



NOT PERSONAL.

Mr. Brown (who has accidentally discovered Miss Dreamleigh again)—Come now, Miss Dreamleigh—Maud—confess that you were thinking of me!

Miss D.—Well, I don't know, Mr. Brown. I was just thinking about one of the characters in this novel who's a most unmitigated bore.

GOOD !!

THE following sentences by "A McGlynn Catholic" in the *Mail* of July 20 are magnificent:—

"You say:—'Dr. McGlynn knew when he joined the Church that obedience in all things was his primary duty.' If this means that every Roman Catholic priest agrees to do in politics as well as religion what his superiors order him to do, then the priest who takes orders first and the oath of allegiance to the United States afterwards is a perjurer. If it means this, every priest holds himself at liberty to play the traitor and to coerce his flock to do the same at the bidding of the puppet of a foreigner, who asserts his right to temporal authority. This may be your opinion, Mr. Editor, but I for one do not see how, if you hold it, you can refrain from devoting every column at your disposal to a demand that such a menace to our freedom shall not be allowed longer to exist. If this is your opinion, you and those who think with you must rejoice that the greatest and most beloved of American priests, Dr. McGlynn, declares this doctrine to be contrary to the law of the Church. * * * * * His appeal is not from the Church to the world, as you seem to think, but from the Pope to the Church, which makes the Pope."

A BUSINESS CALAMITY.

[The Sac City, Iowa, *Sun* advertises the local jail to rent.]

SAC CITY, Iowa, is some distance from Toronto, but that is no reason why we should not feel for its citizens when they are overtaken by a calamity of this kind. They are our neighbors, although we may never have

seen their faces or heard their names, and we do extend to them our fraternal sympathy in this misfortune. Upon enquiry we find that the jail building, which now stands empty and desolate, with the melancholy legend "To Let" nailed upon its oaken door, cost the people of Sac City a lot of money. This capital is now lost, unless a lessee can be found. But in addition to this, the people lose the services of an able and efficient jailer, an intelligent turnkey and several other officers more or less connected with the legitimate industry of jailing; they also lose the wealth created by the average staff of prisoners—some twenty-five or thereabouts—who were noted for their industry and strict attention to business. To a small place like Sac City this loss must be very serious, and an expression of condolence from a great place like Toronto, which has never known the misfortune of an empty jail, cannot but be gratefully received. The consideration that the Sac City people brought this business disaster upon themselves, should not prevent us from extending to them our condolence. It is true, with their eyes wide open, they voted for Prohibition of the liquor traffic, and it so happened

that they were in the majority. The law was accordingly enacted. But the Sac City people never for a moment dreamed that they were bringing financial ruin upon their jail industry. They trusted in the wisdom of *savants* like those who compose the Liberal Temperance Union, and believed that "Prohibition does not prohibit." They now find by bitter experience that they were mistaken, and they are entitled to all the sympathy usually bestowed upon people who have met with "didn't know it was loaded" accidents.

A CLEVER CUSTOMER.

FACETIOUS BARBER (to customer)—Your hair, sir, reminds me of the great George Washington.

Customer—Why so?

Facetious Barber—Because it can't lie.

Customer—Ah! upright hair, I presume.—*The Bailie.*

A FEW FAIRLY FUNNY FACTS.

"THIS is an everlasting job, and I'll hold it awlways," as the shoemaker remarked to his wife, Peggy. This was the only time he was ever known to wax funny.

The brickmaker wants the earth; that's his s-tile.

Mist that rises in the morning is generally mis't about noon.

Hanlan's Island is justly compared to a lion's den, because it's the home of the rower.

If having one wife is called living in the State of Matrimony, what state is a man in when he has two of them? Why, big Me., of course.