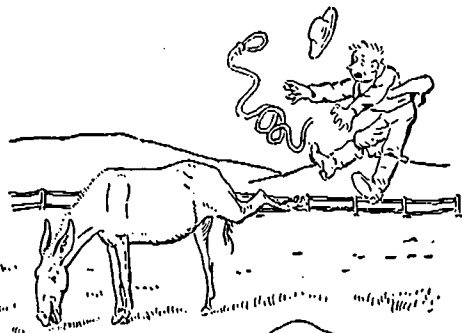
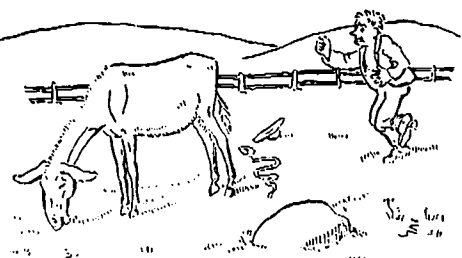




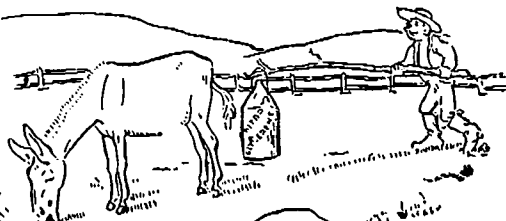
"And it Came to Pass."



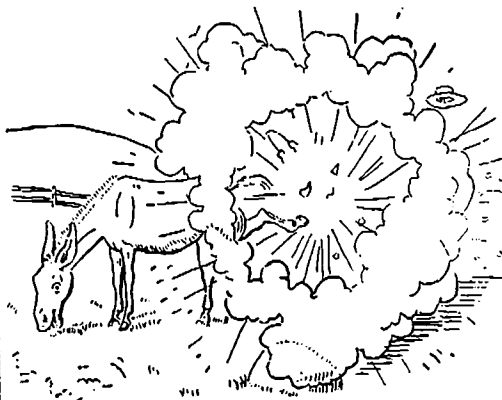
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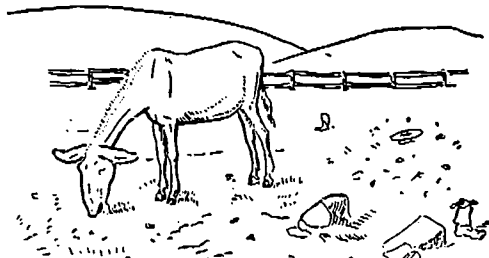
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The Troubles of an Interviewer.

THE Ottawa correspondent of several American newspapers was telling me the other day about the difficulty he had in obtaining information upon a certain occasion, and I asked him to write out an account of it for me. It is as follows:—

The American dailies, you know, were excited about the Fisheries Question, and I was told to go around to the different departments and interview the ministers on the subject. So I started, and the first man I called on was the Premier.

"Sir John, I wanted to see what you think about the—"

"How can you see what I think, sir?" he inquired, sternly, "Permit me to explain. You know the dispute that has arisen about the action of the Canadians in driving the Americans off the fishing grounds. And—"

"No, sir; I don't know. I know nothing about fishing ground. I always fish in the water."

"If I understand the matter, Sir John, the Americans had a quantity of herring in seine, and were —"

"I never saw an insane herring in my life," he said, impatiently.

"There was a school in the bay, you know, and —"

"A school in the bay! Mr. Pope, show this young man out. He talks too wildly. Wants to fish on the ground, and go to school in the water! Good morning, sir."

So then I called upon the Minister of Finance. He was busy writing.

"Mr. Foster, I have called upon you in relation to the fisheries—"

"Haven't time to attend to you now, sir," he said, without looking up. "If you're going for perch, put old cheese on your hooks—it'll fetch 'em every time. Worms'll do for suckers. Good morning."

I then called upon the Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

"Mr. Tupper, will you be kind enough to tell me your opinion of the fishery business?"

"Oh, I have no opinion. When I was a boy I always fished with a pin hook and a piece of string. I found that they bit better at grasshoppers than anything else. That is, excepting eels. I don't care for eels myself. They always swallow the hook and line, and they are good for nothing—except that the skin tied around your leg'll keep off cramp when you go swimming. I have two on now. Do you wear them?"

"No, sir, but —"

"Well, leave me your address and I'll send you one sometime, when I make a good catch. I've promised two to the Governor-General and to all the members of the cabinet, and to nearly all the members of the house. I'll supply you when I'm through with them. You'll excuse me now. I've got an engagement."

Then he fled through the door.

The Minister of Justice was getting up a law case when I called. When I spoke of fisheries to him, he said—

"Spit on your bait, sonny—spit on your bait! That's the best advice I can give you. And don't talk when they nibble."

Then the usher opened the door and led me out.

The Minister of Militia was polite when I dropped in, but he was not available for my purpose.

"Good gracious, young man, what do you come to me for? What have I got to do with fishes? You can't load guns with 'em, can you? You can't use mackerel to fight half-breeds and Indians with, can you? You can't garrison a fort with porpoises, can you? Certainly you can't. No sir, fishery is not in my line. Apply elsewhere."

In desperation I went to the Minister of Agriculture. When I told my errand he said—

"Glad you called. I was just trying an experiment to see if codfish can be grown from codfish balls. I have a bushel and a half planted out at the Experimental Farm. And in my annual report I am to suggest an appropriation for the purpose of ascertaining if we can't cross a seal with a buzzard, and produce a walrus with wings. I also have on hand a project for teaching the oyster to walk, and for utilizing sturgeons' noses for base ball. Come in some day and I'll explain it all to you. I must go now, because my deputy tells me that an Australian horse-radish that I planted yesterday is growing at the rate of a foot a minute, and he's afraid something is the matter."

This broke me all up, so I didn't bother the other ministers. I went home and wrote out a despatch which I flatter myself rather startled the cabinet when they read it. That's the way to do when they bluff you.

THE cucumber does its best fighting after it is down.
THE only thing which beats a good wife is a bad husband.
NOTHING will so soon make a person hot as cold treatment.
THE childish miss resents a kiss and runs the other way, but when at last some years have passed it's different, they say.
A SQUIRREL—"What are you doing for a living?" Another—"Chestnuts!"

"Get out of here," said the hen to the china egg: "you don't belong to my set."

MANY a man considers himself a great gun when, in fact, he is nothing but a smooth bore.

AN interesting man has named his daughters Time and Tide, so that they will wait for no man.

TO the small boy who has to wear his father's made-over apparel life seems one dreary ex-pans.

"EAT with judgment," says a learned physician. Most people, however, eat with their jaws.

A HAWK may get the rooster after breakfast, but before breakfast the rooster always takes the crow.

THE man who wants to get ahead of time when going for a train should use the spur of the moment.

WOMAN is a lovely creature. and she knows it, too, but she is always willing to be told of it once more.

If grass, when it is cured, becomes hay, what do grass widows, when they are cured, become, hey?

"What is the sweetest thing in life?" asks an exchange. The first love letter from your sweetheart.

If you want to find out all about woman and their ways ask some young man who has never been married.

WHY don't they select sailors as baseball umpires. A tar ought to be a good judge of how a thing is pitched.

It is one of the paradoxes of life that the more a wife keeps her husband in hot water the colder he grows towards her.

THERE is one admirable feature about a wire-fence. The patent-medicine man can't paint a legend on it in regard to his liver cure.

TEACHER (to the class in chemistry):—"What does sea-water contain besides the sodium chloride that we have mentioned?" Tompkins, Youngest—"Fish, sir."

DOCTOR—I see you turn in your toes. It's a very injurious practice. You should place yourself under my treatment.

Merritt—If I did, I'm afraid I'd soon turn them up.

A POULTRY authority says that "chickens should have an ample range." It depends upon the number of chickens. A little chicken will broil pretty well over a very small stove.

BADGER, mad and excited—"Say, your dog ate up seven of my hens last night. What are you going to do about it?"

McGALL—"Well, if it don't make the dog sick, I won't do anything about it."

CLERGYMAN—How shall we reach the young men of the present day?

Father of five daughters—What's the matter with the old-fashioned way with a boot?

NOTHING seems to be too mean for some men. There is an old fellow in Maine, who is imposing on his hens in a most shameful manner. He has put an electric light in the hen-house, and the hens lay day and night.

AN IMPENDING CRISIS.

The turkeys now forsake their glee,
And breathe a long-drawn sigh,
They scan the calendar and see
Thanksgiving drawing nigh.

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Figg, "I look like a perfect fright. I never had any idea I would get tanned so much in the course of one short week."

"Me too, ma," said Tommy, who had stayed at home to help his father keep house while his mother was enjoying her vacation.

YOUNG LADY VISITORS—Sakes alive! You are not going to show us through the barn, are you?

Farmer host—Yes. I wish you to see my wild Colorado broncos and my untamed cattle from Texas. Come right along and I shall not let them harm you.

Young lady visitors—O, it isn't the wild horses and cattle we fear, but are you real sure there isn't a terrible mouse hid in the barn somewhere?

A YOUNG lady had an old admirer, who, having found her glove, returned it with the following distich:—

"If from your glove you take the letter G,
Your glove is love, which I devote to thee."

The old gentleman's name was Page, and he received the following unexpected and epigrammatic reply, which chagrined him so much that he left the neighbourhood:—

"If from your Page you take the letter P,
Your Page is age, and that won't do for me."

IN the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love;

Through the summer days he wooeth like the lightsome turtle dove;

And when summer-side is over, in the genial glow of autumn,
Home the maiden writes to popper, dearest pa, at last I've caught him.

Envoi.

In the bleak November days, and 'neath the stolid winter sun,
Cold, the greatest of contractors, sees the couple shrunk to one.

THE ENFANT TERRIBLE.

THERE is a coldness. A sense of deception has parted them, and she does not know the reason. But he wished to placate the telltale imp of the family, and he took him on his knee one evening while he waited for the young lady to come down. He was a noble-looking young man, with a bang of which he was very proud, and when the small imp put up his hand and began stroking the bang he felt complimented. The imp said:

"What beautiful hair you have, Mr. Smith."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes; it's prettier than sister Kate's."

"Oh, no."

"Yes, it is. Do you put yours in a box when you go to bed, too?"

BADLY TWISTED.

CUSTOMER (rushing into hardware store)—"I've just got time to catch a train. Give me a corn-popper."

Facetious dealer—"Don't you mean a pop-corner?"

"Yes, a cop-corner. Hurry up."

"Don't you mean a pon-corner?"

"Hang it (excitedly), I said pon-corner, didn't I?"

"No (also excited); you said pon-corner."

"I said corp-popper."

"You said pop-corner."

"I didn't."

"You did."

"You lie."

"You're another."

"Take that."

"And that."

(Five dollars or thirty days next morning.)