



WHEN STEAD CAME TO TORONTO.

WILLIAM the Unsteady, whom a United Stateser unkindly calls the Editor of "Refuse of Refuse," came to the town of Toronto last week and stirred up the journalistic world in the gentle way characteristic of this Preacher of Peace. Those inhabitants of the capital of Ontario who heard the thrilling accents of the loudest William that has been, realised the truth of the New York conclusion: "When it comes to dragging peace in by the ears, cropping her wings and setting her down hard, he is the man for the job."

Various tales are told regarding Mr. Stead's non-appearance at the Canadian Club, before which he had been advertised to speak. Some said that William was hoarse, others asserted that a certain journal had persuaded the powers of that club to refrain from listening to unreason. There were all sorts of interesting yarns; and like Mr. Kipling's methods for constructing tribal lays, "every single one of them was right." But the choicest of them all was to the effect that Mr. Stead refused to address the Canadian Club because, forsooth, no women are allowed to listen to the spellbinding addresses delivered before that assembly of aspiring and perspiring Canadian manhood. His reply to a Chicago club which requested the benefit of a few remarks went like lubricated lightning through the evening papers: "No women, no Stead." How the suffragettes must love that man!

It has always been considered rather shabby of the Canadian Club to keep the sisterhood of Toronto outside the door. Then some of these men have the audacity to complain that Canadian women are so deadly dull when it comes to a discussion of political affairs—so awfully behind English women, don't you know. Various excuses are offered for excluding the voteless sex from these audiences—such as the navy-blue atmosphere and the inconvenience of the hour; but the women shrewdly suspect that the wife of a prominent Canadian Clubber was in the right when she remarked: "Jim says they don't want us around." The hazy record remains that My Lady Nicotine is the only charming creature who has been able to enjoy the after-luncheon oratory of the Canadian Club.

But Stead has gone, leaving the community impressed with his genius for the spot-light. Pears' Soap, Sapolio, Peruna, Soothing Syrup, Coffee Cures, Breakfast Bran—all these are poorly advertised commodities in comparison with William the Unweary. And the beauty of it is that he does it all himself.

J. G.

DIFFICULT.

Instructor in Public Speaking: "What is the matter with you, Mr. Jones? Can't you speak any louder? Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it."—Harvard Lampoon.

JUST FIELD'S WAY.

When Eugene Field was at the height of his local fame, there lived in Kansas City one George Gaston, whose cafe was the resort of all the "choice spirits" of the town. He fairly worshipped Field, who made Gaston's place famous by entertainments there, and by frequent squibs in the local paper. Although George had a rule suspending credit when the checks given in advance of pay amounted to more than a customer's weekly salary, he never thought of enforcing it in the case of 'Gene. At

Christmas-time Field's credit was under a cloud of checks for twenty-five and fifty cents, or more, amounting in total to \$143.50; but, touched by some simple piece that Field had written, George presented the bill for the full amount, indorsed "Paid in full."

"How's this, George?" said Field. "Oh, that's all right," answered George. "But this is receipted," continued the debtor.

"Sure!" said the gracious creditor. "Am I to understand," said Field, with a gravity that should have warned his friend, "that I have paid this bill in full?"

"In full's what I said," murmured the unsuspecting dispenser, enjoying to the full his own magnanimity.

"Well, sir," said Field, raising his voice without relaxing a muscle, "is it not customary in Missouri to set up the wine when one gentleman pays another gentleman in full?"

George could scarcely breathe for a moment, but gradually recovered sufficiently to mumble: "Gents, this is on yours truly. What'll you have?"—Lippincott's.

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How it Happened.

Farmer Medders: "Was Deacon Burlap buried from the house?"
Farmer Green: "No, from the back yard. His wife was house cleaning."—N. Y. Life.

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ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

Mrs. Lawson—"How can Mrs. Wykeleigh afford to keep three servants?"

Mrs. Dawson—"Oh, she plays bridge with them every Monday afternoon and wins back all their wages."

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A MARK TWAIN STORY.

Mark Twain once received a letter from his brother, who complained that he was afflicted with a boil and the jumping toothache at the same time, and inquired if he had ever heard of a worse combination.

"No," wrote the sympathetic "Mark," "and I can imagine only one that might be worse—that would be to have inflammatory rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance at the same time!"

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WE WONDER.

Canadian teachers are not yet so well paid that they will fail to appreciate the following story from across the line. Senator Rayner of Maryland is in favour of adequate salaries for school teachers and at a reception he told about a teachers' meeting in a district where the salaries are extremely low. A rich, portly banker opened the meeting with an address which was of the usual patronising order, indicating that teaching is a noble and divine work, which means the making of the nation. The

banker concluded his unctuous remarks with an enthusiastic gesture and the words "Long live our school teachers!"

"What on?" shouted a thin, pale, seedy man in a black coat slightly smeared with chalk marks.

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SPRING IS SPRUNG.

The croak of the crocus is heard in the land,
The bulbs are beginning to bubble.
The robin is throbbin' on every hand,
The sparrow is sparrin' for trouble.
The coalman is looking quite chilly and coaled—

An anthra-cite sorry to look on—
The iceman is figuring profits untold
From crops on the banks of the Yukon.

'Fluenzy is sneezing and nosing around,
The worm from his warm bed is worm-ing;

The rills are all trilling with musical sound,
High seaward they're merrily squirming.
The blossoms are blustering forth on the trees,

The cowbells are plaintively ringing—
By which and the soft soapy feel of my knees,

I know that the Spring is a-springing.

—J. K. Bangs.

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HOW IT WORKED.

"My boy," said the editor of the Bills-ville "Bugle" to the new reporter, "you lack caution. You must learn not to state things as facts until they are proved facts—otherwise you are very apt to get us into libel suits. Do not say 'the cashier stole the funds'; say 'the cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all now, and—ah—turn in a stickful about that Second Ward Social last night."

Owing to an influx of visitors it was late in the afternoon before the genial editor of the "Bugle" caught a glimpse of the great family daily. Half-way down the social column his eyes lit on the following cautious paragraph:

"It is rumoured that a card party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the Second Ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess and the festivities are reported to have continued until 10.30 in the evening. It is alleged that the affair was a social function given to the ladies of the Second Ward Cinch Club, and that with the exception of Mrs. James Bilwiliger, who says she comes from Leavitts Junction, none but members were present. The reputed hostess insists that coffee and wafers alone were served as refreshments."

"The Smith woman claims to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called 'Honest Shoe Man' of 315 East State Street."

Shortly afterward a whirling mass, claiming to be a reporter on the "Bugle," flew fifteen feet into the street and landed with what bystanders allege was a dull, sickening thud.—Gazette.

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A DROWSY JURYMEN.

A French barrister, whose client had the misfortune to be found guilty, appealed on the ground that during the trial a jurymen was asleep. The Court of Cassation has held that the jurymen, being asleep, was technically not present during the hearing, and has quashed the verdict and ordered a new trial.

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Arms and The —

Mrs. Flanagan: "Well, I suppose we'll soon be having policewomen, and then you'll be out of a job."

P. C. Flanagan: "No, my dear, I fancy ye'll find the strong arm of the law will always be wearin' the trousers."—Punch.