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A Deserved Retort.

A pompous member of Parliament, visiting an agricultural show in Dublin, arrived late and found himself on the outskirts of a huge crowd. Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and a lady friend who accompanied him, and presuming that he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a burly coal porter on the shoulder and peremptorily demanded, "Make way, there." "Who are ye pushin'?" was the unexpected response. "Do you know who I am, Sir?" cried the indignant M. P. "I am the representative of the people." "Yah!" growled the porter as he stood unmoved, "but we're the bloomin' people themselves."



He Knew the Catechism.

"Mr. Spudlong," began the youth, hanging his hat on the back of the chair, "I will occupy only a few moments of your time. I have come to ask you for your daughter. I"—

"Young man," said the elderly banker, "do you"—

"Yes, sir, I realize fully that she has been tenderly nurtured and that she is very dear to you; also that her home is one in which she has been surrounded by every luxury. But she is willing to leave it."

"Can you"—

"No, sir, I can't quite maintain her in the style to which she has been accus-

tomed, but I have a good salary, and I'm ready to chance it. So is she."

"Will you"—

"Yes, sir, I will keep my life assured for a sum sufficient to provide for her if I should be taken away."

"Would you"—

"No, sir, I would not expect to live with the family. I am able to buy and furnish a modest home for her."

"Young man," said Mr. Spudlong, looking at his watch, "I rather like your style. You can have her. Good"

"Morning, sir."—Edinburgh Scotsman.



He Didn't Answer.

"Don't beat about the bush. Answer my questions 'yes' or 'no,'" shouted an excited elector at a political meeting. "Well," said the candidate mildly, "perhaps my friend down there will allow me to point out that there are some questions which cannot be answered 'yes' or 'no.'" "Bosh," exclaimed the elector with withering sarcasm. "I am prepared to prove my assertion," answered the candidate. "Now," he continued, turning to his interrogator, "the question I will put to my friend as a test is this—'Have you left off beating your wife?'" "'Yes' or 'no?'" shouted the delighted meeting; and the excited elector incontinently collapsed.