



## NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

INTERESTING tales are told of crude representatives in local legislatures, in the days when the provinces were young. It is said that an unusually clumsy member was taunted with his lack of discernment by a cruel opponent.

"You may think I look like a fool," said the attacked politician, to the amusement of the other Manitoba legislators, "but I'm not nearly as much of a fool as the people who sent me here."

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## MORE MARK TWAIN.

Mark Twain, at a dinner in New York, talked on etiquette.

"I once read a book of etiquette," he said, "and I still remember many of the rules. The most important were these:

"How to accept a proffered cigar—slip the right hand into the box, draw forth two, place one absently in the upper pocket of the vest, insert the other between the lips, and look inquiringly around for a light.

"How to leave a room properly—open the door, place one foot over the sill, follow it up closely with the other foot, and then, turning slightly shut the door.

"How to accept a dinner invitation—eat a light breakfast and no lunch.

"How to accept an invitation to drink—look careless. Say, 'Don't care if I do,' and fix the gaze on the other side of the room while the liquor is being poured into the glass. This will assure you a full portion."

Mark Twain is still being dined and wined by his English friends, and is trying to avoid the representatives of the press. When Mark was in Montreal many years ago, on business connected with copyright laws, he delivered an address, which the guests at a certain banquet long remembered. Towards the conclusion of his remarks he said that he would give a brief talk in French in order that the guests of that nationality might feel especially honoured. He forthwith rattled off about a dozen French sentences, which, on being translated, proved to be such dangerous sentiments as: "Have you the pen of the carpenter? Where are the apples of the friend of my brother? Have you seen the cheese of the baker?"

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## HOW THEY GOT TICKETS.

There has been a good deal of reminiscence during this week, in which Canada has celebrated her fortieth birthday. A man who is now a prominent politician was speaking of the late Sir John's geniality. Of course, there were and are several "Sir Johns," but a Conservative of the Kingston school means the old chieftain, and hardly thinks it necessary to add "Macdonald." The narrator said:

"When I was a boy about sixteen years of age I was walking along an Ottawa street, one wintry day, with a young chum. We were anxious to attend the night session of the House, for a big debate was expected, and even in those days I was interested in politics. Suddenly we saw Sir John walking alone, and my small companion turned to me in a flash of challenge.

"Bet you're scared to ask Sir John about it," he said.

"I'm not," I answered, warmly.

"Bet you a quarter," he persisted.

"Before my courage had time to ooze out, I approached the Premier, as he was at that time, and said, quaveringly, 'Please,

Sir John, would you tell me how to get into the House to-night?"

"Sir John looked surprised, then surveyed the other boy and myself with a smile of comprehension, and, drawing a card from his pocket, wrote a few words on it. 'Give that to Mr. B——,' he said, 'when you come up to-night, and you'll have good places.' Then he laid a hand on my shoulder and on that of my chum, whose father was a staunch Liberal. 'You're fine-looking lads,' he said, cheerfully, 'and I'm sure that you're both good Tories.' He went on, chuckling, and I lost no time in claiming the quarter for my display of disgusting cheek. We went to the House that night, and had a good place, as Sir John had promised. He remembered us afterwards, and always had a nod for me and Jim. Ah! he knew how to manage men—and boys," concluded the politician, with a regretful sigh, for the days when he bet on Sir John's willingness to oblige.

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The Real Thing at Last.—N. Y. Life.

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## NOT A FAVOURITE.

An English paper informs us that Lord Alverstone possesses a magnificent voice, and that if he were not the highest legal functionary on the English bench he could make a fortune on the operatic stage. The Canadian reader of this item recalls the memory of those lovely little islands of our own which Alverstone gave away to Uncle Sam, and thinks how interesting it would be to have His Lordship on the stage at Montreal or Toronto. He couldn't get a single encore, and only a box of lemons would be wafted to the warbler in appreciation of his melodious charms.

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## SPORT A LA MODE.

Hit the umpire on the head,  
Kick him in the chest,  
Strike him smartly on the jaw;  
Do your rowdy best.

Make a hero of the brute;  
Aren't the bleachers gay?  
This is what Toronto calls  
Giving all fair play.

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## UNNECESSARY VOTES.

A prominent Englishwoman was recently asked her opinion of the agitation for woman suffrage. She replied:

"A clever woman can influence as many

votes as she wishes; a stupid woman is better without any."

This conclusion might be an offshoot from Mr. Kipling's epigram: "Any woman can manage a clever man, but it takes a very clever woman to manage a fool."

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## THE IRONY OF FATE.

He—"So Smythe has been run over by an automobile eh! How did it happen?"

She—"The poor fellow was stooping over to pick up a horseshoe for luck."—Smart Set.

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## TOO SUGGESTIVE.

In its "Literary Zoo" department, a recent number of Life (New York) tells this story of how an American humourist had a joke played on him unconsciously by a serious-minded Englishwoman:

The perennial humourist, with a heavy yearly out put of stories, rhymes and books, can hardly be blamed for occasionally repeating himself, much less can he avoid the temptation of ringing the changes on an old theme. Yet even the most hardened sinner does not care to have the crime brought home to him, as happened to John Kendrick Bangs not long since. His publishers had turned over to a young artist his latest book, that she might design a book-cover—a dangerous experiment, as the young lady, though clever, was English, and the book was a volume of alleged American humour. Mr. Bangs himself passes upon his book-covers, and in this case, as usual, the design was submitted to him. The motif was a green leaf many times repeated. A grim smile spread over Mr. Bangs' ruddy countenance as the unconscious significance of the design slowly dawned upon him. He sent for the artist.

"My dear Miss K——," he said, graciously, "this is a very effective cover, but this—er—leaf—what kind of a leaf is it meant to be?"

"Oh, that!" she replied, innocently, "that is the chestnut!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Bangs. "I thought so!" Then he painstakingly initiated her into the mysteries of American slang, and showed her why the design would not do.

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## THE LUNGS OF A LONDONER.

Sir Frederic Treves has recently created consternation in England by declaring that, owing to frequent fogs, the lungs of a Londoner become a dark and unbecoming blue. This is not a pleasant reflection for those of cleanly habits and various lung-cleansers have been suggested. A writer in the "By-stander" breaks out in the following melancholy fashion:

Chloe may flaunt her golden curls,  
Her country cheeks, where roses bunch,  
Her violet eyes, the set of pearls,  
With which she puts away her lunch.

But thou—if Frederic Treves speak true—  
Long odds, e'en so, can't freely give her;  
For oh! thy lungs are "thunder-blue"—  
Heaven knows what hue thy liver.

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Wife.—"Good heavens, John, why don't you do something, instead of sitting there comfortably and letting your wife drown?"—Punch.