. is not entirely forgotten in the days of Edward VII.

ALREADY.

Santa Claus awoke from a long sleep, one frosty day in November, and watched the successful candidates go by.

"What are you smiling at?" said the Spirit of 1908.

"They laugh at my whiskers and hair," said the old chap, as he reached for a red muffler, "but they are the real back numbers."

CONDIMENT COMPLIMENTS.

Several citizens of a small Canadian town were discussing a departed sister, who had been given to good deeds but was rather too fond of dispensing sharp-spoken advice.

"She was an excellent woman," said the deceased lady's pastor, "she was constantly in the homes of the poor and afflicted. In fact she was the salt of the earth."

"She was more than that," remarked an indolent, Twentieth-Century Rip Van Winkle. "She was the vinegar, the pepper and the mustard as well. She was a perfect cruet-stand of virtues."



"Say, you! Donna Marina Sacramento Jaramillo, what are you doing with my best Sunday-go-to-meeting jeans?"

"Why, Pedro, dear, I'm making me a sheath-skirt." —Life

NEWSLETS.

It is rumoured that the Teddy Bear will accompany Mr. Theodore Roosevelt on his literary and hunting expedition to Africa. It would not surprise us one bit if the cunning Theodore were to exchange a few Teddy Bears for a nice little tract of African land with the lions thrown in.

Lord Milner is advising us "to do something together." Now, where is that old acquaintance, Mr. E. Zee Mark? Some people who have bought mines in the golden north are thinking they have been done "altogether." It is so easy to give advice.

"It is a sad year for the B's," remarks the *Toronto News*, commenting on the also-ranness of Messrs. Bryan and Borden. Yes, dear friend. It is quite evident that neither Miss Columbia nor Miss Canada will have a B in her next year's bonnet. This remark is perpetrated in revenge for certain witticisms "On the Side."

Mayor Payette and a member of the Montreal Council have exchanged a perfect vocabulary of unkind words. Just as we were settling down after the epithets of the campaign! Now, if Mayor Payette would *only* take the Toronto school trustees for an example, he would blush to use "langwidge."

There is an epidemic of tag day sweeping over the province and masculine citizens are objecting to this latest form of contributing to a Good Cause. Cheer up! It might have been suffragettes.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER is to write an article for a New York magazine, *The World's Work*, on "How to Regulate the Trusts." It is not a humorous contribution. Next thing we know, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan will be contributing a dainty bit of verse on "How to be Happy though Hungry," Mr. William Jennings Bryan will be inditing "How to Win Elections," and Mr. Winston Churchill will issue a pamphlet on "How and Where I Acquired My Manners," while Mr. R. L. Borden may be persuaded to publish in the Saturday magazine section of the *Toronto Globe* a brief and telling account of "Ambitions I Have Fostered."

THE WRONG TREE.

The teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America. "And now boys," she asked afterwards, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?" Up went a hand in the front row. "Well Tommy?"

"The porcupine, ma'am."

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

My dear Bryan,

Thank you so much for the invitation to visit you at the White House in 1913. But I expect to be very busy myself, that year, organising my cabinet and getting used to being premier. However, if you should feel like a little trip to Ottawa, any time before you get in, I shall be pleased to show you where Fowler and Bennett used to sit.

Very comprehendingly yours,

R. L. B.

My dear Hughes,

Allow me to congratulate you. It's simply wonderful how our family gets on. Brother Sam sends his love. I'll drop in, next time I'm in Albany with the teachers.

James L.

My dear Taft,

Sometimes it's the expected that so charmingly happens. Comprenez-vous? I quite agree with you that country life is to be preferred to the city.

The city voter, for instance, is hardly ever endowed with correct judgment of men and measures.

With kind regards for Roosevelt and sympathy for the lions,

I am,
Yours for the *entente cordiale*,
Laurier.

WHY DID THEY FAINT?

Statistics.—Of the 1,001 young women who fainted last year, 987 fell into the arms of men, two fell on the floor, and one into a water-butt.—*Life*.

IN THE POLICE COURT.

Magistrate: "So you actually have the audacity to boast of your skill in stealing watches?"

Prisoner: "I'd back myself against anybody in this court, I don't care who he is." Then, politely, and looking hard at the magistrate, "Of course, sir, I mean no offence to you, sir, you understand."

THE CRANK.

"You say there is nearly always something broke about your automobile."

"Yes," answered Mr. Chuggins, nervously.

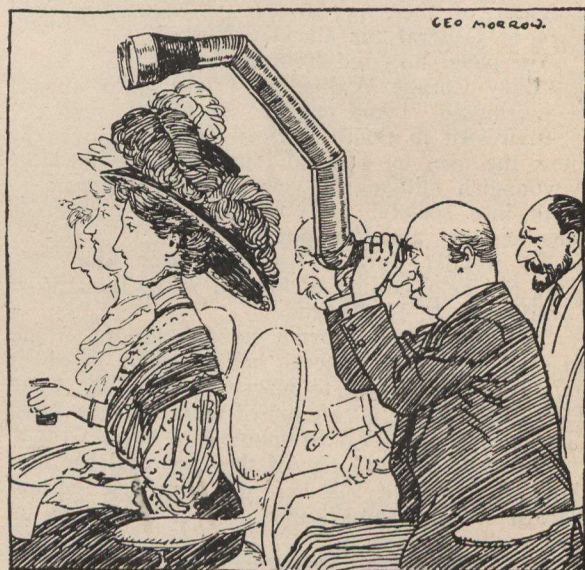
"What is it, as a rule?"

"Me."—*Washington Star*.

THE BEST OF THE PARADE.

LORD ROBERTS once promised to inspect the boys' brigade battalion in Glasgow, but at the last moment was prevented by illness. A local officer was secured to fill his place, and in selling tickets for the inspection it was thought only fair to let purchasers know that the distinguished Field Marshal would not be present. One small brigade boy came up and asked for two tickets for his father and mother. The clerk said, "Do your father and mother know that Lord Roberts is not to be present?"

The boy replied, with a look of self confidence, "It's no Lord Roberts they're comin' to see—it's me."



Getting over the Difficulty.—Punch.

POSITIVELY UNKIND.

"You are not going to stay in town late to-night, are you, John?"

"Not very late, dearest. I have to help put a man through the third degree at the lodge. I'll come straight home as soon as it's over."

(Kindly, but firmly): "If you can repeat the pass word, 'Six slim slick saplings,' distinctly when you come home from the lodge, John, the servant will admit you; and if you can't, you needn't ring. You'll stay outside all night, my dear."

John came home early.—*Illustrated Bits*.

THE HORSEMEN.

A veterinary surgeon pronounced a hunter to be afflicted with an incurable disease.

"What had I better do?" queried the owner to his groom.

"Well, sir," was the reply, "conscientiously speaking, I should part with him to another gentleman."—*Tit-Bits*.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

Artist: "And what will you give me for this picture?"

Art Editor: "Ten seconds' start."