

HIS TIP.

LANAGAN had just landed in Montreal. Without a job, he naturally turned for advice to his only friend in Canada, the headwaiter of the Corona Hotel.

"I don't know what I can do for you," said friend, who was also from the city of Dublin. said his you only knew how to wait on tables, I might be able to give you a job here."
"I can learn it," hopefully responded Flanagan.

The headwaiter gave him the opportunity. He was duly instructed as to the duties of a waiter and, after a while, was assigned to a table.

"Now," cautioned his friend, "whether you can

"Now," cautioned his friend, "whether you can hold your job or not depends upon the way you can please the patrons of the house. I can tell how you get along by your tips. Here comes a man who is a pretty liberal tipper. I will put him at your table and we will see how you make out."

Flanagan did his best, and as the guest retired and he was cleaning up the dishes, the headwaiter, anxious to learn of his success, went over to his table.

"Did Mr. Jones give you a tip?"
"Yes," replied Flanagan, "he gave me a tip all right. He told me in this country I ought to be carrying a hod."

DELIBERATE DEFIANCE.

THERE once lived near old Niagara a sturdy character known to the peninsula as "Hank. possessed an extremely fine orchard but just in front of his home was a large plum tree which, to mix floral metaphor, was the apple of his eye. There came a terrific thunderstorm one sultry July after-noon and, after a particularly vivid flash of lightning the cherished tree was seen to be in splinters.

Most men would have been somewhat startled or dismayed at such a disaster. But the owner of the despoiled plum-tree, in a fit of rage, darted from his cottage and shook his fist at the clouds from

which came ominous crashing.

"Now," he yelled in defiance, as he removed his weather-beaten hat, "take a hack at Hank."



* * * A CAREFUL CANDIDATE.

J. S. FULLERTON, K.C., the eminent counsel for the City of Toronto, tells a story of a candi-date of Scotch descent in a rural constituency west

of Toronto who, some years ago, applied to him

or Toronto who, some years ago, applied to him for assistance at a campaign meeting.

"There is nothing I would have liked better than to be with you on that evening," said Mr. Fullerton, "but I am afraid it will be impossible. I have such a pressure of work in my office that I cannot get away for some days. However, possibly later on in the campaign, I'll be able to go out and give you a hand"

The candidate was importunate until he learnt that Mr. Fullerton's refusal was final.

"Ah, well!" said the candidate, "I would like very much to have had you for the meeting, but I suppose I'll have to get Mr. Du Vernet. He speaks just as well as you do, but he doesn't keep a horse and I'll have to hire one for him."

OUR REASONS.

O, no, we are not going
To see the glad Tercent;
The heat will be quite awful
And then we hate a tent. To view the glorious pageant We do not care a cent; Because on bread and butter Our "dough's" already spent.

CANNED GOODS.

EVERY one out West appreciates the Indian's respect for canned goods. The fortunes of the chase are proverbially uncertain. The buffalo has disappeared from the plains and the Indians of the West now more and more rely upon the bounty of the white man and content themselves with a diet of canned goods. A story is told of an Indian named Pete who was the original discoverer of a valuable mine. The grateful owners of the mine. after it had made some millions for them, presented Pete with a house and lot and \$500 in cash. He was apparently a cautions Indian and realised that he must provide for his old age. Possibly in the years that had passed since the advent of fur traders at Fort Churchill a strain of Scotch blood had been injected into the aboriginal veins.

Anyway, he decided that it was his duty to provide for his old age and never to want for something to eat. He invested his \$500 in canned corn, canned tomatoes, canned peas, canned beef, canned pork and beans, in fact every kind of canned goods that are turned out of a Canadian factory. When he had finished his purchases, he had a house surround-

ed by canned goods.

One day he happened to stray into a saloon of the neighbouring mining camp and saw for the first time a gramophone. It was grinding out sweet music—Caruso was singing. Pete, as has been said before, was of a cautious disposition. This was a new idea to him. He looked carefully and somewhat diffidently into the nooks and corners of the room before he was convinced that the voice was room before he was convinced that the voice was room before he was convinced that the voice was emerging from the strange-looking machine on the table. Once assured of the fact, he walked up to the instrument very respectfully and surveyed it from side to side. He walked to the rear and back again to the front. His face bore a troubled look. "Wonderful thing that, Pete, isn't it?" called the proprietor from over the bar, who had been watching the Indian's hewilderment with amusement

ing the Indian's bewilderment with amusement. Pete stood in silence, but after a moment or two, his face cleared up. The problem was solved. "Ugh! Canned white man!!"

AN IDEAL INTRODUCTION.

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"Long introductions when a man has a speech to make are a bore," said former Senator John C. Spooner. "I have had all kinds, but the most satisfactory one in my career was that of a German mayor of a small town in my state, Wisconsin. I was to make a political address and the opera house was crowded. When it came time to begin the mayor got up. 'Mine friends,' he said, 'I haf asked been to introduce Senator Spooner, who is to make a speech, yes. Vell, I haf dit so, und he vill now do

POSSIBILITIES.

Bryan may be President
Before the year is up;
And Lipton yet may capture
America's bright cup.

THEIR LITTLE WAYS.

IT is said that the Canadians who fought in South Africa during the late Boer war earned a certain notoriety for getting provisions in time of stress and were not too particular about inquiring the price of fowl or vegetables. A potato field seemed to disappear as by magic when the Canadian boys were near enough to lay active hands upon the tuber door to Sir Walter Poleigh dear to Sir Walter Raleigh.

Lord Roberts had heard complaints of a bright and enterprising Canadian group and when it was suggested that the Men of the North should be sent take a certain position, the great little "Bobs'

said quietly:
"Oh, I suppose they could grasp the situation.
In fact, those young Canadians would take any-

JUGGLING WITH THE ALPHABET.

MOST people in the British Empire have heard of M. A. P., one of the brightest of the unillustrated English weeklies. There was also P. T. O., which meant People Talked Of. Lately the former journal has absorbed the latter and this circumstance leads *Punch* to remark that P. T. O. circumstance leads *Punch* to remark that P. T. O. has gone to P. O. T. and now M. A. P. is on T. O. P.



PERILS OF BALLOONING Only Balloon during Full Moon.-Life

MARY HAD A LITTLE MOUTH.

Mrs. J.'s patience was much tried by a servant who had the habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon the table, her mouth was open as usual, and her mistress

"Mary, your mouth is open."
"Yassum," replied Mary; "I opened it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THOROUGHLY UNIONISED.

AN Irishman working with a railway section crew, under the supervision of a rabidly union foreman, was advised that he would have to become a member of the union if he wished to hold his place. Accordingly, Pat came to work with a union card in his pocket, and was allowed to continue his labour.

That afternoon, however, the new union man was found to be missing from the ranks. He remained away from his work for about an hour. Upon his return the foreman jumped on him with both feet, figuratively speaking, and took him seriously to task for his apparent neglect of duty.

"See here, you Mick!" he roared, "what d'ye mean by playing off on your work like that? What d'ye think you're doing—givin' an afternoon tea?

Say!"

"Well," replied Pat, calmly lighting his pipe,
"wasn't yez after tellin' me thot I hod to behlong
to the union? Sure yez did! An' I done it, didn't
1? An' I bought meself a suit of union clothes, an'
sir of union shoes, an' a pair of union socks, an' a pair of union shoes, an' a pair of union socks, an' a union hat, an', begobs, along forninst two o'clock I happened to want a dhrink uv wather, an' I wint, like the good union man thot I am, down to the Union depot fer to git it."

Pat held his job.—Short Stories.